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**MAWSON, SWAN, & MARSTON,
24, GREY STREET.**

AP
4
D83
Vol. 55

DUBLIN: PRINTED BY ALEX. THOM & SONS, 87 & 88, ABBEY-STREET.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXV.

JANUARY, 1860.

VOL. LV.

CONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN 1849 I resided for a few months near the famous fishing village of Newhaven, on the shore of the Firth of Forth. Within a stone's cast there was a cottage, where a stranger also sojourned. He was apparently a morose, unsocial being, and frequently as I had met him during our mutual wanderings along the sea-shore from Granton to Cramond, I yet had never succeeded in inducing him to enter into conversation. He was a tall, gaunt, dark-complexioned man, of fifty, or thereabouts, and although invariably attired in a very plain, not to say coarse fashion, there was a something in his mien that stamped him a gentleman born. His aspect was wild and melancholy, and his voice had a bitter, wailing intonation, suggestive of a life of sorrow and strife—perhaps also of sin and crime. I grew interested in this singular personage, and knowing that *his* landlady was a sworn gossip of *mine*, I availed myself of this channel to acquire information concerning him. All that even his own landlady knew, was, that he came to the neighbourhood of Newhaven a twelvemonth before, and had ever since been her lodger. The name he gave was Marmaduke Dunraven, an "unco queer-fashed" name, as she observed; but what his profession was, or had been, she could not even

guess. He appeared to have a small yet regular income, lived economically, and paid her punctually. He had not a single acquaintance, shunned all observation, and was exceedingly reserved. He spent his time out of doors in sea-side rambles, and when in doors, did nothing but write, and pore over old manuscripts and books in divers unknown tongues. He would sometimes mutter to himself what she called "heathen gibberish" for hours, when a "dark fit" came over him, but she nevertheless thought him a good man at heart, whatever his former life might have been, concerning which she had "her misgivings"—and instanced several acts of charity and real benevolence he had performed towards the poor fisher folks and their families. His correspondence was very limited, for he had only received three letters during his year's sojourn. And this was all that honest Luckie Macrae could tell of her inexplicable lodger.

One evening I pondered the matter over, and, shaking the ashes out of my pipe, exclaimed, "There is a Mystery in our village—unquestionably, a Mystery!"

About a week subsequently a fearful storm raged all day and night, and from my window I watched the foaming sea with great anxiety, for I knew

that a large fleet of the open fishing-boats were out. As I looked sympathizingly at the groups of fisher-wives in their picturesque attire, I thought how mournfully true was the song of "Caller Herrin'":—

"Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?
They're bonnie fish and hailsum fairin' ;
Wha'll buy caller herrin' "

New drawn frae the Forth ?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows
Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fellows,
Darkling, as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows ?*

"Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
They're no brought here without brave
darin' ;
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
Oh ! ye may call them vulgar fairin' ;
Wives and mither's, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men !"

A bright calm morning succeeded the storm. I mingled among the fisher-folks, all of whom knew me by sight, and asked what tidings they had about their friends at sea. A diversity of opinion prevailed; but I was glad to learn that the oldest and most experienced concluded that the boats had run for shelter into the harbours along the south-eastern coast.

As I was returning home who should run out of her cottage to accost me but Luckie Macrae. The good woman was evidently much excited, and the moment she came up she vehemently cried—

"Eh, sir ! but what an awfu' nicht I hae gane through ! Ye hae heerd, nae muckle doot, aboot it a' ?"

I imagined she alluded to the storm, and the dubious fate of the fishermen at sea, but she quickly undeceived me.

"'Deed it's no that. Ye dinna ken, but oh, sir, ye *maun* gang intil the hoose and see him ! He'll no last mair than till the turning o' the tide, I'm thinking, and what maun a puir lone body like me do in siccan a strait ! Lordsake, sir, come alang, for ye can speak wi' him, and will understand him, and that's mair than the likes o' me can do."

"What, is it your lodger ? Is he ill, or dying, as you seem to fancy ?" said I, astonished.

"Fancy ! deil hae't, there's no a

bit o' fancy aboot it. The doctor says he canna bide ower the day, and it's no impossible he may flit awa' in twa or three hoors. Eh, Lordsake, it's a' thegither extrordnar' !"

Shocked at this intelligence, I unhesitatingly accompanied Luckie into her house, where she bade me sit down a moment in her own little parlour, ere introducing me to her dying lodger in his room overhead.

"Bide a wee, sir," said she, and bustling to the closet, she brought forth a bottle and glasses, saying, "Ye maun e'en tak' schnaps afore ye gang intil yond' puir creetur, for ye will see an awsome sight, and aiblins hear uncanny things, I dinna ken. Eh, sir, the way he has talked and maundered all nicht lang was fearfu' !"

She then rapidly related to me the whole history of his sudden illness. It appeared that he was in his usual health until the previous morning, when the postman brought him a letter, and when he had read it she avowed that he gave an "eldritch screech," and raved like a man demented. She was alarmed, and attempted to soothe and condole with him, supposing that he had received news of some domestic calamity, but he took not the slightest notice of her presence, and after reading the fatal letter over and over again, he thrust it in the fire, and in a state of frightful agitation opened his drawers and cast heap after heap of papers and documents on the floor, all of which he successively thrust between the bars of the grate, muttering to himself like a maniac all the while. Poor Luckie was so alarmed that she ran out of the room, and he instantly locked himself in, and remained tolerably quiet for several hours, until she was startled by a heavy fall on his floor, succeeded by struggling. Running up stairs she knocked at the door, but received no reply beyond a stifled groan. Luckie then flew for help, and the door was forced open by the fishermen she had summoned. An appalling sight met their view. The books and other little properties of the unfortunate gentleman were scattered in every direction, and he himself was lying in an insensible condi-

* "Woven willows"—i.e., the *creel*, a species of basket in which the fisher-wives carry the herrings for sale.

tion on the floor, soaked in blood. At first they imagined he had cut his throat or stabbed himself, but they soon perceived that he had simply burst a blood-vessel from mental excitement. He was immediately placed in his bed, and a doctor did all that human skill could to promote his recovery. The unhappy man by degrees became fully sensible, and his first inquiry was addressed to the doctor, whom he besought to tell him whether he was or was not in mortal danger? The reply, couched gently but explicitly, was in the affirmative, whereupon the patient manifested little emotion, merely remarking that for his part he was not in such love with life as to murmur at the prospect of exchanging it for a better state of being. The doctor felt it a duty to pointedly ask poor Dunraven whether he would not wish for his friends to be instantly communicated with, but the response was a stern negative. In vain did the worthy doctor press the point, for Dunraven decisively replied that there was no one living whom he cared should know whether he himself was alive or dead.

The doctor gave imperative orders to Luckie and her gossips to keep the dying man—for dying he was, and no earthly power could long avert the doom—as quiet as possible; and meanwhile he sent a friend of his, a clergyman, to visit, and pray with and for the friendless stranger. Dunraven thanked the minister for his attendance, listened attentively to his religious exhortations, and fervently cried “Amen” to the prayer uttered on his behalf by the kneeling divine.

All night the landlady said he had remained awake, and notwithstanding his bodily exhaustion his mind was evidently preternaturally active, and he had muttered to himself for hours in a way she could not understand. The doctor had repeatedly called and done his utmost, and now he had just told her that her lodger could not possibly survive the day.

When Luckie concluded, I expressed my anxious wish at once to visit this mysterious man, and she led me to his room. On entering, the woman in attendance made a sign of caution, as the patient had sunk in a troubled sleep. I stepped lightly to his bed, and silently contemplated the appalling example before me of the consequences of yield-

ing to unbridled passion, no matter how evoked. He laid flat on his back, with both arms stretched on the outside of the coverlet, and the clothes partially thrust off his breast by his own unconscious act. His lineaments were deadly white—and this struck me the more as, when in health, his complexion was very dark—but calm and indicative of extreme physical prostration. His features were strongly marked, and his grizzled hair was yet matted in some places with gouts of dry blood. A small streak of bloody foam slowly oozed at the corners of his mouth when his lips nervously twitched. Both hands were firmly clenched, and once or twice he uplifted and slightly shook them with what seemed a menacing air.

In a few minutes he gave a prolonged sigh, and awoke. He turned over on his right side, and his wild dark eyes gazed first at his landlady and then at myself. He recognised me instantly, and nodded his head, but did not speak. I drew nearer, and expressing my sympathy with his condition, said that I had taken the liberty to call upon him to offer my services in any shape he would command, adding, that I knew by personal experience what it is to be stretched on a bed of sickness in a strange land.

He smiled faintly, and offered me his hand to shake.

“You are very kind, sir,” said he, “but you are in error when you suppose me to be a foreigner.”

“Pardon me, but cannot I communicate on your behalf with your friends?”

“Friends!” exclaimed he, bitterly, “I have no friends, and if I had, I would rather die unknown to them.”

“It is very shocking!” I involuntarily murmured.

“Not more shocking than true;” was the cool response. “But you mean kindly—pray be seated.”

I willingly complied.

“My hours,” resumed he, “are numbered—it may be my very minutes—and I wish to turn my face to the wall. You are a stranger, but you say that you will do all that you can for me?”

“Your last wishes shall be solemnly fulfilled to the utmost in my power.”

“Thanks.”

He beckoned to his landlady, and poor Luckie approached, with her

I dipped a pen, and taking a sheet of paper prepared to write down literally his last bequests.

"I have here," said he, "seventy-five pounds. I wish to be buried as privately and cheaply as possible. Remember that."

"It shall be as you desire."

"Not at this place," continued he. Take me to Cramond* churchyard — 'tis a sweet spot, and I have often thought of late that I should like to sleep there. Near the wall are two grand old sycamore trees, and I wish to be buried between them, for when the wind blows, their gnarled interlaced limbs will play a requiem as wild and melancholy as his life has been who will rest below."

I shuddered at this strange fancy; but I had myself often stood beneath the churchyard wall, and listened to the very peculiar *cerie* moaning the fantastic limbs of the ancient trees in question make in windy weather, and therefore I knew Dunraven's mind was not wandering.

"Rear no sculptured emblem, no stone, no memorial over me, but plant a red-rose tree at my head, and a cypress at my feet. *She*," sadly added he, "was the rose, and *I* the cypress."

After a pause—"Be sure," reiterated he, eagerly, "that you raise no stone; let my grave be nameless; let there be nought to indicate where the wanderer found his final abiding place on earth."

I carefully noted down all he said, and assured him that his minutest requests should be literally complied with.

"And now," resumed he, "for the disposal of my little all. Let the physician and those who have attended me be duly paid, and when the expenses of my funeral are also deducted, I bequeath the entire residue of the money to my honest landlady here. She is a poor widow, and has been unremitting in her kind attentions to me during the whole of my sojourn with her."

Poor Luckie was so overcome at this speech that she sobbed like a child, and moaned—

"Nae, nae, it's you who have been

owre gude to me and my poor featherless bairns, for ye hae a kind feeling heart o' yeer ain, and I always said it! Eh! it's no the siller that I wad value a bodle, gin' I could ainly see ye weel ance mair."

Dunraven looked kindly at her, and shook his head in silence. He next bequeathed to me the whole of his books, manuscripts, and little personal souvenirs, in spite of my reluctance to accept them. He was peremptory on this point, and at length I acceded. His worldly matters were now arranged, he said, to his perfect satisfaction, and he sank back for awhile, and covered his eyes with one hand, whilst the fingers of the other rapidly opened and closed over the coverlet, with that clutching motion so common in the case of the dying. Soon he aroused himself, and requested that the window of his room, which overlooked the sea, might be thrown wide open. This was done, and as he reclined back on the pillows he had a full view of the beautiful broad Firth, and the sunlit hills of the opposite coast of Fife. Long and earnestly, with an expression of mingled pleasure and pain, did he gaze, and his eye glanced understandingly at the different vessels in sight—some at anchor in the roads, others under sail up or down the Firth.

"Never more," exclaimed he, sighing heavily, "shall I feel the bounding motion of a buoyant bark! Many's the cruise that I have made on nearly every ocean and sea of this world, but my voyage of life is ended, and I shall soon anchor in the ocean of eternity."

"You have been a sailor?"

"A sailor! ay, and what is more than a sailor, a thorough seaman," answered he, emphatically; and even in the hour of death an expression of stern professional pride uplit his speaking lineaments. "There are countries, sir, where the name and fame of the Count of Elsinore will be remembered generations hence; and when they speak of the noble Rover of the Baltic, they will not forget his faithful friend and officer, whose last moments you, an unknown stranger, have generously come to soothe."

* Cramond is a fine old village a few miles further up the Firth, and, although close upon the shore, it is embosomed with trees, and situated in the midst of lovely rural scenery.

"A rover!" ejaculated I.

"I have said it—and truth is generally uttered by dying lips."

"And were *you*," I half whispered, "once a rover?"

"I shared the fortunes of my noble and dearly-loved friend, the Count of Elsinore!" answered he, firmly, and in a manner that forbad further question. But he added, in a gentle and significant tone, "I have bequeathed you all my papers, and you will learn from them whatever you wish to know of the career of us both."

A deep silence ensued, broken only by the smothered sobs of Luckie Macrae. The day was warm and still—not a breath of air was wafted through the open window. Dunraven continued to gaze steadily on the glittering waters of the Firth, but his mind was far away: he was mentally retracing the stormy adventures of his youth and manhood—adventures which I now began to fear were of a dark and fearful nature.

Suddenly a swallow flew in through the window, swiftly winged its flight thrice around the room, and then fluttered over the head of the dying man, whose preternaturally bright eyes were rivetted upon its movements. Finally, with a mournful farewell twitter, it brushed closely past his face, and darting forth into the open sunny air was seen no more.

"Ah," exclaimed Dunraven, "well do I understand ye, creature of God!"

This expression, I thought, intimated that he actually regarded the visit of the bird as a message from the unseen world of spirits to warn him that his last moments were at hand, and he possibly also associated its presence with some events in his history then unknown to me.

"Bring me the wine and the goblet you will find in yon old sea-chest!" was the extraordinary direction he immediately afterwards gave to Luckie: "There is," continued he, "at the bottom of the chest, my sea-cloak, in which you will find the flask and goblet. That battered old chest has been my companion in all my voyages and wanderings, and the cloak was a gift of my mother when first I went to sea. I wish it to be spread over me for my pall!"

I promised him that this wish should be complied with; and when

Luckie had carefully unrolled the cloak, she found, to my astonishment, a long-necked flask of wine, and a large antique Venetian crystal goblet, cut in the most exquisite style, and enriched with sparkling gems, and precious stones, and gilded devices. She mechanically brightened this sumptuous goblet, and Dunraven received it with flashing eye.

"See!" cried he, holding it forth, all glittering in the warm sunbeams, "this has been an heirloom in my family for four long centuries. My father used it only on high festivals, and the night before his death he drained it for the last time. Since then it has never once been filled. I am the last of my race, and it is meet that I quaff my death-draught from it ere it passes into the hands of the stranger. To you," added he, addressing me, "I bequeath it."

I was so amazed at all I saw and heard, that I could only bow my acceptance of the gift.

"That wine," he resumed, "is of a name and quality befitting the lips of a dying man. It is a flask of rare Cyprus, which once was my father's, and I have always preserved it for an occasion like this."

He here motioned to the landlady to uncork it. She did so, and he received the flask in one hand, and grasping the heavy goblet in the other, steadily poured forth the wine to the lees, and the goblet was brimful. The rich, dark old Cyprus mantled and creamed in its matured strength, and the eye of Dunraven gleamed with a species of fierce exultation as he watched it till the last bubble rose and burst on the surface.

He slowly raised the goblet to his lips, and never lowered his hand until he had drained the last drop. Then he calmly kissed the goblet, set it down by his side, and in an unflinching but unearthly tone, exclaimed—

"All is ended!"

The next moment he sank heavily backward, and without word, or groan, or sigh, or sign, his spirit fled to its final account.

I sacredly kept my oath to the departed. No prying eye gazed on the miniature and handkerchief on his breast—his cherished old sea-cloak was his pall—all his wishes were scrupulously fulfilled. He was buried

precisely where he had indicated, and heart-warm tears were shed o'er his grave. A red-rose tree was planted at his head, and a cypress at his feet, and the huge old sycamores of Cræmond churchyard yet moan a requiem over him. No stone indicates who rests below; but the cypress casts its shadow, and the red-rose sheds its perfumed leaves over the Rover's grave, and the redbreast, in autumn, hops twitteringly away when a stranger approaches to silently muse o'er the nameless mound.

I found that his books—now mine—were all standard works in English, Latin, French, Spanish, and Danish; but the autograph their fly-leaves once bore, had been, in every instance, carefully obliterated. Every scrap of writing had been destroyed with the special exception of the large packet of manuscripts he had bequeathed to me. I had not the heart to open this for several weeks, although I knew that unless its contents would cast a light on the history of the deceased, his secret must have perished with him.

At length I examined it, and found that it consisted of a great variety of papers and documents in different hands, together with divers letters and closely-written sheets of notes and memoranda. At the first glance I was confused by the apparent incongruity of the subjects these papers treated of, but on a more regular perusal, incidents which had seemed

inexplicable and contradictory, proved consonant, and each formed a link of a chain. Wild and romantic adventures—deeds of daring—the most powerful passions of human nature—the worst and the best emotions of the soul—these formed the groundwork of the canvas, so to speak; and in the foreground stood forth a few pre-eminent actors in the drama. Dunraven himself was a prominent character, yet a subordinate one. It was palpable that a material portion of the facts related in these papers had from time to time been made public—but the bare facts only—and other portions which alone could elucidate the mystery enveloping the main incidents, and enhance their interest, had hitherto remained profoundly secret. I now held the key to the entire Romance of Reality; and as Dunraven had bequeathed me the papers without any restriction as to the use I might be inclined to make of them, I seriously debated in my mind the propriety of condensing them into a narrative of actual facts. So far as Dunraven himself was concerned there could be no objection to this, but as regarded others, mature consideration convinced me that I should not be morally justified in doing such a thing. Were I, however, to weave the narrative into a fictitious shape—to give Reality the outward garb of Romance—no possible harm could accrue. So have I done.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTAWAY.

DURING the summer of 18—, the British barque *Camperdown* was sailing on the Baltic sea, homeward bound, from St. Petersburg. One stormy night the barque was on a tack under close-reefed topsails, a few leagues to the eastward of the large Danish island of Bornholm, when a man on the look-out reported to the mate who was in charge of the watch, that whilst the moon shone clear of the wild dark clouds scudding athwart the sky, he had fancied that he saw a fragment of wreck a-head to windward. Thereupon the mate procured the night-telescope, and with its aid he distinctly made out a large spar floating atop a wave, and evidently drifting rapidly towards the barque.

There was something attached to the spar, but ere he could distinguish what it was, the entire object disappeared in the trough of the sea. A few minutes later it was again in sight, at a much less distance, and then the mate could positively discern that a human being was clinging to the spar. On this, he ran below to inform the captain, who hurried on deck, and promptly ordered the ship to be steered so as to near the unfortunate castaway, whilst a boat was made ready for lowering.

In a brief period the ship was hove-to, and the boat was launched and pulled towards the spar. When alongside the latter, the sailors found a man lashed to it, in a state of ex-

treme exhaustion. With great difficulty, owing to the chopping sea, they cut the rope and lifted him into the boat, whence he was speedily transferred to the barque. He was too weak to speak, and the humane captain immediately had him conveyed to the cabin, stripped, and placed in a berth. Stimulants were then administered, and his body was swathed in warm blankets. He speedily revived, and evidently a night's rest was all that was requisite to render him quite convalescent. All night he slumbered heavily, and occasionally murmured words in a foreign language.

The dress of the shipwrecked man, thus providentially rescued, consisted of a pair of seaman's trousers, made of fine blue cloth, a belt of richly embroidered crimson silk (worn in a roll), with pendant tassels descending from the left hip to the middle of the thigh. He had no jacket nor vest. His shirt was of white linen of extraordinary fineness. He wore thick Iceland stockings, and light shoes, with curious silver buckles. In the belt was stuck a keen-edged dagger in a leather sheath, ornamented with brass. The hilt of the weapon was covered with closely-twisted brass wire, affording a firm grip for the hand. In the trousers' pockets were found a few foreign coins, and a large antique silver snuff-box, with a lengthy inscription in Danish on the lid.

In person, the unknown was of the middle height, but his frame of prodigious muscular development. His hairy chest was of extraordinary breadth, and his limbs were gigantic in size, and one solid mass of muscles, bones, and sinews. His hands were finely shaped. His head was comparatively small but well shaped, and covered with long flossy hair of a very light colour, almost silvery. His features were clearly and finely cut, and their extreme delicacy imparted to them quite a feminine—and yet not an effeminate—expression. His eyes were large, and in colour light-blue. He wore neither whiskers, beard, nor moustache, and his countenance was of that rare kind that requires no such manly embellishments. From the lobes of his small ears, exquisitely chased gold rings were pendent; and on the little finger of his left hand he wore a massive gold signet ring. A deep scar, as

though from a cutlass slash, disfigured his left shoulder, and another cicatrix, apparently caused by a musket ball in his right side, were observed and commented upon by his rough but kindly nurses. Obviously he was a mariner—yet one of no common stamp—and a foreigner; probably a Scandinavian, or, possibly, a Russian. His age appeared to be thirty odd.

During the night the weather moderated, and almost a calm ensued by daybreak. The kind-hearted captain of the *Camperdown* had repeatedly looked at the slumbering stranger to see that all was going on well with him, but the latter did not awake from his sleep—so deep as almost to resemble a trance—till noon. The captain was writing at the cabin table when he heard a movement in the berth—which was an open one—and turning round, he perceived the unknown sitting up and gazing at him with an air of singular perplexity. The captain smiled, and exclaimed—

“You wonder where you are, eh? You have fallen into good hands. Do you understand English?”

The stranger gazed steadily at his interrogator, and then replied—

“Yes, I can speak English a little, sir!”

“A little! why you speak it as well as myself;” and in truth he did. “How do you feel yourself now?”

“I am nearly well, and I feel very grateful to you for preserving my life,” was the grave and emphatic reply.

“Ay, yours *was* an escape! But touch-and-go is a good pilot, as we say. As to myself I only did my duty—no more than what any man would have done.” And the captain briefly related the manner in which his guest was rescued from the wilderness of waters.

The foreigner listened with perfect composure; but his voice had a tone of anxiety as he asked the name and destination of the ship.

“The barque *Camperdown* of Leith, homeward bound from St. Petersburg. I am her master, and my name is Charles May. But we will overhaul these matters by-and-by. Can you get up, and are you hungry?”

Both questions were answered in the affirmative, and the captain at once ordered the steward to spread the table with the best he had. The

stranger's own clothes, which had been dried, were handed to him, and he attired himself in them with an air of quiet satisfaction.

"What dandies and fantastic fellows these foreigners are!" muttered the captain, as he observed the care with which the man disposed his crimson belt, and adjusted its pendant tassels. Having done so, he sat down to table with his hospitable entertainer, and ate and drank of all that was offered with an appetite that vouched for his perfect convalescence. Captain May congratulated him; but a quiet bow was the only response; and although he plied his knife and fork without intermission, the stranger was abstracted and profoundly thoughtful. The captain, however, naturally thought he had a right to ask some questions, and when the repast was ended, he intimated as much with a seaman's frankness. His guest made a gesture of assent, and regarded him with a keenly scrutinizing gaze.

"What countryman are you?" was the captain's first interrogation.

"Danish," was the laconic reply.

"You speak English wonderfully well!"

"I was taught it when a child, and I have lived in England."

"And what are you?—do you follow the sea?"

"A seaman need hardly ask that!"

"True, brother, there is a sort of freemasonry about us mariners, whatever be our country or our colour. Was your ship wrecked last night?"

"She will never float again: not two of her timbers hang together!" was the reply, spoken with great deliberation, and some bitterness of tone.

"All hands lost?"

"I am saved—thanks to you!"

"Ay, but are you the only one?"

"I believe so: yes, I must be the only man saved." These ominous words were uttered in a singularly composed manner.

"Bless my heart," ejaculated the honest captain, "that's dreadful! Poor fellows! Well, it's a fate we seamen must always be prepared to meet; and sooner or later it does overtake not a few of us. And how did it happen? Did the craft strike on the Jomfru reef?"

For a moment the Dane hesitated, and then he hastily exclaimed—

"Ah, that frightful reef! its jagged rocks have been the death-cradle of many a brave ship!"

"That they have; and a close shave past them I once had myself in this very ship," rejoined the captain, who was too straightforward to notice that the reply of the Dane was a dubious one—a dexterous evasion of a point-blank query. "And the ship was Danish?"

"Yes."

"Whither bound?"

"Copenhagen."

"Where from?"

"Stockholm."

"And I suppose you were skipper?"

The Dane slightly nodded, and then shook his head sadly.

"Well," cried the worthy captain of the *Camperdown*, "I daresay it is a painful thing for you to talk about, but have a heart. The best of ships are often lost, however well officered and manned, so cheer up, brother. I dare say that your owners will not be unreasonable when they hear all; and maybe I shall meet you again in command of a better craft by-and-by!"

Had the honest Englishman been a man of greater penetration he would have perceived that his guest did not exhibit much despondency; but to the reverse, was impenetrably calm and phlegmatic. He appreciated, however, the captain's kindly sympathy, and a momentary smile uplifted his fair and delicate features.

"What was your vessel?" resumed the captain.

"A brig-skonnert."

"Ay, that's what we call a brigantine, or an hermaphrodite brig. And her name?"

"Enighteens Minde."

"That's Greek to me! Please to write it down that I may copy it correctly in my log."

So saying he handed pen and paper to the Dane, who complied with the request, not without a furtive smile.

"And now tell me your own name, and write it also, for I never can spell any foreign name rightly except by copying it. What is yours?"

This simple and natural question had a singular effect. The Dane started, and gave a rapid searching glance all round, he lifted his head erect, his breast seemed to expand, his light blue eyes, so soft in repose, gleamed keenly, and even fiercely, his placid features flushed with an un-

mistakable air of defiant pride, and his finely-cut lips distinctly enunciated in a firm, measured tone—

"I am Lars Vonved!"

"Oh, you are Lars Vonved!" echoed Captain May, staring in open astonishment at the attitude and expression of his singular guest; and then he muttered to himself: "Who is Lars Vonved, I wonder. The fellow seems as proud of his name as if he were a Lord High Admiral!"

Whatever might be the secret thoughts and feelings of the Dane he instantly resumed his self-possession and quiet air. He not only wrote his name as desired, but added the date and a few words, and requesting sealing-wax and a light, he affixed a seal, using for that purpose the signet-ring on his finger. Then he handed the paper to Captain May, saying, in a peculiarly impressive manner—

"Keep this carefully, the day may come when it will prove of service to you."

Surprised alike at the action and the words, the captain gazed curiously at the document—as it may be termed—which read thus:—

"'Enighteens Minde.'

"'For Charles May, Captain of the Camperdown, of Leith. June 28th, 18—.

"'LARS VONVED.'"

The words were written in the peculiar style yet used by Scandinavians; and the signature of "Lars Vonved" itself was a very large, bold, and remarkably complicated Gothic autograph, of a kind to be instantly recognisable, and almost impossible to successfully imitate. The seal bore a coat of arms, consisting of an eagle flying with a double-edged sword in its beak, above a ship in full sail. A motto in Danish encircled these emblems, and Captain May inquired its meaning.

"It refers to the emblems, and means in English, '*The ship must sail swiftly lest the eagle drop the sword on her deck!*'"

"Well, that's past a plain seaman's comprehension; it's mysterious to me!" exclaimed the simple-minded captain.

"It has a secret meaning, Captain May!"

"So it must, Herr Vonved! And I suppose that is your family arms?"

"Not so: it is the private symbol I have myself assumed."

"Do you know, Herr Vonved," confidentially observed the honest veteran shipmaster, "that I myself have sometimes thought of getting a seal cut with emblems, as you call them, of my own invention or choosing."

"Indeed, Captain May; and what do you propose to have engraved?" said Vonved, very blandly.

"Why, what do you say to a compass in the centre, and a marlingspike on one side, and an anchor on the other for supporters, and waves at the bottom, with 'C. M.' for my name? Ship-shape, eh! Nothing mysterious about *that*?"

"Capital, sir! A better and more appropriate device could not be desired!" responded the Dane, with a look of arch amusement.

"Ay, ay, Herr Vonved, I say nothing about your own affair, though it is a little too high flown, and hieroglyphical to my fancy; but let an old sea-dog like me alone for inventing a real mariner's seal."

"And what is to be your motto?"

"My motto? What—ay—what do you think of the three L's?"

"The three L's!"

"Ay, Latitude, Lead, and Look-out! We seamen call them the 'three L's,' you know, and a ship would be badly navigated were they not all attended to."

"Excellent, Captain May! I admire your taste, sir."

The old captain smiled complacently, and placing Vonved's autograph between the leaves of his log-book, he cordially cried—

"Well, Herr Vonved, I hope to safely land you at your own port of Copenhagen, where I have to take in some cargo; and meanwhile you are heartily welcome to share my cabin, and we shall have time to become better acquainted, and to overhaul our old logs together. I'm going on deck, now."

"And I will go with you!"

They ascended together, and Vonved, after looking aloft, and keenly scanning the horizon in every quarter, and glancing at the compass to ascertain the ship's course, courteously thanked the mate for the share the latter had taken in his own marvellous preservation overnight, and then requested to see the look-out man who had first perceived him floating help-

less on the spar. The man was called, and Vonved spake a few kindly words to him expressive of his gratitude, and gave him all the money in his pocket, which included a Frederick d'or, and two or three other gold pieces. The bluff English seaman did not wish to accept them, but the Dane insisted that he should.

Several vessels were in sight, all at a considerable distance. One of them, evidently a very small craft, by-and-by attracted the especial notice of Lars Vonved. His gaze was intently rivetted on her, and at length he said—

“I think I know that Danish jœgt!”

“A Danish jœgt, is she?” cried Captain May. “You have keen eyes, Herr Vonved; I could not swear whether she is a Danish jœgt or an English sloop at this distance, by the naked eye.”

Vonved eagerly seized a telescope, but hardly had he levelled it ere he lowered it again, and coolly slapped the joints together, whilst a smile of singular meaning flitted over his features.

“Do you know her?”

“You shall see, Captain May!” and springing on the quarter-deck bulwark, where he steadied himself against the spanker boom, Vonved untwisted his crimson silk sash, and held it fluttering out as a signal. This sash was about a dozen feet long by two or three in breadth, and in the centre were three large white stars, horizontally disposed.

Captain May levelled his telescope at the strange vessel, to curiously watch whether the signal would be noticed or answered, and in a couple of minutes, to his astonishment, he beheld a group of four or five men hurriedly gathering together on the quarter-deck of the little craft, one of whom was gazing with a telescope at the barque. It was obvious that the signal had already attracted notice. All doubt was exchanged for certainty, for the flash of a gun was immediately seen, and the Danish jœgt put forth every stitch of canvas, and stood towards the barque.

“Well, this beats Marryatt's signals

hollow!” exclaimed the astonished old captain, as Vonved leaped on to the deck, and deliberately folded his sash, and rolled it round his waist again, belt fashion. “They keep a sharp look-out in that craft.”

“It is their duty to do so,” calmly rejoined Vonved.

The little jœgt overhauled the barque so rapidly that it was evident she must be a wonderfully fast craft, and when she reached within a few cables' length hove-to, and a Norwegian pram—a small and peculiarly shaped light skiff that will live in the heaviest seas—put off from her side, manned by two seamen, who swiftly pulled to the barque. In a few minutes the pram was alongside, and holding on by a boathook at the mizen-chains.

Lars Vonved, in a tone of prompt command, hailed the men in the pram, who both took off their caps in respectful salute to him.

“Hvorledes gaaer det?” (How is it)? said he.

“Redt godt, Captain Vonved!” (All is right, Captain Vonved!) responded they.

Vonved turned round to the master of the *Camperdown*, and pointing significantly to the pram and to the jœgt, he grasped his hand and wrung it warmly, saying—

“I must now leave you, Captain May, and believe me that I shall never forget that my life has been saved by your ship! Some day or other I may have an opportunity to prove my gratitude!”

“Never mind that; but good-bye: and I wish you well!” heartily responded the captain, who began to feel like a man in a dream.

Vonved lightly swung himself into the pram, and as it pushed off he stood erect, and laying his right hand on his heart, bowed gracefully, and exclaimed, with deep emphasis—

“Preserve what I wrote for you, Captain May, it will be of use hereafter!”

In a brief interval Vonved was on board the jœgt, which fired a farewell gun, and filling away, went off in a direction totally opposite to its former course, and soon was a mere speck on the horizon.

CHAPTER III.

LARS VONVED.

IN a week's time—having had head winds—the *Camperdown* put into Copenhagen to ship some goods, and Captain May waited as usual on the British consul. After transacting the customary business, the consul said—

“By-the-by, did you pass near Bornholm this homeward passage?”

“Yes, sir, a dozen miles or so to the eastward.”

“When was that?”

“About seven days ago.”

“Indeed. Well, it was just about that time a very extraordinary and awful occurrence took place, intelligence of which has reached Copenhagen, and is causing immense excitement. Here is the account given in *Fædrelandet*—a daily paper—of this morning, which I will translate to you.”

The consul took up *Fædrelandet*, and read as follows:—

“Advices just received from Bornholm, communicate intelligence of an appalling nature. The public is aware that for some months past all trace has been lost of the renowned *fredlos*,* Lars Vonved. It was believed either that he had perished, or that he and his reckless crew had betaken themselves to another part of the world. We now learn that Vonved was ashore on the island of Bornholm about ten days ago, and that one of his own men betrayed him by giving information to the commander of the troops stationed at Ronne. A plan was immediately arranged to capture him, and this was effected the same night without any resistance; for as soon as Vonved saw that it would be madness to defend himself—he being alone, and surrounded by armed men—he quietly surrendered. He was conveyed on board the ‘Falk’ (Hawk), brig-of-war, which had just arrived, and placed in a strong room in the hold; but by what seems a fatal oversight on the part of the unfortunate commander of the brig, the desperate prisoner was not ironed.

“The ‘Falk’ lay at anchor a mile or two from the shore, and shortly after

sunset on the 27th—the evening of the outlaw’s capture—a horrible explosion took place, and the vessel was blown to pieces. Of all on board, only one man escaped. He was picked up by a boat from the shore; and states his belief that Lars Vonved, knowing the doom that awaited him at Copenhagen, by some means broke through the bulkhead that separated him from the powder-magazine, and crowned his long list of crimes by deliberately blowing up the vessel, preferring to perish in this manner rather than on the wheel. The single survivor is also of opinion that through some culpable negligence of the officers Vonved was not even searched; therefore, supposing he had a dagger or strong knife concealed on his person, he might soon cut his way into the powder-magazine: and this is probably the plan he adopted.

“Many mangled bodies of the hapless crew have been washed ashore, but no remains of the arch monster himself have hitherto been identified. Doubtless he was blown to atoms when he applied the fatal match.

Captain May listened to this narrative with feelings of extreme perturbation, which was increased when the consul said—

“Did you hear the explosion?”

“No, sir, we neither heard nor saw it. Probably we were too distant, and it was a stormy night, too. What had this outlaw done, sir?”

“Rather ask what he hadn’t done,” answered the consul. “If only that is said of him be true, he was a very incarnation of mischief and subtlety. For the last half-dozen years his name has struck terror in the hearts of his countrymen—that is, if they really are his countrymen, for although he spoke Danish like a native, and resembled a Dane personally, there is, I believe, a mystery about his birth: for the authorities were never able to satisfactorily learn whence he came, nor who were his relatives. The name itself—provided it be genuine—is rather Swedish than

* *Fredlos*—i.e. outlaw; proscribed man.

Danish; but the man himself always avowed he was a Dane, and it has even been strongly rumoured that he is of a most noble and ancient family. He must have begun his rover's profession betimes, for, I think, he could not be much above thirty when he thus closed his fearful career."

"But his crimes, sir? Was he really a rover?"

"What, Captain May! Have you really never before heard of Lars Vonved, the Baltic Rover?"

"No, sir, I have not; but it is a dozen years since I was last up the Baltic."

"Ah, that accounts for your ignorance. Why, he was a smuggler, pirate, and so forth; dyed in the guilt of a thousand crimes! Such at least is the story, though some people affect to disbelieve the greater portion of his alleged misdoings. All I know is that he has been repeatedly captured, but always escaped, either through bribing his guards, or by the dexterity and dauntless courage, and tremendous personal strength, he is alleged to possess. I think it must be nearly five years since he was condemned to work in chains a slave* for life, but he escaped the first time he was set to work on the roads. Subsequently he was recaptured, and many additional atrocious crimes being laid to his charge, he was then condemned to be broken alive on the wheel; but the very night before the day appointed for his execution he escaped from the Tughthuus in a marvellous manner. What is stranger than all, although a very heavy price was set on his head, dead or alive, none of the outcasts with whom he was more or less connected ever betrayed him, and his own crew were said to be thoroughly devoted to him. It would seem, however, if this newspaper account is correct, that one of them has proved a traitor at last."

"After all, the rogue must have had his good points, then," bluntly observed the captain.

"Yes, I believe such was really the case, and very romantic stories have been told of his generosity, and songs have been written and are popularly sung about his exploits."

"And what sort of a fellow was he, sir?"

The consul gave an accurate description of Vonved, explaining that he had never seen him, but that the Danish authorities had caused lithographed portraits of the outlaw, with a fac-simile of his autograph, to be extensively circulated to aid in his identification and arrest.

"You would know his handwriting then, sir?"

"Undoubtedly; but why do you ask?"

By way of reply, the captain opened his pocket-book and handed a paper to the consul.

"'Camperdown of Leith, June 28th—Lars Vonved,'" read the latter. "Good heavens! how came you by this?"

Captain May related the whole adventure.

"The man bears a charmed life!" cried the amazed consul, "He is proof to fire and steel, and so he will ever be till the thread of his destiny is reeled off. And you say that he eat and drunk with you, and expressed his gratitude?"

"He did, sir."

"Well, then, depend upon it that he and his lawless crew will never harm you nor yours. He never was known to break his word to friend or foe, and so far from injuring any one who ever served him, even unconsciously, he will risk life to repay them. Take back your precious autograph, Captain May—it is a sort of pass bearing the sign manual and seal of a potent rover—and preserve it carefully, resting assured that if Lars Vonved scuttles half the ships that sail on the Baltic, your barque will never be of the number. Ah, had you only known who was your guest, and had clapped him in irons, and brought him to Copenhagen, I verily think the king would have made you a knight of the Dannebrog! You have missed both money and honour."

"And I'm not sorry for it," burst from the honest British tar. "Like any honest, God-fearing mariner, I hate and abhor a rover, and heartily wish him a short thrift and a hempen necklace to swing him like a jewel-block at the yard-arm, as he merits. But, sir, it was God's will that we should save his life, and I would not have given the man up under such

* In Denmark convicts are called "slaves."

circumstances, even had I suspected him to be what you describe. A miscreant he may be—ay, must be, if he is really a rover—and he *did* throw dust in my eyes with his yarn about losing his craft on the Jomfru reef—but, somehow I can't think he's half so black as they paint him."

"Well, perhaps not; but let me give you a bit of earnest advice, Captain May. Keep your agency in letting him loose on the world again a profound secret, for I can assure you that the Danish government would look very black if they heard of it. And what they will say or do when he suddenly turns up again, all ripe and ready for mischief, is more than I can imagine. To give you some idea of what this desperate outlaw is capable, read this English version of a popular ballad, descriptive of his escape from the doom I before mentioned as pronounced against him."

Lars Vonved in strong dungeon lay,
Condemned to die at dawn of day,
A black-robed priest he came to pray
At midnight with Lars Vonved.

"Outlaw, repent!" the holy man
His ghostly counsel thus began;
"Confess! repent! for short's the span
Allotted thee, Lars Vonved."

"We all must die—Heaven's will be done!
And yet I hope to see the sun
Rise many a day ere my race be run!"
Undaunted cried Lars Vonved.

"O, clasp thy guilty hands and pray
That outraged Heaven in mercy may
Pardon e'en thee—for at dawn of day
Thou'lt surely die, Lars Vonved!"

"More merciful than man is Heaven!
And by all my hopes to be forgiven,
I tell thee, priest, thou oft has shriven
Worse sinners than Lars Vonved."

"That cannot be," the priest replied,
"For guiltier wretch yet never died
Than thou, who'lt perish in thy pride,
At dawn o' day, Lars Vonved!"

Lars Vonved gave a laugh of scorn—
"Think not, good priest, the coming morn
Will see the fearless heart out-torn
From the bosom of Lars Vonved!"

"Farewell, thou boasting fool! I go
And leave thee to eternal woe!"—
"Nay, good priest, do not leave me so!"
Softly cried Lars Vonved.

The priest turned round, and ere he knew,
Was pinioned, and his mouth gagged too,
His robe stripp'd off, and his hood of blue,
By the outlaw, bold Lars Vonved.

"Sir priest, I must make free to borrow
Your dress awhile—but do not sorrow,
They'll set you free at dawn to-morrow,
So farewell!" cried Lars Vonved.

The watchful guards as they let him pass,
Said—"Holy man, has he taken the mass?
Does he repent?" "Ah no, alas!
Too hardened is Lars Vonved!"

At dawn o' day the dungeon door
Was open flung, and on the floor
They found the true priest groaning sore,
But flown away, Lars Vonved!

"Is this ballad founded on fact, sir?" inquired the captain. "Can it be true that Vonved really escaped in the way it relates?"

"Such is the popular belief; and I never heard any other version of the escape that he undoubtedly effected."

"Well, sir, I am quite taken aback by the whole affair. To think that a rover has been in my ship—that he has slept in my berth—that he has eat and drunk with me at my table!" and the worthy old captain flushed with mingled feelings of amazement, indignation, and incredulity, at the recollection.

Although Captain May kept a discreet silence concerning the outlaw's preservation, some of his crew, hearing of the explosion of the Danish brig-of-war, naturally related the circumstance of having rescued a man floating on a piece of wreck in the locality where the catastrophe happened. This speedily reached the ears of the authorities, and the whole truth was wrung from the reluctant captain.

Proclamations were immediately issued in Copenhagen, and distributed all over Denmark Proper, and the Danish Islands, and Sleswig and Holstein, denouncing the new and crowning enormity that Lars Vonved was positively accused of having committed, and relating his own marvellous escape. So important was his recapture deemed, that the Government increased the price on his head to the sum of two thousand five hundred specie-dalers (£562 10s. sterling), and offered a free pardon to any accomplices who would betray him.

The Danish people, generally, were divided between horror of the alleged atrocities of the outlaw, and of a species of superstitious admiration of the almost superhuman manner in which he had hitherto escaped paying the

forfeit of his deeds. By an idiosyncrasy of human nature, the most detestable and monstrous criminals, if renowned for feats of brilliant and successful daring, rarely fail to excite interest and fearful sympathy in the breasts of the majority of their countrymen. Even the philosopher, who justly condemns the immorality of his morbid feeling, often himself feels its influence. Thus it was that the most reputed explicit of the greatest modern outlaw of all Scandinavia, the renowned Baltic Rover, added thousands to the ranks of those who half-admired, half-shuddered at his name and fame; yet the very heavy blöd-penge (blood-money) tempted many to watch every opportunity of achieving his capture, or of obtaining information that would lead to it. Besides this, so far as the sailors of the navy, and the landsoldats, and officers of justice were concerned, it was their especial duty to hunt him down, independent of the reward, and that duty they were all anxious to perform.

So extreme was the official activity now displayed at every Danish port, and along all the coasts of the mainland and islands, and so strong the assurance of the governments of the different countries bordering on the Baltic, that they would use their utmost vigilance to arrest the outlaw if he ventured to land on their territories, that the prospect of Vonved's final escape seemed indeed slight. It must be borne in mind that the Baltic is a large inland sea, and that passports are most strictly required to enable the bearer to land, or to travel through the countries bordering upon it. What likelihood was there of Vonved obtaining one, even under false pretences? And even if he did, he would almost certainly be recognised from the description of his remarkable person, ere he had travelled many leagues.

Wagers were freely laid in Copenhagen that the Baltic Rover would be seized, dead or alive, within thirty days.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE LITTLE AMALIA."

THE vessel which received Lars Vonved when he bade adieu to his kind preservers of the Camperdown, was one of the smallest of that kind of Danish sea-going craft called joegts, and she was a beautiful specimen of her class. Her length was thirty-five feet; her breadth of beam eleven feet; her depth of hold five feet. In her present trim she drew four feet of water forward, and five aft, and, therefore, had not much dry side amidships, but as she had a considerable shear, of course her bows and stern rose comparatively high. Her symmetrical bows were pretty full above the water, but below, their lines were hollow and tapered finely. The stern had a clean run, and the counter was a flat oval, broken by two small slightly-projecting windows, each consisting of a square of thick plate-glass set in an iron frame, which could be removed at pleasure. The oaken hull was painted a sea-green colour, relieved by a single narrow gold band extending round the vessel, about a foot below the gunwale. Her single dark-varnished mast was of

red pine, clear of a single knot, and rose straight as an arrow, and exactly perpendicular, to a great height, terminating above the "eyes" of the shrouds and the "collar" of the stay in a "crown," five or six feet in length, which curved forward and tapered to a point sustaining a small vane. Although carrying no upper sails, she yet could spread a large mass of canvass, comprising gaff and boom mainsail, square foresail, staysail, jib, and flying jib. One very extraordinary peculiarity was the fact that all the sails were dyed black, and the spars and blocks were also of that sombre hue. On board all was as neat as could possibly be. The low bulwarks were painted blue inside, with a bright crimson stripe down their middle; the deck was holystoned white as snow; every loose rope was carefully coiled down; the nicest order and arrangement prevailed. Just abaft the mast was a large hatchway, covered with a handsome grating painted white, and aft there was a little poop-deck about seven feet in length, with a companion in front to

afford ingress to the cabin. There was a low skylight to this poop-deck, and the long tiller with which the vessel was steered only just cleared it. On the whole, the pretty little jøgt was evidently not engaged in the ordinary pursuits of honest gainful commerce, but either was a pleasure boat or a craft of a very questionable character.

When the pram which received Lars Vonved from the Camperdown, came alongside the jøgt, he lightly swung himself on deck, and was received by the skipper, who bowed low and gracefully, exclaiming—

“Velbecommen hjem, Capitain Vonved!” (Welcome back!)

The seamen on board, and those in the pram, also doffed their caps, and echoed the national expression of welcome—national, at least, as concerns the maritime people—“velbecommen hjem!” in hearty tones.

“Mange tak, min vens!” (many thanks, my friends), was Vonved’s answer, and he hastily shook hands with the skipper, and then directed the pram to be swung to the davits at the jøgt’s stern, and a parting gun to be fired. One of the two small bronze signal guns, fixed on swivels on the pawl-windlass bitta, was promptly fired, and the pram hoisted chock-a-block to the davits, and then turned bottom upwards, and secured in such a position as to be ready for immediately launching again, and yet to lie without obstructing the movements of the tiller, or obscuring the light from the cabin stern windows. Vonved next ordered the helm to be put up, and the jøgt to be kept away as near the wind as suited her best point of sailing; his object being to increase her distance from the Camperdown as rapidly as possible.

The bonny little jøgt was handled by her powerful and experienced crew as easily as a mimic cock-boat is turned and guided by a schoolboy. She bowed over to the freshening breeze that whistled merrily through the rigging, until her lee-gangway dipped in the surging flood, and then she rushed steadily ahead, dashing aside the creamy spray from the crests of the waves which harmlessly broke against her bows, or, when an occasionally heavier gust of wind jerked at her tacks and stays, she would shake her head saucily, uplift her

bows with a snort and gurgle of the water eddying round her stem, and leap bodily over the advancing waves.

Vonved’s eyes glistened with keen pleasure as he saw how quickly his jøgt would be “hull down” to the barque, and as he stood on the weather-quarter gangway, he struck the palm of his right hand smartly on the top of the bulwark, and apostrophizing the vessel as though she were a living creature, ejaculated—

“Ah, my own sweet Little Amalia! thus dost thou ever serve me in the hour of need! A faithful craft hast thou been, and so thou wilt ever be unto me! Verily, I have need of thee.”

As though his Little Amalia (as the craft was named, after one whom he devotedly loved), were really the sentiment being he almost seemed to believe her, she bounded forward more vigorously than ever, sending up the spray from her weather-bow high above the bulwarks in showers that sparkled brilliantly in the sun ere falling far to leeward.

The crew of the jøgt consisted of four men and a skipper. The men were all middle-aged, grave, steady-looking seamen, and when they had made such alterations as were necessary in the disposition of the sails, three of them—the fourth having the tiller in hand—clustered together and stood with folded arms a little abaft the mast, gazing curiously, yet respectfully, at “Capitain Vonved,” as they called him. Near to the latter stood their own “skipper,” who merits a more particular description. His age did not exceed two-and-twenty, and he was tall, slim, and decidedly gentlemanly in his appearance and manners. His fair complexion, light-blue eyes, flaxen hair, and the general contour of his features, bore testimony to his Scandinavian lineage. He was a handsome, intelligent-looking young man, and his dress set off his figure to advantage. It consisted of wide blue trousers of fine cloth, a vest of dark velvet buttoned closely up to the throat, and a blue cloth surtout confined round the waist with a simple belt of black varnished leather. His neck was bare, the white collar of his shirt being turned down, and tied with a little bow of black ribbon. On his head he wore an ordinary undress navy cap, with the usual anchor but-

tons, but the gold band was merely a narrow stripe. This young man, after his first greeting, had only spoken to Lars Vonved in answer to one or two questions the latter put, but stood with an air of deference, yet friendly familiarity, awaiting the further pleasure of the redoubted Rover of the Baltic.

Suddenly Vonved turned towards him, and said—

"You little anticipated seeing a signal of mine from yonder barque, Herr Lundt?"

"I did not, Captain Vonved, and at first I rather feared it was an enemy's ruse, but thanks to a good glass I recognised you, and, therefore, had no hesitation in answering the signal and bearing down."

"You did well, sir, and right glad was I to see the Little Amalia dashing to my rescue."

"Rescue! Captain Vonved?"

"So I may phrase it, sir, although I was in no danger so far as the goodwill of the captain and crew of the Camperdown was concerned. You would know her again?"

"I should, Captain Vonved."

"And you, my Vikings?" addressing the deeply attentive crew, who of course heard every word of the conversation, "you are old seamen, and would know that barque again by her build and rig among a thousand—is it not so?"

The men raised their caps in the ready, courteous manner, common even to the poorest and lowliest seamen of Scandinavia, and promptly answered in the affirmative.

"Then, one and all will bear in mind that the good old captain of that barque is my friend—I owe my life to that ship and her crew—and I order you at all times to aid that captain and ship at the peril of your lives should there ever be occasion, and opportunity serve."

"Ja, ja! Capitain Vonved;" gravely responded they, and their looks betokened how much they desired to know in what manner his life had been jeopardized and saved. He perceived this, and with an air in which kindness and authority were singularly blended, he said—

"I know your faithful affection for me, my brave men, for you have all been oft tried and never yet found wanting, and at the proper time you

shall know what has befallen me since we last parted. Herr Lundt, let the man who acts as your steward serve to them a couple of bottles of your best wine to drink my safe return."

The young officer—as he may not improperly be called—bowed, and beckoning to the seaman who acted as steward, gave him an order. The man dived into the cabin and quickly re-appeared with the wine; when Vonved said in a smiling, friendly way—

"Go forward, my Vikings, and enjoy yourselves; but neglect not to keep a good look-out and report to us when necessary. Herr Lundt, we will now retire to the cabin."

The officer again bowed, descended first, and was followed by the extraordinary man, whose will appeared to be law on board.

The cabin of the Amalia was, of course, small, and yet it was considerably larger than would have been supposed by one who judged of its size merely by that of the entire hull. It had been skilfully fitted up so as to make the most of the circumscribed space, and as the little joegt was not intended to carry cargo, except of a certain kind which occupied very small bulk, the cabin included all that part of the vessel beneath the poop-deck, and two neat little state-rooms were situated forward of it, in what in a large vessel would be called the steerage. They communicated with the cabin through doors in the bulkhead of the latter. The cabin itself was nine feet in breadth by seven feet in length. In the centre stood an oblong table covered by a snow-white damask cloth, and all round were lockers provided with crimson silk cushions, to serve as seats. The front of these lockers and all the panelling of the cabin was of rich mahogany, polished so brightly that the pier glass suspended on one side was almost superfluous. The moulding filling up the angle between the panelling and the deck overhead was gilt, and the deck itself (forming the ceiling) was beautifully painted with fanciful and allegorical devices and figures, wreaths of flowers, &c. From the deck was suspended a large antique bronze oil lamp, of peculiar formation, having three projecting dragons' heads, the mouths of which each contained a wick for burning.

Between the two windows at the stern was a semicircular zebra-wood locker, the front of which was inlaid with various precious woods in the most elaborate manner, so as to represent the mariner's compass, and in a small shield in the centre of this fanciful compass was painted an exact fac-simile of the mysterious symbols and motto of Vonved's signet ring—an eagle flying with a double-edged sword in its beak above a ship in full sail. This locker was ostensibly supported by a species of bracket, a solid piece of Danish oak exquisitely carved in the semblance of the conventional head and flowing beard of old father Neptune. Along the panelling on each side of the cabin were arranged several weapons offensive and defensive. The little cabin was excellently lighted, not only by the two stern windows, but also by the large skylight overhead, which being composed of richly-stained glass, cast a warm and varied light below. A small stove of polished steel, with brass fittings, and a bright copper flue, stood on one side the vessel against the bulkhead, and may be said to complete the chief fittings of the snug and tasteful little cabin, in which a man of ordinary stature could just stand upright.

On entering, Vonved sat down at the end of the table in a position which enabled him to command a view of the sea through either of the stern windows, and motioned to Herr Lundt to seat himself opposite, but the latter hesitated, and remarked in a whisper—

"Had I not better close the companion-way, Captain Vonved, if you wish to converse without risk of being overheard?"

"Yes, do so."

Lundt first spoke to the steersman, and bade him keep the course which had been given, and immediately report any sail which hove in sight, or any material change of wind, and then carefully closed the two little folding-doors forming the front of the companion, and drew the slide closely over.

"Now for a bottle of your best!" cried Vonved, cheerfully.

"What wine will you prefer, Captain Vonved?"

"Champagne, let it be, for my heart is light and grateful now that I once

more feel myself afloat in my first love—the dainty 'Little Amalia!'"

The young man hastened to raise a trap door in the flooring of the cabin, beneath which the runs of the vessel formed a cool and capital wine cellar, and from thence he extracted a couple of bottles of champagne, which, with the proper glasses, he placed on the table.

"Would you take any repast also, Captain Vonved? I can give you some fine fresh lax, and some"—

"No, sir, I require nothing at present; and I must apologize," added Vonved, with an air of high and courtly breeding, "for permitting you to act as steward, but I have reason to wish for our interview to be private."

"Oh, Captain Vonved," eagerly cried Lundt, blushing and bowing, "how can you say that? You know that it is a pleasure and a privilege for me!"

Lars Vonved gazed half-mournfully and half-affectionately at the flushed ingenuous features of his young officer, and sighing deeply, he slowly echoed—

"A pleasure and a privilege! And do you esteem it such to be the companion, the familiar friend of an outlaw, a doomed man, one denounced as an arch miscreant, one upon whose head a heavy price is set by the government of his country?"

"I do!" answered the young man, energetically. "You have saved my life—you have honoured me with your confidence—and I know that he whom men call the Rover of the Baltic is one whose qualities are worthy of friendship and admiration. Yes, I am linked to your fortunes, be it for good or for evil, and I am proud of the friendship of the Count of Els——"

"Hold!" interrupted Vonved, raising his forefinger significantly. "I am only Lars Vonved, Captain Vonved! But as for what you assert—be it so; all I can say is that I trust that if your friendship and connexion with me does not operate to your weal, it may not be to your woe! And now let us drink!"

The glasses were brimmed with the cool sparkling vintage of the sunny South, and silently bowing to each other, the two friends quaffed.

"Truly, wine gladdens the heart of man, as was said of old," exclaimed the Rover; "and yet I have been re-

freshed and gladdened more in my time by a stinted draught of water—neither pure nor sparkling—than by any wine I ever drunk.”

“That would be in the tropics, sir?”

“In the tropics—and elsewhere.”

“I, also, Captain Vonved, know by fearful experience the value of a draught of water!” Lundt observed, seeing that Vonved was not indisposed to prolong a desultory conversation ere discussing matters of present and weighty interest.

“You, Herr Lundt! When and where?”

“Off the coast of Africa.”

“I was not aware that you had ever sailed on the main ocean?”

“I believe I never mentioned to you before, Captain Vonved, that in my twentieth year, I, for the first and only time, sailed on the Atlantic, and very disastrous the outward voyage proved. To my dying day I shall never forget the sufferings I underwent—for more than the ordinary anguish which befalls a man in many years, was condensed, as it were, in the space of a few hours.”

“The ship was becalmed and short of water?”

“Not so, Captain Vonved. The sufferings from thirst to which I alluded were experienced only by myself—a solitary wretch, tossed helplessly about, the sport of every wave.”

These words caused Vonved to steadily regard his companion with a look of surprise and suddenly-aroused interest.

“Ah,” said he, very quietly, “I have myself undergone a somewhat similar adventure, although, in my case, a burning tropical sun did not increase my sufferings.”

“Indeed, sir; where was that?”

“Here, in the Baltic; and it occurred only yesterday.”

“Yesterday, Captain Vonved? Impossible!”

“Why impossible, Herr Lundt?” drily demanded the Rover. “The barque which is yet in sight picked me up yesterday evening, clinging to a spar, almost at my last gasp, and, as I believe, the solitary survivor of a terrible catastrophe.”

The young man started, became deadly pale, and faintly cried—

“Oh, Captain Vonved! can it indeed be that the ‘Skildpadde’ and all her brave crew have perished?”

“Not so, my young friend, no calamity has happened to her, I trust. It is the ‘Falk’ that has perished, and every soul on board, myself excepted.”

“The Falk! the brig-of-war cruising off Bornholm! And you were on board *her*?”

Vonved calmly nodded.

“As a prisoner, Captain Vonved?”

“As a prisoner, sir; what else should I be?”

“Then you were betrayed?”

“I should not otherwise have been captured, as you may well believe,” answered Vonved, with a bitter smile.

“And who was the traitor—do you know?”

“I *do* know, Herr Lundt, and fearfully shall he expiate his treachery.” As Vonved uttered these words, his usual calm imperturbability instantly disappeared, and his lips quivered, revealing his broad white teeth closely clenched, his features writhed with passion, and his eyes flashed with a fire all the more terrible because so rarely evinced.

This emotion, however uncontrollable it might be at the moment, was merely transient in duration, for in a few seconds Vonved’s countenance resumed its gentle yet thoughtful expression.

Then Vonved, in a low impressive tone, calmly narrated to his astonished companion the story of his betrayal, capture, and ultimate escape.

W. M. THACKERAY—SATIRIST AND HUMORIST.

PART II.—HIS RISE TO THE AUTHORSHIP OF "VANITY FAIR."

ALTHOUGH our writer, during the first *lustre* of his career as a man of letters, had given frequent evidence of his abilities, he had done so for the most part merely with the average brilliancy of a magazine contributor, and a newspaper correspondent. His wit had sparkled hitherto only in fitful and momentary scintillations. His *métier* seemed to be simply the facetious—his mission to crack jokes anonymously. We question very much whether he himself had any confidence whatever, even for a long while afterwards, in his own capacity to realize, however remotely in the hereafter, what must, in spite of his own diffidence and self-depreciation, have coloured at intervals the day-dream of his ambition, namely, the hope of taking rank among the great Masters of English Literature. Employing a grotesque image, that may yet not inaptly express his own unconsciousness of his powers at the outset of his career, and of the marvellous capabilities of the magical little instrument in his hand, he might be described as merely whistling and blowing catcalls, where he was ultimately to breathe the music of a pure and original genius—through that trivial orifice of a quill, which, at the touch of the lip of genius, becomes, more resonantly than the golden horn of Clio, the trumpet of immortality. Added to which he was talking so long under masks, in feigned accents, that we were without the opportunity even of detecting the depth or the sweetness of his own natural intonations. Hushed at last the guttural croakings of the Fat Contributor, the shrill but variable treble of Spec, and Snob, and divers other whimsical minor individualities—abandoned at length (with a sigh) what he himself rapturously designates "that peculiar, unspellable, inimitable, flunkified pro-

nunciation," familiar to Jeames and Yellowplush, the pronunciation with which Whatdyecallum, in Mr. T.'s own tragic record of Gray's dinner (chops and rolypoly pudding) to Goldmore, asks the latter "Wawt taim will you please have the *cage*, sir." Then at last, then at length, but not sooner, we could hear the tears in the voice of Thackeray.

Beyond any doubt whatever, the earliest indication of the real strength and scope of his rare gifts as a writer, both of humour and of sensibility, was afforded through that fantastic narrative, *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*, a story begun in *Fraser's Magazine* towards the end of 1841, the first instalment of the thirteen chapters appearing in the number for September. It was not until eight years afterwards—when the writer had sprung at last by a single bound into a recognised popularity—that the tale of *The Hoggarty Diamond** was placed substantially before us as a separate publication. Yet the charm of the little fiction, the exquisite merits scattered, not sparsely, up and down it, were recognised by the more discerning almost immediately upon its periodical issue, even within the first quarter from the date of its commencement. A letter of Stirling's—affording proof positive of this early appreciation—a letter addressed by Stirling to his mother, under date December the 11th, 1841, may be found in evidence of this in Mr. Carlyle's *Life* (Part ii., ch. 16) of that Thunderer among London journalists. "I have seen no new book," writes Stirling, in this epistle; but he adds immediately, "I have got hold of the two first numbers of *The Hoggarty Diamond*; and read them with extreme delight. What is there better," he asks, defiantly,— "What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith?—The man is a true genius; and with

* "The Hoggarty Diamond." Thirteen Chapters. Fraser: 1841-42. 1 vol. Bradbury and Evans. 1849.

quiet and comfort might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in all ———'s novels together." Who ——— may possibly be, we are left of course to conjecture. It is but a spiteful and jealous stab in the dark, aimed with a pointless printer's dash at Somebody whose identity we care not to distinguish. But the appreciative panegyric of the friend then, and for that matter during several years afterwards, altogether "unknown to fame," beyond the radius of a genial literary coterie—that assuredly is as explicit and as emphatic as any heartfelt and unstudied eulogium well could be. Insomuch that Thomas Carlyle, after quoting those earnest words of praise in his biography of *The Thunderer*, is fain to add, by way of comment (p. 287), "Thackeray, always a close friend of the Stirling House, will observe that this is dated 1841, and not 1851, and have his own reflections on the matter." It is not, after all, very surprising, however, to note the cordiality of those encomiastic and even prophetic words of Stirling, if we come to turn over once more those leaves of ready fun and frolic, of sportive sarcasm and unaffected tenderness, through which we hear so many strange, but soon familiar voices—a few among them, at rare intervals, thrilling us with simple accents into tears—the majority provoking us to secret merriment, or, better still, coming down upon us, plump, with sleeveless errands of laughter! Don't we yet "listen delighted" to the quavering tones of old Aunt Susy, descanting upon the great Mulcahy's *shy dewver*, "the p—the po—the po—portrait of her sainted Hoggarty," let into that dreadful machine, the locket ("about the size of the lid of a shaving-box"), upon the margin of which blazes the Great Diamond, the heirloom of the Hoggarties? Don't we still watch, with malicious satisfaction, the convulsive features of Samuel, the nephew, as he gulps down reiterated doses of that abhorred black currant wine, idealized under the mellifluous title of *Rosolio*? Have we not a glance of the evil eye yet, flashed

back from our indignation of old, in regard to that sanctimonious Brough, the swindling manager of the great West Diddlesex Association? Cannot we find one little morsel of fricasseed toad left still to eat at the hospitable board of the Dowager Countess of Drum—or a single hair of the tuft upon the chin of that West-end Riquet, the radiant Earl of Tiptoff, to hunt a brief while longer down the broad sweep of Rotten Row, or round the curl of the Ring, or through the mazy involutions of Belgravia? As for the minor characters, or more vulgar entities introduced among the throng of those more elevated personages, they may, it is true, be meaner studies for the artist, but they acquire more distinctly, under his hand, the sharp outline and the warm tints of verisimilitude. Instance that priggish young clerk, Bob Swinney, with his "Sir, to you," when summoned to appear before his principal—a sort of a shadowy silhouette of the immortal Swiveller! Or good-natured Gus Hoskins—the dim precursor of that delightful gent in *Pendennis*! It is, however, around the fresh, wholesome, little womanly figure of dear Miss Mary Smith that was, young Mrs. Samuel Titmarsh that is, and as such through her husband, possessress for the time being of the Great Hoggarty Diamond, that the one real charm of the book revolves. She is the central point of the magic circle, drawn here by his pen's tip, in this initial fiction of Mr. Thackeray. Listen to that crowning incident in her home-life, as related by worthy Mrs. Stokes, the landlady—the incident occurring shortly after the death of the heroine's first-born, when she hopes to extricate her husband from his pecuniary troubles, by obtaining the post of wet nurse in the Countess of Tiptoff's establishment. "'Poor thing,' said my lady [who has just heard from the narrator the twofold sorrows, driving the bereaved young mother in quest of this peculiar and lowly situation]. 'Poor thing!' said my lady. Mrs. Titmarsh did not speak, but kept looking at the baby; and the great big grenadier of a Mrs. Honner [another applicant] looked angrily at her. 'Poor thing!' says my lady, taking Mrs. T.'s hand very

kind, 'she seems very young. How old are you, my dear?'—'Five weeks and two days!' says your wife, sobbing.—Mrs. Honner burst into a laugh; but there was a tear in my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was a-thinking of." Thus, in that thirteenth chapter of *The Hoggarty Diamond*, as surely as the Master Poet writ in the third scene of his third act of *Troilus and Cressida*, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin:" the Countess takes the ex-clerk's wife, as a sister, in her embrace, while the reader's mind leaps at the same instant to the recognition of the unmistakable sign-manual of genius—the expression of that sweet, and true, and exquisite pathos, which is the inseparable and inevitable characteristic of the world's Great Original Humorists.

Already, within the year which witnessed towards its close the commencement of this earliest of the serial stories of Mr. Thackeray, there had been collected together from magazines or from manuscript two volumes of our author's miscellaneous effusions, designated, simply and explicitly, upon the title-page, *Comic Tales and Sketches*.* Another collection of papers, oddly entitled, *The Tin Trumpet*, has been attributed by some, we believe, quite erroneously, to the same authorship. Anonymously and gradually the future novelist was stealing his way to public notice, under all kinds of whimsical soubriquets, and through a great variety of popular periodicals. Sometimes—as for example in that preposterous story of "Little Spitz," which many a reader of *Cruikshank's Omnibus* must about this time have cried with laughing, over—through the medium of an independent specimen of broad humour, that tasked to its utmost even the illustrative drollery of the pencil of our dear George, that prince and paragon of all English Caricaturists. Beyond the original monthly outlet from Thackeray's satirical and humorous

fancies, namely the double-columned pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, there was started precisely at the right moment for his own powers as for those also of so many of his literary intimates and collaborateurs, that wonderful weekly repertory of Fun (the inexhaustible "motive power" for the keeping in play of the machinery of which, ever since, during all these years, may be certainly defined with perfect accuracy as the *vis comica*), that delightful little hunchback, *Punch*, whose jesting has sufficient originality, and sufficient nationality about it, to make us regret exceedingly, at times, that he has never yet dropped his second title of the London Charivari.

By hebdomadal instalments, by monthly instalments, through *Fraser*, through *Punch*, Thackeray by degrees numbered up so many good things, that these of themselves when acknowledged—apart from his other and more elaborate writings—would have sufficed to secure for him in the end a substantial reputation. For the most part these piecemeal effusions have never yet been issued from the press of England in an independent form, save in their collective capacity as ingredients in the four volumes of the author's "Miscellanies." Several among them, however, upon the opposite shores of the Atlantic have achieved the honours of separate publication. It has been thus with the sarcastic *Confessions of Fitzboodlet* coupled with the record of *Major Gahagan's Tremendous Adventures* that exaggeration even upon the extravagances of the mendacious and redoubtable Baron Munchausen. It has been thus too with the quaint portraiture of *Men's Wives*†—meaning the model wives of Frank Berry and Dennis Haggarty. Thus, likewise, has it been with *A Shabby Genteel Story*§—eked out as a volume by several minor tales in the form of a supplement—that cynical story which relates with pitiless particularity, among other kindred incidents, the painful ceremonial of a shabby gen-

* "Comic Tales and Sketches." 2 vols. Cunningham. 1841.

† "Confessions of Fitzboodlet," and "Major Gahagan." Appleton, New York.

‡ "Men's Wives." Appleton, New York.

§ "A Shabby Genteel Story" and other Tales. Appleton, New York.

teel dinner, and the yet more painful ceremonial, if possible, of a shabby genteel marriage. Another of these *unique* American reprints, moreover, is one agreeable little omnium-gatherum volume, embracing within the compass of 306 pages, 16mo. *Punch's Prize Novelists, The Fat Contributor, and Travels in London**—all these thus reprinted together being announced upon that New York title-page as "By W. M. Thackeray:" the earliest revelation of which name in authorship, if we remember rightly, occurred, however, in our own country in connexion with a work now requiring to be particularized. It was a revelation of that now honoured name howbeit, not upon a title-page, but at the close of an epistolary dedication. The production itself savoured somewhat, it must be confessed, of book-making. This was no other than *The Irish Sketch Book*, by Mr. Titmarsh†—a sketch book, the letterpress of which was disfigured here and there by a few of the author's prejudices, and here and there also by a few more of his illustrations. The description therein attempted to be given of Ireland and the Irish is, of course, by this time aged some sixteen or seventeen winters. It could hardly be expected, therefore, to bear much resemblance to what Ireland and the Irish actually are—to our own present knowledge—any more than we might reasonably count upon finding the sunset of to-day the counterpart of the sunset of yesterday. But viewing ourselves retrospectively, as we undoubtedly were when the pencillings of Mr. Titmarsh were but first freshly jotted down upon the leaves of his Sketch-book, the limning is not, by any means, so much the reflective limning of a faithful portraiture, as it is one characterized by the bizarre distortions of the veritable *caricatura*. It is a hastily-finished picture—painted in distemper. The general tone of it may be most aptly described as sad-coloured. Viewing it in its own ostensible character as a Sketch-book, the effect produced is rather dispiriting and monotonous. The out-

lines are in Indian ink, and the shading neutral-tinted. So undisguisedly is it in parts an exemplar of the merest book-making, that the commencement of it is really little more than a contrasting reprint from the liberal, yet Roman Catholic *Morning Register*, and from the independent, yet Conservative *Saunders' News-Letter*. The dedicatory epistle, at the close of which Mr. Thackeray here, for the first time, plucked off for a moment the comic mask of Titmarsh, revealing under that facetious pseudonym his own earnest individuality, was addressed in the genial spirit of a frank and cordial friendship to Charles Lever, then occupying the Rhadamanthine chair in the management of this periodical. "Harry Lorrequer," quoth the first sentence of the letter, "needs no complimenting in a dedication; and," continues the writer with an exemplary affectation of bashfulness, "I would not venture to inscribe this volume to the editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, who, I fear, must disapprove of a great deal which it contains. But," he adds—and the sarcasm lurking in the words that follow seems to drop more befittingly from the searing steel-pen of W. M. Thackeray, than from the playfully-twittering goose-quill of M. A. Titmarsh—"allow me," he writes, "to dedicate my book to a good Irishman, the hearty charity of whose visionary red-coats some substantial personages in black might imitate to advantage." The ingredients in the ink thus trailed across the paper, as far back as the twenty-seventh of April, 1843, from the point of that iron stylus have not yet lost any of their poignant efficacy either in sparkle or in bitterness. The caustic still bites—the phosphorus glimmers out in luminous scintillations.

That our English traveller carries with him everywhere through Ireland a microscopic eye for spots and blemishes, he indicates whimsically enough at the very outset. He has scarcely landed at Kingstown, when wandering through the streets he recognises

* "Punch's Prize Novelists, &c., by W. M. Thackeray." 1 vol. Appleton, New York.

† "The Irish Sketch-Book, by Mr. Titmarsh." London: Chapman and Hall. 1843.

nothing more vividly than its "shabby milliners' and tailors' with flyblown prints of old fashions"—peculiarities, of course, altogether invisible in the suburban districts of London and Westminster. Following no settled plan in his peregrinations, Mr. Thackeray allows his narrative to meander after the track of his footprints hither and thither discursively, as the whim prompts, or, what is yet more potent with your pleasure-tourist—the weather. A "Summer's Day in Dublin," agreeably depicted, is followed by a true Cockney's description of "A Country House in Kildare." And so onward by the clattering car from Carlow to Waterford! Occasionally the future dreaded cynic of all such scribes as affect to clamber into the pulpit and to talk there didactically *ex cathedra*, cannot himself resist a momentary impulse to write as it were prepense, in the midst of his waggeries, up to some high moral purpose, to the championship of some great social or political innovation. Here again, for example, as already in "The Paris Sketch Book," we find him advocating upon principle, and from the depth of his own humane convictions the absolute remission of the supreme penalty of capital punishment. Sometimes, too, the keen-witted ex-artist turned bookman gives evidence of his capacity, let us say, to take the measurement of an agricultural district by a better standard than the breadth of his ruler or the length of his mahl-stick. Thus, sixteen years ago, he estimates, with shrewd discernment, at its right value the then new and almost untried manure of guano as compared with bone dust or with Murray's composition—acknowledging (vol. i. p. 57) that "the bone-dust run guano very hard," but that the "composition was clearly distanced." At intervals Mr. Titmarsh still contrives by a single felicitous epithet to hit off in a twinkling a whole vivid description: as where, upon crossing the Suir, he says they "went over the thundering old wooden bridge to Waterford." Is there not a glimpse, too, of the mannerism of that quiet humour with which we have since then become so perfectly well acquainted, but that was then so new to us all, where he describes that house in Cork with "a fine tester bed in the best room where my lady might catch cold in state in the midst of

yawning chimneys!" Better still, is there not a premonitory flavour—something like that which Count Xavier de Maistre alludes to in his delightful "Journey Round my Room" (ch. 42), where he writes "it is thus that one experiences a pleasant foretaste of acid when one cuts a lemon"—is there not a foretaste here of the "Lectures upon the English Humorists" of ten years afterwards, where in this "Irish Sketch Book" (vol. i. p. 24) he muses over that mask of Swift's dead face preserved in Trinity College, wondering over those painful, almost awful lineaments of Dean Jonathan—"the tall forehead fallen away in a ruin, the mouth settled in a hideous, vacant smile." Best of all, however, in these two earlier volumes from the hand of Thackeray, as an unmistakable foreshadowing of his veritable presence as later on revealed in its actual proportions—best of all as such is that little incidental mention here (ch. vi.) in the description given of the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock, of the nun guiding him proudly among the "little collection of gim-cracks" dignified with the title of museum among the sisterhood. As he recalls to recollection how the young nun went prattling on before him, leading him hither and thither "like a child showing her toys," Mr. Thackeray asks his reader, in words of infinite tenderness—asks his reader in a voice now thrilling familiarly to the hearts of many hundreds of thousands—"What strange mixture of pity and pleasure is it which comes over you sometimes, when a child takes you by the hand and leads you up solemnly to some little treasure of its own—a feather or a string of glass beads? I declare I have looked at such," he adds, "with more delight than at diamonds, and felt the same sort of soft wonder examining the nuns' little treasure-chamber." It is but a casual fragment, this, from Mr. Titmarsh's "Irish Sketch Book," but it is a thought expressed in words not unworthy of the author of "Edmond" and "The Newcomes."

The following year, 1844, witnessed the production, by our author, of another serial tale issued still anonymously, though this time under another *nom de plume*, through the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. The narrative itself was entitled "The

"Luck of Barry Lyndon," the writer of it assuming to be one George Fitzboodle. It has achieved the honour of a separate reprint both at Paris and at New York,* though at home it has merely been republished, we believe, as an integral portion of the four volumes of Mr. Thackeray's Collected "Miscellanies." Meanwhile the weekly quarto pages of *Punch* had been affording the author of "Barry Lyndon" more frequent and effective opportunities for the display of his rare and original genius as a satirist—as the one destined to take rank very speedily, by universal assent, as the master satirist of our generation. Yet acrid to the last degree of acridity, though he was already demonstrating himself to be as a satirist, as a critic, Mr. Thackeray was, about this time, frequently proving, as he had often done before, and as he has often done since, genial to the utmost limits of geniality, overflowing with a grateful, cordial, generous, enthusiastic appreciation. His romance of the last century, "Barry Lyndon" to wit, had scarcely been commenced—the first instalment of it appearing in January, 1844—when in the number of *Fraser* for the ensuing month of February there came forth a kind of collective review, entitled "A Box of Novels." This delectable paper, signed with the well-known initials M. A. T., is still noticeable, though never since reprinted, as a critical argument containing within it one of the most exquisite tributes ever offered to the genius of Charles Dickens, *à propos* of that glorious "Christmas Carol" which, notwithstanding its brevity, we might almost be tempted to select from among all the now voluminous writings of Boz as pre-eminently his masterpiece. Perhaps Charles Dickens has no more ardent admirer, he has certainly never had any more unrestricted panegyrist than the very author whose writings during these last few years have been absurdly held up by certain bungling enthusiasts in contrast to the works of Boz, with a view to the depreciation of that delightful genius,

incomparably and *facile princeps*, the greatest Humorist in English literature. Comparisons such as these are, indeed, peculiarly odious, and would be intolerable were they not also and especially ridiculous. Mr. Thackeray would infallibly be of all men about the first and foremost to laugh to very scorn conclusions like those arrived at by some of his own infatuated encomiasts—conclusions, in their way, nothing less than simply frivolous and contemptible. According to these eccentric logicians, when "Vanity Fair" appeared "Pickwick" ceased to be! The publication of "Pendennis" rendered "David Copperfield" non-existent! Nay, the caustic worldly wit and wisdom of the Anatomist of the Snobs of England, according to this newly-discovered mode of reasoning, suddenly invested with a heinous but nameless guilt those extraordinary powers, both pathetic and humorous, which had previously won for Charles Dickens a popularity that has never been surpassed, if it has ever been equalled, during his own lifetime, by any one purely and simply a writer of imagination. Mr. Thackeray has effectively illustrated his own vivid appreciation of the distinct, if it might not even be said the diametrical difference (discernible, one would think, at a glance) between his own powers, style, tendencies, and idiosyncrasy, and those of his illustrious contemporary, where he has related in one of his charming colloquial discourses how his own children have posed him before now with the query, "Why he did not write a novel like 'Nicholas Nickleby?'" Already, in effect, we have ourselves indicated our individual opinion as to the relative position occupied by these two distinguished writers. Dickens we have long regarded gratefully, we have more than a year ago, in this very Magazine, designated him explicitly† as "the rarest of all English Humorists." Thackeray we have here, in an earlier part of this very paper, described as, to our thinking, incomparably not one of the greatest Satirists, but *the* Master Satirist of our generation. It is in

* "The Luck of Barry Lyndon," 2 vols, 16mo. Appleton, New York. "Mémoires de Barry Lyndon; traduit par Leon de Wailly." 1 tom. 16mo. Hachette. Paris.

† *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. lii. p. 49. July, 1858.

the peculiar combination, however, in his genius—in the very pith and marrow of his genius—of the distinctive and vividly contrasting attributes of the Satirist and the Humorist that his chief excellence consists. It is as if his pen alternately, at his own variable whim and pleasure, dropped honey and vitriol. It is as if there were blent together in the nature of this one writer the sweetness of Goldsmith and the withering and pitiless scorn of Swift—the tonic bitterness of satire, in its very intensity, mingled with humour the most genial, humour with all its most graceful, overflowing, and bewitching tenderness. Admiration for the Humorist and admiration for the Satirist-Humorist of our time, we would simply insist, are in no way incompatible. The appreciation of Thackeray does not necessarily imply the depreciation of Dickens, or *vice versa*. That is the root-error, we maintain, of so many of these frivolous, and some of these even preposterous, and any thing but Plutarchian comparisons. There is room enough for all in the vacant niches and upon the unoccupied pedestals of the grand Walhalla of Literature. To induct another Worthy to his appropriate place of elevation there is no need surely to clear the way for him either with the spiteful pencil of a Pasquin, or with the blundering hammer of an Iconoclast. How utterly distasteful these most paltry and fatuous gibes directed against Dickens, with a view to the glorification of Thackeray, must be to Thackeray himself, any one who knows Thackeray's miscellaneous writings, and who, knowing them, must by necessity know also perfectly well his intense and tender admiration for the genius of Charles Dickens, may readily enough conjecture. Contenting ourselves with one solitary indication of this profound and affectionate appreciation let us here recall to recollection for a moment the musings of our author in his delightful "Sketches and Travels in London,"* where he is startled by "the melody of Horner's nose, as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas" of the club-house library at the Polyanthus. "What is he reading?" asks

Mr. Brown the traveller, otherwise Mr. Thackeray the great rival novelist. "Hah! *Pendennis*, No. VII: hum, let us pass on. Have you read David Copperfield, by the way?" says he, turning round upon his reader in a glow of unaffected delight. "How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind,—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children,—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer; may heaven further its fulfilment!" Noble and beautiful words, before which should ever afterwards remain dumb and confounded all those dullards who think to testify their admiration for Thackeray by reviling Dickens—"this great genius" whose writings Thackeray loves and honours not less than any other man out of the great mass of his contemporaries. An eulogium, the impressive close of which, Mr. Thackeray failed even then to recognise, comprised within it an orison for his own guidance by the handmaids of Providence.

By this cursory mention, however, of Mr. Brown's "London Travels and Sketches," we are inadvertently, though necessarily, in point of time, anticipating. Mr. Brown had been preceded some five years by Mr. Snob, and Mr. Snob in his turn had trodden hard upon the heels, if he had not even jostled the elbows of Mr. de la Pluche. Each of them tripping jauntily in turn or together across the conspicuous proscenium of Mr. Punch the manager—that pleasant little gentleman with the florid nose and the falsetto voice, the "slight dorsal irregularity," and the just faintly percept-

* "Sketches and Travels in London, by Mr. Brown and Mr. Spec." Twenty-two Chapters.

ible ventral protuberance. "Jeames's Diary"* was of course *à propos* of that memorable railway mania which the *Times*, by a single "leader," brought one fine morning to an abrupt and, in many instances, most disastrous conclusion. "C. J. de la Pluche, Esq.," shortly afterwards served, by the potent agency of ridicule, to complete the catastrophe. Nothing could well be more laughter-moving than the mere orthography of these wondrous autobiographical memoranda of that great archetype and representative-man of Flunkeydom. An anticipative relish of this is given in the very earliest of the entries, *i. e.*—"3rd January—Our Beer in the Suvnt's Hall so *precious* small at this Christmas time that I reely *muss* give warning." It was the "Book of Snobs"† nevertheless that capped the climax of Mr. Thackeray's successes as an anonymous contributor to the periodicals. It is not only the happiest among all his many felicitous serial papers in *Punch*, but, beyond that, without any doubt, the most remarkable among all his Miscellanies. Upon this wonderful instrument, at once of torture and of execution, "The Snobs of England"—here of the million, there of the upper ten thousand—were carefully hung, and drawn, and quartered by one who dubbed himself, after the fashion of Tom Moore's Fadladeen at the very outset of his labours (as torturer and executioner), "One of themselves." How he trots them out here, one after another, in ridiculous procession. Mr. Punch's baton has slipped into his hands, and he deals about him with it unmercifully. Down they go, turn by turn, one at a time, or half a dozen of them together. Anybody comes in for it—everybody: his own knuckles even tingling from the recoil occasionally. Talking of the imitation of the great as a weakness universally apparent—"Peacock's feathers are stuck in the tails of most families," quoth he (p. 75). "Scarce one of us domestic birds but imitates the lanky, pavonine strut, and shrill, genteel scream." Sometimes the careless strokes dealt around him by this comic censor blight

as visibly and instantaneously as a flare of lightning. When pausing, for example, before one of the great houses in Belgravia—one of those state mansions of "Vanity Fair," in reference to which he observes afterwards to his throng of readers in the midst of his noble masterpiece, descriptive of it (chap. 51, p. 449), "Dear brethren, let us tremble before these august portals;" so now previously in his "Book of Snobs" (chap. 6, p. 24), halting for an instant in front of one of these patrician dwellings, saith he within himself, "Oh house, you are inhabited—oh knocker, you are knocked at—oh undressed flunkey, sunning your lazy calves as you lean against the iron railings, you are paid—by snobs." And thereupon awfully selecting this same "tremendous thought," as he terms it, for immediate illustration, "Look," he exclaims, "at this grand house in the middle of the square. The Earl of Loughcorrib lives there: he has fifty thousand a-year. A *déjeuner dansant* given at his house last week cost, who knows how much? The mere flowers for the room and bouquets for the ladies cost four hundred pounds. That man in drab trousers coming crying down the steps is a dun. Lord Loughcorrib has ruined him and won't see him: that is his Lordship is peeping through the blind of his study at him now. Go thy way, Loughcorrib, thou art a Snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite of hospitality, a rogue who passes forged notes upon society." Yet, directly afterwards, the darkened face of the cynic dimples over with fun as he depicts with harmless railery the peculiarities of that wonderful portrait of General Scraper—the picture representing the General (who, we are informed, distinguished himself at Walcheren) "at a parlour window with red curtains, in the distance a whirlwind in which cannon are firing off," with other irresistibly ludicrous particulars. A translation of this witty little book, more exquisitely provocative of merriment, in parts, even than the original (by reason of its being a translation), has presented

* "Jeames's Diary." About Twenty Parts. *Punch*. 1845.

† "The Book of Snobs." One vol. Bradbury and Evans, 1848. Published in *Punch* in Forty-five Chapters. 1845.

"*Les Snobs d'Angleterre*"* to the wondering contemplation, no doubt, of Monsieur and Madame, our dear French neighbours. It is worth looking at for a moment, this "traduction," by those who have the opportunity, if only for the absurdity of the thing in beholding "*Les Snobs d'Angleterre*" aforesaid, tricked out for the nonce, as it were, in French habiliments, straddling over the trottoirs, so to speak, in those marvellous hesian trousers plaited round the waist, the little dandified *kepi* perched on the extreme top of the sturdy British cranium, M. Snob pausing, we may suppose, when athirst to moisten his lips at the leaden counter of some small Parisian wineshop, with one of those amazing little sips of bitter nothing, the petits verres d'absinthe!

Prior to the apparition in *Punch* of either the "Book" or the "Diary," Mr. Thackeray had packed his portmanteau and gone straggling off by the overland route, as that voyage across the Mediterranean is, oddly enough, designated—had gone straggling off to the East in a semi-official serio-comic sort of a character, as Mr. P.'s Fat Contributor and Correspondent Extraordinary. The journey extended not only, as the title of its ultimate record intimates, *From Cornhill to Cairo*,† but branched off in divers directions—to Lisbon, to Athens, to Jerusalem, to Constantinople. It was commenced in the August of 1844, this pleasant journey eastwards, on board the P. and O. Company's steamer, the *Lady Mary Wood*. But it was not until more than a twelve-month afterwards that the notes of travel jotted down by Mr. Thackeray *in transitu*, were published in a volume, brimmed full, from rim to rim of its cover, with sparkling facetiousness. The traveller seems throughout not to have forgotten for an instant the aim or drift of the whole enterprise. As the Fat Contributor, he appears to imagine that he must be perpetually on the chuckle. Sometimes in the most incongruous and unseemly localities for a jest, he can hardly see for laughing—he can hardly see, at

least, that the ground he treads on is holy ground, and that the awful sanctity of what he himself once designates, even here in his Jest Book, "the great murder of all," is around him. The mixture of cynicism and scepticism with which he passes by such hallowed regions as the place of the Holy Sepulchre, is almost as offensive as that manifested by his brother Cantab, Mr. Kinglake, in his radiant but refrigerating "*Eöthen*." He is nevertheless, in spite of all this, awed for one brief interval into solemnity, by the iron soil and the whole spectacle of branded sterility presented to view on all sides, both within and around the awful city of Jerusalem—describing as "the most ghastly sight in the world," the blasted desolation of the wild and rocky valley of Jehoshaphat.

It is as a professional *farceur* or joke-master, however, that he travels throughout the whole of this oriental expedition. Although he humorously depicts himself (p. 239) as landing in Egypt prepared to view every thing "with pyramidal wonder and hieroglyphic awe," he is, on the contrary, perpetually looking at all around him with an especial eye for the detection of the ridiculous. He carries his London likings, moreover, with him beyond the ends of Christendom. At Alexandria, he acknowledges to his having a Cockney preference for *Punch* over the Sphinx, and for *Galignani* over the tombs of the Pharaohs. Scanned superciliously through his English spectacles, the Sultan's Seraglio looks for all the world "like Vauxhall in the daytime." And precisely as Mr. Dickens startles us in his "*Pictures from Italy*," by declaring (with parenthetical hesitation and three notes of exclamation, that, as he came in sight of the Eternal City, "it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—like London!!!"—so here, too, Mr. Thackeray surprises us by confessing the disappointment with which he found Alexandria to be just like—Southampton! Yet has he the appreciative glance of a painter for the ripe and

* "*Le Livre des Snobs: traduit par Georges Guiffrey.*" Hachette. Paris. 1 tom. 12mo.

† "*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo,*" 1 vol. London: Chapman and Hall. 1846.

varied colouring of vast stretches of the southern and oriental scenery. Looking up, entranced, into the sky over the market-place at Cadiz, he describes it (p. 25) as bluer and brighter than the best cobalt in the paint-boxes. And, floating once more in imagination over the waters of the Nile, his page reflects thus gorgeously the sunrise he there witnessed:—"In the sky in the east," he writes (p. 252), "was a streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal colour, then orange; then, behold, the round red disk of the sun rose flaming up above the horizon. *All the waters blushed as he got up;* the deck was all red; the steersman gave his helm to another and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward, and praised the Maker of the sun: it shone on his white turban as he was kneeling, and *gilt up his bronze face, and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck,*" &c. Yet directly afterwards, upon the very next page, all Mr. Thackeray has to say about the Pyramids is this—"I confess, for my part, that the Pyramids are very big;" as all that he can tell us about the Desert is, that it appeared to him "uncomfortable." Journeying onward in this mood—in search not, like Dr. Syntax, of the picturesque, but of the droll—it must have been quite congenial to his humour to make his first entrance into Grand Cairo in a race upon donkeys! No wonder, with this unwinking gaze everywhere in quest of the absurd; no wonder that, while stopping for a while at Ramleh in the course of his advance in cavalcade towards Jerusalem, he makes particular mention of the circumstance of his being waited upon, among others, by an Arab ornamented about the nose with diachylon.

Several of his facetious phrases in the midst of this habitual jocularità, are, of course, it must be admitted even by the veriest curmudgeon of a reader, to be irresistibly ridiculous. What can be better than his mode of defining the lethargic influence of the lovely climate at Rhodes, where he depicts everybody there as being "idle with all their might!" He seems to walk, as it were, nervously upon tiptoe along the streets of Lisbon, with secret qualms in regard to one particular historic recollection,

describing the Portuguese capital as not smoked like London, but dusted over—having "a dry, uncomfortable earthquaky look." Surveying the sham architecture of the Sultan's palace at Constantinople, he observes comically, that "most of the marble is wood;" a remark about as oddly ridiculous as that exclamation of one of those two absurd men in the farce of Box and Cox, the one who calls out indignantly over the gridiron—"Hullo! my bacon's a chop!" Almost immediately upon his setting forth on this Journey, as we have called it, in *Search of the Droll*, Mr. Thackeray must certainly be regarded as in luck; for, scarcely has he landed at Vigo, when we find himself and his companions suddenly accosted thus by the Spanish mendicants—"I say, sir! penny, sir! I say, English! tam your ays! penny!" Then, is it not worth going all the way to Byzantium to arrive at last at such a result as the Turkish bath, provocative of that deliciously fantastic description, assuredly better than the most vivacious fragment to be culled from all Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Correspondence—that description of the true Turkish bath, in which Mr. Thackeray declares that he was at last "drowned in lather"—protesting in the mere spluttering recollection of it—"you can't see, the suds are frothing over your eye-balls; you can't hear, the soap is whizzing into your ears; you can't gasp for breath, Miss Mac Whirter's wig is down your throat with half a pailful of suds in an instant—you are all soap." In a similar strain of grotesque exaggeration, he intimates to his reader his profound sense of the hopeless decay of the Turkish Empire, by remarking that there, so to speak, "the ready roasted meat trees may cry 'come and eat me,' every now and then, *in a faint voice, without any gravy in it*—but the Faithful begin to doubt about the quality of the victuals." With what a preposterous gravity he descants, with an air of tender interest, upon the merits of every one on board the *Lady Mary Wood*—"down even to the cook with tattooed arms, sweating among the saucepans of the galley, who used (with touching affection) to send us locks of his hair in the soup." About as good in its way, that, as the men-

tion made in another place, of that lazaretto for quarantine where "the authorities are so attentive as to scent your letters with aromatic vinegar." Conspicuous among the oddities in his descriptions, there is his ludicrous record of the landing of the Bishop of Faro, with his lordship's servant in yellow and blue livery, "like the *Edinburgh Review*!" Or, again, there is the particularly dry humour with which he undertakes to delineate in a few words the prevailing characteristics of the Maltese landscape, where, speaking of "what may be called the country," near Valletta, he says that "there the fields are rocks, and the hedges stones." Occasionally his similes are hardly less poetical than they are fantastical, as when he quaintly talks of that arched entrance to a mosque at Cairo, as shooting up "like the most beautiful pirouette by Taglioni." That he was at length beginning to feel something like hope in himself and his goose-quill, take this queer little running commentary upon the twain, at the close of these Oriental lucubrations: "This quill," quoth he, "it comes of the wing of an humble domestic bird, who walks a common, who talks a great deal (and hisses sometimes); who can't fly far or high, and drops always very quickly, and whose unromantic end is, to be laid on a Michaelmas or Christmas table, and there to be discussed for half-an-hour—let us hope with some relish." With so much relish apparently (with all its abundant accompaniments of "sage" and "sauce") was it discussed in this particular instance, that we find Mr. Thackeray upon six different occasions afterwards, catering directly for the English tables at Christmas.

Taking down his old dusty paint-box from the shelf, upon which it has been so long lying, almost forgotten, certainly quite neglected—selecting his brightest gamboge, his richest carmine, and his divinest ultramarine—our dear modern Michael Angelo, him of the dumpling cheeks and the circular spectacles, Mr. Titmarsh, for the nonce, comes forth, to the delight of all the boys and girls in the three

kingdoms, during the winter of 1847, with a little pink glazed quar-volume of funny letterpress, and a funnier coloured illustrations, descriptive of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball."* Set aside, as the one solitary exception, that *homme farouche*, who may be regarded as the exaggerated type of the model Irishman of your ultra-caricaturist, the Mulligan of Ballinacorney—setting aside that one outrageous extravagance, an Englishman's notion of an Irishman, about as like the original as a Frenchman's notion of an Englishman, with his *bistake* "blew-ing," and his *boulledogue* "band-legged," and his *steppire* flying t-garter over park gates as an everyday pastime, and his *Cott-lam* interlardings of everyday conversation—with the one exception of the Mulligan (proving the rule), the characters introduced into this entertaining hist-ette, are exact and literal limnings of people who have sat, or walked, or sang, or danced to the author-artist for their portraiture. They are literary and pictorial daguerreotypes, in the imprinting of which, upon the pages of his Christmas book, Mr. Thackeray has taken wit for his iodine. He has here turned the feather end of his goosequill into a paint-brush, and taken his pigments directly from the palette of Nature. In testimony of which it is only necessary to recall the merest sprinkling from the motley groups crowding the drawing-rooms, staircases, and hall-passage of Mrs. Perkins, to amused remembrance from Herr Spoff, breathing melody through his cornet-à-piston, to hood-winked Grunsell, the attendant greengrocer, draining bottles behind the screen, from Master Thomas Perkins, busy among the macaroons upon the landing, to Mr. Flam, tantalizing the seven lovely Misses Bacon, with "Glad how I wish I was a dancing-man, upon the very brink of an expected invitation. An exact companion, externally, to this earliest of Mr. Titmarsh's half-dozen Christmas books, dropped from the press in the middle of the ensuing year's festivities. It was only a companion to it, however, in the manner of its appearance; "the

* "Mrs. Perkins's Ball. By M. A. Titmarsh." London: Chapman and Hall 1847.

Street"* being, really and truly, for the most part valueless, utterly valueless, indeed, saving for a few among the illustrations. "The Man in Possession" being obviously one of these happier hits with the leaded pencil! But the best of them all, "The lady whom Nobody knew," flaunting in gay apparel down "Our Street," yet scorned by the nurserymaids. A blither, merrier book than any yet, tickling us into laughter, thus with crayon or quillpoint twiddled between the finger and thumb of Titmarsh, R.A., was the goodly volumette, in which, during the winter following, he introduced us to "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends."† Who can forget those model boys of the model schoolmaster—or the subtle touches of nature with which we often get, at an instant, to the depths of their idiosyncrasies? (George Champion, the cock of the school, for example, after the summing up of the distinguishing peculiarities of whose beautiful, brave, and noble character, our author propounds the following notable sentiment—"I think that to be strong, and able to whop everybody, would be the greatest of all gifts." Or, again, Duval, the pirate, in the record of whose predatory career we come, among other similar larcenous feats, upon the subjoined impressive incident—

"(Jones, *Minimus*, passes laden with tarts.)

"Duval—Hallo! you small boy with the tarts! come here, Sir!

"Jones, *Minimus*—Please, Duval, they ain't mine.

"Duval—O! you abominable young story-teller.

[*He confiscates the goods.*"]

Can any thing, again, have a more comical truthfulness about it than this touching example of—

"Briggs in Luck.

"Enter the Knife boy—Hamper for Briggses!

"Master Brown—Hurray, Tom Briggs! I'll lend you my knife!"

But they are all of them capital, these photographs from the haunts of Hier-

oclesian Skolastikos—from Mother Ruggles the tart, apple, and brandy-ball seller, up to (or down to—which is it?) the honourable Plantagenet Gamut-Gamut, the Idiot Aristocrat! With all the intermediate throng—including among them Master Hewlett (in bed) and Master Nightingale (in his shirt) upon the occasion of that intensely farcical scene in the dormitories; comprising, too, the *veræ effigies* of the pugnacious Boxalls and dull Master Hulker, of Bullock the Sharper and of Backhouse the Pill-Garlick—destined, this last mentioned, so very frequently to lament, like Master Ingoldsby in the famous Legend by the Rev. Thomas Barham—

"Then he took me by the collar,
Cruel only to be kind,
And to my exceeding dolour
Gave me several slaps behind."

Wonderfully life-like specimens, all of them are of the academic inhabitants of Rodwell Regis, those small inhabitants trembling under the rule, rather we should say the ferule of energetic Dr. Birch—the swinge of whose cane must have afforded so many of his pupils a lively notion of the vigourously rounded development of the biceps muscle veiled under the clerical broad-cloth.

Singularly inferior to the foregoing Christmas book were the two immediately ensuing in annual succession. The first of these, "Rebecca and Rowena"‡—being in effect, as the second title designated it, "a romance upon romance"—partook (we speak of course entirely for ourselves in regard to the estimate here expressed of this particular species of literary production) partook of the obnoxious and irritating character of a deliberate travestie—the wilful degradation of the beautiful to the ridiculous: and insomuch was the travestie here to our mind something quite intolerable, that even the piquant drollery of Richard Doyle as the illustrator, failed to propitiate us so far as to lure us even into momentary approbation. Delectably humorous certainly was the little

* "Our Street. By M. A. Titmarsh." Chapman and Hall. 1848.

† "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends. By M. A. Titmarsh." Chapman and Hall. 1849.

‡ "Rebecca and Rowena: a Romance upon Romance. By M. A. Titmarsh." Chapman and Hall. 1850.

woodcut in the centre of the ornamental cover of the volume, representing Master Motley with palette and brush "painting the lily!" But what possibly could, in any way, redeem from the Malaprop penalty of "forfeiting our malevolence for ever," that disgracefully laughable vignette upon the title-page, portraying Wamba as Clown, Isaac as Pantaloon, Wilfred as Harlequin, and Rebecca as Columbine—disposing the chief personages of *Ivanhoe*, in fact, in the approved tableau preliminary to the Charivari, the hammer-and-tongs, sausage-stealing and red-hot-poker-brandishing, in short, the Comic Business, as it is technically called, of your regular Christmas Pantomime? Somewhat better than this "romance upon romance," was the next "winter night's tale," from the hand of Mr. Titmarsh, "The Kickleburys on the Rhine"*—descriptive, for the most part, of a season passed by an English family once upon a time in that very *beau idéal* of a German watering place, yclept Rougetnoirburg. It is chiefly memorable, however, now-a-days, this little narrative, designed apparently for nothing more than the pleasant wilting away of a December evening, as having elicited from the *Times* a savage review, intended, no doubt, as an onslaught, the effect of which was to be crushingly overwhelming. Hurling blindly at Mr. Thackeray, nevertheless, it somehow recoiled upon the critic like a boomerang. It goaded the subject of the attack—(which was in itself conspicuous above all things for its unprovoked virulence and acerbity)—it goaded Mr. Thackeray to a "retort polite," which is yet worthy of preservation, as among the happiest effusions of gall from the pen-point of the Master Satirist. "An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer,"† it was called: a mere little octavo pamphlet, extending to the length, or rather the shortness, of some half-a-dozen leaves or so, yet, by turns, within this narrow compass, dignified, ironical, contemptuous, sarcastic, bitter, derisive, elo-

quent—flaying the reviewer from the lips downwards, and then steeping him in the aqua-fortis of a scholarly and gentlemanly ridicule. Scarcely a quarter of a year had well elapsed after this edifying literary One-Two between the *Times* and Thackeray, when—it was upon a certain May-day, ever afterwards to be held in popular remembrance—the Thunderer, in token of its magnanimous reconciliation with its eminent Discomfiter, was doing far better than merely chronicling Small Beer, or souring it, by giving to publicity in its columns that harmonious "May-Day Ode," with which Mr. Thackeray celebrated in graceful stanzas the inauguration, in Hyde Park, of the World's Exhibition of Art and Industry.

Finally, completing the fairy circle of these Christmas phantasies, by M. A. Titmarsh, there appeared, not, however, until four seasons later, the last of the little series, perhaps the most delectable, certainly the most fanciful among them all, that pretty "Fire-Side Pantomime, for Great and Small Children," "The Rose and the Ring"‡—giving us the veracious histories of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. If for nothing else, it would live daintily in our recollection, to the music of the little girl's song, as she sings, dancing to herself in the wondrous garden—the sweetest little lisping baby-song, surely, that ever Great Author yet penned—

"O what fun!

Nice plum bun,

How I wis it never was done!"

As it never will be, let us all rest assured—for that little girl, with her song and her bun, like little Red Shoes in the Fairy Legend of the dear Danish Poet for all Children, Hans Andersen, will go on dancing—"Dance she will, and dance she must"—down to the very end of the chapter.

Already, by this time, our author had been in the enjoyment, during several years, of a conspicuous popularity. For, to the end, that we

* "The Kickleburys on the Rhine. By M. A. Titmarsh." London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1851.

† "An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer." London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1851.

‡ "The Rose and the Ring. By M. A. Titmarsh." 8vo, pp. 128. Smith, Elder and Co. 1855.

might at once complete our reference to these six winter volumes, we have intentionally overleaped, so far, the most important epoch, the inaugurative epoch of his later and greater successes in authorship. It was immediately, indeed, after the appearance of the earliest of these little Christmas books, that Mr. Thackeray advanced, suddenly, as it were, by a single stride, from amidst the crowd of brilliant writers for the periodicals, to a recognised place among the foremost of the great living chiefs of our imaginative literature. He had served for ten years in the ranks : but, all the while, like one of the true soldiers of the Great Napoleon, he had been carrying his Marshal's baton in his knapsack. "Vanity Fair" became at once a new starting point in his literary career, and the lasting trophy of his genius

as a Satirist-Humorist. It is understood to have been declined by one publisher, though happily the Sibylline leaves, in this instance, were not diminished in number by that obtuse rejection. The serial issue of the narrative began almost unnoticed. It was scarcely midway, however, in its course of month-by-month publication, when, throughout all the various literary circles of the metropolis, it had become the theme of wondering and delighted conversation. By the period of its completion, in 1848, Mr. Thackeray's fame was already securely established—his name was enrolled forthwith, by right of that one work, upon the list of our great English Novelists—he had assumed his place at once, and permanently, in the inner throng of that illustrious and beloved fraternity.

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FAIRY-LAND.

THE wearisome night-journey, the hard day's work, could bring no sense of fatigue to Mark Brandling here at Wymerton. Had he possessed other than his own vigorous frame, inured long since to patient yet energetic toil, the eagerness and impatience of the mind within would not have allowed any such sense to master him. This selfsame evening must he wander by Wymerton mere, and through Wymerton woods, and look upon the old house at Wymerton-place, and discover the cottage where Willie Jer-ningham's fatherly tenderness had sought to compensate for the loss of one parent's love to his motherless child.

There was a long summer's evening yet before him, a glorious golden-mellow sunset; and then a gentle lengthening twilight, soft with the summer breeze. He crossed the meadows, walking from the dairy-farm towards the corner where their expanse narrowed between the river and the foot of that hill, which, on the border of the forest land, interposed between the waters of the mere and

the glade where the railroad cut through Dame Alice's oaks. So luxuriant was the grass, laid up for "after-math," and fenced off from the dairy cows, that it closed up knee deep over the footpath on which he went. There was just sufficient undulation on the surface to give the notion of a more liquid plain, over which the swallows, keeping so close, with their glossy backs beneath the line of sight, appeared to skim more like finny creatures gliding in water than birds winging their way in air. By-and-by the path encountered the slope of the hill, and a full hawthorn hedge drew the boundary line of the meadow land. Here a short turf succeeded to the long meadow grass, patched with moss, and brightened with flowery coronellas : it was broken in places by thickets of brushwood and of sprawling bramble. Higher up, close to the park palings, ferns appeared to straggle out of the woodlands, and the tall stems of the foxglove hung up daintily the diminishing series of their pink fairy bells. A tall stile, with oaken hand-rail, carried the path over

the deer fence into a leafy avenue of the wood, cool, dark, and mystical. Sometimes the hazel bushes, with their luxuriant foliage, barred the way as well as overarched it; and as Mark moved aside the branches to pass on, he could hear the scud and scuffle of hares and rabbits startled in the underwood, and the pipe or whistle of the thrush and blackbird scared from their early roost. Then would come a clearing, where ample space was left around some spreading beech, or feathering ash, or well-grown young oak, for which light and air had been let into the coppice. Then the path would cross some ride of soft velvety green, where the hinds of the fallow deer would stand for a moment, looking coy curiosity from out of their great soft eyes, bridling their well-poised, graceful heads with a momentary indignation, and then yielding to their wildest timidity and bounding into the covert. Then once more the hazel bushes closed across the pathway; but the direction of it facing westward, the thicker tufts of foliage now seemed as dark patterns inlaid upon a background of pink and gold; whilst individual leaves, which hung broadwise across the glowing evening sky, showed every delicate membrane and fibre, the thinner tissue transmitting the tinted light as through a quarry of cathedral glass. At last a vista opened upon a belt of grass fringed by a deep border of solemn dark-green bulrushes, beyond which lay outstretched, sheltered even from such breeze as had set the meadows waving, the calm, wide sheet of the Wymerton mere.

There was too much of colour in the vaulted sky above for its waters to look cold or stern just then: as a faithful mirror they reflected the warm tint of the summer evening's beauty which bent over them. But long tongues of land stretched out from the banks in places, and islands varied the surface here and there, upon which were clustered masses of dark foliage, alders and witch-elms, abeles and poplars, with aspens, and an occasional willow. Under these the shadows were deep and strong, the reflection of them of portentous blackness. Now and then the wild fowl, returning to their home among the rushes, would plump down, breast onwards, with an impetus that sent a spray

and ripple of sunlit-water infringing upon the gloom, which, when the surface lay smoothed again, made the contrast to be felt the more.

The minuter and less obvious circumstances are often they which immediately determine associations in the mind and set the imagination or the memory at work most busily with contrasts or comparisons. Neither the broad stretch of the lake itself had brought back to Mark remembrance of the outspread bosom of Garda, nor had the low, blue distances suggested to him the absence of the grand Alpine background; but the stirring of the wind's breath in the tree-tops, presenting to his eyesight, as he looked upwards from his seat upon the grass, the silvery underleafage of the alders and aspens, reminded him how the olive groves show their grey lining as the breeze whispers by; and the churr of a goshawk, as her noiseless wings bore her past him, seemed to bring back in his ears the trill of the cicadas which haunt the olive boughs.

It was by a lakeside that he had first seen Clara Jerningham. He called to mind every trivial circumstance which had attended the first cementing of their acquaintance in those few days which had been spent together by them at the little inn of San Giulio. He wondered now that he could have passed even through those very first days with so little apprehension of what that meeting was to do for the moulding of his life and character. How could he have failed, even then, to discern what influence had invaded his whole being. All had been so frank and open and unreserved between them! Why, she had spoken of their being as brother and sister just as she turned and went back and left him under the olive trees! She had assured him of her friendship: and he, like a fool, had debated in himself, when she was out of sight, whether so *much* as friendship were possible between them two; and that, upon the ground of such impossibility as the outward circumstance of life might interpose—not on the one only ground of the inward impossibility, which could never be done away—the impossibility of her being to him after his once knowing her, so little as a friend! Unconscious hypocrite! He had deceived himself and her: her, no less surely

than himself, else would she not have given him that well-remembered trustful look with which she winged the words: "we part friends, as brother and sister."

But she had meant a brotherhood of work and aspiration. It was of self-culture, and of energetic action, and of persevering progress that their talk had been. Ay, but progress whither? That was the question upon answering of which it hung, whether all such talking had not been worse than vain.

They were both children of "the people:" so they had both said; and neither was ashamed of such worthy origin. Good! If that "not being ashamed" did not imply, in truth, a "pride of birth," which for readiness to nourish hatred and contempt might vie with that of the most supercilious noble, whose brain should chance to be empty, and whose heart hollow. He remembered how he had plucked an olive branch from off the tree, and had sat him down to wonder wherefore his hand held the old-world emblem of peace, whereas the heart within him was brooding over a thought of war. Holy war or war unholy? Great indeed had been the changes wrought in him since that day, and many were the negative answers he must now give to questions which he was then vehement in affirming; but in this case he could still answer, as he would have done by the lake side then—

The war was holy war.

Yes; but in those days he would have desecrated when he thought to consecrate the cause. He would have waged holy war with weapons unholy.

It was against oppression, against social injustice, against all that depressed and degraded the class whence he sprung that he was minded to make war then: and he was no less minded to make war against it now. For such was, is, and shall be, holy warfare. He would even now be condemning his own self falsely should he stigmatize as insincere or unworthy the hot enthusiasm which fired him then. He had desired to become, if it might be, a leader of his fellows; but not as a mere demagogue, not as an agitator who moves waters with sturdy strokes, as swimmers do, for no purpose but to keep themselves afloat on top. His impulse had been

in truth, so as a weak, erring man's may be, unselfish, generous, brotherly. Nevertheless, it had been blind. He had misconstrued the motives of men in other social classes, had belied their character to himself. Hate, and violence, and aggression were the unholy weapons which he had been ready to handle; as if they, forsooth, were to win battles in such a righteous conflict as that wherein it had been, and still was, his soul's desire to strive. Again, his whole social theory had been so narrow-minded and so shortsighted that he was amazed now to think how it had once satisfied his understanding and his heart.

Yes! It was in that little Italian inn by the lakeside that he had also chanced upon the man whom he now felt to have been given him as one of his life's best instructors. It was Ingram who had lent him the newspaper which contained that account of the rioting which had agitated him so strangely then. And Ingram was the man from whose intimacy, whose conversation, whose quiet, forcible example, he had been learning lessons of such a political lore as newspapers take too little account of. From him he had learned to feel the depth and force of that teaching which tells of a true commonwealth underlying all human society—a commonwealth grounded upon no arbitrary compact, nor built upon any mere theory whatever, but rooted in and springing out of the essential relationship of men to a Head over all men, himself no less human than divine.

That there was something which bound up Ingram's friendship with his own love for Clara Jerningham, Mark could not but recognise instinctively. The time of his first meeting with either had been almost coincident: the circumstance of their common acquaintance with her at Venice had evidently served to cement their intimacy; but he little knew what manner of effect upon his friend's inclination towards him, upon his earnest longing for the development of his character into all worthiness, truthfulness, and goodness, had been wrought by the very circumstances which would have estranged from him altogether a spirit less admirably tempered than that of the young clergyman.

Ingram's power and polish of intel-

lect had been happy ingredients in the influence he had exercised upon Mark. Any sense of superiority in these respects over a friend of collegiate training and clerical profession, would have been a snare to a self-taught, self-raising mind of such a cast as Brandling's. It is true, perhaps, that the love which had softened his character may have introduced into it some tendency to a readier humility. Such effect, I believe, is not uncommon. But it may be fairly doubted whether a weaker intellect than his own might not, when brought into such familiar contact, have provoked the latent arrogance that was in it, and thus have rendered much harder the task of winning him to admiration of the moral nobility and spiritual pre-eminence which he could not but recognise in his friend. Again, it was, I think, a happy thing for Mark, that the man from whom he was insensibly to acquire his conviction, and his appreciation of the existence of a love higher, deeper, purer, more enduring, than earth's best and tenderest and noblest affections, should have been one in whose own breast that human affection had stirred so profound a depth. Unconscious as Mark was of the sympathetic understanding which the other had of all that moved his heart to tenderness within him, the influence of that sympathy was active, powerful, and winsome; and it supplied a sort of tact or instinct, whereby the task of guiding Mark on to higher standing ground, became easier to his friend. And in truth he did stand upon higher ground, and did look now with clearer moral eyesight into the outspread distances of his own life—and of her's.

"Butterflies flutter," he had said, "whilst grubs spin;" contrasting carelessly the downright labour to which his own life was wedded then, with what he had taken to be the giddy, frivolous life of his new, beautiful, and bright acquaintance. His after-knowledge of her studious and toilsome existence at Venice had taught him the injustice, in one respect, at least, of his hastily-formed estimate; but the growth of passion in his heart had kept him from sifting thoroughly the chaff from the wheat in respect of his appreciation of her chosen career. To her, such as she was, his heart had become subject. But then had come passion to encounter pas-

sion, and as iron which fire softens, is yet through fire hardened into steel, so his judgment, softened by the fire of love, began to be steeled by the fire of jealousy. It will be remembered how Mark's resentment had secretly been kindled against the intrusive admiration of those Venetians, who had taken loud farewell of their favourite artist when she was leaving their wonderful and glorious city.

But after all it is not given to the mean passion of jealousy to teach noble lessons: and Mark had not begun to judge rightly of that false position into which Clara's artistic enthusiasm and headstrong will had thrust her, until, by deeper, holier influences within himself, his love for her, without suffering diminution, was beginning to be further purified. Then, indeed, the current of his indignation had begun itself to take its flow into a new direction.

What if she never should be any more to him than what she was and had been? What, if no personal sense of grudging should interfere to make him still resent the intrusive admiration and impertinent homage offered to what should have been her shrinking womanhood! Without regard to himself or his own feelings, was that artist-life and its incidents in truth worthy of herself? They had spoken of self-culture by the Italian lake-side. Well! she had been diligent in a certain cultivation of herself, in a culture which if it were not, as he now could see it was not, of the highest, was yet, by no means of despicable or unworthy kind. They had talked of energetic action; herein she had not been remiss. They had talked of persevering progress; ay, but again, whither did her progress tend? He understood now for himself, and, therefore, could not fail to understand as well for her that the mere development of gifts and powers, without determination of their use and exercise towards some truly noble and approved end, cannot and does not in itself, ever constitute a sufficient purpose for a human life. He asked himself if that were not the most awful of frivolities, which thus left, in reality, purposeless, an earnest, toilsome, self-disciplined, aspiring heart and mind. For she had noble qualities, that Clara to whom his love was given. Herein,

at least, his judgment had not been purblind. Courageous, generous, open-hearted, open-handed, impatient of baseness, scorning intrigue, quick and warm in sympathy for kindly natures and for lofty characters, what manner of companion might she not prove in such a path as himself desired now to tread! what manner of fellow-worker, in such work as he should hope to do hereafter! Surely, reader, who beginnest now to smile at the young man's inconsistency, his offence, if it be one, is not unpardonable. I grant you, his design—to ask himself, whether, indeed, the artist-life and its incidents were worthy of his heart's queen and darling, without regard, forsooth, to himself or his own feelings—has rather failed of maintaining that separative character, now that he has fallen back insensibly into questionings of what companionship in living and working might be between him and her. But, you see, the spell was strong upon him, the witchery of those dear imaginings, which will not trace out upon the plain of the dimly devised future more than one course for the running of two life-streams. A spell and a witchery! yes! surely some such were upon him, as he sat musing there, and watching the round red sun sink down below the level of the mere! His was what men would call, for the more part, a positive rather than an imaginative mind; and yet it must not be supposed that, being such as I have endeavoured to picture him, he could be destitute of the power of imagination, or that such power was in effect dormant within him. A mathematician, how could he in the absence of it or in its abeyance have pushed his knowledge far? A mechanical inventor, how could he have given the promise which was now beginning to be realized, had he not put in active exercise that wondrous forecasting faculty which sees, beforehand, unachieved results accomplished by applications of means as yet untried? A working man rising into leadership of work, how could he, without the true poetic power (*Ποιητικὴ δύναμις*) have accomplished the change and development in his own condition and calling, for which opportunities were indeed being given by circumstances over which himself had no control, but for which he had patiently, and

with a perfect intelligence of their nature, trained himself long beforehand?

No! Mark could not be said to be a man of no imagination; but that power in him had been ever directed towards things practical and positive, towards objects in his pursuit and in his acquisition of which, fact and experience would continually administer the most inevitable correctives to its vagaries. He was not a man likely to yield without a struggle to some merely and purely fantastic trickery of the imagination.

But, as he sat there, facing the mere, he did certainly seem to himself to have become, upon a sudden, the sport of some unaccountable delusion.

There was a strange sweet, wild ballad tune, which more than once he had heard Clara Jerningham sing, as they came homewards at night across the lagoon in gondolas, in those early days of their Venetian acquaintance, when Digby delighted to stay the plash of his oar and listen to her music.

Now, that the rhythm of this song should seem, in the silence, to thrill in his ear, as he recalled her image and let it mingle in all his aspirations, was in truth no matter for marvel.

But what startled him was the clear, distinct, individual character of the notes, which now carried this rhythmic music in upon his sense of hearing. What conceivable force of reminiscence could thus fill it with the rich, inimitable, peculiar harmonies of Clara's own voice?

He stood up, thinking to dispel the trickery of his fancy; but rising thus above the level of the bulrushes and shrubs by the waters' edge, it only seemed to him that the sound grew more distinct, and loud, and full. He sat him down again, half angry with himself for not being able to shake off the delusion, half fearful lest it should vanish and rob him of its sweetness.

Deep and tender, articulate and silvery, the voice was travelling nearer to him and nearer. He could distinguish the very words, and on the very words the very emphasis, which Clara's own voice alone could give.

It was purple twilight now, the last burnished point of the glowing sun rim was quenched utterly in the

still watery sheet of the mere. A heron rose up with noiseless flight from behind a screen of dark rushes, so eerie and ghost-like that it was a wonder to see. Mark could sit still no longer. He stood up again, under the influence of an undefinable emotion, and walked rapidly forward in the direction of the sound. The pathway by the waters' edge took a bend: and then in front of him he saw, or seemed to see, a figure in a soft brown dress, whose hands were busy with some leaf or flower; over her arm hung by its ribbons a garden hat. How should he believe his eyes?

She stopped—surprised, not fearful, at finding some one suddenly across her path.

The motion and the stillness were hers, hers only—it must be she.

He was too deeply moved for any formal speech:

"Clara! oh, dearest Clara! It must, indeed, be you."

"Yes, sir! My name is Clara Jer-ningham—but yours?"

Ah! she saw him now; and, as if the icy ebb of feeling, which Cousin Martha's ominous words concerning him had sent chilly to her heart, had turned then, for the first time, into a full warm flow of joy, she came forward, with both hands outstretched, to greet him.

"Dear Mark, I am, indeed, so thankful that you are safe and well."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROBINA'S GIFT CONFIRMED.

THUS then had the word been spoken, on either side, which might have been reckoned to seal a bond of tenderest union between them two. "Dearest Clara?" had been answered by "Dear Mark!"

Either had heard the other distinctly, and had earnestly noted the word and the tone of its utterance; but there was yet a wide difference between the manner in which one or the other could discern and interpret the true meaning of what had then passed.

That meaning was not a matter for immediate analysis and resolution.

Therefore, after the deep but instantaneous emotion of the first greeting, they fell again forthwith into the old friendly habit of bearing towards one another, and went side by side up to Wymerton House, discoursing of the strange chance which had brought them there together, much as they might have done had this been one of their familiar meetings on the Lido, when the Oxonians were also by, and the Maestro and good Cousin Martha.

Her surprise was excessive at seeing Mark, and her joy, if not more significant in its expression than Clara's had been, was certainly more demonstrative. Her unreserved inquisitiveness, which would have been importunate in any one of less kindly simplicity, at all events served the purpose of giving Mark opportunity to speak for himself, of his altered circumstances and prospects, as he neither could nor

would have done otherwise. Not even the change in his dress was suffered by her to remain unaccounted for; and his honest answers to her blundering questions, even on such a secondary matter, gave evidence of the young man's genuine sincerity of character. As a mechanic he had honoured his calling with a fastidious minuteness of observance, and even in his dress had taken scrupulous care to let it be seen, that he desired in nowise to appear, at any time, as belonging to another than his own social rank. My readers may remember to have seen him at Venice still wearing a jacket, when the day's work was over, and the rough working clothes were thrown off, and when he himself, with such self-respect as gave him perfect ease in their society, was in company of men whose rank was above his own.

But he was a mechanic now no longer; and, therefore, he had rightly judged that to keep any longer to any outward characteristic of a mechanic's calling would be mere affectation, nay, would be something even less pardonable. To be what he seemed, and to seem what he was, such had been Mark's early motto—it was not one that a man of worth would change even in a trifle.

By-and-by Sir Jeffrey came in, and then the story of the unexpected meeting by the mere must again be gone through, which it was, by Cousin Martha, with much volubility, and

with ever-recurring exclamations of astonishment at the coincidence.

"Only think, Sir Jeffrey, the tunnel brought him here! Tanner's tunnel; our tunnel; Clara's own tunnel! Little did I fancy she was fetching Mark Brandling here when she went to the navvies' party to wheel the 'moggany' wheelbarrow."

"It is quite certain," said the old baronet, with a smile at her eagerness, "that Clara has brought your good friend Mr. Brandling here. For if the rail had not cut through Dame Alice's oaks it would not have come to the hill-side, but have made a wide sweep round the meadows and crossed the river outside the estate. And if the rail had not come to the hill-side there would have been no tunnel to bore through it. And if the tunnel had not threatened to drown Tanner and his men, and to swamp the contractor's profits into the bargain, Mr. Brandling would not have come down here to rescue us from water, with as bold a heart as he rescued Cousin Martha from the fire. Now Clara's decision, and nothing else, brought the rail-cutting through the oaks; so that, as you say, it is she beyond a doubt that has done us the pleasure of bringing Mr. Brandling here. What can I do then but welcome him as her invited guest, and beg, that in token of his feeling himself in a friend's house under my roof, he will do me the honour to stay and sup here this evening."

Little did Sir Jeffrey imagine what quickening of pulse the logic of his pleasantry was causing in the hearts of his two younger hearers. Shall I be making them seem very childish to my readers if I should aver that this chain of consequences appeared to them both, in their secret thoughts, to be a thing of more significance than he was laughingly suggesting?

The happy hours of that evening passed only too soon: and having passed they sent home Mark, through the woodlands, still under the spell of that strange witchery which had seemed to come upon him as he sat towards sunset by the mere. What had befallen him still wore an incredible aspect. He had heard her, had seen her, had spoken with her, had felt her hand in his. This was a real joy and no delusive fancy. But that greater, fuller, and more tender joy,

such as he had never known before: such as had seemed to him the one great possible joy of human life impossible to be realized, must he not have been fooled utterly when he had fancied that he had seen the gleaming of it bursting upon him from under the veil of the outward circumstances of their meeting! Yes! he had seen her. And what new light was that of which a gleam had seemed to pass under rather than out of the calm blue deep of her eyes, as phosphorescent glories sometimes through the fathomless blue of the sea-wave? Yes, he had heard her. And the sound of that one word, which she had never before coupled with his name, was it not fraught with some special harmony of tenderness?

Moreover, he had spoken to her: spoken whilst yet he had been doubting of the reality of her presence, and had thus, with a false courage, spoken out, himself also, that word of endearment which, dwelling ever in the deepest of his heart, was farthest ever from the gate of utterance when she was near.

Could she have heard distinctly by what name he had ventured to call on her; and could it be that the word spoken in return was one of pardon for the almost involuntary boldness?

But Clara, upon her side, was pondering also the meaning of what had passed between them that night, using other weights for the balance of conviction and feeling. Mark's inmost mind was no secret to her. If, in spite of his entire devotion, his self-command and earnest power of self-control had kept him from betraying it during their long intimacy at Venice; or, if the sustained enthusiasm of her own mind in that pursuit of artistic excellence in which it was then engrossed, had kept her from discerning its involuntary betrayal,—all that had been at an end since her last visit to the queen city of the Adriatic, and the confidences of the poor sorrowful Rosina. She did not indeed precisely realize what had given him the courage to speak out his whole heart so freely when calling her his dearest, and that by her own name; but she guessed with tolerable certainty the truth, that he had spoken in something like an unconsciousness of her actual presence. Anyhow, his word had been but a confirmation of what she

well knew concerning his thought and feeling already.

But she herself had spoken : and had spoken a word, the full import of which was not yet perfectly clear to her own self. What might the force of it have seemed to him ? She was quite sure he would ask himself for an interpretation of it. She was not quite sure that he would not ask that interpretation of herself. Now Clara's heart, no less than that of the man who loved her, was honest and sincere. She had a genuine soul, actress as she was. As an artist she had simulated the outward aspects of affection : as a woman, she had never once, for a moment, trifled with affection itself. She had indeed chosen for her career that which is, what Mark mis-doubted it to be, an awful frivolity, purposeless, unworthy a true woman's heart ; but in one large sense, she had not herself become frivolous therein. She scarcely knew now, upon reflection, whether to regret or not her utterance of the one word on which Mark might question her ; but she would use no subterfuge nor concealment, nor put him off with any mock playfulness of explanation. Such conduct she would hold unworthy of herself, and she had a secret glow of satisfaction in allowing that it would be unworthy of him who might inquire. Still the difficulty stared her in the face. She would give no other than an honest answer ; but did she know what would be an honest answer indeed ? Had Mark's busiest days come at once upon him after that first evening both of them might have been saved considerable embarrassment ; for they would necessarily have seen but little of each other, and have gained at least time to determine fully within themselves upon what footing it were best to place, if possible, their renewed acquaintance. But the machinery, for which he had sent to Manchester, could not be forwarded under a delay of several days, and the selection of a site for the engine-house, with a design for its rough construction, made no large demands upon Brandling's time. Of this Cousin Martha became at once aware, and nothing appeared to her more natural, nor more entirely matter of course, than that she should ask "that dear good Mark" continually to accompany herself and Clara in walks

or drives in the picturesque neighbourhood of Wymerton. Old Sir Jeffrey, too, was quick to note the intelligence, power, and originality of Mark's conversation ; and being perfectly free from any such social prejudices as might have inclined some men of his station to keep a man of Mark's at arm's length, he was glad enough not only to give him a general invitation to the house, but to urge a particular acceptance of it on almost every succeeding day. So it came to pass that for the first week or more of Mark's residence at Wymerton he found himself daily in company of Clara, and that as nearly as possible upon the terms of that old Venetian intimacy, which, once so delightful, was now becoming intolerable to an impatience which yet was undecided upon action. Every such day, whilst it tormented him with a growing anxiety to be certified upon the doubtful point of her true feeling for him, appeared to take from him, and to remove to a farther distance, the fair and just occasion for seeking to draw from her some acknowledgment, that, at least in the first moment of their meeting, they had stood nearer to each other than do mere friends, however close and familiar. And singularly enough Clara's position at Wymerton seemed to increase that distance between them, which, by a curious contradiction, the manly modesty of a sincere lover's heart will often place between itself and her to whom its affectionate longing is drawing him nearer and yet more near. In Italy, where he had seen her famous and admired, his heart would not seldom be bold to tell him that its own affection and esteem were nobler crowns to offer for her womanly acceptance than those of admiration or of fame. But here at Wymerton, where the artist was lost in the woman, where he saw her filling, as it were, the place of housedaughter, looked upon and loved almost as such by those who had known her from girlhood, where affection and esteem, of older date than his, were in her glad and full possession, he felt a new diffidence and fresh misgivings. She seemed so rich in store of love, so far removed, in this quiet home-life, from that isolation to which her crowded artist-life had seemed to condemn her, that he was

more than ever tempted to say within himself, despondingly, "What I can offer of heart's devotion, priceless as I feel it to be, must feel wholly without price to her." Even that brotherly and sisterly feeling, of which she had spoken of at Sermione, which could exist, and had existed between them as fellow-toilers and fellow-strugglers in art and craft,—even that, which but the other day he was scorning as insufficient, was beginning now to wane and fade away—and he therewith must begin to regret it and almost to long for it again.

Clara herself, with her resolute, sustained, impetuosity of character, found the reserve which was insensibly growing between them irksome and disagreeable: all the more so because she well knew it to be fictitious, and because, so far as she yet knew, the fictitious element of her life had not crept out of its appointed circumscribed artistic space to intermeddle with what lay beyond it. She felt that the old, outward, unconstrained friendliness of manner between herself and Mark, which once might have been an honest enough expression of their relation to one another, was now but a mask and a stage costume; and she was the last woman in the world to bear with acting off the stage.

She saw the constraint which Mark was putting perforce upon himself, and knowing what was in his inmost mind, she knew that it was serving no good and real purpose. This constraint of necessity imposed constraint on her; and though in one sense it was satisfactory to gain time for self-testing, in another, the delay of encounter, when any crisis was at hand, was repugnant to the temper of a spirit such as her own.

Cousin Martha's indiscretion interfered at last, in the simplest manner possible, to ease the tension of the circumstances and to bring about an explanation.

Some portion of the machinery had arrived, forwarded, not from Manchester, but from Newton-Forge itself. The remainder would, in all probability, reach Wymerton by the morrow or the day following. Mark was looking forward, not without some pleasurable excitement, to harder and more continuous work. Sir Jeffrey had been down at the tunnel in the

morning, had seen the great rough packing-cases, and had been told by Mark what increased demand would thenceforth be made upon his time and attention. With his usual forward and hearty hospitality he had insisted upon it that Mark, who was less likely in future to be enabled to accept his invitations, should not fail to dine and spend that evening at the House.

"Come up early, Mr. Brandling, and have a turn before dinner on the terraces, since it may be some time before you can walk there so leisurely again."

Accordingly, there was yet no deep declination of the sun's course that afternoon, when Mark, having returned from the works to his lodging at the dairy-farm, had dressed himself and was on the point of setting out for the path in the woodlands.

But, as it had chanced, some call of business had prevented the worthy baronet from returning to the House that morning after giving his invitation, and so neither Clara nor Cousin Martha had been made aware of its having been given; nor, by consequence, of any reason for being earlier that afternoon than usual upon the garden terraces.

They had been over to Wymerton to call upon Mrs. Owen at the Rectory, to look in at the school, and perhaps visit some old crone whom the warm summer time could not deliver from perpetual rheumatics; when it occurred to Cousin Martha that they might cross the meadows to the dairy farm on their way home, and carry home in her inevitable basket some of those tiny, snowy, new-laid bantam eggs which she chose to consider superior to any that appeared in the regular way upon the breakfast table at Sir Jeffrey's. When Mark therefore had passed through the gate in the garden-hedge of the farmhouse he met them both just coming from the meadows towards it; and, of course, on hearing their errand turned back with them into the house. Of course also he could not do otherwise than ask them to come into its parlour, which now served him as sitting-room and study, and on the tables of which lay his drawing-boards, maps, and mathematical instruments. These at once attracted good Cousin Martha's

attention and curiosity: she was soon up from her seat examining, handling, inquiring, and admiring.

"I always thought in Italy, Mark, you were too learned for a man in a fustian jacket; but I had no notion you could use such things as these. And are all these drawings yours now? What, these with all the wonderful little wheels and steam-boilers cut in half, and the inside of pumps? And why are some on nice, firm, white paper, and some on flimsy paper which looks as if oil were spilled on it? And why is this ruler like a T, and this one a triangle with a little round hole in it? And what can you want with so many pairs of compasses?"

So she went on, passing from one thing to another, with perpetual questionings, yet allowing time for answers, and in a way exacting them. Clara sat still, with her back to the light, her seat being a sort of settle under the open window, outside of which the sweet-scented flowers grew. She kept her hands gently folded in her lap, and watched with a kindly smile the patience of Mark in satisfying her cousin's inquiries, at which he neither seemed to wonder nor be vexed. Had he been a stranger, or had she felt any sort of strangeness with him, she might herself have been half-ashamed and fretful at her cousin's importunities. But the kindly smile upon her countenance gained yet a kindlier sweetness as she took pleasure in the thought that Mark knew, almost as well as she did, Cousin Martha's real worth and goodness; and that he must himself also acknowledge in his heart some sort of close relationship with her whom he had rescued from peril of death so bravely.

Presently, however, in the pursuit of Cousin Martha's investigations, something, at last, went wrong; and Mark endeavoured to let her question pass without any answer, turning aside as if affecting not to have heard it. On a side-table there lay a flat case of rosewood with double-folding flaps for a cover, fastened by a little patent lock. It might have been some eighteen inches or two feet square, and some three inches in depth. Cousin Martha pounced on it.

"Tell us, Mark, are there mathe-

matical instruments in this? I dare say now 'tis one of those 'theodolites' which exasperate the squire so much when engineers come about with them on gentlemen's grounds."

But Mark kept picking up his compasses and fixing them in their cases again, and then busied himself with rolling up his plans and tracing carefully and curiously, making an answer.

"Do let me see it, Mark, and explain to me what such little levelling tubes have to do with making level roads for trains to run upon."

"But it's not a theodolite," he said, "and I haven't got one here; but I shall be very glad to explain you what they have to do with levelling. I dare say the superintendent who is here may have one which will try to borrow for the purpose and show you."

"Well, but what is there in the case then if there are none of your engineering things in it? See, Clara, what a neat well-made little case it is; and what an exquisite lock to it. Therewith she tilted it up and held it edgewise on the table. Mark coloured deeply with a flush which was almost angry; but with an effort he said—

"No, no, there are no instruments in my dear Miss Martha, nor any engineering things at all in the little case. And then he added hurriedly, with some confusion: "there is nothing in it which you would—I mean nothing which I would——"

But here, to his great relief, the farmer's wife came bustling in, having only just done her milking, and having heard from some one that the ladies from the House were come. Fortified with Cousin Martha's attention was drawn off and fixed again upon the eggs, in search of which she had come to the dairy. It did not appear that there were any at hand; but the hen had been heard to cackle that afternoon; so the farmer's wife having offered to go and explore the nests in the straw yard, Cousin Martha went out with her in search, leaving Clara still seated in the window seat with her folded hands. Mark ventured to give a glance at her as they left the room. Though her back was to the light he thought he could discern upon her features an inquiring look. It was a

hard struggle to force out even one word; nevertheless he thought the time was come; so with a resolute effort he said, as he took up the case:

"Miss Jerningham, I was unwilling to tell any one, even your good, kind cousin, what I have here; because, since you have been by, I have felt as if I had no right to possess it without your leave."

Meanwhile he was taking off a little key from a ring on which it was fastened to the steel chain of his watch. When it was loose, he offered it to Clara, and she saw the muscles quiver on his powerful wrist as he did so. With the other hand he held towards her the rosewood case.

"I have been asked, in your presence, to say what this case holds; and pressed to give an answer. I thought I should not be dealing respectfully by you in giving one before a third person; nor honestly, in withholding one from your own self. If you will kindly take this little key and open it, there will be no need for any other answer."

"There is none," answered Clara, "for I know what you have there already."

"And by what strange means could Miss Jerningham ——?"

"By no strange means whatever; but by the very simplest. You have Rosina's present there. When I was last in Venice she told me what she had given you."

To this Mark answered nothing, for, indeed, no effort could make his voice utter a sound. He put the little key with a gentle force between the half-unclasped hands of Clara, and laid the case down beside her on the settle, then stepped back to the table off which he had taken it, and leant his back against it, holding each elbow tightly grasped in the hand of the other arm, and keeping his strong grey eyes full fixed upon Clara.

It was her turn to colour now, and to feel deep embarrassment; but she was practised mistress of strong emotions, so she soon said in her clear sweet tone—

"Why give me key or case? What should I do with either, Mark?"

"You said 'dear Mark,' when you came upon me by the mere, Miss Jerningham. I can't think where I find the boldness to remind you of it. Perhaps you were startled into the word

and did not mean it; but if you did or could ——"

"Well! If I did or could, what then?" She let her emotion gain upon her now, in spite of all her wonted self-command, and her voice was not above a whisper.

"Why then," said Mark, speaking slowly and deliberately, as a man may do when he feels that the whole cast and course of all his life to come shall bear the impress of what must follow on those next few words: "Why then I will take back the case myself, but not the key. You shall give me that, with your own dear hand, in token that you sanction the gift Rosina gave me."

She made no answer, but closed her hand upon the key. An ineffable hope flushed through the young man's heart. At least she did not put it at once away.

He crossed over to the window-seat again, and took the case up gently and carried it back to the side-table, and left it there. Then he came and sat down in the other corner of the window-seat, and again holding his elbows in either hand as in the grip of a vice, he fastened his eyes upon her again and expected his fate.

Still she made no sign.

By-and-by, he said:—"I am either forgiven, or my case is past forgiveness now. I have dared to remind you by what name you greeted me; why should I fear to entreat you by that name I dared to call you?"

Therewith he released his left elbow from the grip of his right hand, and held it out towards her.

"Dearest Clara!—dearer than words can tell!—have pity on me. Give me the little key, or let me know that I must not look even on that dear drawing again with hope!"

Now she rose quietly, and raised her eyes to his, and looked full at him with that trustful look so well remembered since their parting at Sermione; but in the calm deep of it, glowed, as on the other evening by the mere, a tenderer effulgence, and she laid her hand in his, which closed upon it and upon the little key.

She did not withdraw it as Cousin Martha now came once more bustling into the room. The good kind soul! Her love for both of them, and her long desire that there might come a bond of love between them told her all; and

not only told her all, but told her that any trivial exclamation or expression of wonderment and joy would surely be misplaced. Her own emotion was so genuine and noble that it bestowed upon her in that moment and for it, that subtle "fifth sense" in which her homely good-nature was often so deficient—she had the tact to be silent. Only, she took in hers, with a quick soft momentary pressure, the two hands which she found so unexpectedly and happily joined, she placed one kiss on either of them, and then went straight out down the garden walk, leaving Mark and Clara to follow her.

Oh, that walk across the summery meadow-grass, over the wooded upland, along the brink of the enchanted mere, then on the turfy slopes, up to the garden terraces, and into the old house at Wymerton! Such treading on air, and breathing of unknown new delight in exultation and yet all in loving humility—they come but once a life!

And these two felt this delight as they went along in all the freshness, truth, and purity, which, perhaps, only those can taste in the perfection of their sweetness, who have never frittered away, beforehand, any of the energy and sincerity of the heart's affection. So much to tell, to recall, and to explain, and so delicious a confusion and impossibility of marshall-ing, as yet, the whole array of reminiscences, experiences, anticipations! They were not conscious of having walked so very leisurely, and yet they had not overtaken Cousin Martha when Wymerton House had come in sight; nay, they had lost sight of her, for she had reached it and gone in before they came to the flowery boundaries of the real garden-ground. Only Sir Jeffrey was there, walking to and fro upon the terrace nearest to the house, fretting a little at the chance which had prevented him from letting Clara and her cousin know of the invitation which he had given Brandling to come up early in the afternoon and stay to dine; wondering, also, at the slackness of the young man himself in coming up according to his promise. He had not observed Cousin Martha's approach, and had been at the further end of the terrace, with his back towards her, as she passed in at one of the open windows. But

after a turn or two more, as he was facing in the direction of the sloping ground towards the mere, he became aware of the advance of two persons towards the garden. His eyesight was still good enough for a man of his many years; but, of course, not quite so keen and clear as in old days gone by. Still both the figures appeared familiar to him, and he thought he could even discern that one was leaning on the other's arm with that easy, happy, trustful grace of dependence, not undignified, so hard to put in words, yet so readily to be noted, with pleasure, by an observing and sympathising eye. Presently there could remain no manner of doubt as to their identity, nor yet as to the expression of their gait and attitude. What this revealed came somewhat unexpectedly upon the good old baronet. He had not watched them narrowly enough when together, hitherto, to have detected that delicate shadow of temporary constraint and embarrassment, which had lain upon their bearing to one another since they had thus met unexpectedly at Wymerton. What he had noted had been rather that unconstraint and freedom of friendly manner which was the result of their old intimacy under other circumstances. Perhaps, indeed, spite of his unprejudiced and cordial liberality of feeling, his first sensation was one of disappointment at Clara's apparent choice of one who was a working-man, risen from the ranks. But, thereupon, at once, his strong good sense and generous freedom of sympathy denied any indulgence to the thought. His fatherly regard for Clara had never been influenced one way or the other by the social accident of her birth as Willie Jer-ningham, the bookbinder's daughter, and why should Mark's origin, of some kindred rank, in all probability, be suffered to disturb unfavourably his fair appreciation of the man? He could not deny to himself that both these young folk were in full and fair possession of that nobility which natural and cultivated gifts of intellect can bestow; of that gentility which now-a-days richly-gifted persons may conquer to themselves upon the battlefield of useful and refined accomplishments more worthily, less disputably, than in the old battling times an esquire won his spurs of knight-hood upon a plain of slaughter. And

then there flashed upon him the thought that Mark might prove to him a valuable, a triumphant auxiliary against the old Maestro. The longer Clara had lived with him since her return in maturer womanhood to the old home of her girlhood, the more he had learnt to recognise in her of hidden wealth in the true riches of a full and tender womanly nature; and, therefore, the more he had sorrowed over that warping of her judgment and affection, which led her to a sort of violation of the deepest, truest, tenderest instinct of woman's heart in the choice and pursuit not only of a public career, but of one, the publicity of which was of that peculiar kind which cleaves to a dramatic artist. It was a great delusion that had hold upon her, and he had as yet found no counterspell to dissolve the deceitful charm of it.

What then if love, which some have also called a delusion, but which, if genuine, spite of all they can say, is the one great human reality—what if that master magician should disperse the fantastic shadows be they never so thick? When Mark and

Clara were now themselves upon the terrace close to him, he took Mark's hand and said—

“Half the fretting with which we vex ourselves is so much unnecessary self-torment. I was unable to tell the ladies that I had asked you to do me the honour of coming up here earlier than usual this afternoon, and I was put out by not finding them when at last I came home. Next I took to fussing at your delay in coming up to see us; and, after all, you seem to have drank deeper of the pleasure I wished to give you than I could have thought possible.”

Clara had slipped indoors quietly meantime. But her turn was to come. Sir Jeffrey watched her eyes at dinner, and as they all walked up and down again together on the terrace, after it. And in the hall that evening, as he was opening the organ for her before the time of prayers, he put his hand upon her shoulder and said in a half-whisper—“There is some fate about that railway, child, some spell between it and you. Do you remember what I said I should do with the price of Dame Alice's oaks?”

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PALADIN AND THE WATER-SPRITE.

THE engines were come, and the hard work to which Mark had been looking forward was now in full swing.

Never, indeed, had work, that mistress of stern brow, seemed to frown upon that true-hearted working man. As children will sometimes have for a nurse of austere countenance, not only reverence, but such sincere affection as she conquers from them, by the steady and unvarying, though undemonstrative, manifestation of her own, even so had Mark, nursed in the lap of labour, learned to read loving-kindness in the lineaments of her grand calm face. Nevertheless, it would be going too far to assert that there was not an exquisite new sense of pleasure and of incalculable reward in the softer, sunnier smiles, which would now not seldom greet him after a day of exertion, or even sometimes during its course. Clara would come down, as she had often done before, leaning on Sir Jeffrey's arm to inspect the progress of the works. Perhaps she might have shrunk now from

commencing for the first time such a practice, but as it was a long habit by this time, she did not see that any sound reason could be given for its discontinuance, either to herself or others, simply, because in addition to the greetings of her humbler and rougher friends, Tanner and his men, was added now, the respectful, grateful, admiring, loving recognition of Mark Brandling. And her presence, far from disturbing him, seemed to quicken his intelligence and to endow him with more than common energy. All his plans and proposals had been acceded to by his employers without reserve or modification; and he felt that success in his enterprise depended almost entirely upon the accuracy of his own previous calculations, and his own capacity for executing or causing to be executed what he had theoretically devised. Neither Miss Jerningham, nor yet Sir Jeffrey Wymer, were, perhaps, very competent judges in the mechanism of hydraulics; but they would be able to see as well

as all the family of Stephensons, whether he did or did not succeed in pumping the water out of the tunnel, and making it possible for Joe Tanner and his men to bore through the hill-side, and come out in triumph at the other end.

Fair reader of the nineteenth century, who, perhaps, have been nurtured to a pouting scorn of its prosaic aspect: you who have acquired a habit of wishing always to look at human effort and endurance through some pretty but false prism of historical romance, do not, I pray you, suffer yourself to despise this faithful picture of a genuine romance of modern life.

Your nursery-tales of early childhood, which were more wholesome myths, I take it, than much of that fictitious history which you have read since, and of those sickly sentimental libels current upon what was truly stirring, grand, and noble, in the fancy-tinted ancient time—your good old nursery tales, which, in the fresh strength of your childish feelings, you once loved so well—they have told you, in the old mythic form, more than one such a tale as this.

You thought him, did you not? a bold, and brave, and lovable man, who, in knightly panoply, adventured into the cave where some fell ugly water-demon guarded, it may be, the choicest jewel which was to be set in the fair princess's bridal crown? Your tiny heart beat for him as he went down into the darkness, as the treacherous roofing of the damp earth began to crumble overhead, threatening to bar his passage backward to the light, and to leave him, crushed and defenceless, to the watery monster his dread foe?

Well, the same bold brave heart was in this Mark Brandling—as indeed it was in Joe Tanner and his broad-shouldered navigators for all that. They faced danger and endured toil to conquer the water in that dark crumbling tunnel, with a manly patience and determination which may fairly challenge the admiration of a womanly heart. As for skill and forethought and intelligence of brain, to serve the resolute will, no cunning magician of those fine fairy tales was ever more truly gifted with them than this studious Mark. And as for the gentleness and tenderness, which, I will grant you, should be ingredients

in your true paladin's character, you have seen him in the old decayed palazzo by the water street in Venice, with Rosina's little toddling sister and brothers crowding round him. So if you have any thing of a possible mother's heart within you, a tenderer thing than your most delicate fancies. Miss, you can judge of him in this respect as well or better than I of my own sex can do. But if you have not in you any of that first qualification: for judging him on this point, why, then, I protest I would not give much weight to your verdict.

He had, certainly, a jewel to fetch out from that moist gloom. Self-advancement had not been hitherto his absolute aim and end. That is sometimes difficult for even a sincerely generous soul to realize. But he was come, close into his heart, the dearest, daily, hourly, reminder of the truth. Yesterday he was only a lover to-day, by a tacit agreement, almost an affianced husband. The jewel for which he was now adventuring was such advancement in his calling, as should give him a fair prospect of offering to Clara a home which should not be in too violent a contrast with the comfort in which she had lived at Venice. Her actual stay under the roof of Sir Jeffrey, would not and could not be more than an episode in her usual manner of life. At Venice she had lived in comfort, but in strict simplicity; more easily, perhaps, than she might have to do for the first years of their union. But he felt, as by a certain instinct, that the sweet hopefulness of those first wedded days, when they should come, would carry her through such diminution of material ease, not only with cheerfulness, but in the spirit of a joyous sacrifice. He did not know that Clara possessed a patrimony, which, if not considerable, was yet of an importance that would prove of material consequence in their first start in married life. His notion was, that the emoluments of her profession had furnished her with such resources as he had seen at her command in Italy. There would, of course, be forthwith and for ever an end of these; and, therefore, he considered himself bound, in all honesty and honour, to have sought his way to a position which should enable him to make fair compensation for such loss, before he ventured to press

any claim on Clara beyond her allowance and return of his manly, deep, heartwhole, affection. But he had a good hope that such a fight would not be protracted after all. Should he succeed in this Wymerton work, he must at once, as a matter of course, rise above a mere subaltern official's position in the service of the firm. And he had yet something in reserve, other applications and developments of mechanical powers, which he was confident enough would raise him to no mean standing-place among the practical inventors of the time, could he so thoroughly win the confidence of these men of capital under whom he served, as to have the help of their money and machinery in carrying out his plans. Early and late, therefore, he was at the works, urging them on with a zeal and energy of the rarest kind, not only giving his vigilant superintendence to their general direction, but, in respect of what was mechanical, adjusting details with a nicety and exactness even of manual skill, which was the admiration and envy of the handicraftsmen whom the firm had despatched to his assistance. As for Joe Tanner and the navvies, their appreciation of him rose higher and yet higher with every four-and-twenty hours of his command.

Joe had seen too much of such difficulties as those which were impeding the progress of the tunnel at Wymerton, not to know their gravity. Moreover he was not of any very sanguine temperament at the best of times; and had a prophet's interest in the mishaps which he had been the first to foretell. Nevertheless the confidence of this shrewd though unscientific man, was thoroughly acquired by Mark in the course of his preparations, and he loudly proclaimed in Sir Jeffrey's ear, when he could catch it, the favourable issue that he asserted was sure to come.

"That yoong mon's bound to beat the water, sir; nowt wun't stop him, nor his poomps neither—beauties they is—till we coom out dry a 'tother side now!"

And the very first few hours of experiment, when Mark's machinery was got into full working order, went far towards verifying anew Mr. Tanner's predictions. The water sensibly diminished, and seemed unable thenceforth to make head considerably

against the new exhaustive power brought to bear upon it. Then Mark's versatile ingenuity came into play in other directions also. His precautions against the precarious condition of the ground and soil in the advancing vault, as the men were enabled to resume their excavating work, were no less skilful and no less efficacious than his hydraulic efforts. Before his coming there had been one man killed, and no less than four very seriously maimed, in this struggle against nature in the very flanks of the earth. But from the moment of his assuming the direction of it no serious accident occurred, nor did one of his stout soldiers of labour receive any but such injuries as their athletic frames counted for trifles.

Clara knew this: unless she had dropped at once her old acquaintance with Joe Tanner, she could not have avoided hearing of the gratifying fact over and over again. Surely the guerdon of a sunny smile was never bestowed so worthily upon the daintiest hero of romance for some dashing exploit of slaughter, as was that which she would deal out, in those happy working days, to the wise, prudent, thoughtful saviour of human life and limb, in the conduct of that manly work of industry!

Clara was proud of her plebeian lover: well she might be! And it were hard to say how bright an augury of hope he drew meanwhile from his discovery of the perfect intelligence, which, in some way, had evidently been long since established between Clara and the working men. Her frank and fearless bearing with them, and their no less frank recognition of it; together with the awkward chivalry of their manifest admiration and respect, surprised and charmed him at the same time beyond words. His highest hope was to become a worthy captain of industry by-and-by; and here was indeed a "ladye-love" meet for one attempting such "emprise."

Joe Tanner found that Mark was very tolerant of his frequent recitals of the social amenities which had passed between his gangsmen and the folk up at the house, and that he never gave token of impatience at repetitions of the effect which Clara's appearance, manner, and wonderful gifts had made upon them all. He

hardly guessed, however, with what eagerness Mark heard his praises, nor with what guiltless cunning he would contrive to lead him on again and again to utter them.

Mark had written to his friend Ingram; not immediately, nor yet without so much previous irresolution as amounted almost to an inward conflict. He was very chary of his new-found treasure, and little inclined to impart his finding of it to any other human soul. That, perhaps, is not to be wondered at; nor, perhaps, would he have been so thoroughly capable of appreciating its great worth had he been more prodigal of readiness to discuss it with another. But that which, after all, turned the scale of decision in favour of his writing to the Curate of Newton-Forge, was his detection within the recesses of his own mind of some lingering remains of an unworthy jealousy. Such jealousy was not personal; for he had never entertained at any time so much as a faint suspicion of what had passed concerning Clara in the mind of his friend; but it was a rag of that old garment of social prejudice and caste feeling which had once enfolded his own spirit as with an ample all-covering cloak.

"Why should a man of Ingram's class and training have any real interest in the life-story of two children of the people?"

No sooner had he forced the ill-defined sentiment into something of such a definite shape as this, than it forthwith appeared to him in its own naked meanness, ugliness, and injustice; and acting at once upon his truer and more generous impulse, he wrote to the young clergyman a modest and grateful account of what had befallen him at Wymerton. The letter which he received in answer increased, if possible, his secret compunction and shame at the thought of his having ever been in danger of giving harbour within his breast to such an unworthy sentiment as that which he had overcome in writing to his friend. Nothing could be more delicate, nothing more cordial, nothing more brotherly than Ingram's reply. It was written with unaffected sincerity. He had been not a little surprised at the unexpected intelligence conveyed to him by Mark's announcement of his meeting with Clara, of

the renewal and crisis of their intimacy; but the surprise had brought with it no moral disturbance whatever. He had not been fighting along as one that beats the air. The conquest of passion by principle was in him was an established reality. He could rejoice in Mark's deep joy, and was not without his own special glow of a joy, fervent though subdued, caused by the assurance thus gained, of a real progress in the great self-conquest he had sought. In the meantime, Sir Jeffrey likewise had entered into a correspondence suggested to him by the intrusion of this new element into the probable future life of Clara Jerningham. The more likelihood he saw of detaching her from the pursuit of a theatrical career, the more eagerness he felt to succeed in so doing. The Maestro had not recurred to any discussion of his own plans before leaving Wymerton, and he did not know what fresh temptations to Clara's enthusiasm, and, as he thought, misdirected ambition, might not suddenly arise from that quarter. He was far too wise to let a weakness escape him which should betray her that he reckoned upon her allowance of Mark's affection as a help to himself in his strife against her professional predilections. He was also too prudent to commit himself by any direct allusion to the matter in conversation with Mark; but underlain with all the tact and shrewdness which years and a long habit of reflection gave to such as he, to sound his thoughts and feelings of his young acquaintance; and he had soon satisfied himself that Mark and he were pretty certain to prove of one mind upon the propriety of Clara's pursuit or abandonment of her artistic vocation as she called it. This point settled, it was next clear to him that Mark's influence in such a matter, more strictly, his right to use it, must depend in great measure upon his own professional prospects, and upon his ability to offer her a competent maintenance and a comfortable home. For which reason, the old baronet put himself in confidential communication with the eminent railway firm of Messrs. Bright and Brassy. Without, of course, giving them any clue to his more private reasons, he let them know that he was interested in the young man's well-being and profes-

sional success, and begged to be informed, in strict confidence, of their candid opinion as to his talents and capacity for business. Perhaps the firm, in spite of the fair regard they had for Mark, might have thought it hardly worth their while to enter very fully into such matters, had it not been for a further inquiry made by the shrewd old baronet, as to the conditions on which a young man might hope to be admitted junior partner in the firm itself, and as to the amount of capital which would be required for such admission. Sir Jeffrey was suspected of being somewhat eccentric at times, and was well known to be very rich; and therefore, as Mr. Saunders remarked, "there was no knowing but what he might push that young Brandling on a bit, if so minded." At any rate the possibility of his being adopted by such a patron was far from being an unfavourable ingredient in the firm's estimate of Mark; and if it did not influence unfairly the expression of their reliance on his character, and of their hopeful confidence in his skill, at all events it did something towards inducing them to make that expression unreservedly. The firm, however, told the baronet, in all fairness and honesty, that, with regard to professional attainments and skill, Mark's capacity had never yet been brought to such test as that which was now daily trying it, and that the works at Wymerton tunnel would settle the question of its degree beyond dispute.

This being so, there was nothing further to be done immediately by Sir Jeffrey, who determined to wait for the result of Mark's exertions, before consulting with him as to the manner and extent of the assistance he might be enabled to lend him towards establishing himself in life.

Unconscious of the underplot thus preparing by her dear old friend the baronet, Clara had not as yet felt pressed by any necessity for facing the probable interruption to her own scheme of artistic life which might be impending in consequence of the decision her heart had taken in favour of Mark Brandling. His lips, we know, were, for the time being, sealed towards her upon the subject; and as she had, at present also, no very definite plan of action formed in her own mind concerning it, there was no rea-

son why the first precise mention of it should proceed from her. And so it came to pass, that the weeks went on, and conversation between her and him was so full of the now dear reminiscences of the past, and of the dearer new-brimming delight of the present, that there was but little talk or indefinite, concerning that prismatic coming time on which lovers often dwell so fondly in anticipation. And indeed, although they often saw each other, their opportunities for long and speculative conversation were but few; the happy return of the Sunday's blessed rest from worldly toil alone giving to Mark any period of protracted leisure. The malicious water-sprite, in his dark cave, had been seriously weakened; but triumph over him was not yet complete; and Mark was not the man to wrangle with his ladye-love concerning the fashion of the bridal crown which yet lay between the dragon's claws. Nay, there were evenings when his manful, struggling, self-denial was such, that although he was released upon them earlier than usual from his task at the hill-side, he would forego the indulgence of sunning himself in her eyes up at old Wymerton House, but would be content only to open the rose-wood case with that trebly precious keylet she had left in his hand on the afternoon of afternoons, and to set it up where he might have glance of it, as his eyes ceased momentarily from poring over new plans and drawings, on which he was hard at work by the help of those mathematical instruments which had so happily excited Cousin Martha's curiosity. There was a new sunshine now over his being; its warmth and brightness should be made to force on and mature the seedlings of invention which had heretofore been springing up in his brain.

But having said that Clara had not yet felt herself compelled to face the probable alteration in her coming career, I ought not perhaps to omit all mention of a matter on which she did perceive its bearing, a matter in which she had never yet felt certain whether she herself had personally the first or the second concern. This was the Maestro's strange proposal to offer his hand to her good cousin. He had left her as he had left Sir Jeffrey in doubt concerning his resolution; and

she would often wonder whither it would incline. Her own womanly feeling would naturally have caused her to feel a certain reluctance against writing to let him know of her implied engagement to Mark. But the Maestro's playful banter about his own real feelings towards her cousin, had effectually prevented her from ascertaining, or even from reasonably conjecturing what they were. He had certainly told her that his wish to gain a right of protection over herself had entered largely into his deliberation on the proposal; and her fear had been from the moment of his having so spoken, that this kind wish was in truth the sole rather than the principal weight in the balance of his mind. And now she felt, although the realizing of the truth seemed distant, that she had in a measure pledged herself to concede that right of protection by a dearer title to another, and that to let the Maestro, if he should still think of so doing, carry out his half-formed intention in ignorance of this fact, might amount to the infliction of a triple wrong, upon him, upon her cousin, and, perhaps, upon Mark Brandling. She therefore would willingly have written to inform him of what had taken place since his visit; but the dear old musician, with his usual abstraction of mind, had left Wymerton without so much as a hint given to any one of them of his destination on leaving. Her acquaintance with him had been, as we know, formed and cemented entirely abroad; and she had no knowledge whatever of his probable abiding place or associates in England. She, too, was thus thrown back upon a policy of expectation.

But in the meantime she was continuing to live a good and wholesome life, rekindling old home affections as well as cherishing that new one, possibly creative of such home realities as had been unknown before; working out opportunities for discharge of what may be reckoned home duties and home benefactions within and without the walls of old Wymerton House. She did not often leave the place, for, of course, her old friends were the immediate neighbours on the estate and in the village, who had known and loved her simply as Willie Jerningham's daughter. Such right of entry as might have been conceded

to her by provincial "society," in virtue of her artistic gifts and genius, she had not cared to claim for herself, nor had Sir Jeffrey sought to claim it for her. He was but too glad to have her artistic character ignored as much as possible.

There was not much incident in the two or three months which followed. And as it has been said of nations, "happy are they when their annals are uninteresting," so sometimes may it be said of individuals; specially when there is in the inner heart that equable succession of incident which the growth and development of a pure mutual affection allow.

At the works all went on well; so well indeed as regarded Mark's mastering of the water, that there was nothing to prevent the tunnelling from being pushed on with redoubled vigour. It is true that the construction and fitting of the engines and their engine-house had caused some little delay, and that by the time the watersprite was worsted, the day of the beginning of forfeits and penalties to the directors by their contractors was nervously near. But Mark's spirit was indomitable, and his activity indefatigable.

"A peremptory young party, gentlemen," said Mr. Saunders to the firm; "peremptory, but practical. I think, gentlemen, we should let him have these hands he writes for."

This was in consequence of a telegram from the young engineer sent to Manchester, so soon as it was clear that the pumps had conquered: and demanding such a reinforcement as would triple his number of navvies. The next morning's post brought his letter with time calculations, staking his credit upon the entire completion of the work within the given period if only the demand met with immediate compliance. This was just the style in which the great firm loved to have their industrial battles fought.

"None of your dallying, and dawdling, and dropping into directors' hands at last," said Mr. Bright. "By all means let him have the men, Mr. Saunders, by all means,—he seems the right sort of chap to use 'em when he's got 'em. Let him have the men."

So Mark did get them; and he did make right good use of them; and hard enough at work he kept them; maintaining, all things considered, a

wonderful amount of order and discipline among them, to which no doubt the hardness of the work, and his own unflagging superintendence of it greatly contributed. But it is fair to set down something of the credit of the result to the firmness as well as to the heartiness of his rule over the men.

He had them, of course, on both sides of the tunnel at once, so that the rail at the farther side being in working order, the whole branch should be complete when the one link there should be supplied, and neither the money nor the credit of the firm should lie at the mercy of any body or board whatsoever.

The event answered his expectation.

Not only "navvies," but bricklayers, masons, carpenters, and plate-layers toiled manfully; and, amidst tremendous cheers and waving of flags, a long train of trucks filled with the men passed from station to station through Wymerton tunnel one Saturday afternoon. Sir Jeffrey himself took Mark in the barouche, with Clara radiant, and Cousin Martha loudly jubilant, to the telegraph station, some three miles down the line, whence the message flew on the wire to Manchester—"Brandling, Wymer-ton, to Saunders, Park-street, Manchester, Saturday, 4.20. Train passed the tunnel. Line fit for traffic Monday." Now Thursday was the day of the malignant directors.

A RAINY DAY WITH TENNYSON AND OUR POETS.

THE sharp, pleasant frost of yesterday is over. The feathery snow lay last night upon the distant hills, touched by the clear, cold moon, till they seemed as if strewn with white rose-leaves. The horse's feet rang sharp and quick up the road, and the iron-shod heels glinted like the silver studded feet of some enchanted prince's steed in a Norse legend. But to-day the delicate kind of vinous fermentation which thrills through the blood in such weather is gone. The rain taps like an idle finger on roof and pane. The leaves, which lay yesterday, their dull, white, or yellow deathliness curiously veiled with light, fantastic fretwork of frost, like an old crone's withered, yellow face with dainty lace-work, are puddled into the sloppy clay. It is emphatically what Sam Slick calls "a juicy day in the country."

How shall we pass the time? The

answer is at hand. The table is covered with volumes of poetry, green of various shades being the predominating hue. Here are some uncut: some with a few leaves opened and then put down for that more convenient season which reviewers are so long in finding: others read and re-read, and marked lovingly with pencil. Here, above all, is the Laureate's last glorious production. Let us take them in their turns, good, bad, and indifferent, reserving the "Idylls" reverently for the last.

First then—by accident, or as coming under the last of these classes just mentioned, who shall say?—here is "The Anniversaries," of which we warn France, Italy, and Germany, that the right of translation is prudently reserved. This volume is commemorative of great men and of great events. Its arrangement and metres—assuredly little else—remind one

The Anniversaries. By Thomas Gill. 1858.

The Angel in the House. By Coventry Patmore.

Gardenia. By W. S. Sandes. Dublin: Edward Milliken. 1858.

Andromeda and other Poems. By Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. London: John W. Parker and Sons. 1858.

Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. London: Burns. 1855.

Poems from Eastern Sources. Genoveva and other Poems. By Richard Chenevix Trench. London: John W. Parker and Sons. 1851.

Lays of the Sanctuary and other Poems. Compiled and edited by G. S. de M. Rutherford. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster-row. 1859.

Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Moxon. 1859.

of the Christian Year. St Paul and Washington, Blake and St. Louis, the Lord Protector and Harold, are bracketed after a fashion which would make one almost suspect our excellent and orthodox author of an adaptation of the "Positive Calendar" appended to Comte's "Catechism." Mr. Gill has one faculty which we commend to the imitation of young gentlemen and ladies who are at a loss for epithets, at least in the lamentable absence of an English *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Our benison be with the good old days when there were those dear "perpetual epithets." Old Melesigenes was up to a thing or two. The mountain was "leaf-shaking;" so was it once: so was it to the end of the chapter; and whenever the grand old fellow was hard up for a dactyl and spondee, there it was all right. And so with the ocean, always "wine-dark," or "harvestless," and the Greeks always "well-greaved" or "long-haired." But our moderns have changed all that kind of thing. We must have progress and variety. But in Mr. Gill we perceive a judicious retrogression to the Homeric type. When he catches hold of a pretty epithet or expression he gives it to us over and over again. And why not? It is not easy to have too much of a good thing. What can be a more beautiful epithet than "golden," for instance? And accordingly in the "Longest Day," an effusion of seven Spenserian stanzas, we have it, and no mistake:—

"One beamy moment in each golden hour I
would not lose."

"A golden glory."

"Thy purple and thy gold, O summer, are
divine."

"What softness on the golden glory creeps,
Sweet lingering light."

"Light's golden empire."

"O golden hours!"

Mr. Gill would bring us back to the Grecian models in another important particular. We all know how largely dialectic varieties were admitted into the Hellenic poetry. How blessedly some abnormal piece of impossible parsing was extemporarily solved by the idle, but ingenious, school-boy, with an "Æolice," or a "Doricè, sir!" sometimes with the happiest effects, sometimes, alas!—*horrescimus referentes* (and we feel a tingling which beautifully illustrates the doctrine of

association), with results of the most painful character. Now, Mr. Gill apparently was born within sound of Bow Bells. If Homer has been well called "the Ionian father of the rest;" if Sophocles or Æschylus have introduced the lilt of Doric chorus between the heavy masses of Attic Iambics, why should not Cockneydom add richness to the line, and give ease and variety to the rhyme. Hence he has greatly dared to write:

"But O, that sweeter, that diviner dawn,
O fuller cheer of that more glorious morn."

Again:

"They dream'd not of the nation to be born,
The majesty
That would blaze forth from their beclouded
morn,
Not by hope's glowing figures forth were
drawn
The cities bright which throng that lonely
shore."

It is well that Mr. Gill has been a little inconsistent, or, in his poem of "Saint Cecilia," for the refrain of—

"Heaven with thee would ever stay,
Celestial Cecilia,"

we might perhaps have

"Heaven would crown thee with some star,
Celestial Ceciliar!"

We do not cite any passages from the "Anniversaries." Mr. Gill writes like a scholar and a Christian gentleman. He is sometimes pretty, and rather strong lines are not unfrequent in the somewhat dead level of his respectable pages. We have no doubt that as a historian, a thinker, or an essayist, he may achieve eminence; but we fear that he has never been dipped in the dew of Castaly.

The "Angel in the House" has met with a reception of which Mr. Patmore may well be proud, and which assuredly belies the proverbial spitefulness of criticism. We have, therefore, less scruple in stating our opinion that its merits have been overrated, its weaknesses and absurdities forgiven with remarkable facility. The measure of so long a poem (over three hundred mortal pages) is painfully monotonous; it produces a sea-sawing sensation, such as is sometimes experienced in the initial stages of sea-sickness. In the name of poetic art we protest against the subject, and against the mode in which it is handled. Art is not mere imitation,

its aim is to idealize. It is not merely to flatter or to embellish, but to transform. In pictorial art a portrait should give the idea of a personage; a view, the idea of a country. If the painter simply imitates a tree or a wall, he produces a work a hundred degrees inferior to a stereoscope. If he simply imitates a face, he sinks beaten and baffled before nature; he contends with her under conditions of insuperable difficulty so long as he cannot give life, flesh, and blood. The difference is surprising between the mellow, rounded, graceful shadow, projected against a wall by the living flexible human figure, and the stiff, hard, grotesque shadow cast by the most perfect sculptured form; something analogous are the effects produced by true and merely imitative art respectively. But in idealizing, the artist escapes this otherwise necessary humiliation. He brings his work into a higher light, the light of thought, where its shadows are rich and rounded. But Mr. Patmore in this poem is a mere portrait painter, lower still, a mere photographer. His bride, the Dean, the Miss Churchills, himself, are staring likenesses. There is utter want of concentration, a sprawling out of figures over acres of canvas. The choice of the subject too, and the mode of handling it, are, we fear, essentially unpoetical. The minute and deliberate unveiling of the pretty weaknesses of a virgin heart, and the parade of repeating all the cooings of an engaged couple (as if they had been written down at the time for after-use, like Sheridan's puns), constitute an offence against true poetic insight, and postulate their own failure. The man who gives us the contents of a love-letter written just before marriage, and retains this wonderful expression—

"Be sure to come to-day, or send
A rose-leaf kissed on either side,"

will not, we suspect, win, and, as we think, does not deserve to win, the thanks of the Angel who is his heroine. But, when these deductions are made, we are ready to go far with Mr. Patmore's admirers. He is a man of large culture, with considerable mastery over poetical expression. Deficient in sustained power either of language or of conception—destitute of the critical tact, natural or acquired (termed *judgment* by our elder critics), which

knows how to balance large masses of composition, and to sweep them in one body, with passionate power, towards a definite end, he has no contemptible faculty of keen observation and vivid colouring. He is generally clever, sometimes happy, occasionally original and beautiful. Our readers will thank us for a few specimens of his happier vein.

The following description of the Cathedral Close is both lovely and life-like:—

"Once more I came to Sarum Close,
With joy half memory, half desire,
And breathed the sunny wind that rose
And blew the shadows o'er the spire,
And toss'd the lilies' scented plumes,
And sway'd the chestnuts' thousand cones,
And filled my nostrils with perfumes,
And shaped the clouds in waifs and zones,
And wafted down the serious strain
Of Sarum bells, when, true to time,
I reach'd the Dean's, with heart and brain
That trembled to the trembling chime.

"'Twas half my home six years ago,
The six years had not altered it:
Red brick, and ashlar, long and low,
With dormers and with oriels lit.
Geraniums, lychins, rose array'd,
The windows all wide open thrown;
And some one in the study played
The Wedding March of Mendelssohn."

The following four lines are a perfect picture-gem of a study in a Dean's house, near a cathedral, at Christmas-tide, when the fading evergreens are flung into the fire:—

"The laurel into blazes woke
The fire, lighting the large low room,
A dim rich lustre of old oak
And crimson velvet's glowing gloom."

The following is not unworthy of the quaint, half-sportive, whole-earnest, gallantry of Cowley or of Suckling:—

"Whenever I come where women are,
How sad soe'er I was before,
Thawed like a ship frost-bound and far
Withheld in ice from ocean's roar,
Third-winter'd in that dreadful dock,
With stiffened cordage, sails decayed,
And crew that care for calm and shock
Alike, too dull to be dismayed;
Yet if I come where women are,
How sad soe'er I was before,
Then is my sadness banished far,
And I am like that ship no more;
Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,
Burst by the sudden Polar spring,
And all thank God with their warming wits,
And kiss each other, and dance and sing."

After all the love scenes which have been given in prose and rhyme, it is something to produce another so

in the technical part of his versification; and in the substance of the poem, his passionate love and minute watchings over the sea and its inhabitants—essentially modern as it is—is woven into the texture of the mythological narrative, with a taste so exquisite, as not to mar the antique effect of the whole:—

“ Rose from their seaweed chamber the choir
of the mystical sea-maids,
Onward toward her they came, and her
heart beat loud at their coming.
Watching the bliss of the gods as they
wakened the cliffs with their laughter.
Onward they came in their joy, and before
them the roll of the surges
Sank as the breeze sank dead, into smooth
green foam-flecked marble,
Awed: and the crags of the cliff, and the
pines of the mountain were silent.
Onward they came in their joy, and around
them the lamps of the sea-nymphs.
Myriad fiery globes swam panting and
heaving; and rainbows
Crimson, and azure, and emerald, were broken
in star showers, lighting
Far through the wine-dark depths of the
crystal, the gardens of Nereus.
Coral, and sea fan, and tangle, the blooms
and the palms of the ocean.
 And above them, in worship,
Hovered the terns, and the seagulls swept
past them on silvery pinions,
Echoing softly their laughter: around them
the wantoning dolphins
Sighed as they plunged full of love; and the
great sea-horses which bore them
Curved up their crests in their pride to the
delicate arms of the maidens.”

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Much as we differ from Mr. Aubrey de Vere, we feel a certain pride in every countryman, who, like him, is a poet and a man of genius. While Mr. de Vere is not without originality both of form and matter, he reminds us a good deal of Wordsworth and Father Faber, a little of Tennyson; while his earlier reminiscences of Keble, Williams, and Sewell, will appear in minute turns to those who can “without a hound fine footings trace.” Add a spice of Young Ireland patriotism, and a sentimental yet sternly Roman orthodoxy, and one has some conception of his volume. He is

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Her breath, that spring is come indeed—
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed

“ Once more the cuckoo's call I hear,
I know in many a glen profound,
The earliest violets of the year
Rise up like water from the ground.

“ The thorn I know once more is white,
And far down many a forest dale,
The anemones in dubious light
Are trembling like a bridal veil.

“ By streams released that singing flow
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The pale narcissus, well I know,
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The primrose stars the rock, and o'er
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sages like this show that Mr. Sandes is better than a mere idle scribbler. With study, thought, and culture; with the long and patient elaboration of one established measure, which Coleridge recommends to poetical aspirants; and with the advice of some honest critical friend, who shall have something more than the permission to place notes of admiration on the margin, Mr. Sandes may produce a volume more likely to do credit to the ability which, we have no doubt, he possesses.

The larger portion of Mr. Kingsley's beautiful little volume is occupied with songs and ballads, which certainly seem to suit his genius best. The mingled firmness and delicacy, suggestiveness and concentration, which can condense a tragedy into a line, are there. What a world of pathos is there in "The Sands of Dee," which we cannot think it necessary to quote! How that western wind whips along with the salt spray on its wing! How the tide comes creeping up along the sand, and the mist rolls and swathes! And then that tress of golden hair among the stakes, and the drowned girl in the boat, going over the sea to her grave, and the sea plunging for ever along the strand remorselessly, and the sad echo of that voice on the shore! And all, one may say, in twelve lines, for each verse has two lines, which are but refrain. It is a perfect lesson for the enormous verbosity of such writers as Mr. Patmore. Let us only quote two little pieces, hardly less admirable.

"THE THREE FISHERS.

"Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him
the best,
And the children stood watching them out
of the town;
For men must work, and women
must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many
to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

"Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun
went down;
They look'd at the squall, and they looked
at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up rug-
ged and brown;
But men must work, and women
must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters
deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

"Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went
down,
And three women are weeping and wringing
their hands
For those who will never come home to
the town.
For men must work, and women
must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner
to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its
moaning."

A LAMENT.

"The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the
lea;
And the merry, merry bells below were
ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.

"Now the hare is snared and dead beside the
snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter
sea;
And the baby in his cradle in the church-
yard
Sleeps sound till the bell brings me."

Mr. Kingsley often affords admirable illustration of Goethe's fine remark. "It is a mistake to suppose that poetry is absolutely bound to express precise thoughts; it is sufficient if it possesses an intonation which awakens the imagination and provokes the soul to *reverie*. Wherever this intonation is to be found, there is excellent poetry." It is wonderful to see how, with pencil-marks that seem faint, random, and vacillating, poetic genius sends congenial spirits wandering on through deep green forest colonnades, or soaring up through dim, mysterious tracts of the starry heaven; how, with words that appear misty and purposeless, it wakens up echoes that have been sleeping in the haunted chambers of thought. Such poems are like Turner's picture of Venice: at first but a sunlit haze; then the rich purple waters through the luminous mist; then, in the distance, town, and cupola, and church, and ancient street. The power of painting such pictures, and of writing such poems, is not given to mere *talent*; it is the unmistakable characteristic of *genius*.

In the founder of the school of muscular Christianity, who has such unfeigned pleasure in fair women and tall and proper men, it is well to find sympathy with spiritual excellence, enshrined in a misshapen casket. Very characteristic, too, of the

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Saint Maura, one of the largest pieces in the volume, though it has some touches of genius, is too plainly, in structure and thought, an echo of the Tennysonian St. Simeon Stylites.

Mr. Kingsley's poetry, like his prose, revolves round three central conceptions. The first is an intense feeling, rather than a logical conviction, of some vast and terrible *unright* in the complex relations of our modern society. It is this which gives that strange, bitter undertone to the lamentation over the three drowned fishers—

"Men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep."

It is this which runs with such terrible earnestness through the "Bad Squire." But this wrong, for England, at least, is very much represented by the game-laws. So on one side of his mind Mr. Kingsley pities the outlaw: and pity, as we all know, is in the next degree to love. The Rector of Eversley can preach, we are sure, against poaching. We think we have heard of a certain sermon, in which he startled his hearers by the remark, in round Saxon English, that he "never knew a poacher who was not a blackguard!" But he cannot, for the life of him, help liking the "blackguard" still. The spirit of the poacher, in its sublimer aspects—the wild self-justification of its savage morality—is condensed into these thrilling lines:—

"Yet I am not a lord, and idle, mither, nor a thief that steals;
I do but hunt God's cattle upon God's ain hills."

Beautiful is the moral of the whole—

"And when I'm taen and hangit, mither, a brittling o' my deer,
Ye'll no leave your bairn to the corbie craws to dangle in the air;
But ye'll send up my twa dome brethren,
and ye'll steal me frae the tree,
And bury me up on the brown, brown muirs,
where I aye loosed to be.

"Ye'll bury me 'twixt the brae and the burne,
in a glen far away,
Where I may hear the heathcock crow,
and the great harts bray.
And 'gin my ghaist can walk, mither, I'll go glowering at the sky
The livelong night on the black hill sides
where the dun deer lie."

But with this keen feeling of wrong is combined, in the second place, a lively sense that there is something good, grand, and noble running parallel with it. If there are game-laws, are there not hunting-men?

"Who will say the world is dying?"

Still the race of hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits—
'Wife, and child, and fatherland';
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his father,
Give him cause as good."

But evermore by this wild scene of unreality and injustice, relieved, indeed, by not a little that is true and manly, there is a fairer order beginning to arise. Honesty and virtue will triumph, and right be paramount. Every man in the Kingsleyan millennium, will, we presume, have a good conscience and a good stomach, bold riding and straight shooting will be universal, and poaching will disappear with game-laws. Like De Maistre and Bunsen, too, Mr. Kingsley has his Church of the Future.

"THE DEAD CHURCH.

"Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?"

Dark, dark night, wilt thou never wear away?

Cold, cold church, in thy death-sleep lying,
Thy Lent is past, thy Passion here, but
not thy Easter-day!

"Peace, faint heart, though the night be dark
and sighing,

Rest, fair corpse, where thy Lord himself
hath lain,

Weep, dear Lord, above thy bride low lying,
Thy tears shall wake her frozen limbs to
life and health again."

We must not pass on without noticing *Andromeda*. It is beautiful exceedingly. The English hexameter has rarely been manipulated with such perfect success. We say this with a distinct recollection of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Admirable as his ear is, the American poet's structure of this difficult measure is essentially unclassical, and the laxity of his quantities is occasionally something grotesque. In a measure so emphatically and indissolubly associated with Greek and Latin poetry, it is surely ludicrous to make the *bene* in *Benedicite* a spondee, and to treat *Catholic* as a dactyl. But Mr. Kingsley has avoided all such incongruities

in the technical part of his versification; and in the substance of the poem, his passionate love and minute watchings over the sea and its inhabitants—essentially modern as it is—is woven into the texture of the mythological narrative, with a taste so exquisite, as not to mar the antique effect of the whole:—

“ Rose from their seaweed chamber the choir
Of the mystical sea-maids,
Onward toward her they came, and her
Heart beat loud at their coming.
Watching the bliss of the gods as they
Wakened the cliffs with their laughter.
Onward they came in their joy, and before
Them the roll of the surges
Sank as the breeze sank dead, into smooth
Green foam-flecked marble,
Awed: and the crags of the cliff, and the
Pines of the mountain were silent.
Onward they came in their joy, and around
Them the lamps of the sea-nymphs.
Myriad fiery globes swam panting and
Beaving; and rainbows
Crimson, and azure, and emerald, were broken
In star showers, lighting
Far through the wine-dark depths of the
Crystal, the gardens of Nereus.
Coral, and sea fan, and tangle, the blooms
And the palms of the ocean.
And above them, in worship,
Hovered the terns, and the seagulls swept
Past them on silvery pinions,
Echoing softly their laughter: around them
The wantoning dolphins
Sighed as they plunged full of love; and the
Great sea-horses which bore them
Curved up their crests in their pride to the
Delicate arms of the maidens.”

Mr. Kingsley is one of the most pleasing of our contemporary poets. Some of his songs will, we suspect, only perish with the language in which they are written. Whether he is to occupy a permanent place as a poet of a high order, must rest with himself. We are afraid that his pursuits are too multifarious to admit of his attaining to the highest eminence in any.

Much as we differ from Mr. Aubrey de Vere, we feel a certain pride in every countryman, who, like him, is a poet and a man of genius. While Mr. de Vere is not without originality both of form and matter, he reminds us a good deal of Wordsworth and Father Faber, a little of Tennyson; while his earlier reminiscences of Keble, Williams, and Sewell, will appear in minute turns to those who can “without a hound fine footings trace.” Add a spice of Young Ireland patriotism, and a sentimental yet sternly Roman orthodoxy, and one has some conception of his volume. He is

strong in natural description, in the more poetical aspects of the Roman ritual, and in a kind of fierce pathos. But his shorter hymns and poems are failures, on the whole, in point, in suggestiveness, in simplicity; his longer poems in unity, character, and incident. They are rhymed pieces of contemplation, or blank-verse monologues, or subjective pieces of Catholic meditation. The Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome must surely, like the “Hind and Panther,” have been written as a penance. But its dreary twaddle, and the verbal laxity of its unmusical octo-syllabic, is a poor contrast to the stately and sonorous majesty of Dryden's immortal heroics. But in the sonnet, Mr. de Vere has scarcely a rival among living poets, and is sometimes equal to Wordsworth in his happiest moods. The difficulties and intricacies of the measure he overcomes with a masterful ease, winding from rhyme to rhyme, like a boat on a smooth river with an oar for helm. He has managed its great difficulty—one thought, precisely co-extensive with the stanza of fourteen lines, sometimes deftly and happily abbreviated, like a face carved on a cherry-stone, sometimes expanded but not spun out.

We cannot quote a more eloquent specimen of Mr. de Vere's descriptive powers and national feelings, than in these verses from “The Year of Sorrow, Ireland, 1849.”

“ Who knows not spring? Who doubts, when
Blows
Her breath, that spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed.

“ Once more the cuckoo's call I hear,
I know in many a glen profound,
The earliest violets of the year
Rise up like water from the ground.

“ The thorn I know once more is white,
And far down many a forest dale,
The anemones in dubious light
Are trembling like a bridal veil.

“ By streams released that singing flow
From craggy shelf through sylvan glades;
The pale narcissus, well I know,
Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

“ The honeyed cowslip tufts once more
The golden slopes—with gradual ray
The primrose stars the rock, and o'er
The woodpath strews its milky way.

" I join that voice. No joy have I
In all thy purple and thy gold,
Nor in the nine-fold harmony,
From forest on to forest rolled.

" Nor in that stormy western fire,
Which burns on ocean's gloomy bed,
And hurls, as from a funeral pyre,
A glare that strikes the mountain's head.

" And writes on low-hung clouds its lines
Of cyphered flame with hurrying hand,
And flings amid the topmost pines,
That crown the steep, a burning brand."

Written while sailing on the Gulf
of Lepanto:—

" All round they lie, deep breath to breath re-
plying—
Those outworn seamen in their well-earned
sleep;
From the blue concave to the dim blue deep:
No sound beside. Fluttering all night, or
sighing
Since morn, the breeze delicious has been
dying,
And now is dead. On yonder snowy steep
The majesty of day, diffused, is dying,
Whilst evening's powers in silence seaward
creep
From glens that violet-shade the lilac west
Of Delphi's hills. Ye mariners sleep well—
Run slowly golden sands, and noiselessly.
There stands the great Corinthian citadel,
Paruassus there. Rest wearied pinnacle rest;
Sleep, sacred air, sleep on Marmorean Sea."

Dean Trench is an eminent divine, and a poet of deserved reputation. He has much of the purity, but a little of the passionless coldness of ice. His poems sometimes seem to be written up to the mark, or to illustrate a theory, or to be crystallized round a favourite proverb, or sentence of Bacon. The Dean's excellent books on words and proverbs give one the notion of a pocket-book, long and carefully kept, with stray pieces of information gathered, collected, and methodized, after some years. Perhaps he has sometimes applied this kind of process to his poetry. In this volume "Genoveva," and "Orpheus and the Syrens," are our favourites. The latter is a classical strain, nobly moral, and full of a grand and sonorous music. The metre of "Genoveva" is tedious for so long a poem, but the story is exquisitely beautiful. The style is occasionally a little stiff and awkward.

" Who beholding her to weep,
And that long, low wail to keep—
Canst thou, Genoveva, forgive?
Wilt thou bid this wretch to live?"

But the conception is pathetic and well-sustained. We must refer to the Dean's volume for the particulars of

the tale. The wife, wronged by her husband's suspicion during his absence, taking refuge with her boy in the wilderness—the milk-white doe, more useful to the machinery of the story, yet scarcely so beautiful as that which waited on Emily of Branksome—the crucifix carried to her by angel-hands—the recognition of the wronged wife by her cruel husband—the soul, finally, purified by suffering, accommodating itself, indeed, to earth, but tending to a better home, "that is, an heavenly." There is a beautiful holiness about these lines, close to the end of the poem:—

" Gently speak and lightly tread,
'Tis the chamber of the dead.
Now thine earthly course is run,
Now thy weary day is done.
Genoveva, sainted one,
Happy flight thy spirit has taken,
From its plumes earth's last dust shaken;
On the earth is passionate weeping,
Round thy bier lone vigils keeping.
In the heaven triumphant songs,
Welcome of angelic throngs,
As thou enterest on that day,
Which no tears nor fears allay,
No regrets nor pangs affray;
Hemmed not in by yesterday,
By to-morrow hemmed not in.
Weep not for her, she doth win,
What we long for, now is she
That which all desire to be.
Bear her forth with solemn cheer,
Bear her forth on open bier.
That the wonder which hath been
May of every eye be seen.
Wonderful! that pale worn brow
Death hath scarcely sealed, and now
All the beauty that she wore
In the youthful years before,
All the freshness and the grace,
And the bloom upon her face,
Ere that seven-year'd distress
In the painful wilderness,
Ere that wasting sickness came
Undermining quite her frame;—
All come back—the light, the hue,
Tinge her cheek and lip anew.
Far from her, oh, far away,
All that is so quick to say
Man returneth to his clay,
All that to our creeping fear
Whispers of corruption near,
Seems it as she would illumine
With her radiance and her bloom
The dark spaces of the tomb."

We must not forget to commend most highly "The Lays of the Sanctuary," compiled and edited by Mr. Rutherford. It is a beautiful volume in every sense of the word; beautiful in its typography, in the feelings which has drawn forth the contributions with which it is enriched, in the general character of the contributions

themselves. The list of authors contains among others, Mrs. Alexander, the author of *Tom Brown*, Dean Alford, Dr. H. Boner, Miss Craig, Mr. Sydney Dobell, Mr. Keble, Mark Lemon, Bishop Hinds, Dr. Hook, Gerald Massey, Mr. F. Tennyson, and Dr. Waller. The volume has been published in the hope of raising a sufficient sum of money to alleviate the distresses of an aged lady, who has been reduced to poverty by no fault of her own. We hope that many of our readers may be induced to purchase the volume, both for its own merits and for the object which it seeks to effect.

We must not forget to make special mention of Mr. J. Stanyan Bigg's poem, "Urban the Monk," which graces this collection. It is a weird legend, powerfully told in most musical verse, with a touch, sometimes light and delicate as the finger that flies over the keys of a piano, sometimes grand and solemn as a master's hands upon a cathedral organ.

We come finally to the most important portion of our criticism, the one poetical achievement of the past twelvemonths, which is likely to live for many twelvemonths more. The "Idylls of the King" will be the more pleasing to all genuine admirers of their illustrious author, inasmuch as they are a tacit admission that in "Maude" he had taken a false step, which he is not ashamed to retrace. The very meaning of the term Idyll seems to have occasioned perplexity in some quarters, even among professed critics, while it has positively made the general public gape, in whose estimation the word is confined to bucolical poetry. The Edinburgh reviewer appears to be quite on the wrong scent, in the exceedingly meagre analysis, and string of admiring quotations, which occupy the place of the trenchant logic and delicate, because discriminating, panegyric, which such a poet should find in such an organ. "We must," says the Scotch leviathan, "acknowledge our inability to discover by what authority or analogy Mr. Tennyson has applied the term 'Idyll' to these fragments or episodes of the great *Romaunt of Arthur*. The expression, as is well known, was first applied by the artificial writers of the Alexandrian school to their bucolic poetry. The

word (*εἶδη, εἰδύλλια*) meant 'little pictures of common life;' and it was the fashion of the day to describe the rural pastimes and sentimental loves of Sicilian shepherds in the polished Doric of Theocritus and *Morcha*. But, except in the peculiar structure of the blank verse which he affects, it is impossible to trace any resemblance between these legends of British chivalry and the poems which have hitherto been known as idylls. Far from being pictures of common life, they belong entirely to that fairy-land where every thing is strange and impossible, and where the imagination disguises every object in fantastic shapes." This is a most unhappy passage. Beyond, perhaps, a somewhat larger infusion of monosyllabic lines, as in keeping with the tone, the structure of the blank verse is no other than that which Mr. Tennyson—we half-regret it—has preferred to the varied cæsura and interlacing melody of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. Never was any thing more infelicitous than that word "impossible." There is nothing "impossible" in the creations of genius, in the highest flights of Spenser or of Tennyson. Given a few preliminary conditions, all is as natural as possible. Nor has *imagination*, in the language of genuine criticism, any thing to say to the *fantastic*. But with regard to the meaning of the word idyll, which so puzzles our reviewer, we may refer him to one by whom it is no discredit to be taught. "Modulated verse," says the elder Scaliger, "appears to have been discovered among shepherds, either by impulse of nature, or in imitation of birds, or of the whisper-like rustling of the trees. The indolence which they enjoyed is the parent of pleasure and sportiveness. Hence there are two species of pastorals: one in which the shepherd sung his love stretched under the summer-shadow, *monoprosopic*; the other, when meeting by chance or design, there was a challenge or emulation in singing, in reference to their respective flocks, or mistresses. This again of two kinds: one free and irregular; the other, in which they answered in similar verses; this was termed *ametrican*; but because they represented something by imitation, they called them *idyllia* (*ὑπὸ τὰ εἶδη καὶ τὰς ἰδίας*), with a diminutive turn.

either from their brevity, or out of modesty." Now, grant the legitimacy of extending the term beyond the confines of pastoral poetry (and we think it cannot be denied), and we have here the solution of the difficulty. In all four idylls the prevalence of dialogue and of a quasi-dramatic character justifies the title, together with a tacit disclaimer of epic finish and sublimity. *Guinevere* is a dialogue between the queen and the novice, with that tragic and majestic voice of Arthur at the close. *Elaine* is a network of interlocutors. *Vivian* is a dialogue between her and Merlin; *Enid* is a dialogue between Enid and Geraint, with dramatically-introduced episodes of Doorm and Limours.

An analysis of the "Idylls" is unnecessary at this date. We may assume that the book is known, and handle it accordingly.

The critics of France and Italy—and especially the latter—are now beginning to classify poets, no longer as classical or romantic, but as *formists* and *colourists*. The formists are principally occupied in finding great thoughts and clothing them in the purest forms. The others seem to consider thought and conception secondary, exalting sentiment, images, and colouring. When a man of common-place talent ranges himself under the banners of the formists, he generally goes back to the Greek classics, or to those who bear the title in his own country, and produces an elaborate mosaic of puerile archaisms; but when such a man becomes a colourist, the results are more varied. It has been said of French verse, that when it is decent, it may be broken up into excellent prose. Our mathematical neighbours never think themselves acquitted from the obligation of being clear and precise. The Italian, on the contrary, it has been said, writes in verse, not the least in the world to communicate his thoughts to other men, but to relieve or intoxicate himself with harmony; his language is the musical expression of sensations rather than of thoughts. Our colourists resemble the Italian rather than the French. Our most distinguished writers of the last poetic age were *colourists*. Byron hung for a time about the lower region of formists, whose classic is Pope. But he carried away nothing with him except the

trick of the heroic line. Who could render Childe Harold into prose? It would be as absurd as De Maistre's wicked suggestion of setting the Thirty-nine Articles to a chant. Shelley was still more intensely a colourist. His language is a variegated mist, swathing round and muffling thought in beautifully-tinted folds, rather than a vehicle for its conveyance. It barely exhibits the outlines of thought. It is a delicate rapture, a lyrical intoxication, a passion pouring synonym upon synonym. In *Ruth*, and many parts of the *Excursion*, Wordsworth is a colourist, in *Laodamia*, for instance, a formist. Mr. Tennyson is an eclectic. He is formist enough to choose a tolerably large canvas for the development of his conceptions, and to subordinate all beauties of detail to the effect of the whole. He is colourist enough to hang over a sentiment with a loving iteration; to set out a comparison, sometimes fantastic enough, as if its prettiness overmastered his sense of propriety; to forget his design occasionally in order to give a richer roll of tinting. The lily-maid of Astolat, in *Elaine*, and the Queen at Arthur's feet, in *Guinevere*, are the perfect union of the two. It is an excellent observation of the *Times'* reviewer of the *Idylls*, that it is a "most instructive lesson in criticism to go back to the *Lady of Shalott*, published twenty-seven years ago, and remark how the blaze of colouring has been softened down.

"But when the next sun brake from underground

Then those two brethren, with bent brows,
Accompanying the sad chariot bier,
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shows
Full summer to that stream whereon the
barge

Pall'd all its length in blackest samite lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal; the dumb old servitor on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So these two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to
her,

'Sister, farewell for ever,' and again
'Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the
dead

Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the
flood—

In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming
down.

And all the coverlid was cloth of gold,
 Drawn to her waist—and she herself in
 white,
 All but her face, and that clear-featured face
 Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
 But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

Mr. Arnold (we mention the only living poet at all comparable to the laureate) would have given us but a cold draught of Elaine. As at present disposed, he would have been afraid of the lily in one hand, and the letter in the other, and the cloth of gold coverlid drawn to the face, and the bright hair streaming down. Mr. Alexander Smith, on the other hand, would have had so many beautiful things to say about the lily, so many comparisons for the golden hair, fleeces about the white moon, and comparisons of that kind; that Elaine would not have stood out, peerless in sorrow and beauty. Again, Mr. Arnold might have given us that grand epic line, worthy of Homer—

"*Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow.*"

But in his present mood of *Meropes*, should we have had—

"Not like my *Lancelot*?" While she brooded thus,
 And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
 'There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
 A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
 Then on a sudden a cry "the King." She sat
 Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
 Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
 Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
 And grovel'd with her face against the floor.
 There, with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair,
 She made her face a darkness from the King;
 And in the darkness heard his armed feet
 Pause by her: then came silence, then a voice
 Monotonous and hollow, like a ghost's
 Denouncing judgment, but, tho' changed,
 the King's."

In one of the poems in his earlier volume, Mr. Arnold has given us the story of *Merlin* and *Vivian*, as told by *Iseult*. It is singular enough to compare it with our great master's *Idyll*. Mr. Arnold was then an ultra-colourist as he is now ultra-formist. He places the wizard and fay in the forest. His picture of the woman is lovely certainly:—

"The forest air
 Had loosen'd the brown curls of *Vivian's* hair;
 A briar in that tangled wilderness
 Had scored her white right hand, which she
 allows
 To rest ungloved on her green riding-dress."

How inferior in character to—

"A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
 Of samite without price, that more express
 Than hid her, clung about her lithesome
 limbs."

But after this Mr. Arnold nearly forgets the learned wight and the lovely harlot, to tell us of the shy fallow-deer, the bright-eyed squirrels, the green sea of leaf and bough, the mossed grass stained with white anemones, the clumps of primroses, and a thousand other pretty things. But the keeping and purpose of Mr. Tennyson's *Vivian* are faultless. We question if there is a single merely ornamental appendage pinned on to the whole poem—a single touch which does not, directly or indirectly, assist the development of the story, or bring out the light and shadow in the restless play of character and motive. Yet *Vivian* is in many respects the poorest portion of this noble volume. Some of our younger students of poetry may thank us for giving them a hint to read Wordsworth's "*Egyptian Maid*," with the *Idylls*. That comparatively short piece has certainly nothing to compare with the fiery wrath and noble tenderness of "*Enid*," with the bitterly-felt degradation of *Lancelot*, with the perfect knightliness of *Arthur*; but the descriptions of *Sir Gawaine*, *Sir Tristram*, and *Sir Galahad*, read well even beside the *Idylls*.

Every one knows that the *Idylls* are in blank verse, a measure of peculiar difficulty. Mr. Tennyson is a great master of the technicalities of versification. His industry is equal to his genius. Only consider how he has re-touched, abbreviated, and altered the poems, originally so laughed at by the *Quarterly*, until they now stand in their eleventh edition upon Mr. Moxon's counter, one of the glories of English literature. In the whole of "*Tennyson's Poems*," we remember but one false rhyme.

"No memory labours longer from the deep
 Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
 That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
 To gather and tell o'er."

A somewhat minute inspection of the *Idylls* has given us the same impression. Once or twice we have the oversight of a rhyming termination—

"And page, and maid, and squire, and squire,
 And pastime both of hawk and hound, and all
 That appertains to goodly maintenance."

Done you more wrong; we both have
undergone
 That trouble which has left me thrice your
own."

Exquisite as is Mr. Tennyson's blank verse, we have long been of opinion that structurally it is not quite of the highest order. It wants the meandering circlet within circlet of music, the prolongation of melody, that saves the ear from disappointment by not allowing it to pause invariably upon the unrhymed termination of the line. Shakspeare's blank verse possesses one other dainty secret to which we referred in a former article, the carrying on of the alliteration from line to line, as, for instance, in the opening of the *Midsummer's Night Dream*.

We wish Mr. Tennyson would study Shakspeare with a special view to this. We know how closely he has read some of the Elizabethan poets. For instance, the measure of his "In Memoriam," now so popular, was thus acquired. Read these lines—

" Though beauty be the mark of praise,
 And your's of whom I sing, be such
 As not the world can praise too much,
 Yet 'tis your virtue now I praise.
 This subjects you to love of one."

" Wherein you triumph yet, because
 'Tis of yourself and that you use
 The noblest freedom, not to choose
 Against or faith, or honour's laws."

" But who could less expect from you
 In whom alone love lives again?
 By whom he is restored to men,
 And kept, and lov'd, and brought up true."

Most persons who casually heard these verses would exclaim "Tennyson." But they are from an elegy by Ben Jonson.

We pass, in conclusion, only for a few moments, from this minute inspection of the columns to the general conception of the whole building. All the world admires the great parable. What is its interpretation? Is Arthur, as some will have it, conscience *objectified* (as the Germans say), and are the other figures, virtues and vices, faculties and passions? Such questions will often arise with the writings of great poets. If they could be answered categorically (as one can

point out Giant Pope and Morality in Bunyan, or the lizard and the flute in Mr. Adam's "Distant Hills)," it would be as plain as a pike-staff, and the poet would cease to be great incontinently. This is analogously true of Revelation. There is a school which can never be content without historical particularization. Sebastopol must be Armageddon, the earthquake must be Figs, Bacon, Indigo and Blue, smashing in 1850. The three frogs must be Papists, Puseyites, and German sceptics. Yet are not these groups much grander as perpetual types and prophecies than as isolated specks on the map of history? So with these creations of poetry. No poet ever really sat down to write saying "Arthur is conscience." One Edmund Spenser indeed tells us that he disposed his "Faerie Queen to fashion xii. moral virtues;" but we simply do not believe him.

But this much we will read for ourselves. Ever since the *Morte d'Arthur*, Arthur has been haunting Mr. Tennyson as the ideal of a gentleman—

" Yet in sleep I seem'd
 To sail with Arthur under looming shores.
 There came a bark that, blowing forward,
 bore
 King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
 And all the people cried,
 'Arthur is come back again; he cannot die.
 Come again, and thrice as fair.'"

The perfect gentleman, like Arthur, is apt to have the unsuspectingness at which Vivian sneers, to form to himself pictures of human excellence and incorruptibility, alas! to be marred and broken, as Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristram and Iseult, broke up the glory of the Round Table. This is needful to make him perfectly gentle, to lead him to the full acceptance of the Christian scheme.

" Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
 And so thou lean on our fair Father Christ;
 Hereafter in that world where all are pure,
 We, too, may meet before high God."

But the rain is over; the sky has wept itself out like repentance, and the sun comes forth, like hope, with light unspeakable and full of glory. Let us walk out and be glad. Arthur's hope for Guinevere is our's for ourselves.

THE CZAR AND THE SCEPTIC.

It was in 1829. Government despatches affirmed that Diebitsch's army had achieved a great success, and that Silistria was in their hands.

But official news is not always implicitly believed when and where unofficial newsmongers are gagged.

"Holy Russia for ever! the troops are in Silistria."

"Before it, Batushka, you mean to say."

"Before it! inside it: I say what I mean."

"Inside it! outside it: under correction still."

"Correction you may well say; I repeat it, inside."

"And, I repeat it, out."

"I have seen the despatch."

"What, the government version?"

"The government, to be sure."

"Nothing less sure, I assure you."

"What? less sure than the government story."

"All stories may be told two ways."

"But one way is true, the other false."

"Precisely, and I mistrust the latter."

"But the real truth is, the troops are in."

"The real truth is, the troops are out."

"In, I say."

"Out, I say."

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

In private saloons, in clubs, in cafés, at table-d'hôtes, on change, and on the Perspective-Nevskoi, might such wranglings have been heard. In the Gastinnoi-Dvor, and in the vodki shops, there was more unanimity; the "black people's" wish was less doubtfully father to their thought; with their unquestioning as well as unquestionable patriotic prejudice, Holy Russia must have won, and Diebitsch must, for certain, be holding Silistria for the Gossudar, for our Lord the Czar.

There was a French gentleman, Monsieur De la Jobardière, shall I call him? whose mistrust of official bulletins had, perhaps not unreasonably, grown with his growth. *Russian Invalids*, *Northern Bees*, or whatever may have been, in 1829, the accredited organs

of the Imperial Government, were to his mind so many miserable imitations of his native *Moniteur*, the feebleness of whose inventions, however, as compared with those of that great Gallic organ of mendacity, consisted not in the absence of mendaciousness. Monsieur De la Jobardière was, himself, very much spilt, '*très répandu*' in certain social circles of St. Petersburg, to borrow an image from his own vernacular; and thus it came to pass, that being gifted, as is not unusual amongst his fellow-countrymen, with a considerable flow of words, he was enabled to spill the ink of denegation far and wide upon the spotless page of these same disputed government despatches.

"Hold it to yourself for said, my good friends," he would insist; "your government wishes to throw you the powder in the eyes. It is one '*canard*,' one duck; how you say? this great news of Silistria. That poor sir of a Diebitsch, he kick his heel, what? outside still; and the Turk be safe and snug inside as one rat in a cheese, eh?"

Now, De la Jobardière had his entries in "saloons diplomatic," as he would himself have said; and was altogether a man who, chatterbox as he was, might yet be supposed to have access to certain channels of authentic information, at which the vulgar of St. Petersburg might not easily slake their thirst for information. His constant and confident affirmations of the falsehood of the victorious intelligence were not without a certain effect within the radius of his own social "effusion," and perhaps beyond it.

Monsieur De la Jobardière was a precise and somewhat ornate dresser: he was a chilly personage, in spite or because of his longish residence in the northern capital; he was also somewhat of a gastronome, particular as to the quality and regularity of his meals; he was, moreover, a sound sleeper.

So sound, indeed, that the heavy boot-tread of the feldjager, that hybrid between a police-officer and a government courier, failed to break

his slumbers on a certain night; nor was he roused from them until that functionary's rude hand had shaken his shoulder for a third time. Thereupon he started up to a sitting posture and unclosed his eyes, which closed again with sudden blink, at the glare of the lantern which the feldjager's other hand almost thrust into his face.

"Look sharp, sir!" said that official, "and come along."

"Come along, indeed! You are pleasant to my good fellow," quoth the sleepy Frenchman.

"Well, then, if you wont," retorted the ruthless invader of his slumbers, "my orders are positive," and he transferred his paw from the shoulder to the throat-band of Monsieur De la Jobardière's night-dress.

"*Laissez donc*, grand brutal," exclaimed that worthy; "let me at least get on my pantaloons," and he inserted his feet into the slippers by the bedside.

But, by "fatality," as he always said, "my cossack of a domestic, Ivan Petrovitch, had assisted at my dishabille, and had taken my clothes out with him to brush before I should rise 'of great morning' the next day."

"Let me ring my domestic, at least?" he inquired of the stolid feldjager.

"Ring bells and resist authorities?" he growled: "Come, come, sir, none of that."

And again his rough red hairy paw, was busy in proximity with the white throat of the finicking Frenchman.

"Quick, march! and not a word, or"——

"But it is unheard of, it is an infamy, a barbarism, an indecency!"

The scowl darkened upon the feldjager's unprepossessing countenance; it was more than evident that exposition and entreaty were alike in vain.

"Happily that I lose not my presence of mind in this terrible crisis, and draping myself hastily in the sheets and blanket, and eider-down quilt, I yield to destiny and follow that *coquin* of a feldjager downstairs, gentlemen; my faith! yes, downstairs to the *porte-cochère*. There what find we? A telega, kibitka, tarantass, what do I know? Some carriage of misfortune at the door, with its own door open, eh?"

It was even so. The night was

very dark and foggy; the rays from the carriage lamps added to the gleam of the feldjager's lantern gave but a dim light after all; but such as it was, its scintillations were reflected from the steel scabbards, spurs, and horsebits of a mounted cossack on either side; and dark amidst the darkness, the open carriage door yawned after the fashion of a tomb.

"Oh! by example," once more did De la Jobardière attempt to remonstrate, turning round, "here is what is a little strong. Do you figure yourself that I"——

He had one foot upon the carriage steps already, and one hand on the handle by the doorway; a muscular grip seized his other elbow. In an instant he was hoisted and pushed forward in, and the tail of the quilt was bundled in after him; and he felt that some one had vaulted on the front seat outside.

"Houpp la!" cried a hoarse voice; and three cracks of whips like pistol-shots made answer; and with a bound and a plunge the carriage darted onwards. He could hear the splashing gallop, through the slush and mud, of the mounted trooper, on the right hand and on the left.

"I try the windows, on this side, on that, in front, and I am quits of it for my pain. No means! I scream, I howl, I cry, I threaten that pig of feldjager that must hear in front. "The Embassy French shall have reason of this outrage! When I tell you there that I am not one of your nationals, but a Frrrench! Hear you? A Frrrench! Animal that you are! Imbecile of a Cossack, go! A Frrrench, then, I tell you, eh? Useless!—I pass to entreaty. Hear there, Ivan, Stephen, Nicholas, Sergius! My corporal, my serjeant, my lieutenant of police! Here is one billet of bank, that is to say, not here but there: in the pocket of that pantaloons, at home on the Morskaiia, you comprehend. A billet of twenty-five roubles: of fifty: of a hundred, say, how?"

"Again useless. Not a word; not a sign; he makes the deaf ear, that 'polisson de la police' outside.

"It is stronger than me. I am transported again of rage, of despair. I strike of the fist, of the foot, of the head at last against the panels of that carriage atrocious. Derision! My

efforts desesperating about to nothing. That minion of a despotism brutal mocks himself well of this agony. I have disarranged my drapery: and currents of air from the underneath of doors give my legs trances of cold.

"There is no remedy. I envelop myself once more of my eider-down, and resign myself to my destiny. I comprehend at last; all is lost for me. I see the Boulevards and the Champs-Élysées no more. 'Adieu Belle France!' I share the fate of the prisoners of the Moskowa, the destiny ingrate of the Olds of the Old. No means now to mistake oneself: I am in route for the Siberia. Unhappy that I am! If at least I could have come in pantaloons!"

Even those that have travelled them under more auspicious circumstances than the luckless De la Jobardiére have borne witness to the terrible condition of the Russian roads between late autumn and early winter. Bolt and bump, and thump and crash, swinging to this side, and swaying to that: with one wheel churning the liquid mud in a rut as deep as to the felloe, and the other apparently revolving in the empty air like the windward paddlewheel of a sea-going steam-packet in the trough of a rolling wave. Then a pitch and toss, fairly up and down, stem and stern, as if over a chopping sea, but petrified. Endless were the miseries endured by the victim inside the closed carriage, on cushions of which the hardness did not fail to make itself felt even through such folds of the eider-down as could be spared from the protection of the lower limbs from the pen-knife-like currents of air which came through the door chinks. How the feldjager kept his hard perch outside was a marvel to the man in his custody.

"They must have strapped him with a leather, or corded him to the bench for sure, that detestable Cossack," thought De la Jobardiére when he could spare a thought from his own deplorable condition. How long this voyage lasted he was never able to calculate. He lost all account of days in his excitement of agony and of despair. The same chinks which let in the aerial currents did indeed tell something of diurnal revolutions; for at one time they could be seen to admit some light-giving rays, at an-

other time only felt, thanks to those keen draughts which they admitted. There were no stoppages, except such momentary delays, fabulous in the shortness of their duration, as were necessary for the busy fingers of experienced post-boys to harness the horses, which were always to be heard neighing and snorting in readiness as they dashed up to the relays.

There was a sort of little trap or window, unglazed however, in the front panel of the carriage, through which the red and hirsute paw put in a ration of brown biscuit together with a little flask of vodki, and a mug of water now and then.

"Un affreux brûle gueule que ce vodki, Messieurs, one terrible burn-throat worse as the 'wiski' of the old Ireland, eh? Sometimes, of night too, for it make a black of wolf, 'un noir de loup,' as we say in France, he just open, half open, the carriage door, this Cossack, and put in one bowl of 'stchi,' with a spoon. Do you know what that is, one 'stchi?' A soup to cabbage, but with such seasonment! A ragout of barbarous, I tell you, to make a scullion cry! Well, I so hungry, I eat it, I devour it, I lick the spoon. Imagine you, I, De la Jobardiére, who was other times redactor, editor, what you say? of the 'Journal of Gormands' of Paris!"

On, and on, and on, through the darkness, mitigated or unmitigated by the kindly admissions of the chinks: on and on, till all reckoning of his time was utterly confused.

But all things have an end on earth here: and at last the carriage came to a dead stand-still, with its half-dead passenger inside.

It was at least as raw and as cold, as foggy and as disagreeable a night as that of the departure from St. Petersburg, when, for the first time, the carriage door was opened wide. Right and left stood a tall figure, indistinct in grey capote, with flat muffin cap to crown it; but the reflected lights ran up the barrel of a burnished musket. In the open doorway of a house, whence a red glow as of a cheerful fire came streaming out, stood another martial figure, in cocked hat, with feathers, and a green uniform with aiguillettes of an aide-de-camp. He raised his hand to the cocked hat in question after the military fashion of salute.

"Deign to descend, Monsieur."

"I am then at Tobolsk?"

"Of none, Monsieur, to the contrary."

"Where then? at Irkutsk?"

"Still less, Monsieur; pray give yourself the trouble to descend."

"I am hardly in that costume," objected De la Jobardière, "for that brutal of a feldjager"—

"Obeyed, I have no doubt, his orders to the letter; pray, Monsieur, descend," insisted the plumed aide-de-camp, with imperturbable gravity.

"This, then, is at last Siberia?"

"Siberia, Monsieur! by no manner of means."

"But where on earth then have I the misfortune to find myself,—excuse me,—the honour to make your distinguished acquaintance?"

"I have the distinguished honour," said the staff-officer, unwilling to be outdone in politeness by the Frenchman, "to receive Monsieur at the grand-guard of the head-quarters of His Imperial Majesty's army in Turkey, within the enceinte of the citadel of Silistria."

"Peste!" exclaimed De la Jobardière, "I begin to comprehend."

"Possibly," quoth the aide-de-camp.

"May I once more trouble Monsieur to descend?"

This last word was in a tone which admitted of no trifling.

With a mournful consciousness of the ludicrous appearance he presented that almost overpowered the weariness, the anxiety, the indignation which possessed him, De la Jobardière stepped out of his flying prison van, and followed the aide-de-camp into the guard-room. There, by a solid deal table, stood the feldjager, whose snub-nose and scrubby red moustache were henceforth impressed indelibly upon his captive's memory. An officer, whose bearing and appearance would, without the stars and medals upon his breast, have given to the most careless observer indication of high military command, was reading a despatch, apparently just handed to him by that functionary, the envelope of which he had thrown carelessly upon the table.

"A son Exc.

Le Maréchal Dieb"—

was all that, in his confusion, De la Jobardière was able to spell out.

"Monsieur De la Jobardière I presume!" said this officer with a glance of inquiry; but of perfect gravity.

"The same, Monsieur le Maréchal," faltered the owner of the appellation.

"What officer has the grand rounds to-night?" he next inquired, turning towards a group of officers in the background.

"Major Razumoffski, of the Orenburg artillery brigade," answered one of their number, with the accustomed salute.

"Is he mounted?"

"And at the door, General."

"Let one of his orderlies dismount, and let Monsieur De la Jobardière have his horse."

"But consider a little, Maréchal, this costume—or, I may say, this want of it"—

"Is, no doubt, a regrettable circumstance, sir; but orders, sir, superior orders, excuse me; the grand rounds should be starting—you will be good enough to mount, and to accompany the Major."

There was no help for it; that stolid feldjager was holding the dismounted trooper's nag at the door with unmoved countenance. Upon the less impassible trooper's own Tartar physiognomy, however, was something like a grin. A frown from the feldjager suppressed it, as poor De la Jobardière scrambled into the saddle, and endeavoured to make the best arrangement of the blanket possible, to keep the damp night air from his bare shins. The quilt he clutched convulsively round him with his right hand, while the left tugged at the bridle of his rough and peppery little Baschkir steed. It has a very wide enceinte, that fortress of Silistria; and the Major likewise visited several outlying pickets. He rode at a sharp pace from post to post, and the roads, streets, and lanes were execrable.

"Equitation is not my forte you know, my good friends; and a Tartar trooper's saddle, that is something—oh! to be felt if to be known. It was one long agony, 'that nocturnal ride.' I thought it, at little thing near as long as that desolating journey of jolts to Silistria. Day was beginning to point, as we drew up once more to the guard-room door."

The Frenchman shuddered on perceiving that the carriage with nine

horses, harnessed three abreast, stood ready there as they rode up.

"The Marshal," said the polite aide-de-camp, his first acquaintance, "bids me to express to Monsieur that he is desolated not to have the opportunity of offering to Monsieur such poor hospitality as the head-quarters of a captured fortress can afford. But Monsieur will understand the importance of taking 'to the foot of the letter,' as his countrymen express it, instructions—superior instructions, he will comprehend. The military code upon such a point is absolute. And I have the honour," with a significant gesture towards the gaping carriage-door, "to wish Monsieur a 'bon voyage.'"

Bang! went that odious door again; again was the weight of the clambering feldjager felt to disturb the equilibrium of the carriage for a moment; again did the hoarse voice shout—"houpp la;" again did the three whip-cracks emulate the sharp report of pistol-shots; again a bound, again a plunge; again the carriage darted onwar~~d~~ and again might be heard through slush and mud the splashing gallop of the mounted trooper right and left.

Why let the tale of De la Jobardièrè's misery be twice told? All, all was the same as before. The bumps, the thumps, the bolts, the crashes, the pitching and tossing, the swaying to-and-fro, the currents of air, the darkness and the struggling rays of light, the bits of brown biscuit, the sips of vodka, the occasional bowls of stchi—all were repeated—all, as before, jumbled and confused together in sad and inextricable reminiscence.

But when the carriage stopped again for good, and when its door was once more opened wide, the portico was loftier and the staircase of wider sweep, than at La Jobardièrè's own hotel door on the Morskaïa. It was night again, and it was again damp, and cold, and foggy; but a clear illumination rendered unnecessary the lantern of the feldjager or the glimmer of the carriage-lamps. Within the doorway on either side stood in full-dress uniform two non-commissioned officers of the famous Preobajenski Grenadiers.

A gentleman in a full-dress cut-away, with black satin tights and silk stockings to correspond, with broad

silver buckles in his shoes, a chain of wide silver links round his neck, a silver key on his left coat-tail, and a straight steel-handled sword by his side, bowed courteously to De la Jobardièrè, and begged him to follow him upstairs.

Treading noiselessly upon velvet-pile carpets, he led the way through a spacious ante-room, into an apartment where all the light was furnished by a lamp with a ground-glass shade, which stood upon a bureau strewn with books and papers, at which a stately figure in undress uniform was writing busily. Although its back were turned, the breadth of loin and shoulder, the length and upright carriage of the back, the powerful but graceful setting upon the neck of the well-formed head, all revealed at once and beyond a doubt to the astonished Frenchman in what presence he stood—"C' était de plus fort en plus fort, voyez vous messieurs. A peine si j' en pouvais plus."

The usher advanced, bowed, spoke a word at the stately figure's ear, bowed again, drew back, and left the room.

The Czar wheeled round his chair, half rose, and made a dignified half-bow. Poor De la Jobardièrè folded his cider-down around him, and made a profound obeisance.

"Monsieur De la Jobardièrè," said that august personage, with just the least suspicion of a smile curling the corners of his imperial lip, "I am informed that you have recently visited Silistria?"

An obeisance deeper and more dejected.

"Had you there, may I inquire, an opportunity of visiting the citadel and of inspecting the military posts?"

A third obeisance, in the deep a lower depth.

"And you found them in full occupation by our imperial troops? May I request an answer expressed explicitly?"

"I found them so, your Majesty."

"Ah! that is well. Not but what I myself have had full confidence in Diebitsch; but people will be so sceptical at times. Would you believe it, there are rumours current that even now in certain salons of St. Petersburg, the taking of Silistria is doubted in the teeth of the despatches?"

What could the hapless Frenchman do but bow down once again.

"However, I am glad to have unofficial and independent testimony from an actual eye-witness. You are certain the Marshal is in undisputed military possession?"

"I am certain of it, your Majesty."

"Thank you, Monsieur De la Jobardière, I will not detain you longer; I wish you a good evening." And turning round to his desk again his august interlocutor touched a little bell. The usher appeared again, and with the same courteous solemnity of demeanour showed Monsieur De la Jobardière down stairs.

An aide-de-camp came tripping down just as the Frenchman's foot was on the carriage-step.

"Monsieur De la Jobardière," he said, "you are an old enough resident in St. Petersburg to know that there are occasions on which it is wise to be discreet about state affairs. But I have it in command from his Imperial Majesty to inform you that as you have so recently yourself had occasion to visit Silistria there can be no possible objection to your stating in general society that you found the citadel, the fortress, and the city garrisoned by his Imperial Majesty's troops."*

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. X.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR; OR, QUAKERS AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

AFTER dining at the British Hotel, I sauntered as usual into the smoking room, where I found the Senator, Mr. Peabody, and many others, whom it was difficult to distinguish in the fragrant cloud that filled the apartment. "Well, Mr. Shegog," said the Senator to me, "the old and the new year are now about to shake hands together, as the Lord Mayor and his successor did on the 9th of November last. The former abdicated the throne, after a brief tenure of office, and surrendered his mace and insignia to the new incumbent. Both he and his pageantry have passed away, and are already forgotten. His court, and his parasites alone remain, and they are transferred to the new magnate, who in his turn will play his part as civic sovereign, and in twelve short months retire and be lost among the crowd who have 'passed the chair.' What a picture of life is this! At his official dinners, like those of royalty, are to be found ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, chancellors, judges, commanders-in-chief of the army, lords of the admiralty, *et hoc genus omne*. The guests praise and ridicule the possessor of power, as is their wont, and as soon as he is *func-*

tus officio pay the same courteous, but insincere homage to his successor. An ex Lord Mayor and a dethroned king know how to estimate mankind at their true value, better than any other people in the world. Those who condescend to accept the invitations, and receive the hospitalities of the former, affect, as soon as he retires into private life, to forget both him and his name; and those whom the latter delighted to honour, while they retain the rank and titles he conferred upon them, ascribe their success to their own merits, and feel that but little gratitude is due for a mere act of justice. As the old year was, so will be the new. There is a general similarity in them all. One is marked by war, and another by peace: this by the death of a king, and that by the accession of an heir or an usurper, and both are varied by an irregular course of monetary or political panics—strikes—rebellions in the east or west—reform bills, Agitators like O'Connell, Bright, Wat Tyler, and Smith O'Brien; shocking Irish assassinations, lamentable suicides, or awful shipwrecks. What has been will occur again annually."

"Zackly," said Peabody; "but that

* The writer of this anecdote refuses to be responsible for its historical exactitude.

only happens in Europe. We are more sensible in our great country. What turns up this year in England, don't happen in the United States but once in four years; an' the things you have totted up as the incidents of the past twelve months, are mere by-play there, and give just excitement enough to show that Jonathan is alive. One administration, it is true, follows another here, like a flock of geese, Indian file; and folks think the nation is getting ruined all the time. Now Derby is in, and some say England is going to the bad, for he won't give a vote to those he don't deem fit for it. Then Palmerston succeeds him, and t'other side vows that he will upset every thing, for he will lower the franchise below what is safe, and increase the number of representatives, so that no room in the city will hold half of them. Then some say that Lord John Russell, who bids at a political auction (where long credit is given on renewable paper), like a feller that has no real capital to trade on, is going to destroy the constitution by letting in just as many outsiders, as will swamp all the real estate in the kingdom, and to my mind they ain't far out in their reckoning either. No man need tell me after seeing him, that bleeding ain't good for the human frame. That man's feelings are so tender, and his innards are so thin-skinned, his heart has been bleeding without stopping for thirty years, for the unrepresented class. It would have bust its boiler long ago, if that large safety-valve hadn't been fixed in him originally hard and fast. What a wonderfully-constructed system he must have, for his heart to have sustained such a continued drain of blood from it; and great as the demand has been, the supply has always been equal to it. He looks as well (indeed, some folks say better), than ever he did. The tears also that he has shed over small Boroughs, especially those of the Tories, would actilly float a river steamer; still there are fellows who say he is a dangerous and venturesome critter, and that he is too small a man to wade into such troubled waters as those of reform. Then there is John Bright the Quaker, everybody says that fellow is a republican, double-dyed in the wool, and I believe he would revolutionize this country if it warn't for

his temper—Quakers have no means to let off the steam like other folks—it's agin their creed to fight. If you give one on 'em a sack-dolager under the ear he is in duty bound to turn round and say, 'try your hand on the other side, my friend, will you?' They are made of the same stuff as other folks, and have the same feelings and passions, and commonly are a little grain stronger, too, from being temperate and keeping good hours (for that saves both fire and candles); but they have, in a general way, to bite in their breath, and gulp down their rage; and it nearly sets them hoppin', ravin', distracted mad. I have often expected to see them explode, for they have to look as calm and mild as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, and cheese wouldn't choke them. They can't relieve the pressure by swearing either, which I must say is a great privilege, for it's like a spoonful of cold water thrown into a maple sugar kettle, it stops the bilin' over in a minute. Nothin' does an angry man so much good as that."

"Now, Mr. Peabody," said the Senator, "don't talk nonsense that way; you know I don't like to hear such assertions; and more than that, you don't approve of that abominable practice yourself. It is a shocking and disgusting habit; but unlike most other objectionable things, it has not one redeeming quality about it."

"I am not approving of it," he replied, "as you well know. I am only talking of it as a man of the world; but when you say it has no one redeeming quality about it you go to the other extreme," and he gave me a sly wink, to intimate that he was only drawing his friend out for his amusement. "It does let the steam off, that's a fact. Now, hot iron is not a redeeming thing, as you call it, and yet it is necessary to burn out the pyson of a snake. But for the matter of that, I have heard as good a Quaker as ever you see, one of the real Foxites (and there could not have been a better founder for that sect than a Fox, for they are as sly as ere a Reynard that ever cleared a hen roost), swear like a Mississippi rowdy, make your hair stand on end, and stiffen it so, you could no more smooth it than a grove of pines. I have, upon my soul."

"Mr. Peabody, all I can say," re-

joined the Senator (and he appeared by the emphatic way he used the word *Mister* to intimate that he disapproved of his style of conversation), "all I can say is, he must have been an impostor and not a real member of the Friends, for a more moral, discreet, and respectable sect is not to be found in our great nation. Altho' I differ from them in their religious notions, I entertain the highest opinion of them, both individually and collectively. So universal, indeed, is this feeling among us, that unprincipled men adopt their dress and use their phraseology, for the purpose of deception, knowing that, as a body, they are men of great probity, and that the word of a Quaker is as good as his bond."

"Yes," said Peabody; "but if his bond is no good, and his word is equal to that, how much is his word worth? Try it by the Rule of Three and the answer is nil. Now, were you acquainted with old Jacob Coffin, of Nantucket, the great whaler?"

"I was," said the Senator, "and a more honourable, upright, and pious man was not to be found in the United States. I do not know any one that stood higher in the estimation of the public, or of the Society, of which he was a member and an honour."

"Well," said Peabody, "the way he swore was a caution to a New Orleans witness, and they can swear through a nine-inch plank. I have heard a western stage-driver go it: and it isn't every one that can ditto him I can tell you; well, he could afford to give them four moves a-head, and beat them both at their own game. I'll explain to you how I found him out. A sailor, you know, always fancies farming, for it is the natural occupation of man—ploughing the deep turns his mind to ploughing the land. He gets tired of the ocean arter a while, and longs for terry firmy, and he has visions of a cottage with a nice verandah to walk in in wet weather, or to enjoy his cigar, and a splendiferous gall for a wife, with cheeks of white and red roses crushed on them—perfection of complexion—in rig, a rael fore and after, and in lines, a doll of a clipper, all love and affection, for old Whalebone to splice with. Then, he imagines a brook, with pastures leading down to it, and cows coming and asking to be

milked, and four-year-old sheep turning up their great heavy fat runps to him to admire their mutton. He indulges the idea that he is to have a splendid avenue of Pole beans from the front gate to the cottage, and his bungalow, as he calls it (for he has been in the East Indies), is to be covered with Virginia creeper and the multiflora rose; and he fancies an arbour in his garden shaded with hops, where he can invite an old seasarpernt of a captain like himself, who has doubled Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope times without number, to come and converse with him (which means swapping lies and getting half drunk). Then he sees in the picture he has drawn, some little harpooners such as he was once himself, with rosy cheeks and curling locks hanging down their backs (before the horrid quaker sheep-shears clip them off), running about him, asking to sit on his knee and listen to his yarns about the flying Dutchman, savages that eat naughty children, the rivers of Jamaica that are all pure rum, and the hills that are rael clarified white sugar. Then he prides himself on the notion that he is to astonish his neighbours, that he is to have a sheep or two in the pasture from the Cape, with tails so heavy that they will require a little pair of wheels to carry them, a Brahmin cow that gives no milk, a Thibet goat whose fleece is something between wool, cotton, silk, and hair, and a Lapland deer that the natives use to draw their sleighs with, while the hall of his bungalow, is to be decorated with stuffed birds, beautiful conch shells, Chinese idols, South Sea weapons, and foreign pipes of all sorts, sizes, and tubes. Well, Jacob Coffin used to keep himself warm, when his ship was frozen up in the north, a-thinking of this ideal gall and all this castle building, and arter coming home with a'most a noble cargo of sperm ile and whalebone, and feeling rich and sponisible, and able to carry out his plans, he puts his affairs into a shipbroker's hands, and off he goes full chisel on a courtin trip to Philadelphia. Pennsylvania, you know, is the head quarters of the Friends, tho' some on 'em are what we call wet Quakers, too: that is, not overly strict about dress, and he picks out a'most a heavenly splice, and marries her right off the reel. She was too

young for him by a long chalk, but he consaited he warn't too old for her, a mistake elderly gents often make ; and this I will say, a more angel-eferous crittur was not to be found in all the universal United States. No, not even in Connecticut itself, which is famed all over the world for its galls and its pumpkins. Lick, warn't she a whole team and a horse to spare, making a man's heart beat so to look at her, as to bust his waistcoat buttons off. Oh, Jerusalem, what perfection of female beauty she was ! You could have tracked her all the way from Philadelphia to Nantucket, for every body was talking of the beautiful blooming Quakeress that old Dead Eyes the Whaler had married. Well, as soon as he got home, he bought a farm, and built his bungalow, and realized the visions that had haunted him during many a long voyage, and many a long night on the ocean. Well, things all went on smooth and comfortable as far as the world could see. She developed into a still handsomer woman, until she grew into an angel a'most ; and he grew prouder and more pompious than ever, only folks thought he was more strict and more rigid, and a little grain crosser. He looked as sweet as ever tho', when he showed in public ; but even sweet cider will ferment and turn so hard you have to hold your breath while you swallow it, for fear it would cut your throat. Well, what onder the sun is the use of dreams, for in a general way they certainly do go by *contraries* ; at all events, it was so with Jacob Coffin. The verandah he expected to have enjoyed so much was built of green wood, and shrunk so like old Scratch, it leaked like a sieve, and he couldn't make no use of it in wet weather ; the scarlet-runners only took to runnin' when the heat of summer was over ; the hop-arbour was so damp it gave him the ague, and he couldn't sit in it ; the roses and Virginia creeper harboured ice, lice, and mice, and turned out a regular-built nuisance ; while his neighbour's dogs killed his Cape sheep, and the Lapland deer jump'd the fence and raced off due north, for them and wild geese know the points of compass, by nateral instinct ; the Brahmin cow had to be shot, for it had killed one of his children ; the brook took it into it's head to rebel, burst it's bound and floated

off his hay and oats, and all his little water-wheels for turning his grindstone, churning his butter, and so on ; his four-year-old wethers were stolen by the steward of a New York coaster, that put in there for shelter. There was no end to his troubles. His young harpooners during his absence made playthings of his idols, stuffed birds, and other trophies ; his wife had the ague when he got home, and was so cold she did nothing but shiver and chatter ; and he was so cross-grained and unkind to her, she gave up her 'thee's and thou's' and took to calling him an old Grampus, a spouting-whale, a black fish, a solan goose, and a boatswain bird, with a marlin spike stuck into him behind instead of a tail. The last time he returned from Baffin's Bay he found the young Quakeress had gone on a voyage of discovery on her own hook. She was on the boards at New Orleans, and had changed her name from Coffin to Madam Fincoff ; she was the *star* of the south (And deserved the *stripes*, said the Senator, sternly). Well, old Jacob had to gulp all this down, for he was a *Quaker ashore then*. If he had been to sea at the time, depend upon it he would have nipped out some words that ain't easy to translate into English, I can tell you. I can't say I pitied old Broadbrim much either, for youth is youth, and age is age, and they don't harmonize well together in matrimony. Youth has its pleasures as well as its duties ; but Age don't sympathize with the pursuits of the other. It wants to make them consider duty a pleasure ; and that ain't in the natur of things to unite them in one. Duty first and pleasure after ; or, pleasure first and duty after, just as you like. But come what will, relaxation and recreation must be allowed. Quakers, like Jacob Coffin, think women were made for them, and them only, and not for themselves at all. Now, Eve was made not to work for Adam, because things grew spontaneously in their garden, but to keep him company and to talk to him ; and if there was any thing to do, depend upon it she coaxed or smiled, or cried or worried him into it. It was 'Adam put the kettle on' in those days, and not 'Polly,' as in our time. She had a tongue given her for the special purpose of beguiling his weary hours with chat, and one

that could lubricate itself, and go on for ever without stopping. Now, Jacob ought to have thought of this before he married that gall. He might have known if you put a young colt into a stall, tie it up and feed it there, first its fetlocks take to swellin', and then its legs, and then its appetite goes, and it pines away to a skeleton. You must turn it out to grass, and let it kick up its heels. It is innocent play natur intends for it. He ought to have borne in mind what that poor thing had to endure, that knew she was the queen of beauty and the queen of hearts too, stored up in such an outlandish place as that. If he had had a heart in him, he might have recollected that he had transplanted that bloomin' rose tree from the sunny banks of the Delaware, and stuck it into the cold soil and uncongenial climate of Nantucket; that he left her alone there six months in the year to pine like a bird in a cage, or to flutter against its bars, in a place, too, where she only saw snuffy old olive-coloured men, or drabby, grubby, weather-beaten old women—broad-brimmed ongainly hats, or horrid old poke bonnets, only fit for cats to kitten in, and where she only heard of the price of sperm or whalebone, or sugar or molasses, or of the degeneracy of the age, and the idleness of the maidens. If she went into the town, she was nearly pysoned by the crew of some newly-arrived whaler, whose clothes and yeller cotton water-proofs smelt so of ile, she expected the flames of spontaneous combustion to break out every minute, while they, in their turn, stared at her as sailors only can stare, who are accustomed to strain their eyes lookin' out a-head for reefs, shoals, or icebergs. Is it any wonder she got out of the cage and flew off south? To my mind it was the most nateral thing in natur.

"That's the pictur of *the Quaker ashore*, but when I saw him it was '*the Quaker afloat*,' and that's a critter of another colour, you may depend. I'll tell you how I came to see him on board of his ship. It was just arter the vamoosing of his wife. The Governor of the State of Maine, who is a great lumberer on the Kennebec, and employs a regiment of loggers in the winter a cutten and a haulen of spars and pine butts to the headwaters of that river, and also the St.

John's (indeed the Timber vote put him in as governor), wrote to me to buy him some very powerful heavy cattle for his business. Having heard that old Jacob Coffin had two yoke of splendiferous oxen, away I went to Nantucket, as fast as I could, for fear he would be off before I could see him. As soon as I arrived I went straight to his 'bungalow.' It was kept by his sister, an old maid, who looked like a dried apple that had been halved, cored, pipt, and hung in the sun to dry, to make her keep for winter sauce; stew her in cider, and she might become soft, and with the aid of Muscovado sugar might be made (if not sweet—for that was onpossible) tender enough for a tart. Lord, what a queer-lookin critter she was, skin and bone was never half so thin. She wore a square poke bonnet as big as a coal-scuttle, to avoid the stares of admiring young Quakers, and to save her complexion, as a nigger wench does to avoid bronzin her skin. It was ontied onder the chin, and set loose to keep off the dust. Her skin was the colour of a smoked, dried salmon, and her teeth, which stod out apart from each other, as if each was afraid the other would make love to it, resembled rusty nails sticking into a fence-post arter the rail had fallen off from decay. Her nose was pinched as tight as if it had just come out of a vice; her chin turned up short and economical, like a napkin to protect her dress while eating. The pupils of her eyes were large and of a gray colour, and had the power of contraction like those of a cat. Her upper lip was graced with a few black straggling hairs that described a curve, and then looked as if they had taken root again, like the branches of a Banyan tree. Her gown was tucked up on each side into a wisp and run thro' her pocket-holes, disclosing a shining green shalloon petticoat. Her stockings were home-made, with open worked docks, that displayed to admiring eyes the red morocco skin underneath; while her shoes, manufactured at Salem (what Quakeress would wear one that warn't made there?), fitted tight, and had high heels (all small women wear them—they put them up higher in the world.) Her breast was covered with transparent starched muslin, thro' which you could see a mahogany-

coloured flat chest—she was a caution to a scarecrow I tell you. Thinks I, 'old gall, if you would take off your ongainly bonnet and stick it under your gown behind for a bustle, or stiffen out your petticoats like a Christian, or put on half-a-dozen of 'em, as the French galls to Canada do, it would improve every thing but your mug most uncommonly, for now you looks for all the world like a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs and no body, and a head that is as round as a cannon-ball. 'How are you, aunty?' sais I. 'I am not thy aunt,' she said, 'what does thee mean?' 'It's merely a word of consolation,' sais I, 'it's a way I have, I always use kind words to every one.' 'Thee had better use words of truth,' she replied. There was no danger of any fellow running off with her to New Orleans, I tell you, for old Jacob, like many other fools, had run from one extreme to another. While I was a thinkin this intarnally, she began to talk to herself aloud—'What dirty people Jacob brings here,' she said, 'before he goes to sea—what a mess the house is in! it will take a week to clean it up and make it look tidy again, I must call the maiden Ruth to set things to rights;' and she screamed out at the tip eend of her voice—'Ruth-ee—Ruthee-ee'—in one long-continued yell, like that of a hyæna. Gracious! it rang in my ears for a week. Then she seized a broom and leaned on it as she stood in the middle of the sanded floor, which was covered with the eends of cigars, tobacco, broken pipes, and all sorts of nasty things, for she had no idee of defilin' her keeping room, with its boughten carpets, by lettin' common folks into it. She was a perfect picture, I assure you, as she stood there on the centre of the room a restin' on her broom. 'What may thy business be, friend?' she said. 'I am not a friend,' sais I, 'but a stranger; thee had better use words of truth,' giving her back her own words. 'Well, stranger,' then she said, not colouring up, for her natural complexion was deeper than blushes or blood rushes, 'what may thy business be?' 'To see the man the world calls Jacob Coffin,' sais I. 'Then thee had better make haste,' she replied, 'for he is going to sea, and is getting up his sails now. Look out of the window and thee will see the ship.'

With that she began in an all-fired hurry to sweep away like mad, and she raised such a cloud of dust it was a caution to a whirlwind—it nearly choked me; so I walked up to her to shake hands and bid good by, but the dust got into my eyes and nose, and I sneezed like a buffalo in a driftin' sand. It was a rael snorter, I tell you. Lord! it blew her great dingy bonnet right slap off her head, loosened her hair (which was only twisted up and fastened with a comb), and let it down on her shoulders, like the mane of a wild Pampas horse. It nearly threw her over, for she staggered back till the wall fetched her up, and then she stood and glared at me like a tiger; but she was clear grit and no mistake; she never said a word, but bit in her breath and choked her temper down, and she didn't swear, tho' she looked uncommonly like doing so, and no mortal man will ever make me believe, when she was alone with her Quaker house-help, that she didn't let the steam off with a rush—at least, she called out again to the maiden, 'Ruth-ee, Ruth-ee-ee.' Her voice was as shrill as a railway whistle—it fairly pierced the drum of my ears. I couldn't stand it twice, so I cut stick and off hot foot for the harbour. She was in a blessed humour, I tell you, and if Ruth hadn't a tempestical time of it that day, then there are no snakes in Varginy. When I reached the harbour, I got a boat and pushed off for the whaler 'Quahog,' the anchor of which they were just heaving up. When I went below into the cabin, there was Jacob, the very pictur of Christian meekness, forgiveness, and resignation, a writing a letter for the crew of a shore-boat to take back with them. When he had written it, he turns to me and says, 'well, friend Peabody, what may thy business be—be quick, for we are just off.' So I ups and tells him I wanted his big black yoke of oxen, and the speckled pair also, and asked him the price. 'Two hundred and fifty dollars a yoke,' sais he, 'thee can't ditto them no where in all the United States, for beauty, size, weight, and honest draught.' 'I can't give it,' I replied. 'No harm done,' sais he; and while we were chaffering he peels off his white choker and replaces it with a coarse yarn comforter, doffs his broad-brim and puts on a torpo-

lein sou'-wester; his drab vest and slips on a calf-skin waistcoat dressed with the hair on; his strait-collared, cut-away drab coat, with large buttons, and mounts a heavy blue pea-jacket. It must have been made, I guess, by a Chinese tailor, for, tho' bran new, it had a large patch of the same cloth on each elbow; then he slips off his olive-coloured breeches, and draws on a thick coarse pilot pair of trousers, and over them stout and monstrous heavy fisherman's boots. 'Come, be quick,' said he, 'what will thee give for the cattle.' 'Two hundred and twenty-five dollars a yoke,' sais I, 'and it's the final bid, and they are to be paid for on your return.' 'Done,' said he, 'write out the order for delivery, and I'll sign it.' Well, then he onlocks a great sea chest, and takes out a pair of 'knuckle-dusters' and puts them on to his sledge-hammer fists——"

"What are they, Mr. Peabody?" I inquired, "for in all my travels I never saw or heard of such gloves as those."

"Why," said Peabody, "they are jointed iron things that strap on to the back of the hands, and extend over the knuckles, having knobby projections on them. Inside they are lined with leather to save your own bones when you strike with them. They are awful persuaders, I tell you, and leave your brand wherever you strike—skin, flesh, and cheek-bone give way before them, as if they were mashed by a hammer. Well, when he had fitted on those black kids, and buckled on a waist-belt, there he stood lookin' a plaguy sight more like a pirate than a Quaker, I tell you. Then he roared out in a voice of thunder—"Steward! steward!—pass the word forward there for the steward." Presently in runs the critter, like a dog that's whistled for, answerin' all the way as he came—"ay, ay, sir." "You darned lubberly rascal," said old Jacob, "what's the reason you ain't making ready for my breakfast?" The fellow was dumb-founded and awfully taken aback, like a vessel under full sail when the wind shifts round on a sudden, and she is thinking of going down stern foremost. He was fairly onfackilized; he couldn't believe in the transmutation he saw, of the sleek, composed, neat-dressed, smooth-faced shore-going Quaker, into the slaver-

like captain that stood before him, dressed as a '*Quaker afloat*.' If he couldn't trust his eyes neither could he believe his ears, when he heard the good man swear. He stood starin' like a stuck pig, with his mouth wide open. 'Do you hear me,' said Jacob, in a voice that must have reached his sister's ears ashore, and he stamped on the cabin-floor with his hob-nailed boot, in a way that you could see the print of it as plain as a wood-cut. 'Friend,' said he, an imitation of himself when ashore, and lowerin' his tone, as he must have done when courtin', 'let me wake thee up, for verily thee is asleep,' and he hit him a blow with his knuckle-dusters under the ear that not only knocked him down, but made him turn a somerset; and as he threw up his legs in going over he fetched him a kick with the toe of his heavy boot that was enough to crush his crupper bone. 'Cuss your ugly pictur,' he said, 'I'll teach you how to wake snakes and walk chalks, I know, before our voyage is ended.' You may depend the steward didn't remain to stare a second time, but puttin' one hand where he got the blow, and the other where he got the kick, he absquotulated in no time, singing out as he mounted the steps, pen and ink, like a dog that's hit with a stone. 'What do you think of that old hoss,' said he, addressin' me. 'I think the spirit moved you that time, and no mistake,' sais I, 'but it was the spirit of the devil; you are the first swearing quaker I ever saw, and I hope I shall never set eyes upon another. Creation, man, what made you act arter that fashion, to that poor inoffensive crittur?' If I was to take my davy of what I have seen when I went ashore, no livin' soul would believe me. 'Friend Peabody,' said he, 'did thee ever see a "*Quaker afloat*" before?' 'Never,' said I. 'So I thought, or thee would not be surprised.' He replied, 'Friend, our sect is a religious denomination.' 'So I should think,' said I; but he went on, 'a meek, peaceable, passive, resistant, long-suffering people.' 'If that steward,' sais I, 'goes to Baffin's Bay along with you, he'll beat any Quaker in all creation in long suffering, and no mistake.' He smiled, but went on, 'It is a sect that pertaineth to the land and not to the sea. A Friend is no more fit to command a ship than

a bishop. Both are out of place afloat. Lawn sleeves would first get covered with tar, and then be blown into ribbons, and a broad-brimmed hat would fly over board in no time. When afloat we must dispense with our land-tacks, and lay aside our distinctive dress. We are among a different race from those who inhabit cities or till the land. We live amidst perils and storms, and reefs and breakers. A minute sometimes saves a ship or wrecks her. We have no time for circumlocution, and thee-ing and thou-ing. We must speak short, quick, and commanding, and use words sailors do, provided they are not profane. Without doing this no one would obey me. I never swear.' 'Why what onder the sun are you a-talking of, man?' sais I, 'didn't you call that steward a damned lubberly rascal?' 'Never,' he replied; 'that is an unbecoming word, if not a wicked one. I called him a darned lubber, which is a very different thing, and has a very different meaning. Nor do I ever strike a man; it's against my principles.' 'Well if that don't cap the sheaf,' sais I, 'it's a pity, that's all. Why, man alive, didn't you first knock that poor steward down, head over heels, and then kick him like a wicked hoss when he is just shod.' 'No,' he said; 'I only woke him up with a push, and shoved him forward, and what you call a kick was merely intended to lift him up on his feet. But come, have you written that delivery order yet?' 'Yes,' sais I; 'tis done, put your signature to it.' Well, seein' what an old cantin scoundrel he was, I thought I'd take a rise out of him for fun, so I worded the delivery order thus—'Friend Peabody having settled with me for the black and speckled yoke of oxen, this is to authorize him to take them into his possession.' He run his eye over the paper hastily and then signed it, and then said, 'If you don't want to go to Baffin's Bay with me, bundle up the companion ladder like wink, and be off, for we are onder weigh.' So I ups like wink, and he comes stumping arter me with his heavy boots, clamp, clamp, as heavy as a string of loaded jack-asses, over a plank bridge, make all shake agin. As I came near the side of the ship where the man-ropes were, he gave me a blow on the back (which he

called a shove) that nearly dislocated my shoulder, and all but sent me head first into the boat. Fortunately the vessel was hove to for me by the mate, who was a towny of mine, or my boat would have been swamped, for there was a fresh breeze a-going at the time. 'Fare thee well, friend,' said he, as he leaned over the taffrail. 'Peace be with thee, Jacob,' said I, for my dander was up; 'I hope I may never see your cantin, cheatin, hypocritical, lyin' face again. Whether bears eat bears, I don't know, but, if they do, I hope a grizzly will chaw you up some fine morning for breakfast as a caution to sinners; but if you do return, there is one thing I don't owe you, and one thing I do.' 'What may they be?' said he, in his blandest voice, that was so mild it would entice a fox into a trap amost. 'First,' sais I, 'I don't owe you for the oxen, for the delivery order contains a receipt; 2ndly, I do owe you a quiltin, and I am the boy that's able to give it to you, too, that's a fact; if I don't dust your drabs, if ever I come across you, then my name ain't Peabody, that's all.' Well, if he didn't shake his knuckle dusters at me, and swear, then I don't know what profanity is. As I pulled away from the ship, he turned round and gave orders to square the yards, and I saw him push two of the men to hurry them on, and it's very odd, both on 'em fell flat on their faces on the deck, and had to pick themselves up before they could go ahead; and that's the man you describe 'as more honest, honourable, and pious, than any Quaker you ever saw.'"

"And pray," said the Senator, "what has this long digression to do with the subject we were talking off?"

"Why," replied the other, "this long lockrum was occasioned by your interruptin and contradictin me. You ought to know by this time—for you are a man of experience—that stopping a fellow in his observations is sure to lengthen his speech, argument, story, or whatever you call it. If you was to stop a preacher that way, he'd just take a fresh departure, square the yards, go off before the wind, and you wouldn't get out of meetin-house before dark. You was sayin one year was like another in a general way, and I was showin you that folks here thought they

were going to the bad all the time, while we only travelled the road once in four years. I had got down as far as Bright, and I said a Quaker like him who had to bite in his breath, and choke down his anger, wasn't the best politician in the world, for he couldn't let off the steam by swearin. Well, *that's* the point at which you stopped me, and got that long rambling story for your pains. Now, I'll begin where I left off; but take warning,—don't stop me again unless you want to be talked dead. Bright wants to give the poor all the right to vote, and the rich all the right to pay the taxes; and it is a prettier scheme than he is aware of. The experiment is in operation at New York at this very moment. The Irish and foreign emigrants have the majority in a general way, and unite in a body as one man. They vote the money, and the wealthy citizens have to pay it; and where does it all go? Why, in jobs. The cash is raised, but there is nothing to show for the expenditure. The taxes are fearful: if you was to add up the total amount of all the imposts, the result would astonish you, I can tell you. And if Bright was settled there, he would, like an apprentice in a pastry-cook's shop, soon get tired of the sweets of his own pet scheme—that's a fact. In addition to all this is the indirect tax levied at the Custom House. Our National Income, Senator, you know well enough, sounds small, and the expenditure economical, because we merely take the Federal Government account, and salaries of public officers which look as cheap as bull beef at one cent. a pound; but add to that the taxes of all the separate states and corporations, and you will find it as costly a government as there is in the world. Bright takes the superficial view that all people do who don't understand the country. Pick out the cheap parts, compare them with similar ones in Europe, and say that is a sample of the whole. Well, timid politicians here that don't know much more than he does are frightened to death at him, and Lord John Russell, and others. I say, give em rope enough and they will hang themselves. Reform, as far as I can see, is the political bunkum of the House of Commons: nobody takes any interest in it but the members themselves.

Wherever you go, people say the country is going to the devil. Well, I have heard that cry to home long before I saw England, and yet we go ahead, and England goes ahead in spite of such critters; we can't help prosperin. The only difference between the two countries is, as I have said, people in England think they are goin to the bad all the time, we only think so once in four years. I shall never forget what uncle Peleg said to me once: 'Neph,' said he, 'I used to take great interest in politics once, but I have given it up now. It don't matter a cent. I see, who is up or who is down; there aint much to choose among our political parties; pelf, pickings, and patronage, salaries and offices, is all either of them care for. When Jefferson was elected, sais I to myself, the country is ruined: here is a free-thinker, a slaveholder, and a southerner, who has beat John Adams the new England candidate; he will spread infidelity through the land, he will sap the morals of our youth, he'll join in European wars, he will involve us with France, the British will slip in, conquer us again, and enslave us once more as Colonists; we are done for, we are up a tree, our republican flint is fixed, we shall be strangled in the cradle as an infant nation, and the crowner will find a verdict, "died by the hands of Thomas Jefferson." I sat up late that night at Springfield, with some patriots and heroes of Bunker's Hill, and the battle of Mud Creek, to hear the result of the election for president, for we were all for John Adams. It was eleven o'clock at night when the word came; we were all excited drinking success to Adams, and confusion to Jefferson, glory to the nation, prosperity to religion, perdition to free thinkers, infidels, and southern candidates, with other patriotic toasts, when in rushed Deacon Properjohn, his eyes strain six ways for Sunday, his hair blowin about like a head of broom corn, and his breath a'most gone. "Hallo, sais I, Deacon, what is the matter of you?" "Why," sais he, striking the table with his fist, a blow that made all the glasses jingle again, "I'll be darned if that old unbelievin sinner Jefferson haint beat Adams by a majority of one," and he burst out into tears. "Our great nation is ruined, swamped,

foundered, and done for, forever"——. There wasn't a word spoke for the matter of two minutes, we were so dumfounded; at last we all gave lip together: "oh gracious," sais one, "better we had never fought and bled." "Better," sais another, "if we had never resisted the British, only think of that onprincipled man being elected over such a true patriot as Adams;" and then we all agreed the country was undone for ever. Then we consoled ourselves with drinking perdition to Jefferson, and set up a howl in chorus over the old Bay State, that took the lead, and bore the brunt of the revolution, bein chizelled out of its president this way. At last I fainted, as if I had been knocked down, was carried home by four men, and put to bed.' 'Are you sure you wasn't drunk, uncle?' sais I. 'Quite certain,' he said, 'I might have been overtaken, I won't say I wasn't overcome like, for a very little will do that, you know, when you are excited, but I am sure I wasn't sewed up, for I remember every thing that happened. When they brought me home, sais your aunt Nabby to me, "Peleg," sais she, "what on airth is the matter; have you been runned over?" "No," sais I. "Have you had a fall, dear?" "No, it ain't that." "Then what is it, love?" "The nation is ruined, Jeff—Jeff—Jefferson is elected, and the rep—rep—republic has gone to the dev—vil." "Oh, I see," said she, "you are in a fair way to go to him yourself, actin in that prepostulous manner. Who cares whether Jefferson is elected or not," she continued, "I am sure I don't care, what is it to the like of us?" "It's only grief, Nabby," sais I, "my heart is broke." "Is that all, you devil," sais she, "it's lucky your precious neck ain't broke;" and she called the nigger helps, and hauled me off to bed, and the way she tumbled me in wasn't the way she put up her best chiney tea-set, I can tell you. Oh, I couldn't have been drunk, for I recollect every word that passed. Well, next morning I woke up, none of the earliest I can tell you, with a thunderin headache, and my heart een a'most broke. I called, and called ever so loud, before I could make any one hear me. At last up came your aunt, lookin as fierce as a cat facin a dog. "What's all that noise?" sais I. "The girls at their

spinnin wheels," said she. "Stop them," sais I, "it's no use now; Jefferson is elected, and the country is ruined." Gracious, how her eyes flashed at that; she stooped down, seized the bed clothes just under my chin, dragged them off, and threw them all into the corner of the room. "Now get up this instant minute, and go and look after the spring-work, or we will be ruined in airnest." "It's no use," said I, "if Adams had got in, the country would have been saved. He was the father of the country; but Jefferson! Oh dear, the gig is up now. You thought I was drunk last night, but I wasn't; and you see I am not tipsy now. I tell you we are done for." Well, she altered her course, and sat down on the bed alongside of me, and said, "Dear Peleg, if you love me, don't talk nonsense. Let us reason it out." (And this, I think, Peabody, you must have found out, that women, though they like to sail before the wind, know how to tack too, when it's a-head.) "Now," sais she, "Peleg, dear, suppose John Adams, the mean, stingy, close-fisted, cunning old lawyer had got in—you know you pay him fifteen cents a ton for the granite you take to Boston out of his quarry, at Quiney; suppose you went to him, and said, President, I did my possibles at your election for you, will you let me have it for twelve cents?" "No; I don't think he would," said I. "Well, you owe neighbour Burford two hundred dollars, sposin you went to Adams, and told him all your claims, and asked him to lend you that amount to prevent Burford suing you, would he lend it to you?" "No; I don't think he would, unless I gave him a mortgage, and paid ever so much expenses." "Well, then, you see, *he* would do you no good. Now, Jefferson is in, and I won't gainsay you about his character; for though he talks liberal about slaves, it's well known he has sold some of his own half-caste children. Captain Card, of Red Bank, who goes every year to Charlestown, Virginia, with a cargo of onions, hams, and coffins, sais it's the common talk there." "Ain't that enough to ruin the risin generation," sais I. "No," says she, "but to ruin his own character. Well, now that he is in, what harm is he going to do to hurt you? Wont the corn ripen as usual?" "Well, I suppose it will, if the

airly frost don't catch it." "Won't the cows give milk, and the sheep wool for shearing, as they used to did?" "Well, I can't deny that." "And won't the colts grow up fit for market as before, for every year we get more and more for our young horses." "Well, I won't contradict you." "Won't our children grow up as fast?" "Ah, there," I said, "is the nib; they grow too fast now; nine children in twelve years, as we have"—I couldn't finish the sentence, she gave it me first on one cheek, and then on the other, like wink, and then she went to the wash-stand, got hold of the ewer, swashed the whole of the water into my face, and cut off out of the room, leaving me shivery and shaky, like a feller in the ague. Well, it was the month of March, which you know in New England don't give the sun-stroke; the bedclothes had been off for some time, and then came this cold bath, so I ups, dresses, and outs in no time. When I came down stairs, she was waitin for me in the entry. "Peleg, dear," said she, "I want to say a word to you, come into this room; here is amost a capital breakfast for you, tea, coffee, smoked salmon, crumpets, doughnuts, preserved quinces, done by my own hands, and every thing you used to like. There is one little favour, dear" (and she put her arms round my neck, and kissed me; and who in the world can stand that, for I never could.) "Granted," said I, "before you name it. What is it?" "Never bother your head about elections; a vote is a curse to a man, it involves him in politics, excites him, raises a bushel of enemies, and not one friend for him, and makes him look tipsy, *as you did last night*, though you warn't the least in liquor." "I thank you for that, Nabby," said I, "for I wasn't, I do assure you." "Of course not," she said; "I see I was to blame in thinking you was. Let us mind our own business, and let others mind theirs." "I will," said I; "you will never hear me talk politics as long as I live, I can tell you." "Ah," said she, "what a sensible man you are, Peleg, your judgment is so good, you are so open to conviction, only place a thing before you." "As pretty as you, Nabby," said I, "and it's all right." Well, we had a sort of courtin breakfast that mornin, and parted on ex-

cellent terms. I was the most sensible man in all creation, and she the loveliest; and instead of fancying the country was going to the devil, we pitched both old Jefferson and old Adams to him. Since that, I have taken my wife's advice, and attended to my own affairs, instead of those of the nation; I observe that bankers, lawyers, merchants, and farmers grow rich. Politicians are like carrion birds, always poor, croaking, and hungry, and not over particular as to the flavour of their food, or how they obtain it. If Jefferson had, arter our independence, taken to cultivate the estate his father left him, he wouldn't have had in his old age to sell it, by a rascally lottery, as he did."

"Ahem," said the Senator, who took advantage of the momentary pause in this unconscionable digression, to resume the conversation which the other had diverted. "Yes, one year is pretty much like another, but the festivities of Christmas are in such close proximity with those of the new year, that the moral and religious reflections to which the period ought to give rise, are in a great measure, if not wholly overlooked. It is a serious thing to think that we are one entire year nearer the grave than we were on that day twelvemonths, and to reflect, that the self-examination so appropriate to the occasion is postponed to what we are pleased to call a more fitting occasion."

"Is Christmas kept with you as it is with us in England," I inquired.

"Yes, I should say it was," he replied; "but in a greater variety of ways, according to the customs of the fatherland of the original emigrants. In a country like ours, and that of British America, where he who tills the soil owns it, and where industry and economy always insure abundance, you may well suppose that there are many, very many family reunions at Christmas, in which peace and plenty are enjoyed and acknowledged by joyful and thankful hearts."

"That's your experience, is it?" said Mr. Peabody.

"It is," said Mr. Boodle.

"Well then, it ain't mine," rejoined the other. "Of all the uncomfortable things in this world, an assembly of brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, and imps of children is the

worst. They snarl like the deuce; some is a little better off than others, and somehow that has a tendency to raise the chin, and make the upper lip stiff; some is a little wus off, and then like soil that is worn out and poor, up springs the worst weed in the world, some call it envy, and some jealousy, but I call it *devil weed*. Then some are pets of the old folks, and when they talk it into them, the others wink and nod at each other, as much as to say, 'do you see *that*, that's the way Tom got the yoke of oxen last fall, and Sally the side-saddle hoss.' And then every one's child is handsomer, or bigger than the other's baby, and it's hardly possible to award the prize to the one that cries and scratches the most. Save me from family parties, nothen in nature quals them. Give me the meetin where nobody cares a snap of a finger for nobody in particular, and has no interest but in a good feed, a good song, a good smoke, and chain-lightning to top it all off with. I never saw but one good family party in my life, or one in which all was pleased, and all kissed and shook hands together. It was at the readen arter old Deacon Tite's funeral. He was my uncle, so I attended out of currosity, to see what my mother was to get, though we all knew pretty well, for he had often said he would divide even among his children. But he cut up better nor any body could have guessed; he was a hundred thousand dollars richer than he was valued at, and that he divided like the rest, share and share alike among his children, with some few little bequests. He gave my brother, Pete, his gold watch, and he left me his blessing; and do you know I offered to swap that with Pete for his watch, but the mean, stingy crittur refused, unless I gave a hundred dollars boot, which was more than the turnip was worth. I lost my bequest by giving my uncle lip one day. I told him he was Tite by name, and tight by natur, so I didn't expect nothen, and I wasn't disappointed. Oh, but didn't the rest all sing his praises, and then sing each other's praises—wern't they happy, that's all. We got into the cellar, got at his No. 1 cider, his old pineapple rum, his port, that was in such earthy, spider-webby, dirty old bottles,

you'd have thought it was dug out of the grave of Lisbon, when the earthquake filled it all of a sudden, old Madeira, bottled afore the Revolution, and old sherry that tasted nice-nasty of the goat-skins it was fetched to market in, and then put into magnums. Creation! what a thanksgiving-day we made of it. We cracked nuts, cracked jokes, kissed our pretty cousins, told old stories, and invented new ones. That was a happy day, I tell you, and the only happy family party I ever witnessed. But, mind you, it only lasted one day. The next mornin the plate was to be divided, and aunt's trinkets, beads, corals and pearls, bracelets and necklaces, diamond ear-rings, and what not. So arter breakfast they was exhibited on the table. Then came the scrabble. Lord! the women were a caution to hungry dogs with whelpa. The way they grabbed, and screamed, and yelled, and talked, all at once, was astonishin. Mother was sittin in the corner crying her heart out. Sais she, 'I can prove Tite gave me that beautiful silver tea-urn, but I don't claim it; I only want to have it as my lot, for I have a particular regard for it.' 'I'll get it for you,' says I. So I walks up to the table where they was all talkin at the top eend of their voices, and I let off the Indian war-whoop in grand style. First they all shrieked, and then for a minute there was silence; and sais I, 'Mother, is it this old tea-urn you wanted?' 'Yes,' sais she, 'it is.' 'Then here it is,' sais I, 'as the eldest, you have the first choice.' She got it, and walked off with it, leaving all the rest hard at it. The division of them personal articles made enemies of all the family ever after! No," said he, rising, "none of your family parties for me; relations at best are poor friends, and commonly are bitter enemies. If you want nothing, go to them, and you are sure to get it; if you are in want of any assistance, go to a stranger-friend you have *made for yourself*, and that's the boy that has a heart and a hand for you. And now I will leave Senator and you to finish your cigars; and as mine is out, and my whisky, too, by your leave I'll turn in; so good night."

"That is one of the oddest fellows I ever knew," said the Senator; "but there is more in him than you would suppose from his appearance or con-

versation. He is remarkable for his strong common sense and quickness of perception. But at times his interruptions annoy me; he seems to take a pleasure in diverting the conversation you are engaged in to some other topic, either by telling you a story in illustration of, or opposition to your views, or by taking upon himself to converse upon some totally different topic. One can scarcely believe that a trite observation, such as I made to you, about one year being very like its predecessor, could by any

possibility have afforded him a peg upon which to hang all the stories with which he has favoured us to-night. I should have liked to answer your inquiries fully, and to have given you a description of the various ways in which Christmas is kept in America. On some future occasion I will do so; but now the evening is so far advanced I believe I must follow Mr. Peabody's example this once, at least, and retire. Good night, and a happy Christmas to you wherever you pass it."

ON THE IMPROBABILITY OF WAR WITH FRANCE.

No one can deny that the gigantic efforts made and making by France to augment her navy beyond all precedent, do not give the inhabitants of the British Islands serious cause for the alarm now prevailing. We desire, not apprehending immediate danger, to offer some views on our theme, founded chiefly on French publications, on our observations while resident in Paris, and on recent expressions of public opinion in England. Among the various causes assigned for existing hostile feelings in France, a single, but the strongest, motive has marvellously escaped notice, although the violent animosity evoked by the attempt to assassinate the French Emperor, and by the escape of Alsop, Hodge, and Bernard from punishment, must be fresh in English as well as French memories. Proof is not wanting of the feelings of the intended victim, since the pamphlet attributed to his dictation, entitled "*Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre*," is devoted to exposing his wrongs arising from that terrible attempt. Two years have certainly passed over since the event, yet it has left indelible anger in the minds of the Emperor and his people. That potent and admirable organ of public opinion, *The Times*, observed, on the 15th of November last:—

"Rightly to appreciate the existing state of things on the other side of the

British Channel is a problem of enormous—of overwhelming importance. We know no family having any claim to the throne of France from which we have any thing to expect, which should render us desirous of a new dynastic revolution, and we are only too anxious to believe, if that belief can by any means be maintained, that the Emperor Napoleon entertains towards this country those sentiments of amity and good-will which he has so earnestly and repeatedly professed."

All the world is aware why there nearly was a rupture of the alliance between the two countries. A stone thrown into calm water agitates in a widening circle until it reaches the surrounding banks, and the explosion of the murderous shells that were cast by four Italians under the Emperor's carriage, before the Opera House in Paris, on the 14th of January, 1858, during a period of profound peace, still resounds throughout Europe; and it will be well if the effects, which have recently passed into Italy, do not extend to the British Channel, raise a war tempest there, and break in invasion on our coasts. Self-preservation is the first law of human nature, so that the policy of the crowned head against which the attempt was directed has been intelligibly guided since the incident in certain directions which grew out of it. The engines of death missed their

aim, yet have not been without effect, as they were not thrown without cause. Of neither do we propose to treat much, yet cannot omit to observe how fully that horrible attempt illustrates the enormity of the crime of compassing to assassinate a mighty sovereign, on whose life the destinies of nations depend. Thanks be to Providence, the blow failed; and let us hope the time may come when future generations in both countries will have reason for thankfulness in their enjoyment of the good that shall have sprung out of retrospective evil, in that, so far from war having occurred, some serviceable reforms have resulted to us, and many important advantages to our Allies. Such a prophecy of smooth things as this we venture to make, is warranted by recent examples. The late war with Russia has produced abolition of slavery in principle; some happy modifications of hierarchal power; an impetus in the construction of railroads, and other internal changes, highly beneficial to that empire. Our own country profited by attention being directed to the inefficient state of our army; the deficiencies so nakedly exposed having woke up our sleeping Horse Guards, established Aldershot, and given activity to our great military arsenal at Woolwich: while present apprehensions having aroused the Admiralty, are ensuring us a sufficient protective fleet, and may lead to reforms in our dockyards. Outside whatever results the late campaign in Italy may still develop in that country, it has already had a civilizing influence on the future of the Austrian people, in producing a new administration based on progressive principles. Isolated as the United Kingdom is, she must not expect to derive many benefits as her additional share; but may rather expect to impart a portion of the blessings of liberal institutions, which have raised her to unparalleled prosperity. At one time, Napoleon I. was king-maker-general on the Continent, and his nephew has lately sought the same office in Italy; but Great Britain may look forward to being Constitution-maker-general. For the present, she is somewhat threatened with the horrors of invasion; but when this peril has been warded off, let her attempt to overcome future evil with good, by essaying to teach the French lessons

of liberty and peace, which she is better calculated to do than warlike ones. Many of the thoughtful and sensible men among our Allies are eager to learn in the pacific school of English polity, and it may be expected that they will gradually lead the multitude. One of their most experienced writers, M. de Girardin, declares in the closing sentence of his recent pamphlet on *Le Désarmement Européen*, that this much-to-be-desired object will be the triumph of the economic idea, and observes in conclusion—"For the future, there will be no politics save those based on that idea." The science of political economy, still in swaddling clothes in France, has influenced Great Britain so advantageously that it is to be hoped this eminent writer's prophecy will be fulfilled. His countrymen have hitherto delighted to experiment in politics, and would not confine themselves to their own body politic; but besides producing, since 1789, a condition of domestic insanity that caused Europe to come in twice with a strait waistcoat, have been zealous proselytizers abroad, their failings at home not having taught them humility in teaching other people—for, on the contrary, they have not only revolutionized themselves over and over again, but they will, as their leader lately boasted, even go to war with other nations for an Idea, and are, as he also observed, the only people that will. Yet this, their psychologic peculiarity, offers room for hope, because it may be that this continual turning of their political roulette table may result in their heavy stake, the future prosperity of their country, lighting upon Liberty. Unhappily a vast amount of prejudice still exists among them in favour of "*les idées Françaises*," and in opposition to our principles of law and administration, national prepossessions strongly marking the divergence of public opinion on either side the Channel. Partly from their detestation of the country whence their last Bourbon, Charles X., returned with the constitution they call *la Charte Anglaise*, it is enough to style a principle of civil liberty "English" to make them detest it. In short, the international hatred, six centuries old, fully demonstrates the forceful and unhappy truth in the well-known

passage of Napoleon's letter to his brother Joseph, then in Naples as governor:—

“Get up an insurrection. Be like a father giving his boys a good lesson; shoot them down by hundreds; they'll be all the better for it. Don't talk to me of ‘winning their affections.’ Make them fear you. *There is nothing a nation hates like another nation.*”

The question *Aurons nous la Guerre avec l'Angleterre* has recently been ventilated by some of their political writers, clearly demonstrating a strong and wide-spread hostility to our government, the very reverse of an *entente cordiale*. If imperial guidance animated these writers, much more was to be understood from their diatribes than met the eye; for the wind-vane on the Tuileries does not indicate more certainly where the breeze is blowing from and to, than do the printing-presses under the influence of this palace point to the quarter where a storm of French quarrel may be tending. At the same time, these political weathercocks happily serve us as gauges of the temper of the French fighting-cock, standing us much in the stead the old vane on the roof of the banqueting-house at Whitehall did to James II. in the anxious hours when he used to watch it to see if the wind was Protestant, and favourable to the Prince of Orange's impending descent. Suddenly, when the long and steady abusive tone of these writers had done more in arousing the British Islands to a sense of danger than all home efforts had accomplished, the *mot d'ordre* went out, and the wind of opinion changed.

These writers declare the Alliance cannot endure, because the social systems of the two nations utterly differ. How, they ask, can French democracy combine durably with English oligarchy?—a sensible question, for these elements of organization proceed from dissimilar principles, communism being the essence and end of equality, while indivisible property is the soul and germ of an aristocracy. Proud of their stupendous army of 600,000 men, issuing from a democracy of many millions of petty landowners, they turn with complacency to the feeble comparison our regular forces make, and represent the British Islands as weakened by the revolt in India, where she must now main-

tain an army she experiences difficulty in recruiting, while they deem her home force a puny levy of a few thousands, either of the dregs of factories and beershops, ignorant and brutal, or of Irishmen, whose allegiance is as uncertain as if they were Sepoys. Such men, say these sympathizers with “the oppressed,” may prove more formidable to their employers than to the enemy. England cannot even man her fleet. The influence of France is in the ascendant in Europe and must preponderate; she is to “march at the head of the nations,” and will not suffer any interference in political questions, save on the basis of the beloved and ever-appealed-to term, equality.

These inimical writers have an ally in John Bright, whose speeches they cite, and especially his desire that his country should surrender Malta, Gibraltar, and the Ionian Islands.

M. de Girardin offers France in his recently-published pamphlet, “*Napoleon III. et l'Europe*,” a wide view of future foreign policy. The direction he would have her take is towards the establishment of a maritime balance of power, duly considering it more important to the commercial interests, now developing by means of railways throughout the Continent, than a territorial equilibrium, in which France possesses a preponderance; and he reflects that she has merely served the interests of England each time she joined, as at Navarino and Sebastopol, in weakening foreign fleets. Having abandoned ideas of conquest, she is to become a great industrial country, consequently commercial, and consequently a great maritime power. She is not to be satisfied until, England being deprived of “the feudality of the sea,” there is “an equality of the sea.” Verily, this wild word Equality is the craze of Frenchmen! When their country has achieved the proposed commercial grandeur, it will be time to talk of maritime equality. Meanwhile, our commerce having given us naval power, which we require for our defence, we will retain it at the cannon's mouth. M. de Girardin has two cunning schemes for depriving us of it suddenly. His first and least notable is as follows:—

“If Russia should desire to possess herself of the Dardanelles, France allies herself with England, but on the con-

dition that the latter will consent to neutralize the Straits of Gibraltar, as well as the Straits of Babelmandeb menaced by Aden; to restore to Turkey the island of Perim, the key of the Red Sea; to disarm Corfu, the key of the Adriatic; and to demand Malta, which she took from us, and which she ought to have restored after the treaty of Amiens. But if she persists in keeping, as maritime fortresses, Gibraltar, which she stole from Spain; Malta and Corfu, which she took from France; Aden, which she has appropriated and made the Gibraltar of the Red Sea; and Perim, which she retains despite Turkey; then France becomes the ally of Russia against her, but on the condition that all straits, beginning by the Dardanelles, shall be neutralized, and all seas free. An admirable opportunity is offered for France to enter into this policy, and to make all interested Europe join her, by the impudent as well as imprudent opposition made by England to the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez."

Proceeding from his discovery that "the piercing of this Isthmus is the defect in the Britannic cuirass," he deduces the grand idea that the opposition of England to the project will result in a confederation of all Continental powers for the assertion of "the right of the sea," and he calls on the Emperor of the French to demand, in the name of the people of Europe, the disarmament and neutrality of all sea straits, and especially Gibraltar.

Yet our French authority, so great in theory, is enough of a practical prophet to foresee that the Franco-Spanish expedition against Morocco is intended to result in the capture and occupation of Tangiers. So far for one scheme; let us now mark and digest his second and more dishonest one, by which his country is to gain her point by legerdemain. It is this:—The Emperor is to propose a general disarmament, give the example, and, when it has been taken, transfer to his naval budget the savings effected by reducing his army, unless Queen Victoria does not change her counsellors in favour of Bright and Cobden, and also give the example of disarming sea straits. The British Islands, observes this designing writer, will not sustain a struggle against all the navies of the world ranged round the French navy; and, the sanguine schemer, having thus traced out a political future for Napoleon III., pronounces that the proposed policy will

bring all the peoples of the earth on the side of France.

However, our gracious Sovereign may reasonably wait until Cherbourg, a fortification in the last French fashion, now commanding the Dover straits, shall have been dismantled.

On the first page of the pamphlet lately published by M. Jourdan of the *Siècle*, entitled "*La Guerre à l'Anglais*," he declares that the present prospect of war with us "opens the acceptable one of legitimate revenge;" and alluding bitterly to losses of Colonies, considers them quite recoverable "whenever the time comes for righting the ancient quarrel," and confesses that the probability that this time is fast approaching has been received by his countrymen "with a sort of puerile joy." Childish indeed! Let us give an *à propos* anecdote. Last winter, a few days after the Emperor had virtually declared war with Austria by his curt speech to her ambassador, our conversation with a group of gentlemen at a *reception* in the Faubourg was interrupted by the following interjection from a young militaire, whose small waist and quiet deportment did not indicate martial tendencies:—"Il paraît, Messieurs," said he, "que nous aurons la guerre avec l'Autriche, et peut être aussi avec l'Angleterre," passing this bellicose observation with a smile and a contented rubbing of his hands. We longed to say that, in such case, his nation would have their hands full, but *la politesse du salon* forbade us. With his profession, Glory is so strong a passion, they hardly reckon the odds against them. Unfortunately, the jealousy, sometimes amounting to detestation, of England, is not confined to the ranks of the military, as we are assured by M. Jourdan, who observes:—"Since it is so easy to revive the old resentment against England, if one finds among all classes of society men who, though in other regards are most pacifically and economically inclined, become inflamed, impassioned, at the idea of war with the English, it is that this instinct is a living energy amongst Frenchmen." Although we may believe this statement, fortunately the chiefs of the great Bonapartist party now in power are almost certain not merely to restrain the popular animosity, but to endeavour to turn the tide of fer-

ing in favour of the gradual adoption of English liberties; and whenever their imperial sun shall enter thoroughly in conjunction with this bright and full moon of progress, the future of France will be in the ascendant. As a single evidence of recent change of high opinion in this respect, take the late promising speech of the Minister, M. de Morny, on the opening of the Session of the Council-General of Puy-de-Dôme.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if we would make war with England, let us resolutely perfect our means of transport and circulation; let us make them communicate with our coal mines; let us lower the duties on all our raw materials and manufactured articles; let us imitate the English people in what we fall short of; let us draw our forces from the spirit of association, without having always recourse to the support and aid of government; let us learn to avail ourselves of credit; let us seek to win and preserve, by the prudent use we shall make of them, those liberties which make man the absolute master of what is his, and have no limit except the wrong done to others. Yes, let us make with England an industrial and commercial war, a strife of progress and civilization, loyal and open, and which will prove to be to the benefit of all."

Meanwhile, let us be amused by noticing the vagaries and jealousies of the ignorant and hostile among their journalists and pamphleteers, who write that, not only is "India escaping from us, but the Ionian Islands are biting the bit, eager to get loose." This juxtaposition of a magnificent country with some comparatively insignificant islands is somewhat *bathetic*:—the truth is, the possession of these islands, coveted by the French, was unwillingly forced upon us, since which time millions have been expended in fortifying Corfu, not only to restrain malcontents, but as a support to our great insular citadel of Malta, by far the most important of our outposts. This almost impregnable fortress is at once a naval station, a garrison, and dépôt for coal and victuals, without which we should have been comparatively powerless against Sebastopol, which it materially served to destroy. Similarly, this island holds the naval and military

force of the south of France in check. It is the citadel of the Mediterranean, the crown of our sovereignty of that sea, the liberty of which, for England and the rest of the world, is assured by our possession of this fortress and Gibraltar, the key to what might otherwise become a French or a Russian lake. The jealousy of foreigners regarding this latter place is particularly intelligible—this huge fortified rock, wrested and kept from Spain, being, perhaps, the most notable evidence of British power. The once mighty nation, whom we have deprived of this their best stronghold, deserved to lose it, and to suffer the continued shame of the loss, for their treachery during the great war. The loss of it to us would be more severe than that of Calais was: one was our last foothold in France, the other is our only one on the Continent; and our blood should be ever ready to defend this trophy of our strength—a finer one than the artificial "Arc de l'Etoile," in Paris. Another of their themes of complaint is our occupation of Perim, a rocky island, distant some ninety miles from the British settlement of Aden, at the entrance of the Red Sea. The people, however, whose throat has been capacious enough to swallow the camel of Algeria, should not strain out at a gnat like Perim—a mere fire-fly—for we are constructing a lighthouse there, which, by the way, is likely, some night, whenever the projected Suez canal shall have been made, to serve the whole world.

The dispute whether the French shall be permitted to proceed with their project of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, is considered in political circles the most serious of the quarrels now pending. Their press assumes great interest in this vexed question, almost deeming our interference in preventing the design a sufficient *casus belli*—although if the scheme be viewed by the light of M. A. de Simencourt's brochure,* it is easy to unhorse them from this *cheval de bataille*. Their rage at our opposition would be intelligible if they had reasonable expectation of making the Mediterranean their *mare clausum*, and mono-

* 'L'Isthme de Suez.' Son Percement. Paris, 1859.

polizing the traffic that would pass through the canal; but as this inland sea is not yet their lake, nothing fore-shadows any better result to them than that five of our ships to one of theirs would use the new opening. This *percement* is a Bonapartean tradition, having for its object, by reducing the distance to the Indian ocean, to divert Oriental trade to the southern ports of Europe. The idea is said to have struck General Bonaparte, when, after his conquering campaign in Italy, he began dreaming of a new scene of glory, and, with the intention of weakening the commerce of England by seizing its principal source, he meditated carrying the war into India, and accordingly attempted to make Egypt a French province. But his discomfiture by Nelson, at the Battle of the Nile, precluded Marseilles from absorbing any of our Eastern commerce. The trade of this envious port is languishing; the Oriental commerce of France is almost restricted to Nantes; and is small, because her shipowners are not rich enough to build and load vessels large enough to round the Cape; but they reasonably conclude that, if the Isthmus were pierced, their tiny craft could enter into enjoyment of a vastly extended traffic. Yet, let us ask them why, before they cut this canal, they do not cut their Celtic law of equal partition of property among children, which, among other results, has the effect of so subdividing capital that their manufacturers, merchants, and shipowners cannot successfully compete with ours! In 1853, the Mediterranean portion of their commercial marine amounted only to 186,084 tons, while the ocean ports mustered 576,621; and in 1857 only 273,340, while the latter counted 776,189 tons.

The United Kingdom has hitherto enjoyed the almost exclusive business of supplying Europe with Oriental produce, and, indeed, the commerce of the globe has been gradually centering, both for imports and exports, in her hands, so as to entitle her to the name of the world's purveyor. Up to our day, the rivalry of America has not deprived her of this proud position, while as for France, unprovided with railways, she could not enter into competition by importing raw materials, manufacturing them, and exporting the goods. For the fu-

ture, through railway communication between her and her neighbours will enable her to sell her silks and other tissues at cheaper rates, and she is likely to maintain her supremacy in her special manufactures, since, though comparatively dear, they are preferred for their superior beauty. Yet in the face of this expectation, she has the blindness, according to M. de Simencourt, to entertain the suicidal project of piercing the Isthmus of Suez, which, though beneficial to Marseilles, her sole southern port, would be more so to Russia, Turkey, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Spain, the very countries she calculates on supplying. M. de Lesseps, the engineer, whose zeal has pushed the project, reckons that the distance between Odessa and Bombay would be diminished to nearly one quarter. Constantinople, Trieste, Venice, and Genoa, would all obtain shorter communication than Marseilles. Therefore Russia is obviously the party most interested. Diplomats say she already desires to lessen her exports to England in order to develop her manufactures; and she is giving imperial impetus to the construction of those iron lines which will be the basis of her future extended intercourse. Up to January, 1858, she had done less railroad work than almost any other European country, having made only twenty kilometres for every million of her inhabitants, while France had made 208, and the United Kingdom 536. From the resistance experienced by the allied armies in their recent war on an edge of this huge country, we may judge what her power would be were she provided with railways, and enriched by new wealth pouring in *viâ* Suez; and we may be sure that the Dardanelles, more important to her than ever, would become the scene of a longer and bloodier contest than Sebastopol. The questions remain—Is the scheme feasible? how many millions will it cost? and, will it pay? The French repose confidence in the opinion of their engineers, who have pronounced the canal practicable; on the other hand, it is said that Robert Stephenson staked his professional reputation on the truth that it is impracticable. Meanwhile the above queries are answered so unsatisfactorily, that the nations principally interested have not subscribed money:

shares in the project have never floated in our market; and, despite M. de Lesseps and the Courts of Russia and France, the Sublime Porte has put a veto on the design. But the Court of the Tuileries has recently readopted this Bonapartean tradition, and it may be suspected with the object of obtaining a military footing in Egypt. Any "geographic ambition" acknowledged in France looks primarily to the annexation of Belgium. On this head, the following passage may be quoted from M. d'Hainault's pamphlet, which has reached its third edition:—

"The preservation of the kingdom of the Netherlands, composed of the Belgian and Dutch nations, who differ in religion, language, manners, and conformation, has been proved impossible. That union was attempted by the Holy Alliance, but the monstrous marriage was quickly followed by divorce. But the time may be foreseen when each of this couple will contract a better tie. Holland should be made a German power, and we hesitate not to consider Belgium a French one. She lives by us, like us, and except for the pusillanimity of the late King of France, the assimilation would be complete since 1830."

The supposition that this and other annexations would be permitted by the rest of Europe, is based on ideas of admitting the great Continental Powers to make similar accessions, by such means as the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. Great Britain, however, is to be so far from a partaker in the scramble, that the proposed unholy alliance of the Continental States has for its main aim to deprive her of her strongholds in the Mediterranean and her maritime supremacy, and exclude her from interfering in Continental affairs. Our author is quite clear on this point:—

"When a nation has appropriated, as England has done, the most important points in the Mediterranean, such as Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, so as to become mistress of the great European lake; when she has the pretension to rule with her influence and her forces the most civilized region in the world, notwithstanding that the island from which she sprung is not as much as its tenth part in extent and population, she cannot be expected to accept, with goodwill, a falling off which she could never either understand or foresee."

Certainly she cannot, nor is she likely to "sell the goodwill" of her tenure of Malta to her allies, even if

they offered as much as the Americans will give for Cuba. Ever since their occupation of Algeria, our possession of the magnificent island fortress which commands the Mediterranean, has been the sharpest thorn in their feet while on the march to further conquests in Africa — acquisitions which, they are aware, are imperilled in the event of war with the masters of Malta. Their historians even ascribe the great eleven years' war of the beginning of this century to our having failed to obey the article in the Peace of Amiens for our evacuation of that island.

In slight proof of the national animosity, we permit ourselves to cite a recent warlike ballad, which, like all of its nature, is one of the barometers of popular opinion:—"Comment va le petit chanson?" significantly asked a statesman in turbulent times. The war-ode in point is remarkable, as claiming the honour of being, we quote its author's words, "in answer to *La Marseillaise* English ballad, entitled 'Riflemen form!'" written by our Poet-Laureate; and this savage reply has been sold by thousands in the south of France. This retaliatory emanation from some Gallic poetic and abusive mind is called "*L'Hymne des Français*," and dedicated to the third regiment of Zouaves, a terrible corps, specially charged with carrying the instructions contained in this hymn into effect. Commencing by calling aloud for immediate invasion of Albion, the enraged rhymers declares that the Mediterranean sea is incensed by the presence of "an insolent navigator," whom Africa sees daring to sail near her shores, and that Rome is particularly insulted by this nautical *Anglais*, who has the hardihood to inspire terror; but that, nevertheless, the Eternal City will some day, in her indignation, utterly crush this abominable rival, just as, in ancient days, she levelled Carthage so completely in the dust that she has disappeared ever since. Having ejaculated this prophecy, the poet proceeds to make the following observations:—

Eu vain l'Anglais trouble la terre,
Son prestige s'est effacé,
On se moque de sa colère—
Le présent est loin du passé!
Tes vaisseaux, la terreur du monde,
Par la vapeur sont des jouets;

Le Zouave est maître de l'onde,
 Son fer vaut mieux que tes boulets.
 A l'abordage !
 Point de canon !
 Que le carnage
 Double le rage
 Du matelot écrasant Albion !
 A l'abordage !
 Point de canon !

Inkermann a jugé ta force,
 Soldat imbécile à l'Alma ;
 A Traktir tue fus sans amorce ;
 Au Redan, on te culbuta !
 Ta valeur, sur les bords du Gange,
 Insulte à toute nation,
 Tes lauriers, de sang et de fange,
 N'ombragent que l'oppression.
 A l'abordage ! &c.

On sait ta politique infâme
 D'irriter les peuples entre eux,
 Ton cabinet de fiel n'a d'âme
 Que pour des brigands dangereux.
 Tu practises avec tout crime
 Qui peut faire hausser ton coton—
 Alsop ajuste la victime
 Que lui signale Palmerston !
 A l'abordage ! &c.

Palestro, Magenta, Varèse,
 Sont le prelude de ta peur !
 Attends encor—le destin pèse
 Le poids de ta juste terreur—
 A Londres, après l'Italie !—
 Du Zouave au jarret d'acier
 Les victoires en Lombardie,
 Font déjà trembler ton cimier.
 A l'abordage ! &c.

Mort à ta caste féodale !
 A bas l'Anglais, brigand des mers
 En Europe comme au Bengale,
 Mort aux tyrans de l'univers !
 Le droit commun partout se lève,
 A bas les infâmes traités !
 Que par le fer l'œuvre s'achève
 Aux accents de nos libertés !
 A l'abordage, &c.

We crave pardon for echoing such wild bavardage, the froth and scum of national antipathy, unworthy of notice, were it not that the overboiling of French mobs has not been mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing," but a powerful revolutionary and warlike lever. By no means do we allege that the writers quoted were instigated by their government to incite an irritation against the English nation that shall lead to war, since we do not believe the Emperor desires such a result. Let us now attempt to combine the qualities of Prometheus and his brother Epimetheus, one of whom saw facts before

they were visible, while the other, when the fact was accomplished, saw but the motive ; and let us try to improve on them by endeavouring to show how some ideas of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte have already produced facts, and may produce more. By considering his career we may imagine what will be his path, and to expect to obtain clairvoyance into his future is not so vain as to call him "a man of destiny," since few men act upon designs more reflective and fixed. The maze of his conduct, intricate and dark as it may appear, has not been, it would seem, without a plan, for we find the solution of his general scheme in ascribing to him the simple intention, proceeding from one of the most impulsive instincts of human nature, of establishing the prosperity of his line. Political heir of Bonaparte, he was bred up "*dans le culte Napoléonien et dans la religion de son sang.*" In 1840, he thus proclaimed, in a speech to the Cour des Pairs, his position:—"I represent a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people ; the cause, that of the Empire ; the defeat, Waterloo. You have recognised the principle, you have served the cause, and you wish to avenge the defeat." When in exile, he was an affectionate student of "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes,*" and after his affair at Strasbourg, published, during his imprisonment at Ham, and before his affair at Boulogne, a work under that title, as a manifest excusing the first attempt, and preparing for the second—his shrewd intellect and deep thought aiding his natural ambition to become Emperor of the French. But while in England, he learnt *des idées Anglaises*, wrote an essay on the history of that country, and we find him, on 10th April, 1848, armed with a special constable's staff, helping to guard the streets of London against revolutionists, and may believe that all he observed in England assures him that she is not a country to be invaded with impunity. The sentiment of Bonapartism, after the last Revolution in France, put him in power. The extent and strength in which it developed itself was unexpected and astounding, and it still moves the

* The treaties of 1815, which Napoleon III. has since broken.

mass of the nation in their inmost hearts. Hostility to England forms part of it, and the universal state of this feeling at that epoch is thus described in the pamphlet of 1858, entitled "*L'Empereur Napoleon III. et l'Angleterre*," and attributed to his dictation:—"The minds of the partisans of the Empire were ulcerated with the most grievous reminiscences in modern history;" viz., the defeat at Waterloo, the treaties of 1815, and the "martyr fate of the hero," at St. Helena. The Legitimist party are declared to have religiously retained the historic resentment caused by ancient wars; the Republicans held in bitter memory "the league of Pitt and Cobourg to crush the republic;" and the Orleanists were offended as much at England for her humiliating protection as her abandonment of them. The election of Louis Napoleon as president of the new Republic, being the triumph of Bonapartism, caused distrust and alarm in every European court, but his first steps, professions, and conduct prudently allayed this uneasiness. Knowing it was not nearly so much his personal character as the prestige of his surname that had placed him in power, he saw that in order to establish his dynasty, he must make a name for himself. The first Bonaparte, in fulfilling this requisite for himself, by eclipsing the glories of the Bourbons, and gratifying the vanity of the French, had committed the gross blunder of doing so at such a cost to other nations that they combined to oust him; and the theatre of Continental politics, in which that old actor had figured as a martial hero such as had not been seen since Charlemagne, was closed by banishing the veteran to St. Helena, as a warning that the part of Charlemagne ought not to have been repeated.

The young Roscius of the new dynastic family knew that, for the future, that great stage is not to be one on which a single star may amuse and astonish the audience, and that the time has almost passed for theatrical politics—not quite passed, nevertheless, since there was an opening for some histrionic display, by reviving a former drama, in some of the old scenes, but with new attractions and decorations; for it would not tell to go over the same ground and do pre-

cisely what had been done before, particularly when French love of novelty is to be gratified. With an intimate knowledge of the national character, the elected President of the Republic saw he had not merely to act a striking part, but to avoid past mistakes; so, reversing his uncle's policy, he adopted that of Henry IV., so far as might be compatible with the altered circumstances of the age, and with his personal qualities, position, and family traditions. His Italian policy is based precisely on the ideas of Henry IV., defined by Sully as founded on the traditional determination of the kings of France to maintain the independence of the Italian States, in order that they shall not become Austrian garrisons menacing the Alpine frontier; and the intention of Napoleon III. to revive this defensive design is set forth in his semi-official pamphlet, and avowed even to its extent of setting the Pope at the head of the projected Confederation. The alarm his accession to the government of the French occasioned the sovereigns of Europe, was aggravated by the revolutionary infection their own subjects had recently caught from Paris. The new President, however, began to play the grand rôle of champion of order, which has caused him to be accepted into the fraternity of crowned heads, and now encourages him to aspire to the ambitious station of arbiter of European affairs. His first foreign step, before transforming his presidency of a republic into an imperial sceptre, was to quell the revolutionary faction in Rome, and restore the head of the Roman Catholic Church to temporal authority—a strong measure, thus daunting the red Republicans in his own capital, and gaining himself some millions of Catholic suffrages for his election as Emperor.

When the French nation, rejecting either a king or a republic, declared for a despotism, they did so in the recollection of past glories, and expectation of future triumphs; for when six millions of Frenchmen voted for a new Napoleon, their act indubitably proclaimed their memory of defeats as well as of victories, and their hope of coming revenge. Multitudes expected he would pursue his family hatred of the uprooters of its dynasties—this tradition being the reason of his elevation, and the carrying out of

which the very cause for which he was girt with the imperial sword. His investiture was the virtual subversion of the political relations settled by the treaties of 1815, the resuscitated empire being given him in the teeth of the great Powers that had set their ban on the Bonaparte family.

Anciently every Celtic king was expected to give proof, soon after his election, of his ability to lead his people in war, and accordingly made a marauding expedition, called his inauguration raid. Similarly, the Emperor-elect had to exhibit his prowess, and other capabilities, in convincing ways. There must be brilliant martial exploits, successful diplomacy, much scenic splendour; in short, notable proofs of his military and governmental aptitude. But aggression, as a mode of personal aggrandizement, being forbidden, he pronounced the age of conquest to have ceased, and that his empire consisted in peace. This was prudent, because the limits of France are strictly defined by national as well as geographic boundaries. Wherever seas and ocean do not preclude her from swelling her dimensions, the Alps, the Rhine, the Pyrenees, and sterner ramparts still, nations not of French blood, stand as insurmountable barriers. Virtually, she is more isolated than England, and has less prospect of enlarging her territory than Prussia and other Continental powers have. Successive czars of Russia may push their wide empire further; Austria might even add an additional patch to her harlequin coat of subjected nationalities; and even the King of Piedmont may pursue the tradition of aggrandizement hereditary in his family. But France and her Bonapartes are hemmed in by unkind fate. However, Napoleon III. found himself at the head of what might easily be made the mightiest military nation on earth; and though he must not enlarge his bounds, yet, by a particular line of policy, his power would hardly know a limit. Nothing could withstand an alliance of the greatest military and naval powers in the world. Secure of England, he could accomplish quite enough to establish himself and family hereditarily on the throne of France. Unlike the Bourbons, among the things he had learnt in the school of exile was to forget

much, and above all, to consign any hatred of England to prudent oblivion. Whatever might have been the rancorous feelings of his party towards that country, whatever their hope of vengeance, and whatever their promptings, he made no concession to them. The hospitable reception he, although heir of General Bonaparte, had experienced in that land, may also have aided to warm a heart magnanimous enough to conceive and act on the novel design of being imperial peacemaker between two anciently inimical nations; and English appreciation of his noble policy in this regard was marked by the respect and honour he received on his visit with his Empress to London. In March, 1854, he thus avows his adoption of Henry IV.'s policy, and sketches out its application:—

“The destiny and rôle of France are, in all treaties, to cast her sword of Brennus into the scale in favour of civilization. And,” he concludes, “to assure peace, is not to maintain a fictitious tranquillity during a few years; it is to labour for the disappearance of hatred between nations, by favouring the interests and tendencies of each people; it is to create an equitable equilibrium between the great Powers; it is, in a word, to follow the policy of Henry IV.”

So far for foreign affairs. But to keep his own subjects quiet is the really difficult task. They are not fit for the liberty of occupying themselves by managing home affairs. How satisfy, how gratify, how distract them? The practice of the first Emperor with that end, described to the Count de Narbonne, in 1812, in these words, “*Je les distrais par les batailles gagnées*,” could not be safely pursued; and, moreover, that discreditable expression of a dire necessity is followed by an admonition which cannot have escaped his nephew's keen and sage observation, viz.: that an attempt to govern the most intelligent nation on earth, disregarding of the light of the times, must prove the grossest mistake. The era of conquests might have ceased, but an age of peace would content neither his army nor his people; and it is to be feared that exclusive attention to intestine politics would render even his tenure of the tiara untenable. If he dazzled the restless factions he ruled by the splendour of his vic-

tories, and attempted to invest France with that supremacy which no power can safely affect, he was almost certain to lose his throne. In this difficulty, he immensely served France and himself by embracing alliance with Great Britain, and these Powers in combination put an effectual check to the ambition of Russia, which neither could have done singlehanded. Time rolled on, and that siege of the Eternal City, when his troops bombarded the town richest in classic and religious monuments tenderly, and took it with, as it were, hands muffled in lavender-kid gloves, proved the incentive to Orsini's *attentat*. The obvious effect of this terror-striking blow was to lead to the result aimed at in principle, by inducing the Emperor to desire earnestly to withdraw his troops from a city the occupation of which by his foreign military police caused such desperate exasperation among the would-be revolutionists.

The frequent attempts to assassinate him must now be adverted to, since the fact that London is the scene where they were concocted produced the fiercest rancour in the minds of the Bonapartists, and may be considered as a reason why the feelings of their Emperor towards the English may have suffered a change. The revolutionary assassins, whether Italians, such as Mazzini and Orsini, or French, as Ledru Rollin and Bernard, plotted, between the years 1852 and 1858, no less than eight attempts, which are set forth in the pamphlet "*Napoleon III. et l'Angleterre*," and are declared to have proceeded, both as to the human and infernal instruments, from London.

To these numerous plots were added other causes of anger, such as Mr. Edwin James' disgraceful speech, and some shameful rejoicings on the acquittal of Bernard, which excited the hostility of the French colonels to the pitch of their demanding to be led into "the den of assassins;"—or viewing their fury agreeably with the polished but piquant phraseology of the imperial pamphleteer:—

"Les adresses de l'armée devaient naturellement être plus vives; elles exprimaient avec une énergie toute militaire le sentiment de la France. Quelques-unes seulement devaient blesser les susceptibilités de l'Angleterre."

In this pamphlet, the imperial mind

may be understood to have dictated the following ardent and dignified appeal:—

"We have now explained our conduct with regard to England; we have shown what the Emperor Napoleon III. has been for her; we declare loudly that England has never found an ally more loyal, more persevering, more independent of petty passions and hatreds."

Ally or no ally, he fairly refers to the different conduct of our Government in 1802, in persecuting Peltier for publishing a libel against the First Consul with the object of provoking the hatred of the French against their ruler, and exciting them to assassinate him. In this instance the jury condemned the guilty party. The question of checking and punishing these horrible attempts, however difficult, at least left our Allies entitled to expect that more sympathy and right feeling would have been exhibited towards doing all that could reasonably be accomplished.

In our opinion, formed during residence in France, at and since the last *attentat*, the French were justly dissatisfied with the conduct of both the British government and people.

During the last ten years the Emperors of France and Austria have bid high for the possession of the Pope as a political puppet, and the recent campaign arose out of this dispute, just as the Crimean war grew out of the question as to the possession of the Holy Places. The former Emperor constituted himself protector of the Pontiff by replacing him and garrisoning Rome. If the French had taken possession of any other European foreign city, Great Britain would have interfered; but her Protestantism would, in this case of the Eternal City, have imbued her conduct with appearance of religious partizanship, and thereby created universal Roman Catholic hostility. Meanwhile the Italian assassins endeavoured, most happily in vain, to avenge the cause of Roman liberty in their horrible manner. The dignity of the Emperor would have been lowered had he condescended to immediate action, such as by recalling the force occupying Rome, and which, moreover, would have left the Austrians free to march in. Having previously discarded his uncle's interfering policy, he now proclaimed to the world, that being as generous

as his uncle, it is his ambition to be regarded as the liberator of "oppressed nationalities," and the promulgator of French ideas of social order; but, that while his uncle thought himself obliged to conquer nations in order to free them, he is more generous, declaring that, should he ever have to defend a nation, it will be to free them without conquering them.* He was to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic; but in the name of freedom, why does he persist in keeping the Romans in bondage?

After some delay, an offer being made by the King of Piedmont of the hand of his daughter in marriage to one of the Bonaparte family, the head of this house made his laconic announcement of dissatisfaction with Austria; some protocolling occurred, closed by the determination of this Power not to evacuate the Legations, and the nuptials of the princess were followed by martial events resulting in the material augmentation of Piedmont, and personal aggrandizement of Napoleon III., who is now declared to unite the mental qualities of a profound politician to the talents of a consummate general--the thoughtful mind for forming great plans, to the will and power to execute them.

Our ambassador in Paris has well weighed the hazard of interfering in the question of the temporal power of the Pope, the following paragraph occurring in one of his late despatches:—

"It was a saying of the First Napoleon, somewhat paradoxical no doubt in his mouth, that the Pope must be treated with as if he had 300,000 men at his back. The saying, however, showed the difficulty with which that firm mind had to contend when the head of the Roman Catholic Church was his opponent. And if such was the case in those days of irreligion and infidelity, what must it be now when the Roman Catholic Church has recovered so much of its then lost authority?"

The Emperor of the French espoused the temporal cause of the Papacy ten years ago, has recently rushed alone into the midst of the Italian question, and must extricate himself, if he can, from the consequences; yet, we can imagine that one of his ministers might

address him as Henry the VIII.'s fool did his master on a somewhat similar occasion of threatening times, when, finding the King in a state of elation, and asking the reason, he was told that the Pope had styled his master Defender of the Faith, on which the simple fellow exclaimed: "O, good Harry, let thou and I defend one another, and let the Faith alone to defend itself!" He is now in a dilemma between his desire to effect the scheme of giving stability to the Pontiff, and his wish not to exasperate the party opposed to Papal government. The expression of his determination to withdraw his forces from Rome has angered his clergy, even to disturbing the coalition between the two armies of his despotism, the ecclesiastical and military. His object is to make his authority predominant in the Italian Peninsula; and there can be little doubt but that his present quarrel with Great Britain arises from his soreness that *her neutrality is slowly enabling the accomplishment of a liberation his interference was not calculated to effect.* In our particular view, we deprecate covert as well as open interposition on the part of our Government on the Roman question, as fraught with danger, and as unnecessary, since the course of events promises a sound solution of the difficulty.

Motives such as have now been traced fairly directed the combination of causes that led to the liberation of the northern Italians. By the victory of Solferino, the heir of General Bonaparte tore the treaties of 1815 in shreds. Whatever the results to Italy may be, one fact is manifest, that the chief end of the late movement was, to give the world to understand that the humiliation France endured by the treaties of the Allied Powers is wiped away, and that the battle of Waterloo, which enabled their dictation, is effectually revenged. Let us imagine that the manes of the first Bonaparte are appeased by the second, and that the vendetta blood of this Corsican family is quite satisfied.

Indubitably, the Orlando in that glorious campaign has succeeded, if not in founding and establishing Italian royalties at his pleasure, in

* Napoleon III. et l'Italie, 1859.

enhancing the martial brilliancy of his grand hereditary surname. His boldest and master-stroke in pursuance of Henry IV.'s policy, his having made and maintained an alliance with England, has enabled him to humiliate Russia, and drive the Austrians further from his frontier, has had the excellent effect of affording continual gratification to the honourable feelings of his people, and has thereby added to his claims to be deemed as worthy as Hugues Capet was to found a family dynasty.

The foreign career of General Bonaparte was an almost continuous war against national liberty, deposing native kings, imposing his own creatures, and constantly menacing and fighting the freest country on earth. His nephew is striking a different medallion, already stamped with victories achieved in alliance with Great Britain, and is not likely to mar its unity of design by warring either on Belgium, or Prussia, or England, since he could not expect success, save by being joined by the autocratic Powers, Russia and Austria, while he might judiciously calculate on being opposed by America, being quite sensible that war with the English would be a proclamation of deliberate hostility to the general cause of constitutional liberty. On the contrary, what is the patent line of his past policy, from which we may hope to espy his future path? It is plainly this, that he put down republicanism by the strong hand, *has allied himself to constitutional States*, and made war against despotic powers. Hitherto he has pursued this admirable policy steadily, and since he thus gives England a guarantee of his adhesion to the tried and moderate principles of limited hereditary monarchy, we assert with emphasis that he is entitled to the respect and confidence of England. It may be also argued from the premises that his absolute government will gradually take the better form of a mere administrative royalty. The chosen Sovereign of the French, may he succeed in devolving his throne in hereditary succession to his posterity, for we regard the cradle of his child as the cradle of the liberties of France! Prohibited from imitating his uncle's warlike career, he will probably emulate and surpass him in legislative measures. The *Code Napoleon I*, is

the best trophy of the first empire, and Napoleon III. will now desire to place his renown on that noblest basis, the amelioration of social institutions. In every point of view the British people are highly interested that he should take this course. Let them, meanwhile, we earnestly exhort them, cherish an alliance which has been very advantageous. The Emperor of the French has acted as the right arm of our policy towards Russia, helping to do what we alone could not have done; has now cut the knot of the Italian question, and his personal friendship is a guarantee of peace. He has been an irreproachable ally, and may be expected to continue a faithful one, for so long as we remain at peace with him, we serve him, and he is our instrument in matters of mutual interest.

It is high time for the French nation to consider what will be the future of their country, when death deprives him of the sceptre he so firmly holds. His heir is an infant not five years old. What is likely to happen when that iron rod shall be in the hands of a minor? If the young Emperor shall be a puppet, who will work the wires? Even if his father's life, now past fifty-one winters, be long spared, as all Europe has, we sincerely believe, reason to hope it may, the time must come when the veteran Cæsar, the chosen chief, will be superannuated. Perhaps the modern Gauls may please to imitate their forefathers in deposing a king who, having been elected on account of his qualities, must be displaced so soon as he becomes incompetent. They have deposed a Bourbon and an Orleans, and why not a Bonaparte? Or will he himself, worn and wearied, follow the example of many a monarch in retiring from business? Should, at last, his age and infirmities make him desire to let the world recede from view, and to end his days in the calm that should precede the tomb, closing his public life with the touching prayer of a great warrior of old, "*Ego, Hannibal, peto pacem!*"—it will soothe his thoughts for his son and successor, if he can believe he has securely laid glorious foundations of liberty and peace for his country.

One item of our security against Invasion consists in the fact that some of the hostile writers we cite have

begun to count the cost of going to war with Great Britain. The author of "Angleterre et la Guerre" enters into rough estimates, but M. Jourdan does not deign more than to propose a postponement, until some enjoyment of liberty to be borrowed from us shall have recruited French finances; and he so covets this excellent commodity as to hint in jest that we would probably make it an article of merchandise, in the trading spirit of the Dutch admiral, who sold gunpowder to the enemy. *Coutequicoute*, they declare, the English are to be humiliated, and they are manifestly almost determined to lay London in the dust. With exacerbadated feelings they remark that, while every other capital in Europe has had to suffer the affront of foreign invasion, London retains her virginity; and they search history, not in vain, to show that the maiden metropolis is not safe, pointing to the burning of Deptford by the Dutch; and, looking back into classic story, observe that, for 700 years, the women of Sparta had never heard the sound of an enemy's clarion, but, one night, saw the camp fires of Epaminondas's soldiers under their very walls. From this terrible menace it is comforting to turn to a paragraph by a writer who, having studied the English character, gives the following reasons as some of the causes of French jealousy:—

"Every page of history explains the hatred we all feel in our hearts against England, by showing us, through all ages, that country in the attitude of a commander; ever on the watch for our failings, always signing our humiliations, and opposing her energetic traditions of civil life to our weak errors. Her aristocracy, enthusiastic in the cause of intellectual labours, devoted above all to the interests of their country, strong, proud, yet respectful to the crown and the other classes of society, inflicts a reproach as loud as it is continual on what our aristocracy was and what it would become. Her citizens, so sound in all respects, so truly worthy, make the inferiority of ours visible in striking contrast. Her people, by their trust in toil, their negation, above all, of the passion of envy, also give a severe and daily lesson to ours."*

Such being a foreigner's brief summary of the noble qualities of English leaders, townsmen, and artizans; such his contrast between them and the corresponding ranks of his own nation, there can be no doubt on what side victory will fall in the event of a struggle. Confident from the past and in the future, the Londoners of Queen Victoria's reign may sleep as securely as on that night in Queen Elizabeth's, when the city was roused by the news of the Armada invasion.

"When bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke,
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer."

Proceeding to quote and comment on the warlike views of these pamphleteers, we find them emphatically insisting that, while Great Britain is destined to wear the crown of Industry, she is also fated to hold its sceptre sleeplessly, the conditions of her existence being, that the world continue to be her granary, and she its manufacturer. Three things are indispensable to her—foreign corn, foreign cotton, and foreign markets. To be secure of these, she must be mistress of the ocean. Therefore, observe these writers, to deprive her of her naval supremacy would be a mortal blow, since it would instantly result, they say, in revolutionary riots in her teeming seats of industry. No need of invasion, famine would suffice to reduce her. If this be so, her ceaseless vigilance should assuredly be directed to keeping her stately sword of sovereignty of the seas strong and unsheathed! Her maritime domination gives her the dominion of the world—the prize greedily coveted by the French, and due to the power that could succeed in depriving her of its source. In the eyes of the hopeful among them, Cherbourg is to accomplish this long-desired and lofty object of ambition for France, since they regard this monster seaport as

* "Recherches sur les Forces Maritimes, et Réflexions a propos d'une Guerre possible avec l'Angleterre." Paris, 1859.

arsenal as the Sebastopol that shall annex the British Islands to their empire. They threaten us that their country is now reacquiring the enormous military strength to which the First Napoleon raised her, and they quote, as prophetic, his insolent words: "With my France, England ought to become no more than an appendix to her, nature having made her one of our islands, like Oleron and Corsica." They also cite one of our countrymen, Lord Bolingbroke, as declaring, in 1732:—"Whenever a great man shall be seated on the French throne, England will fall, and become of no more importance in Europe than the island of Sardinia."

It is obvious and natural that France desires preponderance, nay absolute dominion over the globe.

Our ancient foe has long regarded the threat of a formidable descent on our shores as the most telling menace against us. Had the First Napoleon possessed a steam fleet, and a Cherbourg to shelter it, he would, doubtless, in the same bold and brigand spirit that he struck at Moscow, have done more than threaten. The want of a fortified harbour has been felt by the French since their defeat off Cape de la Hogue, when we burnt fifteen of their men-of-war in the very anchorages of Cherbourg and La Hogue. "France," exclaimed the prisoner of St. Helena, "will never obtain her due predominance until her navy can meet the English navy with success." The recent completion of the works at Cherbourg was deemed by multitudes the *mot d'ordre* for a sea-fight that should be a mighty trial of strength. Whenever war may occur between the two ancient enemies, and no one can reasonably expect continual peace, the scene of action is, from every point of view, disclosed at sea; and the question which side will triumph resolves itself into the old contest for the command of the channel. The very idea of invading our shores is founded on the supposition that the enemy shall, by having cleared the sea of our men-of-war, have become masters of the narrow strait, which may then be bridged by their trans-

ports. For permanent success, they must keep the channel clear, since it must be the channel of communication and for sending over reinforcements, necessarily performing the prominent part in maintaining a base of operations, without which an invasion would be a mere transient razzia. Whenever our fleet is suffered to diminish to a degree giving France a chance of success against it, we lie at the mercy of France and chance. The cardinal political tradition of England is that she must maintain a preponderating fleet; for, in the plain words of Mons. Chevalier, "she would be gravely compromised in the very condition of her existence, from the day on which a possible coalition between the maritime powers could oppose to her fleet fleets superior to hers. This for her is a question of life or death."

With regard to the condition of the French fleet, it will be consoling to our readers to hear that the author of "*Recherches sur les Forces Maritimes*" doubts whether this imposing marine is much more than mere show, devoid of efficient power and stability. Certes, its value is not proved. Whatever may be the defects of this naval armament, their degrees of inferiority to the British fleet are doubtless less as regards *materiel* than *morale*, since its sailors are pressed into the service, while ours enter voluntarily. The duty England expects every one of her royal seamen will do will be done from a sense of duty, a sentiment of surpassing might, strong in our men in both services, and the very secret of their power; but comparatively weak in French soldiers in consequence of conscription, and in French sailors, in consequence of inscription. The writer just quoted observed, when in the Mediterranean, that while every one of our men is proud of being in the Queen's service, a French seaman "will not" (we quote his words) "tell you that he serves the State without an imprecation against his fate."* The same impartial authority was struck by the care and respect shown on board our ships of war for the men, who evidently enjoy more liberty than his pressed sailor

* "*Recherches sur les Forces Maritimes. Marins et Hommes de Mer dans la Guerre d'Orient, suivis de quelques mots sur les conditions d'une lutte avec l'Angleterre.*" Paris, 1859.

polizing the traffic that would pass through the canal; but as this inland sea is not yet their lake, nothing fore-shadows any better result to them than that five of our ships to one of theirs would use the new opening. This *percement* is a Bonapartean tradition, having for its object, by reducing the distance to the Indian ocean, to divert Oriental trade to the southern ports of Europe. The idea is said to have struck General Bonaparte, when, after his conquering campaign in Italy, he began dreaming of a new scene of glory, and, with the intention of weakening the commerce of England by seizing its principal source, he meditated carrying the war into India, and accordingly attempted to make Egypt a French province. But his discomfiture by Nelson, at the Battle of the Nile, precluded Marseilles from absorbing any of our Eastern commerce. The trade of this envious port is languishing; the Oriental commerce of France is almost restricted to Nantes; and is small, because her shipowners are not rich enough to build and load vessels large enough to round the Cape; but they reasonably conclude that, if the Isthmus were pierced, their tiny craft could enter into enjoyment of a vastly extended traffic. Yet, let us ask them why, before they cut this canal, they do not cut their Celtic law of equal partition of property among children, which, among other results, has the effect of so subdividing capital that their manufacturers, merchants, and shipowners cannot successfully compete with ours? In 1853, the Mediterranean portion of their commercial marine amounted only to 186,084 tons, while the ocean ports mustered 576,621; and in 1857 only 273,340, while the latter counted 776,189 tons.

The United Kingdom has hitherto enjoyed the almost exclusive business of supplying Europe with Oriental produce, and, indeed, the commerce of the globe has been gradually centering, both for imports and exports, in her hands, so as to entitle her to the name of the world's purveyor. Up to our day, the rivalry of America has not deprived her of this proud position, while as for France, unprovided with railways, she could not enter into competition by importing raw materials, manufacturing them, and exporting the goods. For the fu-

ture, through railway communication between her and her neighbours will enable her to sell her silks and other tissues at cheaper rates, and she is likely to maintain her supremacy in her special manufactures, since, though comparatively dear, they are preferred for their superior beauty. Yet in the face of this expectation, she has the blindness, according to M. de Simencourt, to entertain the suicidal project of piercing the Isthmus of Suez, which, though beneficial to Marseilles, her sole southern port, would be more so to Russia, Turkey, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Spain, the very countries she calculates on supplying. M. de Lesseps, the engineer, whose zeal has pushed the project, reckons that the distance between Odessa and Bombay would be diminished to nearly one quarter. Constantinople, Trieste, Venice, and Genoa, would all obtain shorter communication than Marseilles. Therefore Russia is obviously the party most interested. Diplomats say she already desires to lessen her exports to England in order to develop her manufactures; and she is giving imperial impetus to the construction of those iron lines which will be the basis of her future extended intercourse. Up to January, 1858, she had done less railroad work than almost any other European country, having made only twenty kilometres for every million of her inhabitants, while France had made 208, and the United Kingdom 536. From the resistance experienced by the allied armies in their recent war on an edge of this huge country, we may judge what her power would be were she provided with railways, and enriched by new wealth pouring in *viâ* Suez; and we may be sure that the Dardanelles, more important to her than ever, would become the scene of a longer and bloodier contest than Sebastopol. The questions remain—Is the scheme feasible? how many millions will it cost? and, will it pay? The French repose confidence in the opinion of their engineers, who have pronounced the canal practicable; on the other hand, it is said that Robert Stephenson staked his professional reputation on the truth that it is impracticable. Meanwhile the above queries are answered so unsatisfactorily, that the nations principally interested have not subscribed money:

shares in the project have never floated in our market; and, despite M. de Lesseps and the Courts of Russia and France, the Sublime Porte has put a veto on the design. But the Court of the Tuileries has recently readopted this Bonapartean tradition, and it may be suspected with the object of obtaining a military footing in Egypt. Any "geographic ambition" acknowledged in France looks primarily to the annexation of Belgium. On this head, the following passage may be quoted from M. d'Hainault's pamphlet, which has reached its third edition:—

"The preservation of the kingdom of the Netherlands, composed of the Belgian and Dutch nations, who differ in religion, language, manners, and conformation, has been proved impossible. That union was attempted by the Holy Alliance, but the monstrous marriage was quickly followed by divorce. But the time may be foreseen when each of this couple will contract a better tie. Holland should be made a German power, and we hesitate not to consider Belgium a French one. She lives by us, like us, and except for the pusillanimity of the late King of France, the assimilation would be complete since 1830."

The supposition that this and other annexations would be permitted by the rest of Europe, is based on ideas of admitting the great Continental Powers to make similar accessions, by such means as the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. Great Britain, however, is to be so far from a partaker in the scramble, that the proposed unholy alliance of the Continental States has for its main aim to deprive her of her strongholds in the Mediterranean and her maritime supremacy, and exclude her from interfering in Continental affairs. Our author is quite clear on this point:—

"When a nation has appropriated, as England has done, the most important points in the Mediterranean, such as Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, so as to become mistress of the great European lake; when she has the pretension to rule with her influence and her forces the most civilized region in the world, notwithstanding that the island from which she sprung is not as much as its tenth part in extent and population, she cannot be expected to accept, with goodwill, a falling off which she could never either understand or foresee."

Certainly she cannot, nor is she likely to "sell the goodwill" of her tenure of Malta to her allies, even if

they offered as much as the Americans will give for Cuba. Ever since their occupation of Algeria, our possession of the magnificent island fortress which commands the Mediterranean, has been the sharpest thorn in their feet while on the march to further conquests in Africa — acquisitions which, they are aware, are imperilled in the event of war with the masters of Malta. Their historians even ascribe the great eleven years' war of the beginning of this century to our having failed to obey the article in the Peace of Amiens for our evacuation of that island.

In slight proof of the national animosity, we permit ourselves to cite a recent warlike ballad, which, like all of its nature, is one of the barometers of popular opinion:—"Comment va le petit chanson?" significantly asked a statesman in turbulent times. The war-ode in point is remarkable, as claiming the honour of being, we quote its author's words, "in answer to *La Marseillaise* English ballad, entitled 'Riflemen form!'" written by our Poet-Laureate; and this savage reply has been sold by thousands in the south of France. This retaliatory emanation from some Gallic poetic and abusive mind is called "L'Hymne des Francais," and dedicated to the third regiment of Zouaves, a terrible corps, specially charged with carrying the instructions contained in this hymn into effect. Commencing by calling aloud for immediate invasion of Albion, the enraged rhymers declares that the Mediterranean sea is incensed by the presence of "an insolent navigator," whom Africa sees daring to sail near her shores, and that Rome is particularly insulted by this nautical *Anglais*, who has the hardihood to inspire terror; but that, nevertheless, the Eternal City will some day, in her indignation, utterly crush this abominable rival, just as, in ancient days, she levelled Carthage so completely in the dust that she has disappeared ever since. Having ejaculated this prophecy, the poet proceeds to make the following observations:—

En vain l'Anglais trouble la terre,
Son prestige s'est effacé,
On se moque de sa colère—
Le present est loin du passé!
Tes vaisseaux, la terreur du monde,
Par la vapeur sont des jouets;

Le Zouave est maître de l'onde,
 Son fer vaut mieux que tes boulets.
 A l'abordage !
 Point de canon !
 Que le carnage
 Double le rage
 Du matelot écrasant Albion !
 A l'abordage !
 Point de canon !

Inkermann a jugé ta force,
 Soldat imbécile à l'Alma ;
 A Traktir tue fus sans amorce ;
 Au Redan, on te culbuta !
 Ta valeur, sur les bords du Gange,
 Insulte à toute nation,
 Tes lauriers, de sang et de fange,
 N'ombragent que l'oppression.
 A l'abordage ! &c.

On sait ta politique infâme
 D'irriter les peuples entre eux,
 Ton cabinet de fiel n'a d'âme
 Que pour des brigands dangereux.
 Tu pratiques avec tout crime
 Qui peut faire hausser ton coton—
 Alsop ajuste la victime
 Que lui signale Palmerston !
 A l'abordage ! &c.

Palestro, Magenta, Varèse,
 Sont le prélude de ta peur !
 Attends encor—le destin pèse
 Le poids de ta juste terreur—
 A Londres, après l'Italie !—
 Du Zouave au jarret d'acier
 Les victoires en Lombardie,
 Font déjà trembler ton cimier.
 A l'abordage ! &c.

Mort à ta caste féodale !
 A bas l'Anglais, brigand des mers
 En Europe comme au Bengale,
 Mort aux tyrans de l'univers !
 Le droit commun partout se lève,
 A bas les infâmes traités !
 Que par le fer l'œuvre s'achève
 Aux accents de nos libertés !
 A l'abordage, &c.

We crave pardon for echoing such wild bavardage, the froth and scum of national antipathy, unworthy of notice, were it not that the overboiling of French mobs has not been mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing," but a powerful revolutionary and warlike lever. By no means do we allege that the writers quoted were instigated by their government to incite an irritation against the English nation that shall lead to war, since we do not believe the Emperor desires such a result. Let us now attempt to combine the qualities of Prometheus and his brother Epimetheus, one of whom saw facts before

they were visible, while the other, when the fact was accomplished, saw but the motive; and let us try to improve on them by endeavouring to show how some ideas of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte have already produced facts, and may produce more. By considering his career we may imagine what will be his path, and to expect to obtain clairvoyance into his future is not so vain as to call him "a man of destiny," since few men act upon designs more reflective and fixed. The maze of his conduct, intricate and dark as it may appear, has not been, it would seem, without a plan, for we find the solution of his general scheme in ascribing to him the simple intention, proceeding from one of the most impulsive instincts of human nature, of establishing the prosperity of his line. Political heir of Bonaparte, he was bred up "*dans le culte Napoléonien et dans la religion de son sang.*" In 1840, he thus proclaimed, in a speech to the Cour des Pairs, his position:—"I represent a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause, that of the Empire; the defeat, Waterloo. You have recognised the principle, you have served the cause, and you wish to avenge the defeat." When in exile, he was an affectionate student of "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*," and after his affair at Strasbourg, published, during his imprisonment at Ham, and before his affair at Boulogne, a work under that title, as a manifest excusing the first attempt, and preparing for the second—his shrewd intellect and deep thought aiding his natural ambition to become Emperor of the French. But while in England, he learnt *des idées Anglaises*, wrote an essay on the history of that country, and we find him, on 10th April, 1848, armed with a special constable's staff, helping to guard the streets of London against revolutionists, and may believe that all he observed in England assures him that she is not a country to be invaded with impunity. The sentiment of Bonapartism, after the last Revolution in France, put him in power. The extent and strength in which it developed itself was unexpected and astounding, and it still moves the

* The treaties of 1815, which Napoleon III. has since broken.

mass of the nation in their inmost hearts. Hostility to England forms part of it, and the universal state of this feeling at that epoch is thus described in the pamphlet of 1858, entitled "*L'Empereur Napoleon III. et l'Angleterre*," and attributed to his dictation:—"The minds of the partisans of the Empire were ulcerated with the most grievous reminiscences in modern history;" viz., the defeat at Waterloo, the treaties of 1815, and the "martyr fate of the hero," at St. Helena. The Legitimist party are declared to have religiously retained the historic resentment caused by ancient wars; the Republicans held in bitter memory "the league of Pitt and Cobourg to crush the republic;" and the Orleanists were offended as much at England for her humiliating protection as her abandonment of them. The election of Louis Napoleon as president of the new Republic, being the triumph of Bonapartism, caused distrust and alarm in every European court, but his first steps, professions, and conduct prudently allayed this uneasiness. Knowing it was not nearly so much his personal character as the prestige of his surname that had placed him in power, he saw that in order to establish his dynasty, he must make a name for himself. The first Bonaparte, in fulfilling this requisite for himself, by eclipsing the glories of the Bourbons, and gratifying the vanity of the French, had committed the gross blunder of doing so at such a cost to other nations that they combined to oust him; and the theatre of Continental politics, in which that old actor had figured as a martial hero such as had not been seen since Charlemagne, was closed by banishing the veteran to St. Helena, as a warning that the part of Charlemagne ought not to have been repeated.

The young Roscius of the new dynastic family knew that, for the future, that great stage is not to be one on which a single star may amuse and astonish the audience, and that the time has almost passed for theatrical politics—not quite passed, nevertheless, since there was an opening for some histrionic display, by reviving a former drama, in some of the old scenes, but with new attractions and decorations; for it would not tell to go over the same ground and do pre-

cisely what had been done before, particularly when French love of novelty is to be gratified. With an intimate knowledge of the national character, the elected President of the Republic saw he had not merely to act a striking part, but to avoid past mistakes; so, reversing his uncle's policy, he adopted that of Henry IV., so far as might be compatible with the altered circumstances of the age, and with his personal qualities, position, and family traditions. His Italian policy is based precisely on the ideas of Henry IV., defined by Sully as founded on the traditional determination of the kings of France to maintain the independence of the Italian States, in order that they shall not become Austrian garrisons menacing the Alpine frontier; and the intention of Napoleon III. to revive this defensive design is set forth in his semi-official pamphlet, and avowed even to its extent of setting the Pope at the head of the projected Confederation. The alarm his accession to the government of the French occasioned the sovereigns of Europe, was aggravated by the revolutionary infection their own subjects had recently caught from Paris. The new President, however, began to play the grand rôle of champion of order, which has caused him to be accepted into the fraternity of crowned heads, and now encourages him to aspire to the ambitious station of arbiter of European affairs. His first foreign step, before transforming his presidency of a republic into an imperial sceptre, was to quell the revolutionary faction in Rome, and restore the head of the Roman Catholic Church to temporal authority—a strong measure, thus daunting the red Republicans in his own capital, and gaining himself some millions of Catholic suffrages for his election as Emperor.

When the French nation, rejecting either a king or a republic, declared for a despotism, they did so in the recollection of past glories, and expectation of future triumphs; for when six millions of Frenchmen voted for a new Napoleon, their act indubitably proclaimed their memory of defeats as well as of victories, and their hope of coming revenge. Multitudes expected he would pursue his family hatred of the uprooters of its dynasties—this tradition being the reason of his elevation, and the carrying out of

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.

THE Secret History of the Austrian Government has not realized our expectations. Professor Newman, some years ago, wrote an essay on the crimes of the House of Hapsburg—it was a war pamphlet, written at the time of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848. M. Michiels' book is nothing more than a war pamphlet of 1859, in which France is called upon to be the public executioner of Europe, and give the *coup-de-grace*, once for all, to the much-offending House of Hapsburg. But dynasties are not extinguished thus at a blow—least of all the dynasty of Hapsburg-Lorraine, which wears, it seems, a charmed life, and rallies from impending ruin with an elastic spring, like Antæus touching earth. The Stuarts are extinct, the Bourbons are defunct, or nearly so, the old line of Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden, is departed, but still the old stock of Ferdinand I., brother of Charles V., reigns on in Vienna. Austria can stand a great deal of beating—*merces profundo pulchrior evenit*, and so, notwithstanding M. Michiels' vaticinations, the French Emperor drew up at the base of the famous Quadrilateral, without attempting to cut his way through from Verona to Vienna.

In an account of the systematic persecution of Protestantism by the House of Austria, we expected to find new documents brought to light, and a fresh search made among the state papers of Europe. In this we have been disappointed.

The rise of the House of Austria began with three fortunate marriages: the marriage of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, on the 19th August, 1477; the marriage of Philip the Handsome, only son of Maximilian and Mary, in 1496, to the jealous, and afterwards melancholy mad, Jane, Infanta of Spain, the heiress of the united crowns of Castile and Aragon; and thirdly, the marriage of Ferdinand I., son of this Philip and Jane, with Anne Jagellon, in 1521, by which

he obtained the two Jagellon crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. Thus, in less than fifty years, five crowns dropped into the lap of the fortunate descendants of Rudolf of Hapsburg: the ducal crown of Burgundy then the most splendid possession in Europe, with the rich Fleming towns, and the Netherlands as well; the two crowns of Castile and Aragon united at last under Ferdinand and Isabella; and the two crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, in comparison with which the hereditary Archduchy of Austria was what the Isle of Man is to England and Ireland.

Between the balance of power in mediæval and that in modern Europe, there are differences which deserve to be noticed. Before Austria had begun to preponderate in Germany and Spain, in Italy, several lesser states such as Saxony and Milan, and the Republics of Venice and Genoa, enjoyed an importance which they were soon to lose. Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, had not yet risen into notice; Poland and Turkey had reached their climax, and were beginning to decline; England and France, rivals and neighbours, balanced off against each other, as they have done pretty evenly ever since; so that the great disturbing influence which marks the difference between the mediæval and the modern balance of power, was the rise of the Hapsburg family, and the partition of more than half Europe between its two branches of Spain and Austria. If these two branches had remained under one head, Charles V. would have become in fact, what he often aspired to be, the Charlemagne of modern Europe, the Cæsar Augustus of the Roman world. This was impossible for many reasons: the natural jealousy of the rest of Europe prevented any coalition between Charles and his brother Ferdinand, and the secret history of the House of Austria discloses a fact which might have been suspected beforehand, that Ferdinand and Charles were mutually

suspicious of each other, and that under great appearance of brotherly good feeling there ran an undercurrent of rivalry and jealousy.

The history of Charles V. we may pass over without note or comment. Robertson, Prescott, and Stirling, have so familiarized the English reader with the portrait of the first great King of Spain, and the last great Emperor of the Romans, that our remarks would be superfluous.

King Ferdinand was a respectable soldier, and an excellent man of business; he was also a good husband. His wife Anne, by whom he succeeded to the united crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, bore him fifteen children, of whom twelve survived infancy—three sons and nine daughters, all of them very handsome. "His Majesty is very religious: attends Mass every day, and on great holidays hears one or two sermons; he receives the sacrament two, three, or four times a year." So the Venetian ambassador described him in 1547.

Ferdinand I., like his latest descendant, Francis Joseph, was a Roman Catholic with all his heart. In his last will he most earnestly warned all his sons, and especially Maximilian, the eldest, against following a religious party, which, being divided in itself as to doctrine, could not hold the truth. "I would rather see you dead than that you should join the new sects," he wrote in his codicil of 1555. He was the first to introduce the Spanish priests, as the Jesuits were then called, into Germany. He selected Bobadilla, one of the founders of the order, as his confessor, and cautiously introduced Jesuitism, step by step, into Vienna. At first they were quartered with the Dominicans, and recommended themselves by their skill as physicians, effecting cures by means of Peruvian bark, which was long known over Europe as the Jesuit's powder. In 1551, the first Jesuit college in Germany was founded in Vienna, from whence the order rapidly spread and began to work the counter Reformation, in which they were only too successful, aided, as they were, by the hateful dissensions of Protestants among themselves, as well as the wily encroachments of the Austrian Emperors on the rights of their subjects.

It was Ferdinand's design to break

down the power of the nobles who had favoured the Reformers, and so the Jesuits were introduced into Austria for the object of sowing dissension between the sects of Protestants, and dividing the nobility by educating the rising generation in seminaries of their own. In both these designs they succeeded only too well. When Ferdinand ascended the throne, according to the statements of the Venetian ambassador, *nine-tenths of Germany professed the new creed*; and in the hereditary Hapsburg dominions by far the greater number were Lutherans. The whole nobility of Austria at that time went to study at the Protestant University of Wittenberg. Marriages between Catholic and Protestant were common, and all things gave promise of peace. But the Spanish priests and King Ferdinand stood in the way of this solution of the great schism of the sixteenth century. Austria became what she has ever since been, the champion of the counter Reformation: little by little Protestantism was supplanted in Hungary, Austria, and Bohemia, till it now exists only upon sufferance in those provinces where the whole population was once either Hussite or Lutheran.

Ferdinand I. died in 1564, and Maximilian II., his eldest son, educated, like his father, in Spain, succeeded. He was a headstrong, high-spirited youth, a favourite with his uncle, Charles V., who educated him; but disliked by his father for his recklessness, and, perhaps, his liberal and tolerant spirit, for Maximilian II. was the only one of his line who was not a Catholic of the Jesuit and reactionary school. In a letter to his brother-in-law, Duke Albert of Bavaria, he declares the latitudinarian opinion, "In religious matters one must not bend the bow till it breaks." He treated a Protestant divine, John Sebastian Pfauser, as his confidant, made him his court preacher, and read the books on divinity that he put in his hand. Maximilian went so far even as to say that "God alone rules the consciences of men, man only rules man." Carrying out this principle, he issued an edict of toleration for Bohemia in 1567, and one for Austria, in 1568. He lived on terms of friendship with the Protestant princes of the Empire, the Elector Palatine, the Elector Augustus of Saxony, Land-

grave Philip of Hesse, and Duke Christopher of Würtemberg. As early as 1562 Maximilian entreated the Pope to sanction the administration of the eucharist in both kinds, and the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy. The Pope refused to do so, and even threatened excommunication. The Spanish cousin of the Emperor, Philip II., also opposed his liberal tendencies. There is a letter extant in the archives of Vienna which Dr. Vohse prints in full, in which Maximilian vents his grief and horror at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. "I cannot," he says, "commend it at all, and I have heard, to my heartfelt grief, that my son-in-law (Charles IX.) has allowed himself to be persuaded to give his sanction to such an infamous slaughter; but I know this much, that other people rule much more than he does." "Religious matters," he goes on to say, "ought not to be settled by the sword: no honest man that fears God and loves peace will say differently; nor did Christ and his apostles teach otherwise; for their sword was their tongue, their teaching, God's word and their Christian life."

Maximilian was the first and last of the Austrian Emperors who betrayed any leaning towards Protestantism.

There is a remarkable letter extant describing the Emperor's death-bed. It seems he was urged to confess himself and to receive the sacrament. His answer to his son, the Archduke Matthias, was: "My son, all this is needless. I hope, through the mercy of God and his merits, to be saved as surely as you can be. I have confessed all my sins to Christ and thrown them on his passion and death; and I am sure they are forgiven, and I do not need any thing else." Thus "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanneal'd" by human priest, passed away the spirit of the Emperor Maximilian II., a rare instance of an Austrian Emperor imbued with Protestant and liberal sentiments. It was said that the Jesuits had poisoned him.

Rudolph succeeded, an eccentric prince, chiefly remarkable by his taste for mechanics, who, in 1608, yielded up Hungary, Austria, and Moravia to his brother Matthias, becoming a prisoner in his own palace at Prague.

On the 11th April, 1611, he was further obliged to renounce the crown of Bohemia; and when signing the document of resignation, in his anger at the ungrateful Bohemians who sided with Matthias, he bit the pen with which he had written his name and flung it on the diploma; on which, as Hormayr states, "the blot of ink is seen to this day." In November, 1611, the German Princes sent an Embassy to compel him to cause a King of the Romans to be elected. "Rudolph received the envoys standing under a dais, with his left hand leaning on a table. When the point of abdication was mentioned, the blood rushed to his temples, his knees trembled, and he was obliged to sit down on a chair. While the Embassy was waiting for his reply, the Emperor unexpectedly died."

Rudolph was succeeded by his brother Matthias. By a singular but just retribution, very nearly the same fate which Matthias had schemed to bring upon Rudolph, was prepared for himself by his cousin Archduke Ferdinand. In June, 1617, he was compelled to take Ferdinand to Prague to have him crowned King of Bohemia, as Ferdinand had consented to take the oaths to them, on the *Magestäts-brief*. This was a capitulation between the sovereign and his subjects, by which the free exercise of their religion was granted to the secular lords and knights, and to the inhabitants of the royal towns and demesnes.

The accession of Ferdinand to the Kingdom of Bohemia was the signal for the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War. The Jesuits, who, at the coronation of their pupil Ferdinand, had made their entry into Prague in his train, soon began to work their intrigues. They had on that occasion caused a triumphal arch to be built for Ferdinand, on which, symbolically and significantly, the Bohemian lion was chained to the arms of Austria. Scioppius, an Apostate Calvinist, in his "*Alarm-drum of the Holy War*," proclaimed in the plainest language that the only way to religious unity in Europe was by a path of blood, and, on the 23rd May, 1618, occurred the first overt act which began the prolonged conflict. On that day about noon the Utraquist or Hussite delegates who had been refused permission

to build new churches by the Archbishop of Prague, resolved to take the law into their own hands. They presented themselves at the Council-room in the Hradschin, where the Council of Regency was sitting, and resolved there and then to execute summary vengeance on the two most obnoxious members of the Council—Martinitz and Slawata. The punishment of defenestration had long been in Bohemia what the traitor's leap from the Tarpeian had been in Rome; and so they inflicted it, flinging them as they were in their Spanish costume, with cloaks and hats, from the window, into the dry ditch of the castle. They fell from a height of nearly sixty feet, but owing to their cloaks filling with air, and thus breaking the fall, and to their alighting on a heap of waste paper and other rubbish, they escaped with only a few bruises. Immediately after the defenestration Count Thurn, the chief instigator of this act of Lynch law, rode through the streets of Prague, exhorting the people to be quiet. The castle was occupied by parliamentary troops; the public officers were sworn in on the authority of the estates; a committee of thirty directors was appointed to carry on the Government, and the Jesuits were expelled from the whole of Bohemia. War, civil and religious, had now broken out; it was to last thirty years, to spread over the whole of Germany, to draw Sweden, Denmark, Spain, and France into this vortex, and not to cease until Germany had subsided into peace, because it could carry on war no longer. The death of Matthias, a few months after the first outbreak of hostilities, left the throne vacant for his cousin Ferdinand, who had already been crowned King of Bohemia. And now the Jesuits had one of their pupils at the head of the most powerful monarchy of Europe, who had put himself as a corpse in their hands, with no will but theirs, and no desire but to do that will. If passive obedience be the highest merit in man: if the noblest service be that of a dead will galvanized into life by another stronger will, then Ferdinand II. was the most exemplary Prince, not of his own, but of all time.

Ferdinand II. was son of Duke Charles and grandson of Ferdinand I. the brother of Charles V. He was born at Gratz in 1578, and was edu-

cated in the Jesuit University of Ingolstadt. At the age of seventeen he undertook the government of Styria, and already at twenty, he began to organize the movement of the counter Reformation, which he carried out with the most persevering purpose of will. "*Better a desert than a country full of heretics*," was a memorable saying of his to his Minister Clesel. The sentiment was worthy of his cousin Philip II. of Spain; it is difficult to say to which of the two we must assign the palm of bigotry. He was the most faithful disciple of the Church of Rome, whose priests, especially the Spanish priests, or Jesuits, were to him as the mouthpiece of God. His own confessor says of him that Ferdinand feared no one so much as the priests, whom he looked upon as something superhuman. He is reported to have once said that if he met a priest and an angel at one and the same time, he would render honour to the priest first. In his youth he made a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto, and there registered a vow of eternal enmity to the Reformation and its agents. Ferdinand heard every day two masses in the Imperial Chapel, and on Sunday, besides a mass in church, a German and an Italian sermon, and vespers in the afternoon; he never missed kneeling before the crucifix at matins in Advent, and at vespers in Lent; he regularly, before and after Easter, attended all the processions and pilgrimages on foot and bareheaded. He would minister as an acolyte at mass, toll the bell for vespers, and visit the monasteries and take his meals with the monks. From him dates the custom of the Emperors publicly joining in the Corpus Christi procession. The orders, black, white, and grey, grew and multiplied under his patronage in Vienna. A couple of Jesuits, as early as 1618, before Ferdinand's accession to the Imperial throne "were always to be met with in his ante-chamber—nay, they had such free access to him as to be admitted to his bedside even at midnight as often as they chose to send in their names."

On his accession, in 1619, Ferdinand had already completed his forty-second year. He was corpulent, of low stature, but of a strong and excellent constitution. He was, moreover, very temperate both in eating and drink-

ing, and regularly went to bed at ten, and rose at four. Unlike his predecessors, Ferdinand had no intrigues. He was a devotee, and a strict one; a sincere and a narrow-minded bigot.

During the eighteen years of Ferdinand's reign, he was constantly at war, but so little had he of martial ardour, that the first and only time he saw actual conflict, was in the Turkish campaign of 1600, and then his retreat was as inglorious as Horace's "*parvula non bene relictâ*." The dust of a herd of bullocks and swine having spread a sudden panic, Ferdinand, with the whole of his army, ingloriously ran away. He never drew bridle till he had crossed the river Mur into his own country of Styria. Ferdinand never tempted fortune again on a battle-field. He had no stomach for fighting; he was all his life more of the monk than the monarch, and would have graced a cowl better than a crown. It would have been well for his after fame, if he had been allowed to abdicate, like his grand-uncle, Charles V., and retire into a monastery, without once wearing the crown of Charlemagne.

The history of the Thirty Years' War, is a bloody page that has often been described. Every school-girl has read Schiller's narrative; and some of the incidents, such as Gustavus Adolphus' death, the sack of Magdeburg, and the murder of Wallenstein, stand out in Germany history as landmarks to those to whom almost all the rest is a haze of names and dates. But some of the events of that war, which throw their light on the policy of the House of Austria, are not so well known. On the 8th November, 1620, was fought the fatal battle of the White Mountain of Prague. Frederic, the unhappy Elector-Palatine, and son-in-law of our James I., fled the day after the battle, leaving behind, as he hurriedly entered his travelling carriage, his crown and his jewels. The result of the battle was fatal to the Bohemian liberties and religion. On that day Bohemia sunk from the rank of an independent kingdom to a mere province of Austria, which it has remained ever since. The revenge of the Emperor was as complete as his victory. Like Alva at Brussels, he temporized and allured the Bohemian nobles with hopes of an amnesty,

only to get them more completely in his grasp. Once he had succeeded in this, blood began to flow, and on the 21st of June, 1621, such a scene of wholesale butchery was witnessed in the old City Circus, at Prague, as has never been witnessed perhaps out of China. Yeh might have envied the completeness of this butchery *en masse* of a whole nobility.

Early in the morning, at four, the heavy boom of the cannon was heard from the Hradschin—it was the signal for the executions. The prisoners, escorted by a squadron of cuirassiers and 200 musketeers, were driven in six or seven carriages to the Altstadt. The scaffold, covered with red cloth, was erected close before the town hall, in the ring opposite the church called Theinkirche, which was surmounted by the large chalice with the sword, the emblem of the Hussites. It happened with the Bohemian martyrs as with the magnanimous John Frederic of Saxony, they behaved like brave men in the hour of misfortune. They all died joyous in faith. It was five before the executions began; a slight shower fell, and, to the no small comfort of the martyrs, a fine rainbow spanned the sky. The executioner began his task—he beheaded within four hours, from five to nine o'clock, twenty-four persons—three were hanged. The decapitated lords were most of them very old; the aggregate age of ten of them was calculated to have been 700 years. One only, whilst already kneeling down, was reprieved; his punishment was commuted into imprisonment for life. Confiscation and banishment awaited those whom the executive spared. A proclamation was made offering pardon to any Bohemian nobles who informed against themselves. No less than 728 nobles were simple enough to do so. Their lives were spared, but their estates were confiscated. The Emperor levied the enormous sum of forty-three million florins from the sale of these confiscated estates, and thus nearly all the landed property of Bohemia changed owners during Ferdinand's reign. The innocent sons and grandsons of the condemned had to wear a red silk string round their necks, as a token "that the spawn of the rebels had also deserved the halter." Then followed the last act of the Bohemian tragedy—a wholesale emigration. No

less than 185 noble houses, of twelve, twenty, and even fifty persons each, beside many thousand families of commoners and citizens, left their country for ever. Notwithstanding this drain, there were, in the time of Joseph II., in 1787, 45,000 Protestants, partly Lutheran, partly Calvinists, in Bohemia. Ferdinand burnt the *Magestätt*-brief and the other charters of Bohemia, as waste paper. "These are the rags," he said, "of waste paper, which have given so much trouble to our predecessors." Bohemia lost all her liberties, civil and religious; the spirit and pride of her nobility were broken; her language degenerated into a provincial dialect; her literature disappeared, and all the books and records of her former independence were hunted down and destroyed. Never, in modern times, was there a more complete obliteration of a nation's existence.

It is characteristic of Ferdinand, that while the executions were going on in the public square in Prague, on a June morning in 1620, he was on his knees praying for the salvation of those whose bodies he was destroying. While we are appalled at the blood-thirsty way in which he went about his revenge, we are almost compelled to pity him for his sincere but insane fanaticism.

Ferdinand II. died as he had lived, a devoted son of the Church, holding in his hand a consecrated taper which his confessor had offered him. He was succeeded by his son Ferdinand III., who was his father over again, only in miniature—what Bombalino, the present King of Naples, appears to be to his father. He was a particular champion of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, that peculiarly Spanish doctrine which has made its way with the spread of Spanish Jesuitism all over Catholic Europe. He issued an order that no one should be made a doctor without taking the oath on the Immaculate Conception. He set the example of erecting monuments in honour of this dogma. When he was besieged in Vienna in 1645 he made a vow to erect in the Hof a monument to the Virgin in marble. The one he erected was replaced in 1667 by another in marble and bronze which stands there to this day. During the greater part of his reign the Thirty Years' War raged on,

becoming fiercer every year till it finally died out for want of more fuel. The peace of Westphalia was concluded on the 24th October, 1648; but the relief to Germany came too late to be felt by that generation. Germany was exhausted; its fields lay waste; its population gone. Instead of flourishing industrious towns, and cheerful thriving villages, the eye, as far as it reached, only met heaps of smouldering ruins and newly-dug graves. Germany was fast relapsing into its primitive state, covered with bog and forest; the starving men wandered about, preying like wolves, and driven even to acts of cannibalism.

Ferdinand had realized his ferocious boast, "better a desert than a country full of heretics"—*solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant*—might have been the reflection of a patriotic German on this rest from exhaustion, miscalled a peace.

Central Europe did not recover, it is thought, for a century, the ravages of these thirty years of war; and to this day the backward state of Germany, in comparison with France and England, may be traced to these years of horror, when its plains became the cock-pit of Europe, when the northern and southern nations met to fight out the old quarrel of the previous century between Luther and the Pope.

Ferdinand III. died in 1657, and was succeeded by his son, Leopold I., surnamed by the Jesuits "the Great," perhaps because he was the feeblest monarch that ever sat on a throne, and therefore the most manageable. Leopold was a true Spaniard and bigot, like his father and grandfather, a pupil of the Jesuits, and as docile as a dog to his masters. Leopold was not unlike his descendant, Francis II., occupant of the imperial throne during the long wars of the French Revolution. It has twice been the fortune, or misfortune, as it may be, of the House of Austria to have two of the most imbecile of their race on the throne pitted against the two most vigorous rulers of France. What Leopold was in comparison with Louis XIV. that Francis II. was to Napoleon. Like Francis II., Leopold was fond of correcting the style of the State papers that were laid before him. His whole work as a ruler consisted, in fact, in signing the orders drawn up in his name by his Minis-

ters. He had, like all men of small intellect, a memory tenacious only of trifles; thus, in the disastrous year 1683, when the Turks drove him from his capital, he recorded that 8,265 despatches were signed, 386 letters written, and 481 audiences given by him. He was a caricature of a king, as seen and described by an Italian Abbe, who in his travels visited Vienna in 1670 and 1680. "The Emperor," he says, "is of small stature and delicate complexion; the hanging lip peculiar to the House of Hapsburg is so marked in him that the eye teeth protrude, which somewhat impedes his speech; his eyes and brow are majestic; his beard, which nearly covers his chin, is black, and he wears a periwig. His gait is languid. He is dressed in the Spanish fashion—red stockings and shoes, a red or black plume in his hat, and round his neck the great collar of the Golden Fleece, which is sometimes covered by his mantle."

Leopold's only decisive acts as a ruler were despotical proceedings in the case of political crimes. The little energy that he had he used in attempting to crush Hungary, as Ferdinand II. had attempted to crush Bohemia. The Jesuits had pertinaciously been pursuing the plan of introducing the Spanish rule into Hungary as they had done into Bohemia. To accomplish this their policy was to keep up the closest connexion with the Turks, who then held more than half of Hungary, and so keep the Protestants in check, and finally crush them. In this they succeeded. The Hungarians resorted to the *privilege of insurrection*, a strange right reserved to the Hungarian magnates by the Golden Bull of 1222, the Magna Charta of Hungary, granted by Andrew II., one of the native line of kings, and which all the former kings of Hungary, including those of the House of Hapsburg, had sworn to respect. They used this privilege of insurrection against Leopold in 1670, and being defeated, had to pay the penalty in a merciless proscription of their nobility, and the forcible suppression of all Protestant worship. Protestant preachers and schoolmasters were arrested and condemned, some to imprisonment, others to death: 250 Lutheran ministers were banished to Bohemia, and then thrown into dungeons without even a form of trial.

Thirty-eight of these pastors were sold at fifty crowns per head as galley-slaves to Naples. Beaten down, trampled on, their liberties and religion taken away, the Hungarians would have shared the same fate as the Bohemians, when, happily for them, the Turks invaded Austria and invested Vienna. Fortune plays strange freaks with men and principles. The infidel Turks came to the rescue of Protestant Hungary from the grip of Catholic Austria, and John Sobieski, in his turn, rescues Austria from the grip of the infidel. It was characteristic of Leopold that when he met Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna, he only saluted him with chilling coldness, remaining stiffly sitting in the saddle, nor did he even lift his hat when Sobieski kissed his hand, and the Polish nobles of the first houses were presented to him. Austrian ingratitude is proverbial. Nicholas was the Sobieski of Austria in 1849, and Russia has not forgotten, though Austria has, the debt of obligation then incurred by her. The bloody assize of Eperies, in which Caraffa of Naples played the part of our Judge Jeffries, and about the same year 1687, followed soon upon the deliverance of Vienna. Caraffa once said, "If I were conscious of having within my body one drop of blood that was friendly to the Hungarians, *I would at once bleed myself to death.*" The tortures that he inflicted are too horrible to relate: the rack, the boot, and lighted wax tapers under the armpits, were common punishments; suffice, that Caraffa made good his boast, that he would prove himself to be the Attila, the Scourge of God, to these Hungarians. When the Hungarians asked that they might be permitted to defend themselves, Caraffa replied, "*that their trial should be proceeded with after their execution.*" The Hungarians at last, to get rid of the bloody assize of Eperies, acquiesced in having the crown of their ancient elective monarchy made hereditary in the male line of the House of Hapsburg; and also resigned their right of insurrection. If men have the right to rebel with whom does the right rest? Who is to decide when the limits of endurance are past? Is it the prince or the people? If with the prince, rebellion is always wrong; if with the people, it is always right; but in neither case

can it be a matter of strict right. Rebellion is always a case of necessity, and necessity knows no law.

On the 5th of May, 1705, the Emperor Leopold died at the age of sixty-four, of dropsy in the chest. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph, who, though a true Hapsburg in pride and stiff pedantry, was much more tolerant than any of his predecessors of the Illyrian line. Under him the Jesuits, for the first time, began to lose ground at the Court of Vienna. He also despised the saintly Camarilla, who had exercised paramount influence at the court of his father. Joseph went so far as to expel a Jesuit from Vienna for preaching sermons levelled at him, and when remonstrated with for selecting a confessor who was not a Jesuit, he threatened to send the whole order out of Austria, never to return. But Joseph's reign was destined to be short, and the reforms which he had begun were to be carried on by his greater namesake, Joseph II., towards the end of the century. He was cut off by small-pox in 1711, and was succeeded by Charles VI., the sixteenth and last emperor of the old male line of Hapsburg.

The reign of Charles VI. marks the transition between the dull cold bigotry of the Hapsburgs of the seventeenth century, and the more liberal rule of the new branch of Hapsburg-Lorraines of the eighteenth. He continued and carried forward his brother Joseph's ecclesiastical reforms: suppressed useless monasteries, corrected the abuses of the conventual prisons, which, in many cases, were dens of debauchery and cruelty, and forced the regulars into submission to their bishops. But, in other respects, Charles was as great a trifier as his father and grandfather. When in Spain he was pressed by the allies to advance upon Madrid, as it would be a great point to occupy the capital; he refused, because he had no state carriages, and it did not befit him, as King of Spain, to enter Madrid except in state.

Charles VI. had no son; and to secure the succession to his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, he procured the celebrated Pragmatic sanction, enacted in 1713, and published in 1724. To secure for this sanction the respect of the great powers of

Europe, Charles stopped at no sacrifices. It was the labour of his life to make it binding by solemn treaties. To secure this he lowered the dignity of the Imperial crown, and sacrificed the independence of Austria. But no sooner was Charles dead, than the very power who guaranteed the Pragmatic sanction, rose against Maria Theresa: only eight weeks after Charles's death, Frederic had overrun and annexed Silesia.

Maria Theresa, with an empty treasury, a disbanded army, and a disputed title, began her reign on the 20th October, 1740; yet, before she died, in 1780, she had consolidated the hereditary states of the House of Hapsburg in one consistent and powerful monarchy. She had established that bureaucratic system, which her son Joseph II. carried to perfection. She had crowned one of her sons King of the Romans; seated another on the throne of Tuscany; married a third to the rich heiress of Este, and so secured to him the Duchy of Modena, and had given away three of her daughters to three Bourbon princes: Marie Antoinette, the celebrated Queen of France; Caroline, Queen of Naples; and Amelia, Duchess of Parma.

Thus, Maria Theresa may be considered the foundress of the modern Austrian Empire, not only because this new line of Hapsburg-Lorraine begins with her, but also because from her reign we may date the entire ascendancy of Austria in Italy, which continued unbroken till the peace of Villafranca. Maria Theresa's courageous appeal to the Hungarians, and their chivalrous reply, are well known; but it also deserves to be recorded, to her honour, that she was the only one of the three accomplices in the partition of Poland who felt any reluctance to commit this act of spoliation. When the measure had been forced upon her by her minister, Kaunitz, she signed the deed of partition, writing on the margin of the memorandum:—*"Placet: because so many great and learned men wish it: but when I have been long dead people will see what must come from this VIOLATION OF EVERY THING THAT, UNTIL NOW, HAS BEEN DEEMED HOLY AND RIGHT."*

Honour to her woman's heart: it was a truer instinct to guide her conduct

by than all the statecraft of Kaunitz. She added these words on the back of the sheet: "When all my countries were attacked, and I no longer knew where I might go quietly to lie in, I stood stiff, on my good right and the help of God. But, in this affair, when not only clear justice cries to Heaven against us, but also all fairness and common sense condemns us, I must confess that I never felt so troubled in all my life, and am ashamed to show myself before the people."

Maria Theresa was succeeded by her son Joseph II. in 1780. His reign was short, lasting little more than nine years, yet it was memorable. He is, on the whole, the most remarkable prince of the House of Hapsburg, since the days of Charles V. to the present. His energetic reforms imparted new life to the sluggish rule of the House of Austria. He first brought Austrian policy up to the level of the age, and if he had lived longer, or been supported in these reforms by his successors, the integrity of the Austrian empire might have been saved. As it now is, it seems that Austria must share the fate of China, to which her policy has conformed with such remarkable pertinacity. She is slowly breaking up under pressure from without and dissension within. Her provinces, like those of China, are centralized only in appearance.

Count Buol told Lord Adam Loftus the other day, that Austria was a Conservative state; so is China, but such Conservatism is a sorry thing for a statesman to boast of. True Conservatism implies progress, for there is a life in a nation as in a tree—if it is not growing it is decaying, and though, for a time, the causes of decay are unseen, they are none the less certain.

There was a better spirit in the rulers of Austria last century. Between Joseph I. and Joseph II., that is from 1705 to 1780, they began to feel the breath of new ideas. Their Sacred Apostolic Majesties took the air, and went about and thought as other people. Between the ridiculous Leopold and the imbecile Francis II., there was an interval of common sense.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay;" and during that fifty years of Europe, French and English ideas propagated themselves so

fast in Austria, that English liberalism and French philosophy began to be tolerated, and the Jesuits pronounced a nuisance, even by Apostolic Majesty itself. Joseph II. was the first really liberal Emperor. Maria Theresa, his mother, was better than her predecessors, and showed a reforming spirit in many respects. She deputed her authority to old Kaunitz, to whom, more than to any one else, the general suppression of the Jesuits, at the end of the eighteenth century was due. Pom- bal, Arunda, and Choiseul, the three ministers who put down the order in Portugal, Spain, and France, had formerly been ambassadors of their courts at Vienna, and had taken their cue from thence. At Rome Kaunitz was only called *il ministro eretico*. The arch-infidel, Voltaire, and the author of the *Tartuffe*, were his favourite authors. The expulsion of the Spanish priests who, for two hundred years, had been the real rulers of Austria, was a revolution, silent, but real in the policy of Austria. This was effected by Kaunitz in 1772, Maria Theresa giving her reluctant consent. Joseph was then thirty-one years of age, and already had begun to display those advanced opinions which brought such a startling change on Austria in a few years. Frederic the Great saw Joseph, for the first time, when he was a young man of twenty-eight. The king then said of him—"He is bred in a bigoted court, and has cast off superstition; he has been brought up in pomp, and yet has adopted plain manners; he has been nurtured with flattery, and yet is modest." Frederic predicted that he would surpass Charles V. Joseph was full of those philanthropic ideas of promoting the happiness of mankind, which had propagated themselves from France to Germany; "and it marks," Vohse observes, "most strikingly the difference between him and Frederic, that during his French journey, in the prime of manhood, he in Paris went to see Rousseau in his garret; but whilst in Switzerland, rigorously, and on principle, abstained from paying a visit to Frederic's great friend, Voltaire, at Ferney—an omission which not a little annoyed the vain philosopher."

If Austria could have produced a Washington, that man was Joseph. At the beginning of his reign he gave a rare example of disinterestedness. He

burned coupons—government stock issued after the seven years' war, to the value of 22,000,000 florins, which he had inherited from his father, thus making a present to the treasury both of capital and interest. "*Virtute et exemplo*," was his motto through life, and he only expected from others what he was prepared to do himself. He put down jobbery wherever he could, and raised the standard of education at the public offices. He abolished the Spanish ceremonial and stiffness which prevailed at court, and issued a special order forbidding genuflexions, as he said that men should kneel only before God. The court struggled in vain against this new Reforming Emperor. Old Polonius, with plentiful lack of wit, predicted the end of all things when Joseph sat himself down on the throne in a military uniform. Joseph would not wear the robes of state, and laughing at the farce of gold stick, ate, drank, and talked as other people. Apostolic Majesty had caught at last the spirit of the times, and Leopold and Ferdinand must have turned in their graves at the reforming pranks of this young Hamlet of Hapsburg. In the first year of his reign he issued two edicts, which, in his ardent enthusiasm, he thought would liberalize Austria by a stroke of the pen. The edict of the 11th of June, 1781, abolishing the censorship of the Press; and the edict of the 13th October, in the same year, granting entire toleration to all religious dissenters. The edict abolishing the censorship produced a sudden deluge of books. The number of bookwriters who crowded to Vienna was estimated at nearly four hundred. This sudden liberty soon degenerated into licence, and at last Joseph was obliged to put a check upon the publication of works like the *Wolfenbützel* Fragments and Voltaire's *Maid of Orleans*. But he would not suppress any attacks of the Press upon himself, "for," said he, "the public will not judge me from pamphlets, but from my acts."

The other important edict of toleration to all sects alike, Lutheran, Calvinist, Greeks and Jews, also met with great opposition. Joseph was a sincere Christian. Passing on his journey to Rome, through Bologna, he said to the professors of Theology there, "I am no divine; I am only

a soldier; but so much I know that one way and one truth only leads to Heaven—and I hope you, in your schools, will keep to it—the truth of Jesus Christ." He struck at the root of all bigotry in the famous Bull against heretics: "*In Cœna Domini*." This he ordered to be expunged from all rituals—the oath to be taken by all doctors of the universities, on the Immaculate Conception, was abolished; nor were people required to kneel to the Host, as it passed by in the streets. The import trade of images and relics from Italy was put a stop to—waxen *Agnus Deis*, amulets, scapulars, and so forth, were forbidden to be sold—images in churches were stripped of their tawdry dresses, their periwigs, and hooped petticoats, and trumpery of all kinds was swept out of the monasteries, as by our Henry VIII. The theatrical style of church music was laid aside; the Mass sung in German; processions were put down or limited to a single day; the Corpus Christi and pilgrimages discountenanced.

Joseph, like our Henry VIII., took care to make his reforms profitable as well as pious. He founded a religious chest, in which he deposited the silver and gold of melted images; thus, while he vied with the Ephesians in burning the books of superstition and curious arts, he carefully counted the cost, and, by help of the melting pot, he not only purified religion in Austria, but also replenished the exchequer. The Pope, at last, took alarm at these Protestant proceedings. Unable to check these reforms by remonstrances from Rome, Pius VI. resolved to surprise the Emperor in Vienna, and try the effect of personal influence. Pius was a very handsome and affable, but also a very vain old man. He had earned the name in Rome of *Il Persuasore*. So, nothing daunted by the Emperor's coolness, he set out for Vienna on the 27th February, 1782. Instead of kissing the slipper and holding the stirrups, Joseph embraced the Pope three times *à la Française*. The Pope remained four weeks in Vienna, and was treated outwardly with all respect. Joseph was courteous "as a king to a king," but appeared utterly unconscious of the honour of receiving under his roof the Holy Father of Christendom, and treated him

with the same studied respect as if he had been only his good brother of France or Naples, and not His Holiness. Old Kaunitz, *il ministro eretico*, even surpassed his master in cool irreverence. When the Emperor introduced him, the Pope held out his hand to be kissed. Old Kaunitz gave it a hearty squeeze, *à l'Anglaise*, exclaiming, *De tout mon cœur, de tout mon cœur*—as if he had said in plain English, “Delighted to see you, old fellow.” When the Pope honoured Kaunitz with a visit, which, by-the-by, the old heretic forgot to return, Kaunitz received the holy father in an easy morning dress, and took him through the picture-gallery, pushing the vicar of Christ unceremoniously about to place him in the best light to see the pictures, and altogether handling him in so irreverent a manner that the Pope was “struck of a heap”—“*tutto stupefatto*,” as he confessed to his chamberlain. The holy father, however, did not forget to suggest to the heretic, Kaunitz, that it was high time in his old age to do something for the church.

So little did the Pope get from his journey to Vienna that Joseph carried on his reforms with a higher hand than ever. He soon returned the Pope's visit, and (strange contrast with Francis Joseph) the streets of Rome rang with applause of the Austrian Emperor. The populace shouted so energetically, “*Viva l'Imperatore re dei Romani. Siete a casa vostra siete il nostro padrone*,” that Joseph himself was obliged to repress these acclamations. The days of the Ghibellines seemed come again. Joseph even had serious thoughts of a formal rupture with Rome, and setting up a national church in Germany. “I hope,” said Joseph, to the Cardinal Argara, the Spanish Ambassador, “*I shall be able to convince my people that they may remain Catholic without being Roman*,” and the Archbishops of Mayence, Cologne, Treves, and Salzburg met at Ems, and discussed the measures for laying the foundations of a free national church.

So loud was the outcry of the party of reaction that Joseph was denounced as a Lutheran. A fanatical monk at Lemburg attempted his life, and Joseph only ordered him to be shut up in a mad-house.

In the Tyrol, the people under priestly instigation, broke out into rebellion. An effigy of Luther was carried about the streets in a wheelbarrow, and afterwards thrown into the river; and Protestants were beaten and insulted.

Joseph was a thorough utilitarian. His habits were active and simple. Economy reigned in his palace. He reduced the expenses from six million florins to half-a-million. Much work and little play was his habit through life. He rose at five and worked all the morning with his five secretaries, reading and answering despatches. His fare was frugal; he ate no supper, and if there was any pressing business could work till beyond midnight. His bed was a sack filled with maize straw, over which a stag's skin and a linen sheet were spread. His pillow was a leathern cushion stuffed with horsehair.

Joseph had not completed his forty-ninth year when he died. His reign was only too short for Austria. Even the party of reaction, to whose entire ascendancy during the last forty years Austria owes her continual downward decline, now admits that Joseph II. saved the empire from the effects of the French Revolution. Count Fiquelmont, the champion of pure absolutism, the most Austrian of Austrian statesmen, acknowledges his great merits. Hormayr, the Saint Simon of Austria, who, as an *employé*, spent his life in quietly noting the symptoms of decay in the empire, in whose pay he was, wrote before the revolution of 1848: “*His memory rises every spring more powerfully from the grave*.”

Leopold II., who had been Grand Duke of Tuscany, succeeded his brother Joseph in 1790, and reigned only two years. But, during that short reign he decided the policy of Austria for the next quarter of a century. Contrary to the advice of old Kaunitz, he resolved to oppose the French Revolution, and handed on to his son Francis II., as an inheritance, those disastrous wars with Napoleon, which three times brought Austria to the very brink of ruin. Of all the powers that fought with Napoleon, Austria is the only one that cannot point to a victory. England has her Peninsula and Waterloo. Prussia

wiped out her Jena at Waterloo, and Russia her Friedland at Moscow, but Austria was always beaten. She was brought back on the crest of the wave that swept Napoleon before it; but Austria has no military glory to point to as her own in modern times. She is an excellent gaoler, and her troops can take terrible revenge on an unarmed populace. But the united Italians were too much for her in 1848, and the Hungarians in 1849. But for the treachery of the Pope and the King of Naples she would never have recovered her grasp of Italy; and but for the 150,000 Russians that Nicholas marched in to her rescue, she would never have recovered Hungary. As it is, she only holds her provinces together as the planks of a stranded wreck, that will go to pieces at the first storm. Statesmen still put faith in the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg, and financiers still float her loans into the market. But the faith of Jew and Gentile in the solvency and stability of Austria is very nearly at an end. The last exposure of the surreptitious issue of eleven millions of national stock by Baron Bruck, over and above what the government had declared its debts to amount to, is a proceeding on a level with that of Paul, Strahan, and Bates, and calls for the expulsion of Austrian loans from every bourse in Europe. It is impossible that such a system can hold together much longer—it has been living on its capital too long—its credit is now gone also—Russia will lend her no more soldiers, or Holland any more *métalliques*. The concordat and centralization have done their work, and alienated for ever the loyalty even of the Tyrolese and Germans, the only loyal provinces Austria possessed ten years ago. Europe must now look out for changes in the balance of power for the disintegration of Austria into two or three great nationalities. It is not as in Spain or France, where when the old Bourbon dynasty was effete, a revolution brought in new blood, and with it new ideas, while the nation's life continued the same as before. In Austria the race is effete, and the system as well. There is no homogeneous race to begin a new life for Austria, as in France since the Revolution; but the government will fall to pieces with the family that represent it. *Le roi est l'état*, is true

of Austria more than ever it was of France in its most despotic days. Austria is a house, not a nation. When Francis V., Ex-Duke of Modena, changed the name of his territories from *Stati Modenesi* to *Stati Estesi*, implying thereby that his subjects were his personal possessions—stock, as a Virginia slaveholder would consider them—he acted in the spirit of a true Austrian. The Hapsburg, like the Este States, are looked upon as their estates, and since their subjects have no rights, of course they have no duties. Italy and Hungary will release themselves as soon as they can from all obligations to rulers who are under no obligations to them. The fiction of loyalty without law cannot be kept up much longer, and when the last descendant of Rodolph of Hapsburg is reduced to the petty dukedom from which his dynasty take their name, then, at last, Hungary, Italy, and Bohemia may form the nuclei of three independent constitutional states, like Belgium, Sardinia, and Prussia. Europe will be relieved of one great military monarchy, and there will be one obstacle the less in the way of Continental improvement. We do not agree with Dr. Michiels that France is to work the overthrow of Austria. His book, written in May last, was out of date in July, when Napoleon patched up the inglorious treaty of Villafranca. France, as governed at present, will have to win her own liberties before she can think of giving liberty to the enslaved subjects of Austria. One military monarchy may go to war with another, but Satan does not cast out Satan. Despotic kings soon patch up their quarrels in face of the common enemy—a constitutional king. Nor, again, do we anticipate much result from the demands of Panslavism in Hungary and Bohemia. The flame of disaffection is artfully fanned by Russian agents, and, of course, for Russian ends. Russia only uses nationalities as the cat the monkey to get the chestnuts for its own eating. Constitutionalism has nothing to gain from military monarchy neither in Russia or France. But when the end comes, and it cannot be far off, let us hope that Italy, Hungary, and Bohemia will enjoy their own native dynasties, and with them retain their liberties.

THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

Who that ever for his heart's relieving
Went to natural things for sympathy,
Told the wild woods of his spirit's grieving,
Sang his sorrows to the moaning sea,

But hath chidden, with a vain appealing,
Those great trees that stood so fair and still,
Flowers that bloom'd on without care or feeling,
Motionless lake and calmly purple hill?

Ah! that vast, impassive, heartless Nature
Hath no ear for any human sob,
Not the warm blood of a sentient creature,
Not the pulse that gives back throb for throb.

Ohide her not—a silence more mysterious,
And a darkness that thou canst not scan
Hangs around thee, in thy pride imperious,—
O, the strange unconsciousness of man!

He, the fond, the earnest, ever making
Golden links to bind him to his kind,
Smiles on, while those links afar are breaking,
Ignorant of snow-drift and of wind.

How we watch'd those fair Spring eves and morrows,
On to genial June, from surly March,
Careless saw the young corn green the furrows,
And the red sheath dropping from the larch.

Pluck'd the white thorn, and the gorse flowers yellow,—
All the time along their hopeless way,
One by one, dropp'd down each gallant fellow
Frozen in that cruel Arctic May.

We lay sleeping calmly and incurious
When the east wind swept that wild Welsh cliff,
Or look'd out, and said, "The storm grows furious,
Now God help the seaman in his skiff,"

Heard the arras shake upon the panel,
Heard the wind howl round the curtain'd room,
While the great ship labour'd in the channel,
Struck and parted with one shriek of doom.

Island Mother, was it well to greet them,
Home-sick wanderers straining for thy strand?
Hadst thou in thy cruel hand to meet them,
But the ribb'd rock and the foam-dash'd sand?

For those giant forests, ever showing
Changeless green above their fields of brown,
They have felt Old England's breezes blowing,
They have seen her ports of old renown.

Every time they hear the cordage rattle
She draws nigh—they all sank in her sight,
As a victor dies in his last battle,
As a young bride on her marriage night.

White frock'd diggers from those quarries golden,
Laden with the nuggets of their toil ;
Gentle souls, that recollections olden
Turn'd to seek again their native soil.

Treasures of red dust in iron cases,
All the priceless treasures of man's home,
Women's tender hearts, and children's faces—
Bore that good ship o'er the green sea foam :

Laugh'd to scorn the wild Pacific weather,
Spurn'd the winds—and went down with one shock :
Father, mother, children, lie together
In the surf by Moelfra's cruel rock.

Men will come and talk with one another,
They will raise the gold dust from the sand,
Father, mother, sister, child, and brother,
Never, never shall they come to land.

That vile thing for which man gives his Heaven,
Lies unhurt beneath the whelming wave,
But the gift divine that God has given,
One short struggle, and what arm can save !

Life—that subtle godlike flame that dieth
In a moment, but shall never die,—
Hundred-voiced from out that wreck she crieth,
And the gurgling whirlpool makes reply.

In thy pride, O man, give answer never
To that last shriek of their parting breath—
Leave them in that Hand that holdeth ever
The strange issues of our life and death.

He, perchance, upon the threshold met them,
Yearning for that home that lay before,
In a higher Heavenly home He set them,
Where no ships go down along the shore.

Sing their requiem, mother, child, and peasant,
They lie still beneath that rock-bound main,
Hoping, praying, judge not of their present,
For ye know not of their parting pain.

C. F. A.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDMUND BURKE.

PART I.

WE shall deal with these volumes as a lawyer does with a nominal trustee in a deed of settlement. Having obtained a *scintilla juris* over Burke, through the intervention of Mr. Macknight, we shall pass rapidly from the bare name to the substantial usufruct. We are far, indeed, from depreciating Mr. Macknight's book, or denying to it the merits of industry and occasional liveliness. It has evidently cost a great deal of labour, has elucidated several passages in the life of its subject, and has recorded some scenes with vigour and animation. Here, however, our commendation must end. It is somewhat diffuse and a specimen of book-making; it is not felicitous in its descriptions of public characters and events; its criticisms are neither searching or acute; in many places it is tainted with the hero-worship of biographers, and, accordingly, it is often unjust to several men of eminence; it sometimes runs into rhodomontade and exaggeration, and its style, instead of being uniform and natural, is frequently a meagre imitation of Lord Macaulay, or degenerates into a tirade of sentimentality. In our opinion, therefore, it is not adequate to its subject: and so, instead of reviewing it in detail, we shall try to give our readers an idea of Burke himself, and of his numerous and brilliant achievements as an orator, statesman, and man of letters.

Of the ancestry of Burke, very little is known. Any attempt to connect

the Revolution of 1688. One of its members, some years after this event, having conformed to the Established Faith, left Limerick, and took up his abode in Dublin; and there, in the first years of the last century, he followed the business of a solicitor. By degrees he rose to eminence in his profession, and having married a Roman Catholic lady, of the name of Magee, he settled in a house on Arran-quay, by the Liffey, where, about the year 1728 or 1729, he became the father of Edmund Burke. He had three other children, who grew to maturity: Garret, who died, unmarried, in 1765; Richard, who subsequently shared his brother's fortune, and, in some degree, partook of his talents; and Juliana, who became the wife of Mr. French, of Loughrea, and in whose descendants alone the family continued.

Edmund Burke was delicate in infancy and boyhood; and as his mother's brothers farmed some lands near Castletownroche, a small village in the county of Cork, he was often sent from the unwholesome precincts of Arran-quay to breathe the fresh air of the country. It is to these visits that we may probably ascribe that strong sympathy with the Roman Catholics of Ireland, which in after-life made him one of their greatest advocates. For, during these visits he was among Roman Catholics only; they made him acquainted with an old Roman Catholic nurse, who seems to have gained his entire affections;

the poet and Raleigh used to converse, Burke drank deeply of the Faery Queen, and, perhaps, as he looked on the country and people around him, he remembered how Talus was always in the train of Arthegal. At the age of twelve he was sent to a school at Ballytore, a village in the county of Kildare, which was under the superintendence of Abraham Shackleton, a member of the Society of Quakers. The fame of the pupil has made the master celebrated, and Shackleton appears to have been worthy of his trust. In after years he was the subject of grateful panegyric from Burke, and his sect was always held in honour by the statesman. Burke remained two years at Ballytore, and when there gave signs of that rhetorical brilliancy, which was to characterize the productions of his manhood. He wrote a great many boyish verses, and showed a skill in English composition, which pleased and astonished his humble master. But it is not likely that his intellectual training at Ballytore was very good: he left school with rather desultory mental habits, and certainly without much accurate scholarship; and although these deficiencies appear to vanish in the splendour of his mature genius, they do not escape a close observer. The moral discipline of Shackleton, however, so much the most important part of education, appears to have been of the best kind: Burke always spoke and wrote of it in the highest terms; and it was well for his ardent and susceptible nature, that it was formed early in good principles. It was comparatively of little importance that the future author, orator, and statesman, was not thoroughly skilled in the art of longs and shorts, or of always laying his accents correctly; but it was well that his keen and vigorous temperament was not wasted in youth by precocious vice, and was placed from the first under the yoke of religion. For the rest, it was also well for Burke—though perhaps the change might have removed his brogue and relieved his style from some errors—that he was not sent in boyhood to an English public school, and that the strong affection he felt for his Roman Catholic relations and the sympathy he had formed for the Irish Roman Catholics were not exposed to

any disturbing influences. An Eton education would have improved his exterior, would have increased his tact, and refined his taste; but it would not have really had much effect on his intellect, and it would probably have made his character less “racy of the soil.”

In 1744 he became a student of Trinity College, Dublin. It is somewhat remarkable, but is not the less a fact, that of the many illustrious men who belonged to this seat of learning within the space of the last century, very few obtained any academic honors. Bishop Berkeley is the only bright exception. Swift and Goldsmith, Grattan and Plunket, however they may have shone among their fellows, were not distinguished by Alma Mater. It is certain that Burke was an example of the general rule: he obtained, indeed, a scholarship at Trinity College, but he evidently had little relish for its regular learning; and he seems never to have thought of studying for a fellowship. At this time he corresponded with Richard Shackleton, the son of his old master, and one of his most lasting friends; and his letters give a sufficient picture of his university life and career. His favourite studies were poetry and metaphysics; but they were pursued in a very desultory manner, and they appear only to have refined and cultivated his taste. These, indeed, were not the proper subjects of his genius: a few verses of his in one of these letters are merely feeble echoes of Pope, not at all above the usual academic level; and his subsequent Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, not only proves that he had no real turn for metaphysics, but discloses a want of deep metaphysical reading. On the whole, the university career of Burke does not appear to us to have been of much use to him. But his letters to Shackleton at this period, give us an idea that much power is latent in the writer; and they represent to us besides a moral and thoughtful character, with much imaginative yearning for future distinction, with delicate and susceptible feelings, but strong in the sense of religious obligations. One passage in them is very remarkable, as it shows, that even at that early age, he had imbibed the principle of religious toleration.

Among the fellow-students of Burke

at Trinity College was a clumsy, indolent, and apparently stupid lad, who, though quite a dunce at mathematics, could fairly boast that "he could turn an ode of Horace into English with the best of them." He was characterized by an Epicurean carelessness of temper, by a simple good-nature amounting to weakness, and by a rather large share of youthful follies and vices. We do not know whether he was acquainted with the thoughtful writer to Shackleton, whether they were ever companions in those musing walks which Burke commemorates in his correspondence, and whether they puzzled together over Halley's theorems, or over Locke's views about material substance and abstraction. It is probable there was little intimacy between them; and it is almost certain that among the youths who were then studying at Trinity College these two would not have been selected as specimens of promise. And yet each of them were genuine heirs of fame; both were destined to endure much hardship and struggling, but at length to emerge in recognised celebrity; both, after a long interval of time, were to meet again in another country, in different circumstances, but alike stamped with genius; and both were to claim the admiration of posterity. When we read the eloquent pages of the "Thoughts on the French Revolution," or admire the wisdom and depth of the "Thoughts on our Present Discontents," or are carried along in delight with the great champion of injured India, we can still remember that this dull and ungainly student developed into the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and of the *Deserted Village*, and may admit that Ireland may be as proud of Goldsmith as she is of Burke.

When Burke left Trinity College, in 1748, it cannot be said that he had given any promise of greatness, or even of remarkable future acquirements. His actual knowledge was inferior to that of many a brilliant University youth who rises in brief academic lustre, only to sink back in complete obscurity. His philosophic studies had certainly not been deep; of mathematics he seems to have known very little; and his taste had not been thoroughly refined, inasmuch as he had shown a most curious pre-

dilection for Ossian. He had already obtained a considerable command over our language, and was tolerably versed in the Latin classics; but he was scarcely at all familiar with the great Greek writers—a deficiency that perhaps, he never entirely supplied. But, on the other hand, his moral character had been established: he had already evinced that strong indignation against wrong, and that feeling sympathy with the lowly and weak which were the characteristics of his manhood; he had grasped distinctly some liberal ideas on political affairs; and his intellect, untaxed by precocious excitement, and full of imagination and susceptibility, only required time to develop those ideas into works that will last as long as our language. In 1748 he became a member of the Inns of Court in London, with a view to a call to the Irish bar; and for the next five years he appears to have divided his time between the study of literature and the law. In neither pursuit, at this time, was there much to encourage a poor and unfriended Irish law student who had no academic honors to boast of. As regards literature, the golden days of Queen Anne had vanished, when literary genius was a certain passport to eminence in the state; and, although the dark Walpolian period had passed away, and men of letters were beginning again to emerge from neglect and penury, their profession was still precarious and wretchedly paid. When Burke arrived in London in 1748, he might have heard at any bookseller's shop how Savage had died of want and misery; how Johnson had signed his *Essays* with the rueful motto "*Impransus*;" how Fielding led a life of debt and difficulties; and how Smollett had been compelled to let out his genius to hire in the wretched trade of a publisher's hack. In all this there was little to encourage authorship; yet, as regards law, the prospect was not much more cheering. It is true, indeed, that in the spectacle of William Murray, then shining in the full zenith of forensic success, Burke might have found an assurance that a philosophic mind, a cultivated diction, and an enlarged knowledge were certain at last to triumph at the bar, and eventually to overcome want of connexion and quibbling dexterity. But at this very

time, if he went down to Westminster Hall, Blackstone might have been pointed out to him as a barrister who, with a fine appreciation of the principles of the law, and a thorough comprehension of its details, was yet unknown to attorneys and clients; and the slightest acquaintance with the Inns of Court must have told him that no one even suspected of a taint of Popery had any chance of rising at the bar in England or Ireland, though he might have excelled Lord Coke in the learning of real actions, or Sir Edward Saunders in the art of special demurrers.

Undismayed, however, by such reflections, Burke applied himself diligently in these years to literature and legal study. His mental progress at this period was extremely rapid, and the amount of his reading must have been very great, although we have not any accurate record of it. In 1753, when he had reached his twenty-fifth year, his intellect seems to have been quite developed, and to have attained its settled cast and character; and his acquirements had become rich, various, and brilliant. By this time his style had grown into a specimen of fine and copious English: it was very felicitous in telling any story, and it showed an easy command of the difficulties and graces of our language. In literature he seems to have continued the study of philosophy, though not with any peculiar profit; but he diversified it with that of history and political science, for which he began to evince a special aptitude. It was evidently at this period that he acquired that insight into political economy which was so remarkably one of his intellectual characteristics. The "*Wealth of Nations*" had not yet appeared; but there was enough upon the subject in the works of Berkeley, Hume, and the French economists, not to speak of some pregnant passages in Aristotle and Plato, to enable a mind fitted to master it in all its branches to obtain a tolerable idea of its principles. It is obvious, also, that during this time, Burke did not neglect a careful study of the law. It is possible, indeed, that he did not apply himself assiduously to its details, that he did not form himself to excel in special traverses, or special demurrers, and that he did not understand the learning of exe-

cutory limitations as well as the "dull sergeants who sneered at Murray for a wit;" but any one who has read his fragment on the laws of England, although it is only an introductory preface, must see that he had a profound knowledge of the principles of our jurisprudence, that he had traced them up to their fountain-head, and was capable of following them through their intricate courses; and his speeches on the trial of Warren Hastings, and his report about the proceedings in it, are a masterly commentary on the law of evidence. Such a knowledge could only have been the result of years of careful study and meditation; and, although it has been the fashion with some lawyers to avenge the contempt which Burke always expressed for those "who adopt a coarse, but not a plain expression, an undigested method, and a species of reasoning the very refuse of the schools," instead of "the study of jurisprudence," by declaring that he was ignorant of their art, it is certain that he had a thorough perception of its cardinal maxims, before he finally gave up the pursuit of it.

But his life from 1748 to 1753 was not entirely that of a student. During this period he formed that intimacy with William Burke, who seems to have been a distant relation, which afterwards had so marked an influence on his career. The two young men in the long vacations made several walking excursions through England; and Burke's correspondence about them proves that like all men of real genius, he had a keen and discriminating eye for actual life as well as for books. He records the strong Jacobite feeling still lingering in the nooks of Wiltshire and Somersetshire; notes the ignorant astonishment felt by the country people at the appearance of strangers among them who asked any questions; makes several shrewd remarks on the manufacturing system of England, then just beginning to expand; and, on the whole, gives proof of much close observation. He also shows that toleration had become a creed with him; and, speaking generally, his correspondence of this period is that of a young man of the highest promise, far advanced in social and political ideas beyond the opinion of his time, enriched with a

store of ample knowledge, and yet, sober-minded, moral, and religious, though with a proneness to a susceptible imaginativeness.

In this way he spent these inglorious years, and, to use the beautiful language of Horace, "his reputation grew like a tree with a hidden growth." By degrees it began to be known among the Templars that a remarkable genius existed among them, who added to a pleasing and social manner a mind of real power and penetration, and a fund of knowledge which gushed out in a most brilliant converse. Burke became a favourite among the coffee-houses around the Inns of Court, where the men of letters and younger lawyers of the day were wont to congregate a century ago, before the clubs of our age were in existence. His chief resort was the Grecian coffee-house in Devereux-court, the Strand; and here he appears to have become acquainted with Garrick and Foote, and perhaps with the solemn idol of Boswell. He was now gradually led away to literature as a profession; he attended the theatres very frequently; and was also well known at the celebrated Robin Hood Society, a debating club where young M.P.s and aspiring Templars went to strive for the prize of amateur oratory, and to hear a baker of curious renown, who, with the face and accent of a Lord Chancellor, is said to have been the most eloquent of presidents. It is not known whether Burke ever spoke at these meetings; but if he did, we have much doubt if his philosophic style, his lofty and somewhat classical English, and his earnest but not very graceful manner would have been at all adapted to them.

In 1753 he abandoned finally the study of the law, in consequence, it is said, of a dispute with his father. During the next three years he devoted himself entirely to literature, and in 1756 had formed a considerable literary connexion. It was in this year that he published his first two works, "A Vindication of Natural Society," being a parody on Lord Bolingbroke's letter to a noble lord on the use of history, and the "Essay on Sublime and Beautiful." He was now twenty-seven years of age; and these works require attention from any one who wishes to judge rightly of his in-

tellectual character. Taken together, they display a want of real metaphysical acuteness and also of deep metaphysical study, conjoined with a spirit of patient investigation, a logic rather plausible than exact, a power of generalizing brilliantly from positive facts, and a thorough mastery of the English language. Of the two the "Vindication" is by far the best, as it is in harmony with the powers of the author, and does not disclose his want of metaphysical resources. Like the "Eclipse of Faith," and Whately's "Historic Doubts" in our generation, it was probably suggested by Butler's admirable remark that the difficulties which occur in the scheme of revelation are also to be found in the constitution of the visible world; and therefore that the one may be set off against the other, and must cancel them. "The design," says Burke, "was to show that without the exertion of considerable forces, the same engines which were employed for the destruction of religion might be employed with equal success for the subversion of government; and that specious arguments might be used against those things which they who doubt of any thing else will never permit to be questioned." Accordingly, Burke shows that the commonplaces against Christianity, which were in use among the sceptics of his day—such as that it was the cause of wars and violence, that it inspired mankind with fanaticism and melancholy, and that it was responsible for all the errors of its professors—might with the same justice be urged against every form of political society. With this view he charges on government, as such, every kind of evil and calamity incident to human nature itself, such as conquests, revolutions, despotism, and anarchy, and declares that they flow from it as a necessary consequence. As far as it goes, this self-destructive analogy of difficulties is pursued with much ingenuity and acuteness; but as infidelity has long ago given up such a clumsy weapon as reiterating the logical fallacy of *non causa, pro causa*, this method of reasoning is now of little value. It is rather in the manner and the style of the treatise that the student of Burke will seek for interest. These are of the very best kind, and show a perfect mastery of our language. The mode

of Bolingbroke's reasoning, the flow of his sentences, the choice of his words, even his use of brilliant and striking metaphors, "broidering with rich inlay" the texture of his style, all these are reproduced with the most happy fidelity; and we are not surprised that when this parody appeared, it was everywhere mistaken for an original piece, and that Mallet was obliged to deny expressly its authenticity.

The "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" is of altogether a different kind; it is a professed metaphysical work on this difficult subject. That it is a complete failure, has long ago been admitted; and it is idle to excuse this upon the ground that it was a youthful production of the author. To go no further than contemporaries: before the age of twenty-seven, Berkeley had written his "Principles of Human Knowledge," comprising his profound ontological system; Butler had delivered his famous sermons at the Rolls, which contain his admirable ethical doctrines; and Hume had composed several of his ingenious and most thoughtful essays. The truth is, that like Cicero, whom in this he much resembled, Burke had not at all a genius for metaphysics; and though he had paid attention to the science, he had neither really fathomed its depths, nor shown any inventive skill in sounding them. The "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" is a poor effort of that school of philosophy, which, carried to its worst extreme, tried to resolve all moral sentiments into impressions from without, that operate on the mind through the senses. The Sublime, says Burke, is that quality in external things which affects us with terror, because it is dangerous, but gives us delight when we do not actually feel it. It has many modes or instances, such as vastness, obscurity, and so forth; and its necessary symptom—this he miscalls its efficient cause—is a tension of the nervous system. So the Beautiful is that quality in external things which awakes our tenderness and affection: its instances are to be found in smoothness, softness, and the like; and its necessary symptom is a relaxation of the solids. Hence, according to this truly exhaustive analysis, the spectacle of a surgical operation, which we do not happen to undergo, must

be far more sublime than Handel's Messiah; and a wax doll must be more beautiful than the closing lines in the *Penseroso*. This treatise, therefore, is decisive as regards Burke's powers as a metaphysician; but it is well though not very logically written. It analyses with ingenuity within the prison of the false theory it sets forth; and it contains some brilliant and striking reflections. It is satisfactory to know, that, in after years, Burke was wont to smile himself at his performance, and considered it, in Cicero's language, "one of these boyish primers which deserve only to be thrown aside." It would have been well if some of his commentators had not attempted to defend it; and it is a singular proof of Dr. Johnson's incapacity to pronounce a complete opinion on any subject of metaphysics, that he should have thought the essay solid and ingenious.

It is said, that about this time he contemplated a refutation of Berkeley's famous theory of idealism. The real force and tendency of this theory were not understood in that age; Dr. Johnson supposed that it could be overthrown by "knocking one's head against a stone;" and Pope had sarcastically alluded to those who thought "they could vanquish Berkeley with a grin." It may be confidently asserted that Burke would have been unable to confute an argument which, upon the metaphysical principles then the mode, was unassailable by any logic, and which, in our judgment, can only be met by denying its primary postulate, that our ideas are the measure of real existence. But, in that age, Platonism was laughed out of philosophy,—subjective idealism was the only doctrine,—and its natural corollary, Berkeley's metaphysics, was impregnable to any attack conducted on his principles. Fortunately Burke never made the attempt; and directed his attention to more congenial subjects, the philosophy of history, and history itself. In 1757 he published an account of the European settlements in America, which deserves a place among his works, though not included in any edition of them; and which, probably, suggested to Adam Smith the chapters on colonies in the "Wealth of Nations." This treatise gives proof of his peculiar powers: its narrative is easy and ele-

gant; its diction is rich and animated; and it shows traces of that insight into the causes of political and social phenomena, which is so remarkable an excellence of Burke, and so curiously contrasts with his inferiority in abstract speculation. This work was followed by an "Abridgment of the History of England," and by "A Fragment on English Law," two treatises, the non-completion of which, every admirer of Burke must much regret. The abridgment, though bearing marks of hasty composition, and nothing more than a philosophical dissertation, is full of ingenious and pregnant observations. Its account of the Roman method of provincial government; of the change it effected in the Latin Empire; of the influence exercised by Druidism and Christianity; and, above all, of the ancient Saxon constitution of England, is admirable as a piece of narrative, and abounds in profound and brilliant reflections. For our age, it is wanting in antiquarian research; but, though it is only a hasty sketch, it is a great deal better than any thing that Hume has written on the subject; and the student who wishes to examine the infancy of Great Britain from a philosophical point of view may still read it with much profit. As regards the fragment on the Laws of England, it only extends to a single chapter; but, like a finger or a neck from the chisel of Phidias, this chapter shows the hand of a master; and the reader of English law who prefers a nobler study than the "Reports of Coke and Saunders," or "Smith's Leading Cases," and who contrasts the works of the great French and Roman jurists with those of every English lawyer, except Fearne and Blackstone, must regret that Burke had not leisure to do more than write the preface to this production. A single passage, however, will give an idea of the spirit in which he approached the temple of our jurisprudence:—

"What can be more instructive than to search out the first obscure and scanty fountains of that jurisprudence which now waters and enriches whole nations with so abundant and copious a flood: to observe the first principles of right springing up, involved in superstition and polluted by violence, until by length of time and favourable circumstances, it has worked itself into clearness? To ob-

serve the laws, sometimes lost and trodden down in the confusion of wars and tumults, and sometimes over-ruled by the hand of power; then victorious over tyranny, growing stronger, clearer, and more decisive by the violence they had suffered, enriched even by those foreign conquests which threatened their entire destruction, softened and mellowed by peace and religion, improved and exalted by commerce, by social intercourse, and that great opener of the mind, ingenuous science?"

This is the spirit in which our law was studied by Bacon and Mansfield, but unfortunately neither of these great jurists ever embodied it in a complete work; and Burke's Fragment remains only to tantalize the reader who wishes for a philosophy of the law of England.

In 1757 Burke married Miss Nugent, the daughter of a physician in Bath, who had attended him when in a delicate state of health, produced, it is said, by great mental exertion. This lady was probably a Roman Catholic: she did not bring to her husband any powerful connexion or any considerable addition of fortune; but she was one of the best of wives, and was a ministering angel to Burke's career along the stormy and difficult avenues of fame. But in 1757, that career was not yet opened; Burke's pecuniary resources, now heavily taxed, were straitened to a very small competence; and he wrote for his bread as the publishers required. It was about this time that he suggested to Doddsley the idea of a periodical work, to be published annually, which should give a brief history of the events of the year, besides other miscellaneous contributions. From this idea sprung the *Annual Register*, which, as our readers are aware, has been continued to the present day, and in which Burke was the earliest and greatest of writers. The first volume was published in 1759, and contains a narrative by Burke of one of the most brilliant phases of the Seven Years' war. The historical articles in the work were written by him for several years, his hand may be traced in them after 1772; and these were interspersed with pieces of criticism from his pen, which, though merely fugitive, and written in a hurry, are yet marked by his peculiar characteristics.

The historical articles by Burke in

the *Annual Register* are most admirable productions of their kind. They may be compared with some brilliant sketches of the French war by Southey in the *Quarterly Review*, and with the yearly resumé of events in the *Times*, and will gain largely by the comparison. Though composed hastily and in the midst of affairs the bearing and tendencies of which were difficult to discover, and though not always furnished with full information, they are even now the best account of the history of England for the period between 1758 and 1772. Their narrative of the great events of the seven years' war, of the rout of Belleisle, of the capture of the Havanna, of the success of our arms in North America and Africa, and of the foundation of our Indian Empire, is full of ease, spirit, and animation. As might have been expected, their treatment of the internal history of this period is not as full, accurate, and well-informed as it might be: it is wanting in some particulars connected with the early reign of George the Third, and with the premiership of Lord Bute; it naturally abstains from making the King responsible for the cabals, intrigues, and pseudo-Jacobitism of this time; and it does not show that familiarity with Court anecdote and gossip which the writer, perhaps, was never well acquainted with. But it becomes richer and fuller when, after his connexion with the Rockingham Whigs, Burke was brought in sight of the living agencies of history; and it never fails in broad and discriminating views with regard to the bearing of great events on politics. On all the important questions of the day, so far as their political tendency can be traced, these *Annual Registers* of Burke are most valuable authorities; and to the thoughtful reader they are not the less interesting that they are silent as regards mere aristocratic personalities. On some points the philosophic insight they disclose is truly wonderful. Though Burke did not anticipate all the consequences of the partition of Poland, what statesman in 1772 had such ideas as are contained in this quotation?—

“The free cities and states of Germany seem to be more immediately affected by the present extraordinary transaction than any other part of Europe. Indeed, if the partition of Poland

takes place in its utmost extent, the existence of the Germanic body in its present form for any length of time, will be a matter rather to be wished for than expected.

Poland was the natural barrier of Germany as well as of the northern crowns against the overwhelming power and ambition of Russia.

A great writer of a former age affirmed that if ever the Turks conquered Germany, it must be through Poland; it may now with greater justice be affirmed, that it is the road by which the Russians will enter Germany.”

How often must the idea of these sentences have been present to the minds of Prussian and Austrian statesmen during any year since 1814!

About the year 1760, Burke appears to have applied for the consulship at Madrid; but, fortunately, he had not interest to obtain it. By this time, however, he had become well known as one of the most promising literary men of the day. His cousin, William Burke, who was now a merchant, introduced him to Dr. Markham, the head master of Westminster School, and subsequently the Archbishop of York. Markham appears to have taken much interest in him at this period, and for years afterwards was intimate with him; though when Whigism had become unpopular with the nation, the prelate managed to forget the statesman. But just now the Duchess of Queensbury took Burke up, the brilliant and eccentric Mrs. Montague asked him to her parties, and even Horace Walpole condescended to notice him. A keener observer, however, than any of them had detected the great genius which, as yet only partly developed, was kept back by want of political connexion, and by a somewhat shy demeanour; and he resolved, if possible, to appropriate it to himself. In 1760, through the medium of Lord Charlemont, William Gerard Hamilton made the acquaintance of Burke. This cunning, clever, but most selfish politician perceived what an advantage it would be to himself to have at his side a man of real power, who could give him views in public affairs far deeper than he had ever known; who could write for him in a style he could never emulate; who could supply him with hints out of the stores of an inexhaustible conversation; and who was too much of a gentleman to be impertinent or obtrusive. Hamilton ac-

cordingly professed a great friendship for Burke—at this time, perhaps, he really felt it; and having been appointed Chief Secretary of Ireland, at the first break-up of the great administration of Chatham, he persuaded Burke to accompany him to Dublin as his confidential companion.

Thirteen years had now elapsed since Edmund Burke had left Arranquay and Trinity College: for him they had been years of struggling and poverty; and, although a gleam of sunshine was now upon his path, and his genius had been appreciated and praised, his fortunes were still precarious and uncertain. Many a plodding youth whom he had known in college days, and who had followed the beaten paths of success, was advancing steadily in the Church or at the Bar; and probably when he returned to Ireland he was received by his relations as a brilliant failure. His father, the old solicitor, was dead; the family was scattered in different parts of the country; and his uncles, the Nagles, were still at Castletownroche, eking out life in humble penury. For himself, therefore, there was little interesting in Ireland; but the aspect of the social condition of his country was full of melancholy suggestiveness to a profound political thinker. To this period we would assign the composition of "The Tracts on the Popery Laws in Ireland"—in some respects not inferior to any political work of Burke. These remarkable papers, though very short, deserve a careful perusal from any one who would understand the Ireland of the last century. They are more concise and unadorned than any other work of the author; but they completely exhaust the difficult subject. As a searching analysis of a branch of the Statute Book they are without a rival in the language; their exposition of the wrongs borne by the Irish Roman Catholics is marked by singular simplicity and dignity; and some of the reflections they contain are equal to any thing Burke ever composed.

In 1761 or 1762, through the influence of Hamilton, Burke received a pension from the Irish Treasury of three hundred pounds per annum. On the occasion of accepting it, he expressly stipulated that, although he felt it to be a consideration for politi-

cal services, it should not bind him to Hamilton completely, and should not deprive him of leisure for authorship. As it was, Burke gave up almost all his time to his patron between 1761 and 1762; in these years he wrote nothing for the booksellers except the articles in the *Annual Register*; and, certainly, even his divided labours would have sufficiently compensated his moderate annuity. But Hamilton seems to have thought that it was to secure to himself a genius for ever—that it was to yoke Burke to him in a life-long servitude; and he was highly incensed when a hint from his associate undeceived him as regarded his interpretation of their compact. The former friends parted in anger, and the tie between them was never renewed; but it is characteristic of each, that before he finally broke it Burke insisted on surrendering the pension he might have kept; and that Hamilton, as long as he safely could do so, never lost an occasion of vilifying his old companion. Burke, however, had a complete revenge: each of these men lived to see his station in life inverted, for Hamilton soon afterwards sank into political nothingness, and Burke became a leader of the House of Commons; and when honors, and applause, and even opulence were crowning the great advocate of America, India, and Ireland, Hamilton had to bear the keen annoyance of making interested overtures to the man he had wronged, and of experiencing a grave and polite refusal. Cunning should always shun association with genius, its acts usually bring down a Nemesis on itself.

Burke was again in London in 1764, pensionless, and with a wife and a family, but free, and at leisure again for authorship. He was now a man of mark in the world of letters, and many friends watched his career with interest. It was in this year that the Literary Club was established at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street—a companionship which has survived to our times, and still gathers into itself the celebrities of literature. Sir Joshua Reynolds was its founder; and Burke, with his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent, was one of its original members. There, in 1764, attended by his favourite satellite, and growling out a mixture of rudeness and strong sense, might be seen the gruff yet kind-

hearted Johnson. There, freed at last from bailiffs and penury, and acknowledged as the Addison of his age, yet in conversation babbling and conceited, was the loose yet sweet-tempered Oliver Goldsmith. There Reynolds sate, with spiritual brow, but not at all averse to joyous cheer, when the punch and omelets were laid on the table. In the group was dull and pompous Sir John—a Boeotian at an Athenian feast—with far less appreciation of the wit that glanced around him than of the dignity of the name of Hawkins; and there, near his quiet and gentle father-in-law, was Burke, Mentor alike and Horace of the Club—now lighting up the scene with the rays of a humour that mingled pleasantry with instruction, now attracting all minds by some striking phrase that disclosed a fund of infinite thought, and now pouring out such treasures of information as made Goldsmith wonder “how one head could hold them.” The world of London had at last admitted the genius of the two students of Trinity College; but that of Goldsmith had already risen, that of Burke was only in its opening dawn.

Another destiny was now awaiting Burke than that of a man of letters and a wit. In 1765 George the Third had been five years upon the throne. His struggle against the great families of the revolution had not succeeded in keeping Lord Bute in power; and notwithstanding the treacherous alliance of Henry Fox, and the unparalleled corruption of 1762, the ministry of George Grenville had been forced upon him. That ministry had grown most distasteful to the king, although Grenville had concurred with his views on American taxation, and with his unconstitutional conduct towards Wilkes. In June, 1765, Lord Rockingham became first Lord of the Treasury. The characters of the men who formed this administration, and the policy they advocated in office and opposition, stand out in bright relief in that age of prerogative and bad influence. Lord Rockingham and Savile, Dowdeswell and Lord John Cavendish, were the true representatives of the great party, which had placed William the Third on the throne, and through good and evil had been true to the house of Hanover. If none of them had the genius

of Chatham, they were free from his arrogance and eccentricities; they repudiated the domineering principles of Grenville and Bedford; and they were separated by a broad line from the recreant Whigs, who plotted for office at Woburn and Holland House. They never bent in oriental servility to the king, coquetted with democratic licence, dismembered an empire to save a precedent, or thought of government as a mere source of self-aggrandizement. And as they were the only really honest political party of the time, so the policy they supported is now acknowledged to have been wiser than that of any other connexion. That policy would have kept America for a long time in dependence on the Crown, without exasperating her to rebellion. It would have saved England the capitulation at Saratoga, and the sight of the fleets of France and Spain insulting her coasts. It would have avoided the scandal of the Middlesex election, would have prevented English blood being spilt in civil conflict, would have anticipated by twenty years one of the chief securities of the press, and would have freed Parliament from those grosser corruptions which in that age were destroying its utility. Though, as Johnson observes “all men do not think as Burke does” of the Rockingham Whigs, it is their just boast that, alone in that bad age they were an upright party, formed on sound principles, and that alone they held the paths of moderation and justice among the politicians of the early reign of George the Third.

In June, 1765, through the friendship of William Burke, Burke was introduced to Lord Rockingham. Notwithstanding the complaints of the old Duke of Newcastle, who declared that he was a Jesuit in disguise, the minister found out that Burke had genius and might be trusted, and he offered his private secretaryship to him. In December, 1765, Burke was member for Wendover; and in January, 1766, he made his first speech in Parliament. It is said that this speech attracted the notice of Pitt, then the consular senator of the House of Commons; but the evidence of this is not very distinct, and probably it was not a conspicuous effort. It was upon the second occasion when Burke addressed the house, that his powers

shone forth in their full lustre; and although this speech too has not been preserved, it is noticed by Walpole as of surpassing ability. In fact, the opportunity was well suited to a speaker, who combined a powerful and philosophic mind, with skill in analyzing questions of law, and in digesting masses of fact, and Burke availed himself of it to the fullest extent.

In the spring of 1765 the ministry of George Grenville had brought forward and passed the famous Stamp Act. The time was singularly unpropitious, but this was a slight matter to that "small sharp" mind, which looked at all policy as a thing of precedent. The act was accompanied by most vexatious regulations, as regards the collection of the customs duties, by an arbitrary stoppage of the American paper currency, and by a compulsory quartering of soldiers upon the American colonies. At once the stout-hearted descendants of the Puritans broke out in steady and angry remonstrances; and words were uttered which, fourteen years afterwards, were too faithfully realized in history. Grenville, however, did not heed this discontent, and had he continued in office in 1766, there is little doubt that the American war would have been precipitated by some years. But Grenville fell, and the Rockingham cabinet resolved to neutralize this fatal policy, finely described as "setting a peppercorn in the scales with an empire." Their views upon the question of American taxation, and the measures they propounded about it, have long ago been stamped by the approval of posterity. The party of Grenville, of the Court, and of Bedford, were eager for a continuance of the tax, and denounced the colonists as traitors and rebels. Pitt, and his followers, contrary, we think, to all just and reasonable views, declared that the Imperial Government had no right to tax the colonies, and asserted that they "rejoiced America had resisted." The Rockingham Whigs adopted a middle course, in politics generally that of wisdom. They did not deny—on the contrary, they asserted—that the supreme legislative power necessarily included the right of taxation; but they laid it down that the right was merely speculative, and should never be enforced against the wishes of the Americans. As re-

gards constitutional law, this was the doctrine of Lord Mansfield; as regards policy, it had been the maxim of Walpole; and there can be no doubt, in 1766, that it was the course of prudence. Accordingly the Rockingham cabinet resolved upon the repeal of the Stamp Act, accompanying it, however, by an act declaratory of the supremacy of England over her colonies in all particulars.

On the 21st January, 1766, General Conway, on the part of the Rockingham Cabinet, brought forward resolutions in the House of Commons, embodying these principles. The house was crowded; and when a large majority in it had given their assent to the resolutions, Burke thus describes the remarkable scene:—

"I remember, sir, with a melancholy pleasure, the situation of the honourable gentleman who made the motion for the repeal. In that crisis when the whole trading interest of this empire, crammed into your lobbies, with a trembling and anxious expectation, waited, almost to a winter's return of light, their fate from your resolutions. When at length you had determined in their favour, and your doors thrown open, showed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of that grave multitude there arose an involuntary burst of transport and gratitude. They jumped upon him like children on a long absent father. They clung about him as captives about their redeemer. All England, all America, joined to his applause. Nor did he seem insensible to the best of earthly rewards, the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens. Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest. I stood near him, and his face, to use the expression of the Scripture of the first martyr, 'his face was as if it had been the face of an angel.'"

Such, many years after the event, is Burke's description of that famous debate, the issue of which for a time conciliated America, and averted the degradation of England. In that debate, the whole question of the right of the empire over its dependencies was discussed by the greatest orators of the time. Its effect made a deep impression on Burke; but he does not tell us that the speech he made in it raised him at once to the great rank of parliamentary orator; that it is said to have had a greater effect than even that of Pitt; and, that it was always mentioned as one of the finest of the

splendid dissertations which he so frequently delivered on the same subject.

Before the season of 1766 had closed Burke had risen to eminence in the House of Commons. Mr. Macknight says with justice, that such a reputation was never made before or since in so short a time; and it is certain, that for many years Burke had the character of being an efficient and popular, as well as a profound and weighty orator. It is certain that for the period which intervened between the elevation of Pitt to the House of Lords and the full development of the powers of Mr. Fox, Burke was the first man in the House of Commons, even in debate. How does it happen, then, if we are to believe the traditions of Parliament, that the powers which so suddenly and so long commanded admiration—that the political wisdom which the student still loves to read—that the magnificent diction which no English orator has ever approached—should, thirty years afterwards, have failed in their purpose; and that the Burke of 1766, who stood a leader in the House of Commons, should, in 1795, have been nicknamed “the dinner bell?” This has always seemed to us a curious problem, and we cannot pretend to a complete solution of it. But, in the first place, we altogether deny that the speeches of Burke, even in his last years, were failures in themselves. They abound in the same felicitous exposition, in the same copious and brilliant language, in the same display of philosophic principles, and in more than the same profuse and striking imagery, which characterized his earlier orations. The truth seems to be, that in 1795, the speaker had lost the ear of his audience; and that those who had listened to him with delight for many years, had shut their ears to the voice of the charmer however wisely he charmed. In his old age, Burke stood really aloof from all parties; he was mistrusted by the Tories, as a proselyte is always, and he was denounced by the Whigs as a “fanatic apostate.” Hence, it was convenient for both sides of the House to vote him “a bore;” and unquestionably his speeches must have lost the authority which belongs to a fixed political position. In the next place, the asperity of his temper in those

latter years, the result of poverty, detraction, and misfortune, gave a tone of exaggeration to all his sentiments; and this, of course, reduced his real effectiveness in such an assembly as the House of Commons. And lastly, his manner and accent, which were never good—the one being marked by monotonous gestures, the other by a decided Irish brogue—did not improve with growing years; and they seem at last to have degenerated into a violent awkwardness, and a coarse and somewhat repulsive provincialism. Taken together, these causes may have produced the neglect which, it is said, attended the later years of Burke. But in the speeches themselves there is little falling off; and, after our best consideration of the subject, we do not pretend to have completely accounted for it.

As yet, however, the days were distant when the reputation of Burke, as an orator was to be questioned. In the session of 1766 he did other service to his party than that of delivering a splendid oration: he expounded to the Rockingham Whigs the principles of free trade; and although their measures when in office were scarcely of this character, his arguments made a strong impression on some of them. He amazed deputations of merchants who waited on the minister, by his profound knowledge of the principles and details of commerce. We may be assured—though there is no direct evidence of the fact—that he cordially approved of the policy of this ministry in the resolutions they procured against general warrants and against degrading officers in Parliament for adverse votes. Whether he equally admired their conduct towards Wilkes, to whose “patriotism” they offered the golden spell of a bribe, we have no means of ascertaining; but Burke appears to have negotiated the business. On the whole, this one session raised him at once into greatness; and the abilities he had displayed as an orator, and the confidential position he had gained in the ministry, were certain pledges of future eminence. In this year, 1766, he paid another visit to Ireland. He was no longer the friendless lad of Trinity College, or the hanger-on of a Chief Secretary; and yet, perhaps, his own relations were the last persons who

acknowledged or perceived the alteration in his fortunes.

The Rockingham Cabinet, however, was not destined to last, and in July, 1766, Burke wrote its epitaph. "A Short Account of a Short Administration" from his pen details its services to England in a few quiet sentences. Its American policy and its Whig constitution had made the King look on it with aversion; and, at the first opportunity, he persuaded Pitt to combine a coalition of courtiers and pseudo Whigs against it. Thus commenced that ill-omened administration, which, at first under the nominal guidance of Chatham, was destined to pass into the hands of Grafton and Lord North, to present the spectacle of a junto ruling a Cabinet, and spreading the most ruinous influences through the Constitution; to make the House of Commons a mere agent of the Monarch, and to sever it altogether from national sympathies; to provoke, yet not to avert, the dismemberment of the Empire; and to unite once more the Family Compact against England. The conduct of that administration, in its different forms, is written in the History of American Independence; of the scandalous "seven years war" against Wilkes; of the corruption of the elections of 1768 and 1774; of the attempt to rob the Duke of Portland of his estates; of the refusal to publish an

account of the civil list; of Dunning's famous motion against the crown; of the city remonstrance; and of the letters of Junius. And it was the result of the opposition given to this administration—an opposition mainly conducted by the Rockingham Whigs, and in which Burke shines with pre-eminent lustre—that public attention was at length called to the sinister effects of prerogative organizing corruption in Parliament; that the great question of parliamentary reform was first mooted; that the doctrines of free trade were first propounded to the House of Commons; and that the cause of toleration and religious liberty was first vigorously undertaken. The governments of England between 1766 and 1780 lost an empire and imperilled the constitution; but the long parliamentary struggle against these governments, unquestionably, first directed public opinion against their defects, and ultimately led to the triumph of better principles. It is in the great drama of constitutional history, which England beheld between 1766 and the fall of Lord North, that, perhaps, Burke shines with greatest splendour as a politician; the part he took in it is one of a patriotic man of genius, and is not deformed by any eccentricities and errors; and accordingly it deserves the greatest attention, if we would form a just estimate of him.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

VOL. LV.

ON ADVANCES TOWARDS LIBERTY IN FRANCE

"HAPPY is the nation," observed a diplomatist, "of whose domestic affairs no one speaks." The tranquillity of the French people intimately concerns those whose alliance with that powerful nation, and whose peace are endangered by a neighbourhood so close as constantly to remind them of the proverb—*tua res agitur cum proximus ardet*. The turning point in the political future of France seems to be that its elective monarchy is in transition towards hereditary tenure. The democracy, having delegated imperial authority to one man, any advances towards liberty are actually in his power. In a late paper, "On the Improbability of War with France," we argued that the disposition of Napoleon III. is to introduce modifications of constitutional liberty among his subjects, in order to strengthen and consolidate his dynasty, and transmit it to his son in a securer form than it now possesses. The nation received a benumbing blow by the *coup d'état* of 1852, and has since lain, as it were, in a trance; but the event of the 4th April, 1855, the birth of the Emperor's heir, was the advent of a young prince whose

future interests are awakening France—*la belle dormante*—to life and liberty.

The main aim of an autocratic government is self-preservation; and moreover, there is the grave question, whether it be safe to allow the French to taste of liberty? The late Alexis de Tocqueville, one of their most sagacious writers, and one of the few sincere and upright of their statesmen, observed—"Experience teaches that the most dangerous crisis for a bad government is ordinarily that when it begins to reform itself." It is now a matter of history that the reformatory step taken by the present Pontiff, in 1848, was the seed of the great Continental revolutions of that year. M. de Tocqueville, who has truly characterized his countrymen as ungovernable directly the example of resistance has been given, declares:—

"It is only the possession of high genius that can serve a prince who undertakes to relieve his subjects after a long period of oppression. The evil which we suffer patiently, as inevitable, becomes insupportable directly one conceives the idea of throwing it off. All

L'Empereur Napoléon III. et la France. Par E. de Girardin. Paris, 1859.

Liberté Religieuse. Mémoires et Plaidoyers. Par Jules Delaborde. Paris, 1854.

Annales de la Propagation de la Foi. November, 1859. No. 187.

Liberté Religieuse. Procès Bessner. Plaidoyer de M. Jules Delaborde. Paris, 1859.

Liberté et Centralization. Par Charles Dollfus. Paris, 1860.

La Démocratie. Par Etienne Vacherot. Paris, 1860.

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the abuses that are removed but more disclose those which remain, and render the feeling against them sorer. The evil has become less, it is true, but sensitiveness has become keen."

Has Napoleon III. sufficient genius and will? It may be believed that he has; and, that having adopted the foreign policy of Henry IV., and imitated many of that great king's home measures, he will also follow the steps of the same benignant genius in more important principles of polity, the adoption of which has lain over until his dynasty was better secured. The initiation of most wise or noble things almost invariably proceeds from an individual, as Mr. J. S. Mill remarks in his recent essay on Liberty, where he also justly adds:—"The honour and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative." The present monarch of France has searched history not in vain for a guide, having found one in his predecessor, who, in the sixteenth century, encountered tasks far exceeding the present in difficulty, and heroically surmounted them.

A brief parallel between the best governmental acts of this provident king and his living representative, cannot but be interesting. Henry IV., conceiving the idea of allying himself with the heads of the Protestant and Catholic interests, and of holding the balance between these two mightiest of opposed powers, entered into an alliance with England, initiated the idea of placing the Pontiff at the head of federal Italian states, and even imagined a Catholic confederation of nations. His wise minister, Sully, having acquired an appreciation of England, ever regarded concert with this country as the fundamental condition of the foreign policy of France; and the amity then formed between his master and Queen Elizabeth, has been renewed between Napoleon III. and Queen Victoria, now forming an alliance of the representative of "*les Rois trës Chrétien*s" with the Defender of the Faith—the grandest alliance on record of the two greatest Protestant and Catholic political powers. These points are apart from our theme, save as leading to the expectation that, since the present Emperor of the French has in part initiated the foreign tactics of his great predecessor, he will copy and extend the still more

admirable domestic management of that prince (who is pronounced by Sully to have been the greatest of all the kings of France), not only in tolerance of religious freedom, but in an enlightened increase of civil and individual liberties, through the adoption of the principles of Sully and Turgot, the admission of the maxim, *Laissez faire*, and the reversal of the despotic dictum of Louis XIV., *L'Etat c'est moi*, for the national saying, *L'Etat c'est nous*!

To continue our parallel. An army was created, with a newly-organized and essentially democratic infantry; the mercantile and military marine arose together. The far-seeing Henry IV. also reclaimed Canada, in order to provide colonial outlets for inquiet and adventurous spirits. The impulse given to agriculture by his wise minister, who styled pasture and arable land the paps of the mother-country, has been revived by Napoleon III. in the establishment of a special minister for the advance of agriculture, and a general system of competitive premiums. These objects are, of course, best carried out by local voluntary associations; but, since the country lacks a rich resident aristocracy, who, in England, take the lead in this matter, the Emperor providently substitutes the sole available interposing influence. In the towns, his archetype initiated extensive works, sanitary and embellishing, especially in the metropolis, widening the wretchedly crowded streets—an operation magnificently imitated by his present successor. Moreover, he built many hospitals and asylums for the poor and infirm, and several bridges over the Seine; he completed the Palace of the Louvre, and united it, on the river side, to the Tuilerie, part of the splendid design just completed. He also established the public library which is, in its enlarged form, the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, for which a befitting repository is now in course of construction. He fostered the silk-trade by planting mulberry-trees, and established the factory of Gobelin tapestry: thus evincing such an interest in the promotion of industry as was rare in crowned heads.

It is also noteworthy that, in the recent re-decorations of the Louvre, the blank spaces in the gorgeous *Salle d'Apollon* have not been filled

with either portraits of the nobles and court beauties of the old regime, or of the Marshals of the Empire, but of Frenchmen illustrious in the republic of industry—a selection which is a visible sign of the better sense of the times.

Our parallel has come to a close—but may it not be expected to be continued in the future? The following are among the greatest works of the sovereign who has been taken as a model. Reform of the nobility; punishment of those who usurped titles of *noblesse* which, in that age, conferred certain immunities and privileges; measures towards compelling the great landowners to reside on their estates, and attend to local requirements, such as by forcing them to maintain roads communicating with the highway. The good King Henry himself gave them distinguished example, by his beneficent attention to the state of the peasantry. Though his predecessor, he said, disdained to know the value of a crown, he would know what a *liard* was worth; and his most cordial rejoicing arose from the fact, that, under his reign, “every peasant could have a fowl in his pot on Sunday.” His negation of absolutism, however, constituted his most glorious sacrifice to liberty; and let us hope that his measures for increasing the authority of the Parliament, and endowing it with incontestable powers, will form part of the parallel to be traced further by posterity.

The Emperor has recently made several marked advances towards liberty. This task, however, may be compared for difficulty to Mr. Rarey’s, if that conqueror of the equine race undertook to manage a herd of Ukraine horses. The complete summary of the French character, drawn by the now cold hand of De Tocqueville, one who possessed in a rare degree an intelligent love of liberty, closes by declaring this nation “the most brilliant and dangerous in Europe, and most adapted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference!”

The people of the capital having ever controlled the destinies of the nation, their countrymen may be believed to partake of their attributes, which are also thus sketched, with

considerable skill, by M. Théophile Lavallée:—

“The Parisian population is essentially, profoundly *Gaulois*; that is, vain and warlike. It loves, above all things, strife and blows, war and conquest; it madly loves noise, fame, and dominion; it delights with childish pride in being, though but for a moment, the strongest, the chief, the master; and would repeat, without much shame, the *ex victis* of its ancestors.”

Assuredly no other country takes its tone from its metropolis more subserviently than France:

Cannot Napoleon III. effectuate for his country what he has accomplished for her capital? Anarchy has indeed disappeared from her streets, but still revels in the confusion of political ideas. Vague notions as to the best constitution of government are blown about by adverse opinions. No principles and plans for the future are projected on authority. The political vocabulary is in an undefined state. Equality, democracy, and liberty are invoked by the people; but no one knows what they mean or tend to. Meanwhile, the government of the future is developing itself as a hereditary, absolute monarchy, unlimited, unrestrained, and almost self-guided, save by routine, and by fear of the prejudices of the multitude. The nation are precluded from shaping out a sound system, by the slavery imposed on the press, and the interdict on assembling for political discussions. The sceptre is supported by the swords of 600,000 soldiers. This force suppresses internal revolutions, but is, at the same time, eager to make evolutions abroad, and compels all neighbouring States to maintain costly barricades. The old European idea has revived, that France is to the Continent—and, indeed, to England, notwithstanding her *ceinture liquide*—what that turbulent *quartier*, the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, was to Paris, namely, a hot-bed of war. The best remedy for curing this peccant part of the European body politic consists, of course, in effecting certain alterations in French institutions, just as the Emperor has reformed the material and social condition of that formerly *mauvais quartier*. These changes much resemble the constitutional ones which all

friends of law and order desire to see brought about, as promising the surest hope of a peaceful future. From that once terrible faubourg, where close heaps of rotting habitations, crooked streets, and impassable alleys held crowded masses in normal but surging poverty, destitution and want, with their savage outbursts, have disappeared, by the simple process of opening free, wide, plain ways, and constructing new buildings. The present excellent sanitary condition of the city is ascribed to the formation of these great public roads, which admit a circulation of air and the rays of the sun. Why should not somewhat similar, but grander results be produced throughout the length and breadth of the land, by allowing the light of liberty to exercise its brightening influences, and the printing-press to circulate beneficial ideas, while also allowing freedom of testamentary bequests to replace the poverty produced by forced subdivisions of land and capital?

No man can expect to live long enough, however, to see the effects of such improvements in the polity of France. In the well-known dictum, "Constitutions cannot be made, they must grow." A home policy such as we advocate cannot suddenly develop itself; but, like the oak, must begin as an acorn. Hitherto, our neighbours have fancied they could obtain a good government as they now set up full-grown trees in the Champs Elysées. Our *quercus robur*, the British system of government, has taken centuries to mature; and, if its seeds are to prosper in French soil, the sooner they are sown the better. For instance, there is scope for the healthy growth of an active landed proprietary, whose descendants should be formed into an estate of the realm, like our peers. From the epoch of Magna Charta to the recent days of Reform Bills the latter have stood in moderate mediation between the Crown and the People.

The history of the French Revolution, although more "an old almanac" than the annals of Great Britain (a country where time-honoured precedent still retains reasonable weight in the national councils) exhibits, as the origin of that revolution, the infection caught by the French during

their support of revolt in our American colonies, an intervention induced by their antipathy to England, and mainly productive to them of the loss of many liberties. Our theme, the slow advances towards "the Liberty of the Subject," for we must employ an English expression; embraces Religious, Social or Civil, and Individual Liberties. Of these sections, individual freedom, so closely restrained among our neighbours, should justly stand first, since it is the soul, head, heart, and right hand of general freedom, as proceeding from the conscience, which, respecting the religious opinions of others, extends the principle to inferior objects.

Since the Revolution of 1789 the struggles of France have not been for liberty, in our acceptation of representative and municipal government, and all institutions and laws guaranteeing individual freedom, such as our inestimable *habeas corpus*, which has not yet been transplanted anywhere; freedom of the press and testamentary arrangements as to property; abolition of conscription, and the passport system; a reasonable suffrage; and substitution of local voluntary management for official centralization—all combining to give the unfettered right to every man of speaking, writing, and acting, especially in his own business, freely, so far as he does not break the maxim, *Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lœdas*.

How shall the men of a nation be characterized who surrender their consciences to priests, their political senses to a despot, and their goods to be bequeathed according to a narrow law? A few warm, enthusiastic lovers of liberty there were; but they sought her rather as a *maitresse*, than as a wife to be dwelt with in calm respect. Even in the present day of material progress, the French call upon their Government for aid in material things, as upon their saints when in difficulties. The most auspicious sign, however, which they have received from their Hercules is the recent oracular recommendation to self-reliance, emanating from M. de Morny. This programme of advances to be made in developing national resources and civil liberties carries the greatest weight, in consequence of the speaker's proximity to the Emperor.

Among the political measures projected is, the lowering the duties on raw materials and manufactured goods. Yet financial requirements, and the power of the protectionist or "prohibitionist" party are likely to mar any effort towards free trade in a country which, nevertheless, can boast of Turgot, as its earliest statesman, who advocated that principle. To remedy the defect of spontaneity, which characterizes the nation, M. de Morny proposed an animation of the spirit of association, instead of the usual recourse to the aid of government. His last clause is the grandest, but least hopeful. He exhorts his countrymen, "to seek to win and preserve, *by the prudent use made of them*, those liberties which make man the absolute master of what is his, and which have no limit except the wrong done to others."

In the van of writers advocating progress, the experienced, but charlatan politician, M. Emile de Girardin, stands foremost. The recent and latest emanation of his economic, individualizing ideas, entitled, "*L'Empereur Napoleon III. et la France*," is an appeal to this great prince to exchange his despotic, responsible power for the irresponsibility of a limited monarchy, based on enlarged individual liberties.

"Irresponsibility of power!" writes he; "that is the end which the Emperor ought to propose for himself; such the aim a minister should engage to pursue who would merit to be styled the continuer of Turgot. The sovereign of France who would apply himself to governing the country less and less, would finally govern Europe. He would crush, in the egg, all the revolutionary parties now on the watch for blunders, for reverses, for weaknesses, and for his death; and give at one growth, roots and branches to his dynasty."

The Emperor is exhorted to make liberty the new principle of government. Certes, this recipe is recommendable, if only on account of its novelty, which alone will give it a charm in the French mind. Strange that Liberty, the first word in the republican mouth of 1789, should still be so far off! The second word—Equality, has long proved illusive and sickening. The leaders of this deluded people had best try back and get on the first scent. M. de Girardin, cast-

ing about, observes that the freest States are the richest, and logically concludes that when France becomes free she will be rich and strong. The marvel is, considering the minute modicum of freedom she enjoys (the straw per diem to which one of her countrymen reduced his mare), that she has any strength left; but under the novel regimen advised by her political doctor, viz., liberality in her measure of oats, with free exercise of her faculties in her own paddock, her recovery may amount, he fairly believes, to putting her in high, rampant condition. Joking apart—for we are not inclined to jest upon the dawning future of a noble people—we rejoice in the instances cited by our author to prove that the French have not abused the few petty liberties of late vouchsafed to them.

The catalogue of the liberties required, as drawn up by these recent writers, is long, and some of the items are unattractive. It is, however, so interesting to us to hear those thoughtful men *poussant des cris hauts et prolongés pour la liberté*, that we enumerate the most important. Liberty of the press, public meetings, making private contracts and wills, assembling of sects for divine worship, entering professions, selecting professionalists, of production, of travelling, and of consummation—that is, freedom from taxes and restrictions on victuals. Of monopolies, we may notice the monster one of tobacco, now much complained of in consequence of the bad quality of the article supplied; and among minor matters, that the members of several important professions and trades are limited by law, as notaries, attorneys, brokers, appraisers, and even printers, butchers, and bakers. The fact that monopolies are thus created is proved by the high price paid for the *brevet*, or patent, of one of their number. In order that society may be protected by its police from a few criminals and debtors, not a single person can move from one district to another without a passport.

Without parading M. de Girardin's list, we may at least quote his concluding declaration, that although the constant vainglorious boast of his countrymen is the lead they take in civilization, such is their notorious want of liberty, and such the exagger-

ated accounts which reach foreign countries of their condition of political suppression, that the sentiment they inspire among foreigners is humiliating compassion.

Abnegation of the right of Private Judgment in religious questions lies at the root of absence of liberty in France. A Roman Catholic people can never give the world the spectacle of a self-governing nation, because the individuals composing it do not exercise moral self-government. Their political tendency is monarchical; but the true king reigns in the confessional. Their education will not make free men, just as military discipline does not give the spirit of citizenship; and the French people in general only see moral laws under the frock of a priest, and political laws in the uniform of a gendarme. Besides the influence of their religion, other potent systems conspire to restrain their mental faculties. Of the five great armies wielded by their Emperor the ecclesiastic certainly has the most neutralizing effect on the feeling of individual responsibility. Next in the narrowing process comes the system of education, which is under the control of the State. Any forethought in civil and political matters is prevented by the third and hugest monopoly—the bureaucracy. Expressions of opinion in favour of reform, if uttered by individuals, are liable to punishment by the fourth force—the law officers and police; and if attempted collectively, the meeting would be dispersed by the *ultima ratio*—the army. Thus, the want of self-discipline, self-reliance, and self-government in the education of the French people unfits them for freedom, in place of which they have, as they say, *le droit d'insurrection*. They rise against their ruler and elect another.

With covert sarcasm M. de Girardin hints that the system of election to the chief magistrature of a great people is not without inconveniences and dangers. Turning to the new world, we see the republicans of the United States submitting to continual conflicts by their election of Presidents, who have sometimes proved despotic and reckless, simply because they have far less to lose than a crowned head, whose fortunes and those of his posterity depend on the popularity and security of his trans-

mitted office. Dreading intestine contests as the effect of election, our author asks why, since private property descends hereditarily, should not the same principle be applied to the now individualized public power, and replies by judiciously insisting that the adoption of this supreme advantage would remove apprehensions of future commotions. Our veteran spectator next discusses the delicate point, whether the dictatorship should be hereditary, and his deductions are strongly in favour of succession. He enforces them, indeed, by passages of marked effect, averring that Napoleon III. now reigns and governs, whereas he should desire merely to reign; and this he ought, significantly observes his admonisher, to desire especially whenever he looks upon the cradle of his son and considers the future by the light of history. There could be no more touching appeal, since it is addressed to the parental and patriotic feelings of a self-crowned man, who may, in recalling that France was once saved by a heroic peasant-girl, receive from the sight of the child he would have to succeed him, an inspiration that may secure his country from anarchy.

M. de Girardin is, however, a radical of the school which deems that government the best which makes itself the least felt, and whose mottoes are individualism, and *laissez faire* and *laissez passer*, discarding the State, and dispensing with government to an extent leading to anarchy.

While an individual has absorbed the powers of the State, his government has more than ever deprived its subjects of individual freedom. The most potent centralization ever known holds its throne in Paris—the axle on which the wheel of routine, its naves extending to the remotest arrondissement and commune, slowly revolves. The Roman law of government has mastered the old Gaulic system of communes. The tendency to centralization first instilled by the French lawyers, has become the civil bane of the people. Territorial power has been displaced by an official feudality, in which all civil functions are absorbed in the common centre of the capital. Local authorities are kept in a state of infancy, and the exercise of independent jurisdiction is almost unknown. The yoke of this strict

feudalism is an organization of the experienced and practical ability of the nation into a disciplined body for the governance of the rest. This immense machinery amounted in Louis Philippe's reign to no less than 807,030 *educated and salaried men!* The degrees in the descending scale of this official hierarchy resemble those of the army. The Emperor delegates administrative authority to nine chief ministers, but retains patronage and the right of dismissal. He is therefore not only the monarch of this feudal system, but absorbs the command of it, even to the extent of selections and dismissals, not only of the chief ministers, who in England depend principally on the feeling of the House of Commons, but of countless and apparently insignificant matters of patronage. The great ministers are seldom removed, being irresponsible to parliament or public opinion. Always residing in the metropolis, they require that the whole of the business of the country shall pass under their eye. When we contemplate the extent of France, and of this comprehensive and minute official interference, we can understand the recent remonstrance of one of these ministers at the voluminousness of his correspondence with the provinces. The prefects and sub-prefects of departments or counties form the third degree in this bureaucracy, governing the fourth and last, the mayors of arrondissements, and all municipal and communal authorities in their departments. Since 1852 all the members of all the *bureaux de bienfaisance*, and all the administrators of hospitals, hitherto elective, are nominated and dismissed at head-quarters; a peculiar hardship, as those bureaux are mainly supported by voluntary contributions. Considering that the French maintain a relief of destitution on the voluntary system—which seems more in accordance with the Divine Will than our principle of declaring that there shall be no poor, by giving them the first charge on property—that humane but oppressed nation deserve our warm admiration, and our sincere wish that they will share with us the responsibilities and advantages of self-governing institutions.

Among the prominent protests against the abuse of centralization—that vast spider's web of power—

the work of M. Dollfus is the most recent. The gist of his and other labours on decentralization is to obtain fuller powers for the local boards. The advocates of democratic government point to the very ancient system of *communes* as the germ of a future self-governing nation, insisting that the primary idea should be the development and enlargement of the communal power, by giving each commune independent authority in local regulations as to education, industry, police, justice, public works, such as by-roads, and bridges, and charitable institutions, with the right of nomination and discharge of functionaries, and of raising taxes for certain purposes. M. Vacherot, who revels in the idea of a "pure democracy," although he confesses the existence of such a state incompatible with the practice of Roman Catholicism, sees in the development of the communal system a gleam of hope for reform. The present state of the communal and other local representation of the public is declared, so far as the local interests are said to use their voices and eyes, to be a fiction, were false windows painted on the huge official edifice. How far the government ought to exercise such surveillance and authority, as, for example, the Poor Law Commission exerts over Boards of Guardians, and how far the local party might reasonably claim independence, is a question involving many details, considerable intimacy with which would be necessary before venturing to form an opinion. Yet all who enjoy intuitive and experienced admiration of self-government will see in these communes—to which the French historically owe much, and which are the organic molecules of a great and intelligent nation—the embryos of administrative individuality, and will look forward to their obtaining a reasonable independence. But these seeds, lying broad-cast over the entire country, and as inert as the grains of corn enveloped with Egyptian mummies, cannot be vivified until light, air, and water are freely shed upon them. We must employ cumulative metaphors to describe the character and effects of this overpowering bureaucracy, a Bastille, constructed by republicans, fetters forged by and for themselves, and from which some now try to escape.

ated accounts which reach foreign countries of their condition of political suppression, that the sentiment they inspire among foreigners is humiliating compassion.

Abnegation of the right of Private Judgment in religious questions lies at the root of absence of liberty in France. A Roman Catholic people can never give the world the spectacle of a self-governing nation, because the individuals composing it do not exercise moral self-government. Their political tendency is monarchical; but the true king reigns in the confessional. Their education will not make free men, just as military discipline does not give the spirit of citizenship; and the French people in general only see moral laws under the frock of a priest, and political laws in the uniform of a gendarme. Besides the influence of their religion, other potent systems conspire to restrain their mental faculties. Of the five great armies wielded by their Emperor the ecclesiastic certainly has the most neutralizing effect on the feeling of individual responsibility. Next in the narrowing process comes the system of education, which is under the control of the State. Any forethought in civil and political matters is prevented by the third and hugest monopoly—the bureaucracy. Expressions of opinion in favour of reform, if uttered by individuals, are liable to punishment by the fourth force—the law officers and police; and if attempted collectively, the meeting would be dispersed by the *ultima ratio*—the army. Thus, the want of self-discipline, self-reliance, and self-government in the education of the French people unfits them for freedom, in place of which they have, as they say, *le droit d'insurrection*. They rise against their ruler and elect another.

With covert sarcasm M. de Girardin hints that the system of election to the chief magistrature of a great people is not without inconveniences and dangers. Turning to the new world, we see the republicans of the United States submitting to continual conflicts by their election of Presidents, who have sometimes proved despotic and reckless, simply because they have far less to lose than a crowned head, whose fortunes and those of his posterity depend on the popularity and security of his trans-

mitted office. Dreading intestine contests as the effect of election, our author asks why, since private property descends hereditarily, should not the same principle be applied to the now individualized public power, and replies by judiciously insisting that the adoption of this supreme advantage would remove apprehensions of future commotions. Our veteran spectator next discusses the delicate point, whether the dictatorship should be hereditary, and his deductions are strongly in favour of succession. He enforces them, indeed, by passages of marked effect, averring that Napoleon III. now reigns and governs, whereas he should desire merely to reign; and this he ought, significantly observes his admonisher, to desire especially whenever he looks upon the cradle of his son and considers the future by the light of history. There could be no more touching appeal, since it is addressed to the parental and patriotic feelings of a self-crowned man, who may, in recalling that France was once saved by a heroic peasant-girl, receive from the sight of the child he would have to succeed him, an inspiration that may secure his country from anarchy.

M. de Girardin is, however, a radical of the school which deems that government the best which makes itself the least felt, and whose mottoes are individualism, and *laissez faire* and *laissez passer*, discarding the State, and dispensing with government to an extent leading to anarchy.

While an individual has absorbed the powers of the State, his government has more than ever deprived its subjects of individual freedom. The most potent centralization ever known holds its throne in Paris—the axle on which the wheel of routine, its naves extending to the remotest arrondissement and commune, slowly revolves. The Roman law of government has mastered the old Gaulic system of communes. The tendency to centralization first instilled by the French lawyers, has become the civil bane of the people. Territorial power has been displaced by an official feudality, in which all civil functions are absorbed in the common centre of the capital. Local authorities are kept in a state of infancy, and the exercise of independent jurisdiction is almost unknown. The yoke of this strict

feudalism is an organization of the experienced and practical ability of the nation into a disciplined body for the governance of the rest. This immense machinery amounted in Louis Philippe's reign to no less than 807,030 *educated and salaried men!* The degrees in the descending scale of this official hierarchy resemble those of the army. The Emperor delegates administrative authority to nine chief ministers, but retains patronage and the right of dismissal. He is therefore not only the monarch of this feudal system, but absorbs the command of it, even to the extent of selections and dismissals, not only of the chief ministers, who in England depend principally on the feeling of the House of Commons, but of countless and apparently insignificant matters of patronage. The great ministers are seldom removed, being irresponsible to parliament or public opinion. Always residing in the metropolis, they require that the whole of the business of the country shall pass under their eye. When we contemplate the extent of France, and of this comprehensive and minute official interference, we can understand the recent remonstrance of one of these ministers at the voluminousness of his correspondence with the provinces. The prefects and sub-prefects of departments or counties form the third degree in this bureaucracy, governing the fourth and last, the mayors of *arrondissements*, and all municipal and communal authorities in their departments. Since 1852 all the members of all the *bureaux de bienfaisance*, and all the administrators of hospitals, hitherto elective, are nominated and dismissed at head-quarters; a peculiar hardship, as those bureaux are mainly supported by voluntary contributions. Considering that the French maintain a relief of destitution on the voluntary system—which seems more in accordance with the Divine Will than our principle of declaring that there shall be no poor, by giving them the first charge on property—that humane but oppressed nation deserve our warm admiration, and our sincere wish that they will share with us the responsibilities and advantages of self-governing institutions.

Among the prominent protests against the abuse of centralization—that vast spider's web of power—

the work of M. Dollfus is the most recent. The gist of his and other labours on decentralization is to obtain fuller powers for the local boards. The advocates of democratic government point to the very ancient system of *communes* as the germ of a future self-governing nation, insisting that the primary idea should be the development and enlargement of the communal power, by giving each commune independent authority in local regulations as to education, industry, police, justice, public works, such as by-roads, and bridges, and charitable institutions, with the right of nomination and discharge of functionaries, and of raising taxes for certain purposes. M. Vacherot, who revels in the idea of a "pure democracy," although he confesses the existence of such a state incompatible with the practice of Roman Catholicism, sees in the development of the communal system a gleam of hope for reform. The present state of the communal and other local representation of the public is declared, so far as the local interests are said to use their voices and eyes, to be a fiction, were false windows painted on the huge official edifice. How far the government ought to exercise such surveillance and authority, as, for example, the Poor Law Commission exerts over Boards of Guardians, and how far the local party might reasonably claim independence, is a question involving many details, considerable intimacy with which would be necessary before venturing to form an opinion. Yet all who enjoy intuitive and experienced admiration of self-government will see in these communes—to which the French historically owe much, and which are the organic molecules of a great and intelligent nation—the embryos of administrative individuality, and will look forward to their obtaining a reasonable independence. But these seeds, lying broad-cast over the entire country, and as inert as the grains of corn enveloped with Egyptian mummies, cannot be vivified until light, air, and water are freely shed upon them. We must employ cumulative metaphors to describe the character and effects of this overpowering bureaucracy, a Bastille, constructed by republicans, fetters forged by and for themselves, and from which some now try to escape.

It is the democratic spirit that has created and multiplied employments under government to this enormous extent; and the innumerable berths at the disposal of the ruler have spread through the veins of the nation a venal and servile humour, a general corruption, the very ganglion of faction. The result of appetite for office, viz., absence of public spirit, has recently been sharply anatomized under the theme of "the debasement of characters in French society," in the *Revue Contemporaine*, and is peculiarly deserving the attention of "the Ministers of Public Instruction and Worship," because Catholicity of the *culte de bureau*, or in plain English, office-seeking, enters largely into the national education. An official body, whose sole spirit is *esprit de corps*, and protected as this under view is against censure, lies under the constant innate temptation of degenerating into a routineocracy. Yet whatever else has failed in France, intellect has never failed, and may yet triumph in intelligible matters like steam in inert things—a metaphor applicable in the present case, as it may be supposed that one objection to decentralization—the ancient apprehension of ill effects of provincial power—is removed by railways.

Freedom reigns in France: but in its baneful form, universal irresponsibility. The nation, having generally and individually thrown off responsibility, have been so imitated by their government, that what is excellently insured in Great Britain by the High Court of Parliament, by the privilege of rendering officials amenable to justice, and by the power of bringing public opinion to bear on them, is wanting among our paralysed neighbours. However, in the irresponsibility of their almost omnipotent government lies its fragility and humiliation. Freedom of expression of opinion, that nightmare of absolutism, has recently received some concessions from the Emperor; yet his government still bears the stigma of interdicting, with indefatigable vigilance, the slightest criticism on official acts. So long as his ministers can act illegally with impunity, so long as they rest protected from the law and the press, there can be small prospect of reform. On this score, we need but allude to the cases of attempts to

stifle expression of opinion which are continually cited in the English journals.

The cries of French writers are, naturally, loudest in the cause of liberty of the press, and, since this freedom is the main engine of English liberties, they deserve our cordial sympathy. Yet it must be confessed that the question is an open one, whether they are fit for a reasonable emancipation, and also that it is one on which their dictator, with his consummate knowledge of their character, is apt as well as potent to decide, deeming, as he does, a larger liberty, which is liable to degenerate into licence, inadmissible for the present, on the ground that, while the dynasty of England is not disputed, in France, two great parties, the Bourbon or Legitimist, and the Orleanist, desire to seize the throne occupied by the head of the overruling section, the Bonapartists or Imperialists, while a fourth strong faction yearn for a republic. During such insecurity, newspaper food of the mildest kind is considered the wholesomest for the body politic. Oliver Cromwell would certainly have silenced any paper in the Stuart interest, and France is going through a transition resembling what the United Kingdom passed through two hundred years ago, though it is hardly to be imagined she will ever witness any more Restorations. Her progress in polity considered, she is three centuries behind us, an infancy of which her thinking men are quite conscious; her autocracy being the earliest, crudest form of government, and sustained by a stupendous system, against which a shackled press is almost impotent for reforming purposes. An absolute government, although it certainly has the advantage of unity, has the disadvantage of being the most jealous and sensitive of governments, and obviously will not suffer its acts to be attacked.

Yet no man in France can be more anxious than its Emperor, that advances towards liberty should move in the right direction; and since it is of paramount importance that the press should be free to discuss civil questions, and also, as he himself has declared, to enlighten the acts of government, he will not restrain its liberty unduly, but merely punish any licence, the former being the discussion of

ideas, and the latter, commencing with attacks on persons and on the government, and requiring chastisement whenever calculated to produce resistance. On this vexed question, we cull the following paragraph from Mr. W. R. Greg's admirable essay on "France in 1852."

"It is idle to imagine that men gifted with the wonderful power of precise and brilliant expression, which distinguishes the French, will not chafe and rebel if condemned to an enforced silence, or compelled to restrain their utterances within limits, or to direct them into channels which it may suit a despot to prescribe. Men conscious of capacity to think worthily and to write splendidly on the exciting questions of government and war, will not tamely permit themselves to be warned off their favourite and chosen fields, and relegated to the duller walks of science or fancy. Genius and talent, in every department of literature, like gunpowder, become dangerous by being compressed. They must be enlisted in the service of the government, or they will be arrayed against it, and in the end will be too strong for it. A free press is even a better safety-valve than a free constitution for the restless intellects and fiery tempers of the cultivated classes."

To bring out and utilize undeveloped political forces is what distinguishes the statesmanlike genius and constitutes the art of increasing the power of a State. The liberty of the press is a hidden, lost force in France; and, if conceded, together with freedom of discussion, might beget, what is so much needed, compromise and order between conflicting interests. Let us now enter the great field of politico-economic battle between France and England, whether forced, equable division of property, or liberty to entail and bequeath within certain restrictions, most conduces to the prosperity of a nation. The *Code Napoléon* renders equal division of property obligatory, prohibits *substitution* or entail, and imposes close restrictions on donation, being in principle a compulsory entail on all the issue, on terms of equal partition. It is emphatically *la loi de partage*; each child obtaining by it a legal right to an equal portion, with the exception that their parent can dispose, by will, of a part equivalent to one share. This despotic code, in prescribing a set form for the disposition of pro-

perty, makes every death-couch a species of Procrustean bed, on which every body is cut to the same small proportions. All the world knows that this mincing instrument—the younger brother of the guillotine—was invented by republican envy, to give mortal blows to aristocracy. But as even that engine of democracy has not destroyed the French nobility, and can never destroy aristocracy, because the latter arises from indestructible principles, we regard it more in its political than in its economic results. Another and deeper design than annihilating a great landed proprietary is revealed by its author, in his letter to his brother Joseph, 5th June, 1806, advising him to establish the civil code in his new kingdom of Naples, in order that all men of property *unattached to the new court* may be destroyed by its operation. "It was for this object," he avows, "that I preached a civil code and established it. Whatever is not of *substitution*" (settlement under trust) "will fall before it." A yet wider effect, the reduction of an entire nation, is obtained by this infinite morselling of property, since it has proved to be the most efficacious instrument despotism has ever invented for pulverising a country into non-resisting atoms; and it is notorious that when General Bonaparte, having set his subjects to grind themselves down, found them inflammable as gunpowder, he contrived that most explosions should be against foreign nations, the French consoling themselves for their own debasement by triumphs over smaller States.

Agriculture, on any scale of rich expenditure and consequent remuneration, is precluded by partition, which is carried to extents such as impoverished our own country, when it suffered by this process under the double operation of Celtic love of subdivision, and of the cruel penal law, which forced equal partition on Roman Catholics. The progress of *morcellement* has, it is now said, received some check wherever the difficulty of dividing a field of varying soil into really equal shares has intervened. Yet, the minutely patched face of much of France, shows multitudes of portions that are not only too small to support a family, but are broken up into an incredible number

of *parcelles*, inconveniently dispersed and parted from one another. Were it not that this pauperizing plan has gone beyond a joke, we would say it reminds us of the days when Paddy's three sons fought because they disagreed which should have "the dry ridge" of the paternal field, and which should shoe the fourth hoof of their horse. Were it not, also, that Don Chaucer's jests are sometimes unseemly, we would refer any one about to equitably divide a piece of land, differing here and there in quality, to this poet's humorous idea, in "The Sompnour's Tale," of a bequest to a friary, on condition of the legacy being shared in equality, a perplexing task for the prior—the bequeather having, as that legatee complains:—

"Charged me
To parten that wil not departen be;
To every man alike."

The Emperor has, in one of his works, exhibited his sense of one of the effects of this law of partition, by declaring that it tends to the ruin of agriculture; but as he was in prison when writing, he did not recommend its repeal, being unwilling to create democratic hostility to his ambitious views. It is now calculated that subdivision has proceeded to such an extent, that *two millions of landed properties are under forty shillings yearly value*; and we were lately informed by the president of a provincial court, that the law expenses of succession to, and subdivision of, these scraps of cabbage-gardens, sometimes swallows up their value! Live-stock, the basis of agriculture, is in utterly insufficient quantity; and the soil of the country, generally far inferior to that of England, lacks both natural and artificial stimulants. Every art or business requiring capital suffers, of course, by frequent partitions, which prevent its accumulation in individual hands. Many of the heads of the commercial and manufacturing interests in France are loud in their complaints against this law. They maintain that it is the main cause of the inferiority of French commerce to English, and they cite instances at Rouen, Mulhausen, Elbœuf, and other centres of production, where factories, which took a whole lifetime to call into existence, were broken up on the death of the proprietors—often just at the commencement of their prosperity—

and the materials sold for less than half the cost price, in order that the proceeds might be divided among the heirs. Nor is this all: the skilled workmen are turned adrift when they had arrived at an equality with foreigners, and were compelled to seek their livelihood in other trades. The complainants compare the action of this law to Penelope's web, and ask where in France is to be found what is of ordinary occurrence in England—a factory or trade which descends from father to son through several generations. Victory to competitors in manufacture is on the side of the *gros bataillons* of capital.

Until the sense of public security given by the firmness of the present dynasty encouraged outlay, the entire trade of this extensive country was dwindling. The many millions of peasant proprietors, so belauded by the pseudo-political economist, Mr. J. S. Mill, half starved themselves to hoard up five-franc pieces for the purchase of an additional patch of pumpkin-ground. Up to 1848, the mercantile marine was diminishing, and could show but one ship so large as 700 tons! But, allured by political security, the savings of that thrifty class have since been extracted from their *armoires*, and lent, not without the impulse of national vanity, to the State. The bonds of fear and distrust having been let loose, the *Crédit Mobilier* was also established, and works, in which private capital combined with the public treasure, were commenced on the most magnificent scale.

M. de Girardin places interference with testamentary freedom second on his list of items of the national slavery. "The law," he complains, "substitutes its dictum for the will of the testator." The liberty of making a settlement and a will is, as regards property, what freedom of conscience is as regards religion. The right to dispose of one's property by sale, the legal right, in fact, to ruin oneself and to have nothing to bequeath, is not molested by law; and it undoubtedly includes the right to entail, settle, and bequeath within reasonable limits. Deprivation of this natural, individual, moral, and responsible liberty precludes the impulsive stimulus towards acquiring a name and a fortune in the hope of founding a line that shall sustain the acquired position. Even Mr. J. S.

Mill, who overlooks the high aspects of this question, and partially and blindly regards its superficial effect on the soil, admits that the path to the attainment of wealth and power should be open to all men. An Englishman may look forward not merely for himself, but for his children, and his children's children; and if he seeks to advance himself in humility, which is the true nurse of independence, will hope for "equality" with those above him by rising to their level; while a Frenchman, exalted by vanity—the mother of envy and jealousy—seeks equality by pulling others down. This is the levelling spirit of democracy, that daughter of envy, a passion well defined by Bossuet as the black and secret effect of weak pride—an ostracising temper, impatient of any superiority in others, and the bitter enemy of all elevation. It is to be feared that the failing of many people is to regard "a rich man" much as *un homme gros* is viewed by the famishing in a besieged city:—he is "the Fat Man in Londonderry." Envy, that most odious of passions, "the bane of little minds," was, of course, the lever which overthrew aristocratic authority, and now prevents, in its anti-social jealousy, the nation from being released from a condition of democracy combined with despotism. In the opinion of M. Cassine, his countrymen are, of all people, most infected with hatred of authority; and M. Vacherot builds his view of a future democracy on their impatience of social superiority. Yet, since general experience has taught mankind to attach more importance to a just gradation of rank, our allies may be induced to appreciate its value more than they have hitherto been disposed to do.

The advances making towards reasonable liberty in this most material particular are not very visible, since we may compare them to the turning of the tide in the channel of a river, before the shallow stream on either side has been affected; and our metaphor will hold good as to the influential causes, which are rather extraneous and lofty than innate. Such, in point of fact, is the almost national effect of the existing law, which, like others, makes men's minds run in ruts, that no general endeavour has been made

for its repeal. Every one, however, knows that its operation is very generally and too practically evaded by an inevitable concomitant—limitation of the number of children. M. de Girardin, an admirer of "equality," in pleading for advances towards liberty, adduces points in proof that some liberties now enjoyed have not been abused; and especially the privilege under which a testator may dispose of an over share of his property on a favoured child; and our authority declares that this "privilege" has not been abused for the purpose of re-establishing inequality. Yet the concession is in reality rendered nugatory by the custom of having few children—a system which will eventuate in a smaller population in France, as well as smaller national wealth, than in Great Britain.

Of all the calamities that the Revolution of 1789 entailed on France, the destruction of the ancient monarchy and nobility has proved the most irremediable. During the succeeding half century the millions of small proprietors, battenning on the confiscated estates of the noblesse and the church, naturally resisted with vehemence any approach towards the return of the class they had plundered, and to such power as might enable them either to question the past or reconstruct the old order of things. Hence, principally, the hatred of the masses to the Bourbons and Legitimists, and any love of monarchy, have been found incompatible. The sticklers for equality foresee that the re-establishment of an hereditary monarchy will lead to the reconstruction of a nobility; and though they do not apprehend any measures for restitution, their ancient jealousies make them regard aristocrats as odious. M. de Girardin, in his long experience, although he cites the axiom of the legislative and spirit-searching Montesquieu—*Pas de monarque, pas de noblesse; pas de noblesse, pas de monarque*—asks the *légitimiste* party with keen irony, if they will undertake to establish the right of primogeniture, which is the foundation of an independent peerage; and answers that they dare not attempt to render to royalty that proof of its stability, the restoration of the coronets that should surround and support an hereditary crown. Certainly, until

the imperial crown obtains an hereditary upper chamber, such support is not one of the things which are Cæsar's.

According to democratic retrospects, the great mistake in the constitution voted by the National Assembly of 1848, was not the fault the partizans of an English form of government reproach it with, the omission of a second chamber, but the introduction of an American elective presidency in a country where the memory of monarchy was recent, centralization powerful, and the army irresistible.

In truth, democrats hate aristocrats, and would none of them. Nor was it to be expected that after the President was become Emperor, he would disgust the still powerful republicans by admitting much aristocratic element to be derived from a caste hostile to him, into his new form of government. Yet in omitting this ingredient, he has lost that excellent influence in the scale of stability, which, as all history shows, is afforded by an hereditary second chamber. His "senate" is not worthy of the name, being as much his nominees as if our Crown could completely fill our House of Lords with life peerages. There are other ways of constituting an upper house without making it either a council of nominees or a senate of hereditary peers; and the various examples of America, Belgium, and Sardinia, not to mention our differently-constituted, yet effective and most valuable second chamber, leaves the Emperor small excuse for not availing himself of these precedents. In several points of view, the want of a class that would fill the rôle of the British aristocracy is sensibly felt, and more than one head in France is ready to acknowledge that the trite couplet of the author of "The Deserted Village," lamenting the destruction of "a bold peasantry," is even more applicable to an independent aristocracy, whose country is their pride, and whose void cannot be supplied as easily as an emperor can be made by the breath of a peasantry, and even unmade by an army. Education will ever create an actual aristocracy, *but not an independent one*; and the inevitable want of general superior education must ever, as the pedantic democrat, M. Vacherot, deplores, detain a democracy under virtual tutelage.

The education of the youth of France is ruled by absolutism. "University" is quite an incorrect expression for their system of instruction, which is uniformity; and we recommend the recent labours of Messrs. Vacherot and Dollfus to the attention their importance merits, since they reveal the mode by which our young neighbours are subjected to a "crystallization," a uniform disciplination of the intellect, in their regimental barracks, called colleges.

The subject of the advances making in France towards religious liberty, opens a theme too wide and deep for us to venture into, save to remark that the restrictions placed by the law on the natural right of meeting for worship, and on the dissemination of religious opinions by means of books and tracts, as set forth in the two publications (printed by the Protestant Library in Paris), entitled *Liberté Religieuse*, form, for their intolerance, a notable comment on the proselytizing activity displayed in the Roman Catholic brochure also noticed, and which complains of intolerance experienced by missions in Cochin-China. Confessing ourselves incapable of defining the distinction between missionaries, tolerance, and charity, at home and abroad, we gladly turn to notice that the light of religious liberty in France has been enlarged by the Imperial decree of the 19th March, 1859, which proclaims impartiality as a principle, by placing the modes of worship hitherto unrecognised under equal law with those recognised.

A despot must be great enough to be an autocrat, or he lacks the energy necessary to make him master of his position. The consideration for the future is, that in case of a regency, and of succession, neither the Empress nor the young Prince will be autocratic. M. de Girardin conjures the Emperor to discontinue his rôle of being the executive in excess, and to diminish the extreme interference of the laws and the administrative power in private as well as public matters of every description. "It seems to me," he writes, "that the State, under all régimes, in France, has made itself detested; whereas it ought, on the contrary, to endeavour to be unseen and almost forgotten." Foreign travellers in the country in

question, have been made disagreeably aware of the meddling conduct of its government; but the experiences of mere birds of passage are trivial compared with the continual vexations the grown-up children of the soil suffer. Their government is always governing! Just as if the master of a family were odiously officious, prescribing to its mistress how to conduct herself in all particulars, dictating to the cook on every cuisine question, dogmatizing to the gardener on the culture of cauliflowers, teaching grandmothers how to make cabbage-nets, and, in short, arranging the drawing-room furniture and continually poking the fire. Incessant intermeddling produces neither quiet in a household, nor respected popularity in a kingdom. The State, argues our author, should enjoy such peace as neuters enjoy, for, in fact, neutrality on its part is the proof of individual freedom; and he conjures the Emperor to make himself gradually less and less responsible, so as to become no more than the preserver of public order, instead of acting as regulator-general of the country, a sensible argument, closed by the ironic remark that—"When one would play the rôle of Providence on earth, it is prudent to inhabit the heavens."

As matters now stand, loyalty to a legitimate dynasty, deference to ancient aristocracy, and any hope of such self-government as we enjoy, have given place to blind devotion and obedience to a dictator with a military name. Unhappily, there are strong reasons for doubting whether Parliamentary institutions will flourish among southern nations, which want that special education for public life demanded by political self-government, and which have so long been accustomed to be ruled by *gants de fer et pattes de velours*. Yet the sons of France, who do not deem the history of their forefathers an old almanac, have before them a precedent in the only hopeful party movement their country ever knew—the once famous Fronde, a struggle which, like the great English contemporary, rebellion, was of the Parliament against the Crown; an attempt, by raising a barrier against the monarchy, to secure liberty: the object of the *Frondeurs* having been to limit the Royal authority. Their Declaration

of 1648 was a veritable constitution charter, based on sound, undying principles. The existing legislative body is a mock representation of universal suffrage, a parliament packed with acknowledged "government candidates;" and the Council of State is also a mockery of our hereditary Chamber. Opinion is not spontaneous, but instructed, in these assemblies; and not until the representative system is established on the principle of real responsibility to the country; until it is reformed and purified by restricting the suffrage to men who feel and take an interest in its exercise, will freedom of speech in the national councils give them dignity. Universal suffrage and the ballot, deemed by some a guarantee of liberty, were promoted by the President of the Republic to insure his election as Dictator, and have proved (according to M. Vacherot, who is a sanguine advocate of that illusion, a democracy), a decided toy and oppressive instrument. The problem for France is the organization of a free parliament, which shall found an hereditary monarchy and aristocracy, limited in action by responsibility to the nation.

In our view, the French people will never take the wholesome medicine of some of our institutions, unless given in a disguised form. The physic must not come from *une pharmacie Anglaise*; the lessons must not be taught from an English grammar; but, to drop metaphor, the proposed principles must be propounded as warranted by common sense and experience. The entire nation ought to be put through a course of political economy. Perhaps the best reason for believing that, in time, their political organization will not be inferior to their military, lies in the fact that the science which will instruct them in this direction is gaining ground. Without fear of contradiction, we may say no other department of knowledge within the entire secular range so highly merits the attention of the French people. The cosmogonic section of geology is becoming established on acknowledged principles; a law of storms was discovered by the late Sir William Reid; and although it cannot be expected that some portions of political economy will be reduced to such certainties

as the solar system, gravitation, and the attraction of the loadstone, because human prejudices and passions are elementarily involved, we may look forward to further systematizing and additional practical rules.

Even the dry school of economists who discard considerations of race as not affecting the future of nations, must allow the broadly visible face that the genius of Protestantism is special to the Teutonic races, and arises from their love of individual freedom, exercised in the right of private judgment. In this point of view, and adding to it the effects of national traditions and habits, we do not incline to look hopefully on the advances at present making by the French towards freedom. The genius of this people does not correspond with their national name of *Franca*, or free-men, but is formed by the mixed elements of their predominating races, the Celt and the Latin, for Frank traditions of feudality have been sedulously rooted out. Gaulic ideas form their national character: but Roman intelligences govern the empire. The minds of different races have, like the chemical qualities of substances, some points of assimilation by which they may amalgamate; but possess others which, being eternally inseparable, may be

brought into contact by pressure, but never into fusion. The ideas of the Gallo-Latins constantly tending to levelling laws and "fraternity," and irresponsibility, have formed a temper incompatible with institutions based on individual independence. Yet if their sovereign would look forward to their being worthy of their ancient, distinctive name of Franks, his course ought not to be to govern them by flattering their prejudices, but by letting them taste of independence and obtain a sense of responsibility and dignity; and, by appealing to their intelligence and all their best qualities, bringing these into exercise, until they feel what they possess of liberty, power, and generosity. The true "fraternity" is the aid the free man gives the slave towards enabling him to elevate himself. This noble nation, whose fortunes must ever excite intense interest, has been well compared to the Titan, who, each time he was cast to the ground, regained his mighty strength. The time will never come, we trust, when Britons will be jealous of the French; but we feel sure they sincerely wish them freedom and fair play in the grand race towards better liberty and fuller prosperity.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER V.

THE PAINTER OF SVENDBORG CASTLE.

AT the south-eastern extremity of the large and fertile Danish island of Funen is situated the little port of Svendborg, a pleasant old town of about four thousand population, cosily nestled on the shore of a fine semi-circular bay, across the entrance to which lie two long, low, narrow islets, respectively called Thorö and Taasinge. Two or three years prior to the time of this narrative, a young, wandering artist, who called himself Bertel Roving, came to Svendborg, where he lingered month after month, supporting himself by obtaining occasional employment as a portrait painter. He appeared to be a poor, friendless, solitary man, but little or nothing was

known of his prior history and connexions, for he replied with much reserve and evasion to any question concerning them. Nevertheless, he was liked by the people who had any intercourse with him, for he was, albeit melancholy and eccentric, unquestionably a gentleman in the true sense of the word, and highly gifted in his profession.

Some little distance to the south of the town there is a spit of land which projects into the sea, forming a sort of natural breakwater in that direction. On the rocky extremity of this promontory the Barons of Svendborg in olden time built a magnificent castle, now a mass of picturesque

ruins, majestic even in decay and desolation; only two or three rooms are yet habitable.

It happened that the steward of the then Baron of Svendborg, when on a visit to the town, heard of the poor stranger artist, and of his remarkable talent as a portrait painter; and being a kind-hearted man, not only employed him to paint his (the worthy steward's) semblance on canvas, but also gave him permission to occupy, rent-free, the aforesaid habitable rooms of the old castle—an offer which Bertel Roving very gratefully accepted. And thus it was that the young man soon became locally known and spoken of as "The Painter of Svendborg Castle."

One of the rooms in the old castle might be termed especially the studio and home of Bertel Roving. It was long, narrow, and lofty, with groined ceiling, and lighted by a mullioned window looking close down on the sea. Internally it was an antique, dreamy place, profusely decorated with many a quaint and characteristic article. Here were real books—not mere ghosts of volumes, like those of to-day—but tomes of mighty size, embodying the life-labours of Thoughtsmen; old rusty swords, which had doubtless performed doughty service in their time; helmets, breastplates, gauntlets, &c., all much defaced and time-worn; gloves, guitars, and tapestries. In one corner of the room stood an antique oak table, carved at the ends, and with twisted legs terminating in feet cunningly chiselled into the semblance of dragon's heads, and on this table reposed the skull of a female, on the polished brow of which was written—"Go, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, though she paint an inch thick, to this favour must she come at last!"

A great number of cartoons, sketches, and paintings (the latter in every degree of progress, but hardly one of them actually finished), were scattered about the room. All bore the impress of genius of an original and highly-powerful character, and their subjects—with the exception of a few delicious love scenes—were teeming with diablerie and marvellous romance. Not a little daring poetry was evinced in the conception of some of these themes; and however a professional critic might object to the extravagance of

their nature, and the many incongruities and minor faults of their execution, he could not honestly withhold his praise from the bold conception, the dramatic cast of the figures—their striking grouping—their originality and fine effect.

This array furnished no mean index to the mind and tastes of the painter. He was obviously gifted, ardent, metaphysical, and ambitious; versed in the lore, and deeply imbued with the spirit of bygone ages; partial to wild, fantastic subjects, and habituated to blending the real with the ideal—the homely with the exquisite—the prosaic with the intellectual—the fleeting Present with the symbols of the Past.

And the person of the man himself? He was about twenty-five years of age, with noble, strongly-marked features, a fine, although not very high forehead, and big, dark, hazel eyes, wildly blazing in their expression. His hair was coal black; his complexion was very dark, or dusky, yet clear and healthy; and altogether he looked much more like an Italian than a Dane. As to his attire, it was literally of the fashion of the middle, or at least of bygone ages; and yet, see him in his studio, and you would vow that he only dressed in keeping with the surrounding objects.

Not very long after Bertel Roving had established himself in the old castle, he was employed to paint the portrait of a certain local magnate, one Herr Hans Jacob Ström. This worthy burgher was reported to be as rich a man as any in Svendborg—yea, or within a circuit of five Danish miles thereof: and they are equal to some three-and-twenty English. He was owner of farms and homesteads, corn fields and pasturages, cattle and flocks; he kept the largest dry-goods store in the town itself; and he was owner of two brigs and a schooner employed in foreign voyages, and several coasting jøegts. Besides all these sources of wealth he maintained a branch mercantile house at Kiel, in Holstein, under the management of his only son. He had one other child—a daughter—who kept his house at Svendborg, for the old merchant had long been a widower. It was the general opinion of the wise men and sage women of Svendborg, that Hans Jacob Ström loved his daughter Olüfina (for such was the maiden's name),

ated accounts which reach foreign countries of their condition of political suppression, that the sentiment they inspire among foreigners is humiliating compassion.

Abnegation of the right of Private Judgment in religious questions lies at the root of absence of liberty in France. A Roman Catholic people can never give the world the spectacle of a self-governing nation, because the individuals composing it do not exercise moral self-government. Their political tendency is monarchical; but the true king reigns in the confessional. Their education will not make free men, just as military discipline does not give the spirit of citizenship; and the French people in general only see moral laws under the frock of a priest, and political laws in the uniform of a gendarme. Besides the influence of their religion, other potent systems conspire to restrain their mental faculties. Of the five great armies wielded by their Emperor the ecclesiastic certainly has the most neutralizing effect on the feeling of individual responsibility. Next in the narrowing process comes the system of education, which is under the control of the State. Any forethought in civil and political matters is prevented by the third and hugest monopoly—the bureaucracy. Expressions of opinion in favour of reform, if uttered by individuals, are liable to punishment by the fourth force—the law officers and police; and if attempted collectively, the meeting would be dispersed by the *ultima ratio*—the army. Thus, the want of self-discipline, self-reliance, and self-government in the education of the French people unfits them for freedom, in place of which they have, as they say, *le droit d'insurrection*. They rise against their ruler and elect another.

With covert sarcasm M. de Girardin hints that the system of election to the chief magistrature of a great people is not without inconveniences and dangers. Turning to the new world, we see the republicans of the United States submitting to continual conflicts by their election of Presidents, who have sometimes proved despotic and reckless, simply because they have far less to lose than a crowned head, whose fortunes and those of his posterity depend on the popularity and security of his trans-

mitted office. Dreading intestine contests as the effect of election, our author asks why, since private property descends hereditarily, should not the same principle be applied to the now individualized public power, and replies by judiciously insisting that the adoption of this supreme advantage would remove apprehensions of future commotions. Our veteran spectator next discusses the delicate point, whether the dictatorship should be hereditary, and his deductions are strongly in favour of succession. He enforces them, indeed, by passages of marked effect, averring that Napoleon III. now reigns and governs, whereas he should desire merely to reign; and this he ought, significantly observes his admonisher, to desire especially whenever he looks upon the cradle of his son and considers the future by the light of history. There could be no more touching appeal, since it is addressed to the parental and patriotic feelings of a self-crowned man, who may, in recalling that France was once saved by a heroic peasant-girl, receive from the sight of the child he would have to succeed him, an inspiration that may secure his country from anarchy.

M. de Girardin is, however, a radical of the school which deems that government the best which makes itself the least felt, and whose mottoes are individualism, and *laissez faire* and *laissez passer*, discarding the State, and dispensing with government to an extent leading to anarchy.

While an individual has absorbed the powers of the State, his government has more than ever deprived its subjects of individual freedom. The most potent centralization ever known holds its throne in Paris—the axle on which the wheel of routine, its naves extending to the remotest arrondissement and commune, slowly revolves. The Roman law of government has mastered the old Gaulic system of communes. The tendency to centralization first instilled by the French lawyers, has become the civil bane of the people. Territorial power has been displaced by an official feudality, in which all civil functions are absorbed in the common centre of the capital. Local authorities are kept in a state of infancy, and the exercise of independent jurisdiction is almost unknown. The yoke of this strict

and he fancied that she was worthy, as indeed she was, to become even a countess, if Heaven so willed.

Alas! as the inspired Ayrshire ploughman quaintly tells us—

“The best-laid schemes o’ mice an’ men
Gang aft a-gley!”

Jomfrue Olüfina duly sat for her portrait; and it is really surprising what an extraordinary number of long sittings she underwent without a single murmur or expression of weariness.

Olüfina was a strong-minded, sensible, prudent Danish girl, it is true; but she was also a genuine daughter of Eve, and possessed a very fair share of sensibility and of capability to conceive a passionate affection for one worthy of her. At the very first sitting she saw that the young painter was no ordinary dauber, but as regarded his profession, a man of genius, who only required time and opportunity to command the world’s homage. At the second sitting she felt her bosom throb with a mingled feeling of admiration of the handsome form and intellectual features of the painter, and pity for his hard destiny in having to toil, unaided by friends or fortune, up that steep hill, at the summit of which shines Fame’s bright, yet illusive star. At the third sitting she was firmly convinced that Bertel Roving was not only a genius, but a modest, amiable, noble-minded young man, and the victim of undeserved poverty and obscurity—in a word, the Football of Fortune. Moreover, her curiosity was mightily piqued concerning his past history, and the mystery which obviously enshrouded the same. At the fourth sitting she felt, not without a blush and an instinctive tremor, a warm friendship for him. Ah! you know the witty French proverb?—“*L’Amitie est l’Amour sans ailes!*” Yes, Friendship is Love without wings; but those wings will soon grow and expand, never doubt! At the fifth sitting the destiny of sweet Olüfina Ström was decided. She fell hopelessly head over ears, many thousand fathoms deep, in love with the Painter of Svendborg Castle!

And he, the unknown stranger, the poor man of genius, did he reciprocate the passion he had thus innocently inspired? Ay, heart and soul! How

could he sit day after day, for long hours at a spell, all alone with such a woman, gazing at her, analyzing every emotion, every expression of her mobile features, ere he transferred them to canvas; how was it possible for him to do that, without falling irresistibly and helplessly in love with her?

The portrait, a superb and faithful one, was at length finished, framed, paid for, and duly admired; but hardly was this done ere a frightful revelation somehow dawned on the obtuse mind of Hans Jacob Ström. In brief, he became apprized of the almost incredible, the doleful, the astounding, the maddening fact, that his daughter—the light of his eye, the pride of his heart, the one bright jewel of his soul—had fallen in love, and secretly plighted her troth with the Painter of Svendborg Castle. What! His Olüfina, with whom he could willingly pay down (to a husband of his own choice) a dowry of two hundred thousand specie-dalers, to clandestinely betroth herself to a beggarly artist! The thought was insupportable.

Herr Ström sternly forbade his daughter, under vague yet dreadful penalties, to ever speak with, or even look at Bertel Roving again. And he overwhelmed the young painter himself with the most bitter reproaches and threats, should he dare to even lift his eyes again to behold the young lady whom he had so presumptuously entangled in the meshes of Cupid’s net. Finally, Herr Ström bewailed his own infatuation, and cursed the evil hour when he employed the wicked young stranger who had thus broken his household peace; and in the first paroxysm of rage he condemned the portrait of his daughter to the flames; but on second thoughts only ordered it to the lumber-room; and on third thoughts contented himself with simply turning its face to the wall.

Oh! fathers of pretty maidens! (Danish or British) here is a lesson and a warning for you! Beware of employing handsome young artists to paint portraits of your daughters in an unlimited number of private sittings!

Ah! it is the old, old story, sung and told in every age and every clime! The experience of the gray world, condensed by gentle Will, as he strolled

along reedy Avon's banks, into one wondrously-eloquent line:—

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The wise men and women of Svendborg well and truly said that Hans Jacob Ström loved his daughter better than any thing else in the world—except money. And equally true was it that she loved her father better than anybody else—except Bertel Røvsing.

Thus it was, that, despite poor Bertel was excommunicated and banned by the irate father, Olüfina clung unto him; and many a secret, sweet, and precious stolen interview they enjoyed, with no witnesses save the twinkling stars and the chaste discreet moon.

A stone's cast from the ruins of Svendborg Castle, in a small ravine or dale, enclosed on three sides by low craggy rocks, grew a clump or grove of firs and beech trees, and that was the trysting place of the lovers. Well, it came to pass that about a week subsequent to the destruction of the brig-of-war, Falk, off Bornholm, and the escape (unsuspected as yet) of Lars Vonved from that awful explosion, the betrothed pair met at this secluded tryst in the mellow gloaming.

A summer's eve—the moon faintly beaming through the foliage overhead—two lovers holding earnest whispering converse in the secluded and romantic grove—such is the picture! And hath not the like been painted a thousand times before? Yea; and it will a thousand times again. Harken now to a manly voice, broken and desponding though it be—hearken to the utterance of feelings and emotions which, at this moment, have their reflex in many a breast, all the wide world over!

"Will nothing weigh with him but mammon? Will nothing move his soul but the gleam of red gold? Oh, Olüfina! never before did I so keenly feel what a bitter thing is poverty! I have toiled for fame, and thought myself sure to win it sooner or later; but now that wild dream is over! I can battle no longer—my hope is dead and my heart is sick. I have nothing in the world to look forward to—nothing to cheer me—nothing to call my own—nothing!"

"But my love!" was the thrilling interruption, from a voice low and

sweet as the gentle zephyr which fanned the evening air; and a white arm glanced in the moonbeams, as it twined around the neck of the young man, contrasting with the clustering black hair, which, artist-like, he wore long and flung back on his shoulders. "But my love!" she repeated, "and is my love nothing? You once told me that, were you possessed of that love alone, you would think yourself richer than a king, and envy him not his crown and sceptre!"

"My own Olüfina!" tremulously exclaimed the lover, fondly caressing her, and appearing to deem that a sufficient reply. Soon, however, he resumed by ejaculating in a tone of bitter triumph—"Ay, they cannot rob me of your love, although they may tear you from my arms! Death! that thought is distraction to me. Your father curses the artist because he is poor, and will wed you to a very clod of the earth, to sate his unhallowed lust for gold!"

"No, Bertel!" promptly responded the maiden, "No!" exclaimed she, vehemently, and she drew up her head in womanly dignity, whilst her bright eyes flashed in the mellow gloaming, "No! if I am dragged to the altar as a bride, to wed the being I loathe, that hour will be my last! But this," added she, more calmly, "will never be. Heaven will interpose or my father will relent."

"Never, Olüfina! I have studied him only too well. He is your father, dearest, and fain would I speak of him with respect and honour; but too surely do I know that his threats to wed you to that being, whose only merit is that he is very rich, are not idle, but will be fulfilled sooner or later; unless, as you say, Providence interposes. He has discovered our love, and, when last I met him, darkly did he threaten me if I dared to longer aspire to you. Were he to know of our stolen interviews, I shudder to think in what excesses his rage might find vent."

"You are too desponding, Bertel! From me, even, you might learn courage. I have a woman's faith in the future. I have the fond, proud trust of a woman in the ability of the man she loves to achieve means of securing the happiness of them both. With your gifts, dear Bertel, what may you

not aspire to—what may you not perform? It is true that you are not yet appreciated as you merit; but have I not read of great painters who were as much neglected at the outset of their career, and who triumphantly passed through ordeals as trying as yours, and won for themselves honours, wealth, and the loftiest renown? And why should not you? You can—you must—you shall—you will—for my sake!”

The young girl touched, with a woman's intuition, the right cord, in thus passionately appealing to the innate pride of genius which she knew pervaded her lover's soul, and she threw in her heart and hand as the crowning stimulant and reward. Bertel Roving felt it deeply, and a glow of proud self-reliance illumined his lineaments, as, with flashing eyes, he cried—

“Ay, Olüfina, what others have done I can do; and, with Heaven's help, so I will! What would not your love inspire? God has given me, I feel, high gifts, and I will use them bravely. But, oh, Olüfina! fame may yet be far, very far off for me—and hard, indeed, do I find it to climb even the first step of the mount. That once achieved, the rest were comparatively easy; but you know not, dearest, what a fearful task it is for a poor, unfriended artist to fight his way into notice. I may toil,” continued he, gloomily, “for long, weary years, and just when my heart is sick with hopes deferred, my spirit broken, my brain benumbed, my hand paralyzed, and my worn-out frame sinking into a premature grave, *then* may the guerdon of genius be accorded me—when the mould smelleth rankly above the rose, and all relish for life is lost, and all aspirations for the honours and gifts men can bestow dead and passed away for ever. And, even were fame already mine, unless wealth gilded it, your father would remain inexorable as ever. I see no light through the cloud—not a glint. Heaven help and support me, for I know not what to say nor do!”

“This is cruel, Bertel, foolish and cruel to us both, but to me especially!” exclaimed Olüfina with tears. “It is true that men call my father selfish and hard-hearted, but he is not the sordid, unfeeling being they think—indeed he is not! I see him in his

better moments—they never do! Oh, had my poor mother lived, her influence with him was all potent, and she would have sacrificed herself for the happiness of her child! But it is wicked to repine—wicked to mistrust the care of Providence. I know not how it is, but I have a strong and subtle presentiment that, ere many days are over, Heaven will bring about something which will prove a crisis to our fate.”

“A fatal one, Olüfina?”

“Why, Bertel, will you persist in looking on the darkest shade of every thing connected with your—*our*—future? Until lately you walked ever on the sunny side of the way; but since my father talked—perhaps not seriously, after all—of wedding me to a wealthy suitor, you have not been the same. You have a noble heart, Bertel, and a lofty mind and brilliant talent—'tis Olüfina, who never flatters, tells you this!—but one thing you lack.”

“And that is?”—

“Faith! You lack that perfect reliance on the watchful care and interposition of God's gracious providence, which alone will make you happy, if you deserve it. You lack the first essential to success in your career. Have faith, and already half the battle is won! Have faith, and you must and will ultimately stand a conqueror!”

“Sweet enthusiast! And yet there is something in your words, Olüfina, that thrills me more than your idea itself. Were you once my wife, for ever mine own wife, to hourly pour such counsel and encouragement into my soul, what is there that I might not attempt and perform—to what dizzy eminence might I not climb? Ah, Olüfina! wert thou”——

“Hush! hark! what is that?” hurriedly whispered the maiden. “O Himlen! we are watched—tracked—discovered!”

And without pausing to utter one word of farewell, or—what was worse—without staying to exchange the customary parting kiss (ah! lovers only know how precious that is!) Olüfina swiftly fled away, like a fawn frightened by the stealthy approach of ruthless hunters.

Bertel Roving stood a moment, undecided whether or not to pursue her, for he himself had neither heard nor seen any cause for alarm, and was

therefore disposed to chide her for yielding to a groundless maidenly panic, by fancying what did not exist. But, now that his senses were aroused, he speedily had reason to be thankful that his mistress possessed keener, or, at any rate, more alert faculties than himself, for he distinctly heard heavy footsteps crashing among the debris of the dale, and hoarse voices in earnest conversation. He comprehended the speakers were approaching him, and he instantly slipped into a thick covert, and with palpitating heart awaited the result.

More and more near and distinct sounded the voices, and Bertel, noiselessly thrusting aside the foliage, looked forth on a rugged pathway which skirted the clump of trees, and beheld two men slowly advancing—and bulky figures they appeared in the glimmering moonshine. By-and-by he could distinguish their conversation.

"By the Keel of Balder!" growled one speaker, in a deep bass voice, "the more I think of the matter, the more I am convinced that this story thou tellest is no more real than the existence of Ole Luköie!* It is a lying invention—a trap for the unwary for aught I know!"

"Don't be such an obstinate pig-headed unbeliever, Mads Neilsen!" exclaimed his companion, "I tell thee, man, that I, myself, heard Burgo-master Puglfahrt read it aloud from the Kjobenhavn (Copenhagen) Fœdrelandet, and I begged to see the paper and read it with my own eyes."

"That I can easily believe, but it does not follow that I should also believe the yarn itself," doggedly retorted the incredulous Mads (Matthew).

"Why not—why shouldst thou doubt it, Mads?"

"O, I know much better than to credit all they put in print now-a-days. Many a thumping lie have I read in the papers. That Fœdrelandet tells as many lies in a twelvemonth as would sink a jolly-boat!"

"Ay," sadly replied his companion, sighing deeply, and shaking his head with an air of melancholy conviction, "but this is no lie, depend upon it. Do you think that Fœdrelandet would

dare to circumstantially report that a king's ship has been blown up, if it was not true? No, it is only too certain that Captain Vonved was betrayed by some traitor of his crew—the curse of Thor light upon the villain, say I!—and that he was aboard the Falk when she exploded off Bornholm this day week, and every soul on board perished but one man."

"It cannot be! I will *not* believe it possible!" energetically protested Mads Neilsen. "Lars Vonved's crew were all true as steel—they loved him and they feared him—they would not and they dare not betray him!"

"Ay, Mads; but there is a black sheep in every flock—a Judas in every company and crew."

"Hark ye, Hans Petersen!" hoarsely cried Mads, "my own brother, as you know, is one of the crew of the Skildpadde, and if he has betrayed Lars Vonved, I swear," and here he uttered a fearful oath, "that I will drive this dagger up to the hilt through his traitor's heart! Ay, by the God who made me, I will slay my mother's own son whenever and wherever I meet him, if he is the man!"

"Mads, min ven," said Hans Petersen in a conciliatory tone, "I would stake my own life that be the traitor whom he may, he is not thy brother."

"Be he whom he may, brother or no brother," sullenly muttered the excited Mads, replacing a long glittering dagger he had withdrawn from his bosom, "I swear to wet my blade in the traitor's best heart's blood if ever I come athwart him!"

By this time the two speakers had arrived exactly opposite the hiding-place of Bertel Røvsing, and there they stopped within a few yards' distance, whilst Hans Petersen relighted his pipe. Bertel now perceived that they were two sturdy fellows, whom, by their attire, he knew to be either fishermen, or sailors, or smugglers, and, by their discourse, liegemen to the outlaw Lars Vonved, whose renown was familiar to Bertel as to all other true Danes. Hans Petersen bore on his shoulder a pair of oars, and Mads Neilsen carried in his left hand a coil of rope to which a grapnel was attached, and a boat-hook slanted over his shoulder. Bertel readily con-

* Ole Luköie is a sort of mischievous imp or fairy of immense renown in Denmark.

• jected that they were on their way to a boat which he had noticed moored just under the castle walls at the extreme point of the little promontory.

When Hans Petersen's short pipe was all a-glow, he and his comrade silently resumed their walk, and Bertel watched their figures until they ascended the ridge of rocks, and after standing broadly revealed against the eastern sky as they reached the summit, they disappeared on the seaward side.

Then Bertel came cautiously forth from his retreat, and thoughtfully took his way towards his home in the old castle, carefully keeping in the

long dark shadow which the ruins of the rock on which they were built projected down the dale, lest, haply, some other "night-birds" might be abroad and see him, and set afloat undesirable reports as to the cause of his wandering at untimely hours.

He reached his vaulted studio unmolested and unobserved, and, sooth to say, he forgot for awhile his own absorbing troubles and aspirations, in indulging in romantic speculations concerning the fate of the celebrated Baltic Rover, for he had long felt a deep interest in the popular stories of the character and deeds of Lars Voved.

CHAPTER VI.

WILHELM VINTERDALEN.

On the day following his broken interview with Olüfina, related in the foregoing chapter, the painter sat moodily in his studio, and bitter were the thoughts that eddied through his brain. A gentle tap at the old iron-studded door aroused him, and he slowly arose to open it. Two rosy little children were there, and they immediately ran past him into the studio. They knew him well—loved him well—for Bertel was one who dearly loved "little children."

And so, Bertel Roving sat down with his little friends, and permitted them to amuse themselves with his curiosities, and listened to their innocent prattle, and gazed at their happy faces, till his proud unhappy heart melted within him, and burying his face in his hands he burst into tears.

He wept: and yet there was a fierceness in his weakness—a burning fire in his heart—a dark brooding in his o'erwrought brain. The affrighted children left him, but he stirred not from his position. Visions of the past, and thoughts of the present, flitted confusedly to and fro; but as to the future it was all one black blank. He saw no ray of light beaconing him onward—he heard no whisperings of hope.

"O God!" ejaculated he, in a paroxysm of fierce despair, "why hast thou given me genius? Wedded to poverty it is the curse of curses! Oh, would that I had been created a being with no more intellect than suffices to earn daily bread by daily sweat of brow! I should have been happy

then! and what matters it if such happiness is but a step higher than the state of the brutes that perish? Better be senseless as a clod than exist in a state like mine. The madman who fancies his straw couch the throne of an emperor, enjoys a species of bliss which I can envy; the idiot, even, who basks him in the glare of the noon-day sun, knows no pangs when hunger is satisfied. Is it not better to be devoid of intellect, than to possess it as a source of perpetual torture? Support me! relieve me! oh, my God! or let me die and be at rest!"

He started up and paced his studio. The beautiful creations of his genius lying around, seemed to him so many mockeries of his misery. One exquisite little domestic scene, which he had recently painted, especially enhanced his anguish. It represented a young couple listening to the prattle of their children. He gazed savagely at this offspring of his own vivid imagination, and raising his clenched fist, drove it through the eloquent canvas.

"Children!" cried he, gnashing his teeth, "wife—children! No wife for me—no children to clasp my knees and look up in my face, and call me 'father!'" and he burst into an unnatural sobbing laugh.

That night the painter opened the window of his studio, and looked forth with a haggard smile on his feverish lips. A glorious balmy night it was. Overhead was an unfathomable azure firmament, o'ercanopying sea and land, profusely sprinkled with stars of all

magnitudes, and high in their midst, in her own peculiar circle—a broad belt of clear light in which no star trespassed—shone the beauteous full queenly moon, which happening to be then in the centre of the system, was literally its crowning diadem. All things below—the works of the Creator and of the created—were alike bathed in her liquid silvery beams.

The painter gazed at the sleeping horizon, and then his eye slowly lowered until it rested on the sea close below the castle's base. The water was so bright, so placid, so pure. And the moon, and the stars, and the white fleecy cloudlets, and even the figure of the young man himself as he stretched forward to gaze, were all reflected on the smooth surface so distinctly, and flickered with the tiny ripples so charmingly.

"Ah," groaned the painter, "the waters are calm as death, and were I beneath them I should not feel this burning heart and throbbing brain, but should sleep as I once did on my mother's bosom—sleep, perchance, never more to waken!"

And the longer he looked the deeper grew his desire for oblivion. Where was his good angel then?

By slow and almost imperceptible degrees a bluish haze arose from the sea, and, rising upwards, spread over the azure firmament until the stars shone as through a veil. Thicker grew the haze, obscuring the moon so that even her powerful beams could not pierce what was almost a fog. In a brief space of time, however, a current of air set in from the sea, the surf began to beat with a dull boom against the base of the rock, and the fog lightened to a mere haze again, and this haze, in turn, was rapidly dissipated by the increasing force of an easterly wind, which came rushing across the Baltic, and gathered strength and fierceness every league of its course. And now huge dark clouds, in shape jagged and fantastic as the rocks which bound the coast of Norway, arose from every point of the compass, like war-steeds gathering to the battle-field, and then they were tossed, and whirled, and eddied, and hurled to and fro by the reckless blast.

Anon the clouds were no longer separately distinguishable, but were fused into one black canopy, and distant thunder muttered and rumbled,

and broad flickering flashes of lightning uplit the eastern horizon. The sea, driven in long foaming surges towards the lee-shore, leaped ever and anon with a prolonged hollow roar on the shingly beach, and broke with fury against the rocky promontory. The sea-birds flew wildly landward, some uttering hoarse screams, others shrill cries, almost like human beings in distress; and a great horned owl which had long tenanted the ivy-shrouded ruins, roused by the furious elemental warfare and uproar, whooped and shrieked frightfully from its hole just above the oriel window, and was answered by the harsh and dismal croaking of a pair of ancient ravens, its near neighbours.

All this time the painter had stood at the window, his arms folded beneath his breast and resting on the lintel, whilst he stretched forth and watched the rapid gathering of the portentous storm with a species of fierce joy, for it harmonized with the black tempest raging in his own breast; and the fierce storm-wind howled, the angry sea roared, the thunder reverberated, the lightning flashed, the sea-gulls screamed, the owl hooted, the ravens croaked, and the salt-spray, mingled with rain, dashed against the hoary walls of the castle, and flung sharp icy drops in drenching showers on his bare head. Amid all this horrible discord and din, he laughed loudly and desperately, and shook his clenched fist out in the black midnight air, as though defiant of all the powers of the elements.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted he in his mad excitement, "is this the eve of the Witches' Sabbath? Are they flocking hitherward to hold their unhallowed revels? The spirit of storm has awakened from slumber, and unchained the fell ministers of his wrath. I laugh—I rejoice—I fear nought and care nought. Let the sea swell and rage, and dash great ships to fragments against rock and land—let the forked lightning rive and shatter proud towers and spires—let the pitiless hurricanes and seething floods blast the hopes of the husbandman—let the incarnate destroyer ride on the wings of the wind, and career red-handed o'er sea and land—for what care I? What is it all to me?"

"Ay, ye elemental ministers—ye

blind instruments of vengeance! strike here! wreak your wrath here, even here! Smite and spare not! Smite this hoary den of dead and forgotten tyrants—shatter its crumbling, blood-cemented masonry—rend it from its ivied turrets to its foundations deep in the living rock—hurl it sheer into the foaming sea—grip it, uproot it, crush it, scatter it, until there is not one stone left upon another! Ha, ha, ha!” and he emitted a hideous, almost a maniac laugh. “Howl, ye invisible winds! flash, oh subtle lightning! growl, roar, crash, oh hungry sea! Ye may frighten the prosperous, the rich, the good, the happy—those who have homes, households, families—but ye have no terrors for such as me!”

The unhappy young man dashed aside his long dark hair, which wind, and rain, and sea-spray, had matted over his pallid face, and he glared forth as though striving to pierce the very heart of the tempest. He was wrought up to that pitch of despair and excitement, that for the moment reason herself might be said to totter on her shaken throne.

“What am I?” shrieked he. “What has my life been that I should cling to it, or value it, or strive to preserve it, or fear to yield it at the first summons of the Angel of Death? From my very childhood my lot has been cruel—full of anguish and misery. Ah! well do I remember how the sun of my young life was clouded—how I suffered even when a pure and sinless child! What inexpiable crime had my father, or my father’s father, committed, that his sin should be visited *thus* on his child, or child’s child? From youth upwards I have had no family—no home—no father, mother, sister, brother! My life is an enigma—my history is an impenetrable mystery even unto myself—dark is all the past, yet darker the dread future. I only know how I have struggled—how I have striven and suffered. I will strive no longer. There is a fearful, an inexplicable, ay, and it seems an inexpiable, unappeasable curse upon me. Let my dread Destiny be fulfilled—I bow and yield to it, now and for evermore!”

He tossed both arms wildly upwards, as though beckoning the invisible ministers of vengeance to complete their task by his annihilation.

His terrible emotion had reached its acme, and neither brain nor body could sustain more. A sudden and complete reaction ensued, and uttering a faint, bubbling cry, he slowly fell backward from the rattling open casement, and sank in a heap on the floor. For some minutes he remained half insensible, and then with a great effort he slowly and painfully arose to his feet, secured the window, and groping to his humble pallet, he cast himself on it with a lamentable ejaculation.

For hours he remained in a state of semi-stupor, sullenly listening to the wild howlings of the tempest, which smote the crazy old castle until ever and anon it rocked to and fro, like a ship at sea, and threatened to bodily topple over, even as Bertel had so madly invoked. Occasionally, however, he uttered heart-rending moans and cries, and in the depth of his agony and self-abasement passionately appealed unto his Maker for mercy and aid. At length physical prostration and exhaustion triumphed, and he sank into a profound dreamless sleep.

Long had he been thus happily insensible to his woes and sorrows, when by degrees he became partially awake, and turned over, and tossed his limbs with a feverish action which abundantly evidenced the disordered state of his mind and body.

Hark! was that a real sound—a real voice? Or, did he only hear them in a half-waking dream? He struggled—struck his head sharply against the old carved wainscoting at the head of his bed—and with a start and a long painful shiver, at length he was fairly awake.

Bertel Roving now sat up in a bewildered surprise at finding himself fully dressed; and glancing at his breast and shoulders he perceived they were yet stiff and damp from exposure to the tempest. He quickly recollected all that had happened—all his mad agony—and he groaned to think that he had only awaked to undergo another day of anguish and misery, for of late he was wont to go to his bed and pray that morning would quickly dawn, and when morning came, he prayed for night. One hasty glance at the oriel-window informed him that the tempest was past and gone, like a tale that is told, and

that the morning was cloudless and serene. A vivid stream of sunshine entered obliquely, and illuminated the huge face of a quaint old German clock fixed against the opposite wall. Bertel saw that it was on the stroke of ten.

"Er den saa mange!" (Is it so late?) muttered he.

And then, with a bitter ironical smile, he added,

"How thankful I ought to be for having passed so many hours in blessed oblivion! Ha! I would that a tempest raged every night, and then I should be spared many—ah, how many!—hours of wakeful agony! Why, oh why, is not the fabled water of Lethe a blissful reality? Ah, if it only flowed on this island of Funen, I know one poor weary heart-broken pilgrim who would crawl on hands and knees, if needful, to quaff deep insatiate draughts of its blessed waters! Oblivion! ah, yes! Oblivion would be bliss unto a wretch like me, whose life is a torment."

As he uttered this, he once more broke out in a wild mocking laugh, and then sank listlessly back on his couch.

At this moment the old iron-bound door of the outer room echoed divers impatient kicks and thumps, applied to its exterior.

"Ha!" cried Bertel Rovsing, raising his head in languid surprise, "I did not altogether dream, then! Somebody is at the door? Who can it be? What do they want with the poor recluse?"

He was not long left in suspense, for the kicking and thumping suddenly ceased, and a clear shrill young voice (evidently proceeding from lips closely applied to the huge key-hole) distinctly projected these imperative words into the heart of the vaulted room,

"Luk Dören op! Herr Rovsing, luk Dören op!" (Open the door, Mr. Rovsing, open the door).

"Why, 'tis little Wilhelm Vinterdalen," muttered the painter to himself, at once recognising the familiar voice.

Then he cried aloud,

"Vent lidt, min lille Ven! Jeg staaer strax op!" (Wait awhile, my little friend, I am going to get up directly).

"Det er mulight!" (That may be) screamed the unseen visitor, "med de

har sovet far længe! Klokken er ti!" (but you have slept too long. 'Tis ten o'clock).

Bertel Rovsing, at these words, overcame his inertia, and at one vigorous bound sprang off the bed on to his feet.

"Verily," muttered he, with a cynical laugh, "the child speaks well, and I richly deserve his innocent reproach. Babies and sucklings are wise."

He went to the door, and with some exertion of strength withdrew its heavy rusted bolts.

Lo! at the threshold stood a sturdy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked, bright-looking, bold-eyed, well-dressed boy, of some four, or at most five, years, panting with his exertions to rouse the sleepy Painter of Svendborg Castle. At his feet was a good-sized basket, covered with a snow-white napkin, and without saying a word, he gave an arch look at Bertel, and snatching up his basket, ran with it into the studio.

The painter slowly and thoughtfully followed him.

Setting down the basket, the child smiled at Bertel, and without the slightest embarrassment doffed his velvet hat, decorated with two long feathers from the wings of a sea-eagle, and made a graceful little bow, like a well-bred gentleman's son, saying,

"God Morgen, Herr Rovsing!"

"God Morgen," (Good morning) "Wilhelm Vinterdalen!" responded the painter, laying his hand with a kind, even fond, expression, on the child's head.

A brief pause; and then—

"That is a large basket. You did not carry it here yourself?"

"O yes, Herr Rovsing, I did."

"What! all the way from your mother's house?" and he stooped and passing his forefinger underneath the handle, uplifted it, as though to judge of its weight.

"Yea, all the way!" repeated Wilhelm, proudly.

"Ah, what a strong little fellow you must be!" said the painter, gazing admiringly, and with the critical eye of an artist, at the child, who indeed looked an infant Hercules, being not only finely proportioned, but gifted with a body and limbs wonderfully developed for his age.

"What a noble boy!" murmured the poor painter to himself, as he

caressed Wilhelm's flaxen head (around which the golden beams of the morning sun shed an halo), and gazed fixedly at his clear sparkling blue eyes and intelligent countenance, all a-flush with health and innocent joy.

"You don't know what is in the basket?" interrogated the child, archly nodding his head as he slowly uttered each word with a clear ringing intonation.

"No, indeed, I do not."

"Can't guess?"

"No, dear Wilhelm."

"Ah, 'tis for you, though."

"Indeed! For me?"

"Yes! all for you. My mother sends it."

"Good mother!—dear kind friend!" ejaculated the painter, in a smothered voice.

"See, Herr Rovsing! look here!" and Wilhelm drew away the napkin, and displayed the contents of the basket, a glowing pile of ripe, luscious fruits—peaches, grapes, nectarines, early summer apples and pears, and a china basin full of the small yet peculiarly delicious indigenous Danish strawberries.

"Mother and I gathered them all for you this morning! I climbed the vine and plucked these!" and he pointed to some magnificent clusters of hot-house grapes.

"And you were pleased to bring them to me?"

The painter drew his breath very hard, and grew deadly pale as he asked the question.

"O yes, dear Herr Rovsing!" answered the ingenuous boy, "for I love you very much!"

A gasp—a gurgle—a short quick cry—an unintelligible ejaculation—burst from the quivering white lips of Bertel Rovsing; and he snatched the child to his breast, and passionately kissed him.

"God in Heaven bless you, my darling!" was all he could exclaim, in a broken voice.

The child seemed surprised, yet not afraid, at this uncontrollable burst of emotion, but he was much too young to comprehend it.

"And you are to come back with me, and to stay all day!" said Wilhelm, when the painter released him from the close embrace, and set him on the floor.

"To your mother's?"

"Yes, Herr Rovsing—read that!"

The child drew a note from his bosom and gave it to the painter, who with a trembling hand opened it, and read as follows:—

"Dear Herr Rovsing!

"My little boy will bring you this, and also a basket of our fruits, which he and I have gathered, with much pleasure, this morning for you. And I shall be very glad if you will accompany him home, for I have received intelligence that his father will shortly arrive from a foreign voyage, but, alas! only to stay a very short time with us; and I wish very much to have a miniature of our little Wilhelm, for my dear husband to take away with him, as I know it will gratify him exceedingly.

"Your friend,

"AMALIA VINTERDALEN."

Tears gushed into the painter's eyes, as he read this, and his haggard countenance betrayed the strong emotions of his soul.

"Go, and play in the studio, my dear Wilhelm!" said he, struggling hard to speak articulately. "I will get ready to go home with you."

The child bounded with a merry laugh to gaze at the familiar pictures, whilst the painter hurriedly took up the basket and passed into a small private closet.

The instant he was alone he cast himself on his knees and burst into tears.

"O, my God!" sobbed he, "pardon me my vile ingratitude—my awful wickedness! Last night I felt so miserable, so utterly friendless, forsaken, and hopeless—so filled with despair that I was almost tempted to rush unbidden into Thy presence! Forgive me, dear and gracious God!"

He covered his face with his tremulous hands and rocked to and fro, uttering a monotonous wail. By degrees the flood-tide of his emotion subsided, and, although he still wept, and sobbed, and wailed, he was enabled to subdue his mental anguish and to recover his composure.

"Ah," said he, as he arose from his knees, "how deeply is ingratitude to God and to my fellow-beings engrafted in this wretched heart of mine! See how God provides relief for me in my uttermost need. 'Sorrow and weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' The noble

mother of this child is a friend indeed. She sympathizes with me—she understands me—she is ever benefiting me in a way that even my proud sensitive heart cannot resist. God bless her! Ay, God bless her and her's now and for evermore!"

In a short time the painter came forth from the closet, prepared to accompany his little friend home. The throbbings of his proud unhappy heart were now temporarily stilled—his mind was more at ease and resigned: a grateful calm had come over his soul.

Hearing a strange noise in his studio, the door of which was closed, he hastily pushed it open, being apprehensive that the child might be doing injury to his paintings. He stopped on the threshold, however, arrested by a singular spectacle. Wilhelm had made a selection from the old armour and weapons scattered about the studio, and had clapt a helmet on his head, suspended a pair of huge old holster pistols to his waist, and held a long Italian rapier in his hand. Thus armed, he was marching at full stride up and down the room, talking and shouting, and making furious lunges at imaginary foes.

"What!" exclaimed the amused spectator, smiling at the boy's warlike humour; "is my little Wilhelm playing the soldier—fancying himself den tappre Landsoldat?" (the brave soldier-lad.)

"No!" promptly answered Wilhelm, flourishing the rapier with surprising ease and dexterity.

"Not a soldier? Who are you like then, now that you wear a helmet and sword and pistols?"

"Like a sea-rover—a corsair!" responded the child, standing still a moment to push back the heavy bronze helmet, which had fallen down over his eyes.

"A corsair! what a fancy! Would you not rather be a soldier?"

"No, no, no!" pettishly cried the boy, "I will not be a soldier! I will be a rover, like Captain Vonved!"

Bertel Rovsing was much surprised at this speech, albeit it was uttered by a mere child.

"Who told you about Captain Vonved?" questioned he.

"Mads Neilsen!" was the unhesitating reply.

"Mads Neilsen!" repeated the painter to himself, "surely I have

heard the name lately, in actual connexion with that same Lars Vonved." And a moment's reflection enabled him to remember that one of the two men whose conversation he had overheard in the ravine, when he and Olüfina held their last interrupted tryst, was addressed by his companion as Mads Neilsen, and said quite enough to prove himself an enthusiastic and devoted friend, if not follower, of the celebrated rover, Vonved.

"Wilhelm, do you know Mads Neilsen?"

"O yes; I know him."

"And he has talked to you about Captain Vonved?"

"Yes; and he sometimes gives me a ride in his boat, and he brings us fish—O such beautiful fish!"

"Ah, then he is a fisherman?"

"Yes; and he lives on the island."

"The island? What island, Wilhelm?"

"One there," and the child pointed towards the entrance to Svendborg Bay.

"But there are two islands there—Thorö and Taasinge—do you know which he lives upon?"

"No; but he lives in a little wooden house close to the sea. I have been in it ever so many times."

"Indeed! and did Madame Vinterdalen—did your dear mother know that Mads Neilsen took you across the water to his house?"

"O yes, Herr Rovsing!"

"And does Mads Neilsen sometimes call at your house?"

"Yes; he came yesterday."

The boy—not yet quite five years of age—evinced by his replies, and the language in which they were couched, an intelligence very far beyond his years. His body and mind were alike marvellously precocious.

Bertel Rovsing's curiosity was somewhat excited, for he now felt certain that Mads Neilsen, who, as he knew positively, was, in some way, intimately connected with Lars Vonved, must be the same man who, it appeared, had, in the plenitude of his own admiration of the redoubted rover, actually inspired a kindred feeling in the breast of little Wilhelm Vinterdalen.

"Come, Wilhelm," said he, after a thoughtful pause, "you must now put off your helmet and lay down your sword, for it is time to go."

The boy complied with evident reluctance, and divested himself of helmet and pistols with exceeding deliberation. He still held the rapier clutched in both hands, when, suddenly looking the painter full in the face, he gave a fierce stamp with his right foot, and exclaimed, in a loud, shrill tone, expressive of firm determination—

“Herr Rovsing, when I grow to be a man I *will* be a rover like Captain Vonved!”

The painter gazed in astonishment at the animated features, proud attitude, and energetic gestures of the child.

“My dear Wilhelm,” said he, very gravely, “do not talk in that manner. You are a little boy, and cannot understand what you are saying; but it nevertheless pains me to hear you. If I thought you would ever be likely to become a corsair, I would pray unto God to take you to himself now you are an innocent child. Captain Vonved is a corsair, and corsairs are wicked desperate men. You would not wish to be wicked when you are a man, Wilhelm?”

“No. But Captain Vonved is *not* wicked. He is a great gallant nobleman!” eagerly cried Wilhelm.

“Who says so?”

“Mads Neilsen!”

“Ha!” muttered the painter almost angrily, “I shall make some inquiry

about this Mads Neilsen. A precious scoundrel, to impart such ideas to a child!”

He gently took away the rapier from the boy, smoothed his beautiful flaxen hair and kissed his rosy cheek.

The elegant velvet hat, with its plume of sea-eagle’s feathers, was then substituted for the rusty old helmet, and Wilhelm snatching up the empty basket, once more burst into his merry child’s laugh and ran out into the open air.

The painter followed with a portfolio under his arm, and the twain wended their way towards the house of Madame Vinterdalen. Little Wilhelm seemed to have already forgotten all about corsairs and Captain Vonved and Mads Neilsen, for he chattered and laughed and gambolled in the fresh crisp breeze and golden sunshine.

Bertel Rovsing listened to his innocent prattle, and gazed at him with a mingled look of admiration and affection.

“What a noble, what a glorious little fellow!” ejaculated he. “Ah! to be the father of such a boy—what joy, what pride, what happiness!”

He sighed deeply, and unbidden tears blinded his vision.

Had Olüfina heard his words and witnessed his emotion, would not her heart have leapt in subtle sympathy?

REALITIES OF PARIS LIFE.

THE parting words of the author of this book are these :—

“In taking leave of the kind friends who have consented to follow the steps of our pilgrimage, we beg them, at once, to remove any doubts that may arise at the freedom with which we have spoken of the policy, the institutions, the usages or abuses, and any other peculiarities of our native land, or to take exception at the fact of our comparing them with those of other countries—sometimes to the disadvantage of the former.

“One circumstance they will, I am sure, on reflection, allow—we are always *just*.

“England is our common country, and we are as pleased to be proud of her, when she gives us reason, and to admire what is admirable in her, as they can be; but

“‘In those we love defects take gloomiest hue,
And *thus*, my countrymen, I war on you.’”

Now, we have given some scope to reflection on his work and its “animus,” and we cannot so readily concede to his comparisons the character of uniform, or even of habitual *justice*. The italics to the epithet in the quotation are his own.

“Qui s’excuse s’accuse” is often, if not always, true. Few impartial readers of this volume, we think, will be disinclined to allow that, in our author’s case, this proverbial cap fits. The book, it may be said at once, is the production of a thoroughgoing Romanist; and, therefore, we, with our own strong Protestant bias, may be thought scarcely impartial critics. And, indeed, were we to direct our criticism upon certain features of it we might ourselves have great misgivings as to the governance of our own feelings. As it is, we shall hope to govern them in a considerable measure; because we think that the facts by which the author seeks to establish contrasts go rather towards establishing practical parallels between true-hearted contenders against the social evils, dangers, and difficulties which accompany, or obstruct, the civilization of the nineteenth century, whe-

ther these preventive or remedial workers accept or reject the supremacy of the Pope of Rome.

The purport of the book and the amplification of its title we will take from the preface of its writer.

“This book is *not* on a subject that has been ‘often’—or indeed *ever* treated before. It offers the “*Realities of Paris Life*,” and if we had not—we hardly know why, but we *have*—an insurmountable objection to a long title, we should have included something more, entitling our work thus: “*Realities—generally passed over in an Englishman’s survey—of Parisian Life.*”

“We invite you, then, to visit it with us under a new aspect; to set aside all your preconceived notions respecting it, . . . let us ask you for once to look down some of those dark and narrow turnings which you have as yet passed by unnoticed; to tread those uninviting alleys from which you have hitherto turned in disgust; to penetrate into those noisy and noisome courts, from which your dainty senses prompt you to recoil; you will find that even as the concealed physical workings of those volcanic regions which surround *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, the fire of human passion and human woe has been raging under your very feet and you knew it not.

“‘*Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.*’

. . . “‘But, you will say, “‘these pictures are not to my taste; I cannot relieve all this misery, and I had rather not know of its existence.’

“Oh! be at ease, it is not for that; it is not to draw the gold from your purse that we bring you here: this is but one chapter, and there are other ‘realities’ which accompany and mitigate it. If Paris possess—and we may say if she *conceal*, ‘realities of woe, she also contains, and also *reveals*, ‘realities of mercy,’ and these we would set before you likewise.

“Bear with us while we show you the multiform phases, and lay before you the ingenious resources and successes of Catholic charity.”

We can easily “bear” with our author while he does so, we can even

thank him heartily whenever he does it effectually and clearly. Charity is more truly "Catholic" than he seems to dream of. Whatsoever laudable ingenuity it displays is, according to our Protestant notion, the common gain of all Christian men. A faithful display of its successes—ay, and for the matter of that, of its reverses—may be very profitable and instructive to us all. Our English version of the New Testament speaks of "considering one another to *provoke* unto love and to good works." Our author, perhaps, eschews the use of that peculiar version: did we not remember this, we should be tempted to entreat him not to forget that there are two meanings to the word "*provoke*," and that contemptuous and unjust reflections have a power of provocation which is not exactly that of "provocation to charity."

The "Realities," then, of Paris Life with which the work before us is conversant are very much of that class which amongst ourselves have been treated of by Mr. Henry Mayhew, in his book upon "London Labour and the London Poor." They have not, however, been sifted with that scrupulous accuracy, nor classified with that almost scientific perspicuity which distinguishes Mr. Mayhew's work. They are indicated by our author rather than investigated; but the general reader will not find such indications without some curious, and, at times, even novel interest.

The streets of Paris have, within a few short years, undergone demolitions and transmutations far more extensive and extraordinary than those (and they are not inconsiderable) that have affected the aspect of many quarters in the capital of the British Empire. Apart from military reasons, which have exercised considerable influence in Parisian municipal arrangements, an influence wholly unknown to the "ædility" of London, it was necessary that increase of wealth and of civilization, and development of the ornamental arts of peace should affect the pre-existing fabrics in Parisian streets otherwise than the same causes in the British metropolis. The "Mur d'enceinte," that circling wall which keeps untaxed legs of mutton, pats of butter, and barrels of thin wine or more potent cognac out, keeps the con-

sumers of those provisions in. True, here were within so wide a belt waste places enclosed, which only within our own personal recollection became habitable and handsome streets. Such, for instance, was the so-called "plaine de Mousseaux," between the "barrière" of that name and that of Clichy, whereupon we remember as a child, in company with two nursemaids, to have had some article of clothing forcibly snatched from us by two scamps whom we saw scouring the open field, as it almost was, whilst their snarling shaggy dog forbade useless pursuit. This ground is occupied now-a-days by the well-built comfortable "quartier" which stretches away at the back of the great "Station des Chemins de Fer de l'Ouest." Nevertheless the belted city has of necessity had its habitations more absolutely fixed and stationary than the ungirdled sister metropolis. The old nobility still inhabit the Faubourg St. Germain; the "Haute finance" still dwell in the neighbourhood of the Chaussée d'Antin; the foundation of Belgravia, and the immigration of fashion and wealth into that recent colony is scarcely paralleled, we think, by any thing in the modern growth of Paris.

Concerning the Faubourg, by the way, our author notes the following:

"One of the first consequences of the new law, which interdicts, under heavy penalties, the bearing of false titles of nobility, is, that the old aristocratic families of the Faubourg St. Germain begin again to inscribe their names over the doors of their mansions. This custom was universal before the revolution of 1830; but since then it gradually disappeared, only a few houses—those of Laroche foucauld-Doudeauville, de Castries, and two or three others—having kept up the old fashion to the present day. Now, however, that there seems once more a chance of distinguishing patricians from plebeians, the Faubourg is bestirring itself, and from one end to the other, from the Palais de Justice to the Champ de Mars, and from the Luxembourg to the quays of the Seine, masons and painters are busy re-inscribing the long-effaced names of the old nobility."

But to return: we were about to remark that the non-existence of any obstacle to the almost indefinite expansion of London in any direction has caused its material changes to be

less dependent upon demolitions and alterations *in situ* than has been the case in the French metropolis.

Although, therefore, London has had certain of its "rookeries" perforated, and the rooks thereof dispersed upon the violence done to their nests, there has been no such wholesale destructive interference with the dwelling-places of its humbler classes as has been entailed upon Paris by its modern street improvements. It cannot be denied that in the latter city, even more than in London, one perplexing result of these improvements has been an increase of the difficulty, material and financial, experienced even by respectable artizans in procuring shelter, that next necessary to food and raiment, for themselves and their families.

The house-room, house-rent, owner, and occupier questions, have always been for all classes peculiarly sore and knotty in the French capital. No one acquainted, however superficially, with the current light literature of Paris, its comic broadsheets and caricatures, can be unaware of the thousandfold aspects of the great and shifting warfare of the "propriétaire" against the "locataire," and *vice versa*. Mr. Amyot, one of the principal Parisian publishers, put out last year, a volume by Auguste Humbert, in which, under the shape of a serio-comic apologue, the malpractices of the former are treated as a serious moral offence against society, its interest and welfare. He conducts his hero, an oppressed locataire or lodger, into distant planets, in search of equitable treatment from a landlord. If Mr. Sharman Crawford, in pursuit of his tenant-right theories, is anxious to emulate the fancies of Swift touching Laputa, we can recommend to him the French humourist's book against landlords as one which may furnish him with valuable hints.

Hundreds—not to say thousands—of the lower industrious poor of Paris can no longer find where to lay their heads. The walls of their quondam dwellings have crumbled under the pick of the municipal "entrepreneur de démolissements," and they themselves have been driven by the force of things to construct for themselves "Cities of Refuge" in waste places within and without the walls of the city which thus unhouses her citizens.

In Paris, as in London, the breaking up of the old street rookeries has fully justified itself by the sanitary results:

"The *Municipal Review* informs us that on Tuesday, October 26th, there was not a single death reported in the 4th, 6th, and 7th *arrondissemens*, which comprise a population of more than 200,000 souls; a fact which never before occurred since the institution of the *Mairies*.

"The excellent sanitary condition of the city of Paris," this journal goes on to affirm, "is due to the opening of the great public roads, which produce a circulation of air, and give place to the beneficial influence of the rays of the sun, which before could obtain no access here. The bills of mortality, which before showed a numerical average of from 67 to 77 deaths daily, only now return about half that number; and yet the population, instead of diminishing since the demolitions were commenced, has considerably augmented, as is proved by the result of the latest census."

These are, indeed, admirable results; but they do not stand alone. Society does well to obey the too long unheeded voice of sanitary science; but the problem of housing the houseless still stares it in the face, and must not be blinked.

Our author gives descriptions full of interest concerning the suburban hamlets, so strange, grotesque, and anomalous, which the pressure of circumstances has called into existence recently within the brilliant and gorgeous capital of France, or which cling to its immediate outskirts, and of which the very names are full of significance. "Le Trou aux Rats," "La Butte aux Cailles," "La fosse aux lions," "Le Camp des Barbares." Such are the popular designations of these "Cités" as they are called. "The camp of the Barbarians!" that is indeed an ominous name; for these are not outer barbarians besieging the splendid city, but homebred savages, such as perhaps the great military causeways, whose construction has routed them from their habitations, may not prevent from staining once more with the blood of civil strife the new streets, whose predecessors have often seen the gore reddening their open gutters.

Stone cairns, as rude as any that their Celtic forefathers would pile, but wanting the old Celtic grandeur of size and solidity; mud huts, less skilfully contrived, less roomy than

those of the poorest dwellers by the Nubian Nile; shelters of planking, scarcely so well fitted to their housing purpose as the bark wigwams of North American Indians or of Australian savages; caves and holes in deserted gravel pits and chalk quarries, dwellings which one might conceive to be the work of tribes amongst whom the earliest elements of the comforts and decencies of domestic architecture were as yet unknown; these house a population by no means the most corrupt, nor the most destitute, save in this respect, of the citizens of that city whose architectural symmetry, beauty, and grandeur, are the world's marvel. Here is a scandal and a danger. Its rulers might well shudder at the malediction even of that old beggarman who turned round and shook his fist at it, and muttered the execration—"Ah! Scélérat de Paris! faut il qu'il y ait là tant de palais, et pas seulement une mauvaise niche pour moi."

That "Camp des Barbares" is more ominous in this nineteenth century than Attila's encampment might have been of old. These homebred barbarians, however, it is well to remember, are not exclusively the growth of French soil. They have not yet given us such "days of June" as they gave to Paris in '48, it is true. Nevertheless, there is a British no less than a Gallic problem set to our practical social science, touching—"Ragged Homes, and how to mend them."

Mr. Mayhew, in the opening chapter of the work to which we have already referred, insists upon the fact, that "not only are all races divisible into wanderers and settlers, but that each civilized or settled tribe has generally some wandering horde intermingled with, and in a measure preying upon it." He instances the result of extensive observations in South Africa, whence it would appear that almost every tribe who submit themselves to social laws, recognising the rights of property and reciprocal social duties, and thus acquiring wealth and forming themselves into a respectable caste, are surrounded by hordes of vagabonds and outcasts from their own community.

"Such are the Bushmen and 'Sonquas' of the Hottentot race—the term 'sonqua' literally meaning *pauper*. But a similar condition in society produces

similar results in regard to other races; and the Kaffirs have their Bushmen as well as the Hottentots. These are called *Fingoes*—a word signifying wanderers, beggars, or outcasts. The Lappes seem to have borne a somewhat similar relation to the Finns; that is to say, they appear to have been a wild and predatory tribe, who sought the desert like the Arabian Bedouins, while the Finns cultivated the soil like the industrious Fellahs. . . . We, like the Kaffirs, Fellahs, and Finns, are surrounded by wandering hordes—the 'Sonquas' and the Fingoes of this country—paupers, beggars, and outcasts, possessing nothing but what they acquire by depredation from the industrious, provident, and civilized portion of the community."

There is no little force and truth, and at the time when it was made there was no little novelty in this "rapprochement," as a French student of social science would say. But, as with all other comparisons, we must not insist absolutely on its going upon "all fours." There is a difference to be clearly drawn between our distressed and our degraded classes—a difference to be jealously kept in mind by those who would deal kindly, yet wisely by the former. "Paupers, beggars, and outcasts," must not so summarily be reckoned together. The descent from the one category to the other may be but too natural and easy, yet it need not be precipitous: there are definite steps down into the last abyss.

And again, where you have "lumped" together the distressed and the degraded, there is this to be said, that, after all, they form a class and not a caste. The re-ascent of the downward steps may be difficult, but it is not, as it should not be, impossible. We imagine that no "Sonqua" returns to the full enjoyment of Hottentot civil dignity, nor does any reformed Fingoe qualify as Kaffir again. Untoward circumstances, follies, and downright vices will, we fear, continue to recruit, to a certain extent, what we may call the ranks of the barbarians of civilization. The utmost and best efforts of charitable wisdom will never succeed in preventing this. But they may succeed in diminishing, by way of prevention, the number of those recruits of misery and shame, and may, by way of mitigation, lessen the term of continuous service for which those sad recruits

enlist ; and, above all, they may prevent the class from growing into a positive caste ; prevent the medley crowd of the barbarians from compacting into a tribe ; prevent the moral, ay, and even the physical stamp of savagery from becoming hereditary and permanent. If the fallen individual may not himself be rescued, at least he may be kept from founding a race of outcasts. Vagabonds and prowlers there will always be ; but a thief does not, of necessity, beget a thief, as a fox begets fox cubs. There is such a thing as cutting off the entail of evil, and those who wish well to their fellow-men should watch eagerly for opportunities of so doing.

Now, the complex organization of modern society seems to render it imperative that, in order to detect such opportunities, the field of observation should be mapped out into sections defined with tolerable accuracy. And, of course, when we speak of detecting the opportunity, we assume a readiness to act upon it, or, at least, to attempt such action, as soon as practicable.

The special and exclusive nature of certain "charities," of the interest and devotion bestowed upon them by individuals or associations, is sometimes reflected upon unfavourably. Such reflections are, to our mind, for the more part, characterized by a minimum of justice and of common sense.

Of course there might be, and we are not prepared to say that there is not, sometimes, a habit of mind formed in benevolent and beneficent persons, in which there enters too much of an exclusive element. The social wrongs of grimy chimney-sweeps may make the advocate for their redress indifferent to the claims of mealy-faced baker's boys. He who would gladly give a shilling to a distressed retailer of watercresses might refuse, with a frown, the contribution of a penny to the entreaties of a starving vendor of lucifer matches. But, in fact, it is seldom so. "*Beatus qui intelligit super pauperem et egenum*," says the Vulgate, where our version runs only "Blessed is the man that *considereth* the poor and needy." Now, this *intelligence* of special needs and miseries has not a stupifying effect upon either mind or conscience in respect of general need and misery. We believe

that just the reverse is the truth, and that the careful habit of observation and investigation of special kinds of physical or moral distress and helplessness, together with the special forethought, ingenuity, and power of practical contrivance, developed by the endeavour to meet them, do wonderfully widen as well as chasten charitable sympathies, and supply for all cases a quicker and more penetrating intelligence of those means whereby mere benevolence may become actual beneficence, and the wishers become indeed the doers of good to their suffering or sinning fellows. And if what has been thus said be true, it will follow, in respect of intelligence thus specially acquired, that the acquirers thereof will derive much benefit from the comparison of the work of others with their own, expecting to gain from it, in many ways, cautions, instructions, or directions. On this score, therefore, we should not hesitate to recommend perusal of such a book as the "*Realities of Paris Life*," premising always that it must be read "*cum grano* ;" or, indeed, in certain parts with a good spoonful of the corrective salt.

The author's prejudices will sometimes simply call for a smile, at others, demand a grave nod of reprobation.

He seems to have a general impression that "they manage these things better in France," even in regard of matters which need not necessarily be affected by polemical bias. In his eyes, for instance, the "*gamin de Paris*" is incontestibly the superior in wit, and even in character of mischief, to the London street-boy. Mr. Leech, perhaps, the Murillo of our picturesque urchin population, might demur to this ; and we ourselves think the street-boy of *Punch*, at least, may very successfully be backed against the "*gamin*" of the *Charivari*.

We think there is not much philosophical exactness in the manner in which our author conducts this comparison : he remarks that—

"The increase of juvenile crime in the (British) metropolis is something fearful to contemplate ; the assurance and daring of the schemes of mere children, and the address with which they execute a larceny, are staggering features in the present state of society."

Undeniably and sadly true ; but the

larcenous gamin is very little likely, even upon our author's own showing of his characteristics, to be outdone in the "address with which he executes a larceny."

"Indeed the most superficial comparison of the misdemeanours of which they are respectively found guilty at once establishes this difference."

"We have a case before us, from the *Brighton Guardian* of 9th February last, of a youth aged seventeen, named Randall, committed for *bigamy*!"

Now, it is rather unfair to make the street-boy class of London, or Brighton either, responsible for the confessedly abnormal offence of young Randall. Bigamists of seventeen are, after all, rare amongst us. They are rarer, no doubt, in France; but for what reason? Not because the sanctity of the marriage tie is more sacredly regarded by vicious boys in Paris than in London; but because the intricate formalities, which, whether wisely or otherwise—that is not the question here—surround the legal act of marriage in France, would make it very difficult for a precocious boy of that age to acquire any legal right to the title of husband at all.

The next instance is thus given:—

"Again, take the case of Robert Rainham, aged fourteen, charged (on February 22nd) with downright unmitigated domestic robbery, without any love of fun to excuse the villainy it exhibits:—'A sum of £9 he had paid out of the money he had stolen, in advance for board and lodging, to a man *whose daughter he was courting*.'"

Does our author imagine that young Parisian rascals are never guilty of "downright unmitigated domestic robbery," except under the impulse of an irresistible sense of the humour of the theft committed? If he will turn to page 245 of his own third volume, he will find, in his notice of the prison of La Petite Roquette, the following entry, contradictory, we fear, of such a notion:—

"They are received here from the age of eight years, and even younger, to sixteen, but they are kept till twenty. On our asking the excellent 'aumônier,' at what age these boys were admitted, 'Malheureusement, Monsieur,' answered he, 'il n'y a pas d'âge!'"

As for the "circonstance aggravante," that the felonious Master Rainham, aged fourteen, was actually

"courting a man's daughter," it may be treated on a two-fold hypothesis. There is that of Juliet—

"If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage"

Why, then, we fear that even the laxer formalities of British matrimonial law would have interfered to prevent his "course of true love" from "running smooth." But if, on the other hand, this were indeed a case of early inclination to licentiousness, our author must know less than he professes of the darker "realities of Paris life," if he supposes that early sexual corruption is unknown to its juvenile delinquents.

Once again:—

"The gamin de Paris is, no doubt, reckless and wild, and often regardless of the consequences of his acts, either to himself or others, but his misdemeanours are never marked by that *savage ferocity* which too often characterizes juvenile delinquents in England."

We opine that the history of émeutes and the annals of barricade and other street-fighting might lead the student of them to a different conclusion. Indeed, if the writer knows much of the dark side of the "gaminerie" of Paris, he must be aware that it is not fair to set its merely mischief-loving specimens in contrasts with the young "gonophs," or thieving boys of London. Let the ordinary "gamin" be measured against the blue-coated British butcher boy, who terrifies the old lady by a loud "hi!" as from a cabman, whilst she shuffles over a crossing; or with the idle boy from the surgery, who plays marbles instead of serving round pills, and endangers draught bottles in his basket by flying leaps over the street-posts. The result of the comparison will be that "boys will be boys," whether on the pavé of the Boulevards, or the kerbstones of London squares. Whereas the Parisian "voyou," to use a term as technical as the Whitechapel and Houndsditch "gonoph," will not be found to fall far behind the juvenile criminal of any great city in blackguardism, ruffianism, vice, and sometimes serious crime. That special circumstances produce special types of evil, of course we do not deny. Ragged-school teachers and City-missionaries have sad enough tales to tell of the rough heathenism and godless-

ness which disgrace the youth of our neglected classes ; but we have never heard them complain of an early developed type of malignant infidelity in the young, such as a good Frère de la doctrine Chrétienne lamented as not uncommon, when discussing with ourselves the difficulties he had encountered not only in Paris, but in provincial towns, and specifically in those of Burgundy. These exceptional evils prove nothing either way.

As the "gamin de Paris" is, in our author's mind, superior to the London street-boy, so is the French "soldat" to the British "soldier." We do not of course contest his obvious remarks upon the necessary difference between the probable average "morale" of recruits enticed into the ranks from the tap-room by the recruiting-serjeant, and youths taken from families of all classes by the orderly pressure of the conscription. But when in respect of military qualities he asks at one time, "Could any other than French soldiers have been converted into Zouaves?" and at another demands, as it were, defiantly, "In what country in the world shall we find a regiment like the Zouaves?" We take liberty to say that we doubt whether any Zouave regiment is comparable to the 42nd Highlanders ; or, if these be objected to as a hard-headed sort of cross-grained Presbyterians, we tender as a specimen of soldierly excellence the more orthodox (as our author would count them) 88th, or Connaught Rangers. Should it ever happen, which Heaven forbid ! that the Zouaves have occasion to cross bayonets with these, or indeed any other British regiments, we apprehend that the precedents even of Magenta and Solferino will hardly be found to rule the issue of the grim debate. There is one point on which the superiority of the red-legged to the red-coated soldier is, in our author's estimation, incontestable :—

"We will add, on the subject of religious feelings, that we are convinced there can be no comparison instituted between the French and English soldier—we ought rather, perhaps, to say, *the Catholic and the Protestant soldier.*"

The qualifying clause is well thought of ; only the word soldier might as well have been left out altogether. The quantum of military piety, as such, will never, we fear, be impar-

tially weighed as between French and Englishman by this writer. According to his standard, we imagine that the religious sentiments of the least godly Roman Catholic trooper would carry the palm over those of the most pious Protestant army chaplain. And we purposely put trooper and chaplain together, for as to comparison between the British army chaplain and the French "aumônier du régiment" it is not to be thought of for one serious moment : witness the following :

" 'Our ministers,' said an English officer to the Père Parabère, during the Crimean campaign, 'seek to escape the dangers which yours seem to court ; they dread infectious diseases, and you appear not to fear them ; they are seldom seen at the post of danger, where you are always to be found.' "

A snake's poison-bag may be tiny, and tinier still the thread-like tube in his fang through which the venom finds its way into the wound of him it bites ; but for all that the danger of the bite may be no little matter.

In this one short sentence lies a wondrous power of slander. We trust our readers will not take it amiss if we treat this special morsel of malignity with seriousness and at some length.

The mere assertion of our author, of whose ingrained prejudice the whole book is so full, by no means satisfies us that such an inquiry was made at all ; but granting it to have been made, in good faith, by any English officer, we will undertake at once to point out what may have led him, inconsiderately, to think such a question justifiable.

When the steamers came down, for instance to Scutari, laden with sick—sometimes 1,500 to 1,800 in a day, the Romish chaplains were generally to be seen at the landing-place or on the deck of the ship, at times kneeling by a dying or insensible man, and administering Extreme Unction. Whole days were spent by them in the open air watching the landing and giving attention to the few whom they considered "in extremis." Their frequent presence in that prominent position, and their being seen kneeling publicly by the side of some miserable-looking man, was likely to strike attention and to be remarked upon.

The Church of England chaplains carried on their work for the more

part inside the hospitals, feeling that in general their exertions were most beneficial when put forth there; but those interiors were no places of refuge from infection or escape from danger. Many of our chaplains *lived* for months in these hospitals when at the worst. The quarters they occupied were so mixed up with the wards and corridors filled with sick, that night and day the groans of their sad but noble charge were never out of their ears, and the noxious smell mixed with their very food. Many chaplains never left the hospitals when clergy were few and the sick and dying many, save for an hour or two by day to breathe some necessary fresh air. There were even some, we pledge ourselves for the truth of it, who did not hesitate to help to *carry* the sick through the dark night from the shore to the hospital, and the dead from the sick-wards to the dead-house.

The intercourse between the Romish priest and the dying man is so brief that it can be carried on in public and amid great confusion. A few words of confession and belief whispered in the priest's ear by the patient suffices on one side, while the priest listens, lights a taper, throws a stole over his shoulder, and utters a short form of prayer. The Church of England chaplain's work is more deliberate, and is better carried on with greater quiet and longer time. For these reasons they only visited the very dangerous cases during the morning hours, when the wards were occupied by surgeons and orderlies, making the more lengthened visitations during the afternoons and evenings, when certain of comparative quiet. The Romish chaplains, generally speaking, were in the habit—at least at Scutari—of visiting the wards at the same time with the medical officers, and so would naturally be more seen and spoken of.

But granted that any English officer, misled by a habit of mere superficial observation, did address to the Père Parabère such a saying as the author records, we can hardly consent to do that deservedly respected ecclesiastic the injustice of thinking that he would even tacitly have allowed, as he is represented to have done, the truth of his questioner's insinuation. Communicating, as we have good reason to know that he did, with British army chaplains in

the Crimea, Anglican as well as Roman, he could hardly have been ignorant of the fact—it is well if our author be so—that non-combatants as they were, the casualties amongst the chaplains of the British army, during the Eastern war, were *more than double those of officers in any other department of the forces*, in proportion to their numbers. This does not look like the fate of a cowardly self-sparing body. Let us come to special instances and proper names.

The Rev. George Mockler shall head the list. So reduced was he by sickness, caused by hard work among cholera and fever patients in Bulgaria, that the medical officers besought him not to land with the troops in the Crimea. He took his name, however, off the sick list, saying, "What will the poor dying do if their chaplain be away?" He landed at Old Fort, dragged his worn limbs to Balaklava, and there became an easy prey to cholera.

The Rev. Robert Freeman, the devoted chaplain of the Light Division, died of fever caught in the fever hospital.

In the fever tents of the Second Division, the Rev. Henry P. Procter served faithfully till the fever sent him, with his patients, to his noble grave.

Fever slew William Whyatt; fever slew George Parker. It had thought to have slain H. Taylor, who, when urged to visit England as his only hope of recovery, persevered in his refusal: "sick are too many, chaplains too few." If John Hayward did not so persist, it was because he was past resistance, when friendly hands shipped him for home in a dying state, at Balaklava. Fever, again, wore to a shadow that H. Haleatt, to whose ceaseless and judicious labours the letters of the *Times* Correspondent have sufficiently testified. Let Sir De Lacy Evans be asked in what condition the service of cholera patients had left that Rev. George Lawless, whom he imperatively forbade to land at Old Fort with the Second Division. Let the officers of the Light Division say whether it was to creep out of danger's way that Mr. Egan so often *slept in the cholera tents* in Bulgaria, or simply to be without a moment's interruption at his post. He was the man of whom some

visitor to the camp said, that the "oil of gladness" seemed to have been shed upon his manly, cheerful, countenance. Perhaps that oil is a specific against cholera, and its possession ought to diminish from his credit for not showing the usual Protestant chaplain's cowardice.

Mr. Wright, again, the Principal Chaplain to the Forces in the East, lost his head so completely from fright at receiving intelligence of the first outburst of cholera in Bulgaria, that he precipitately rushed from Constantinople, and fled into the General Hospital at Varna; and this upon his own responsibility, trusting to Lord Raglan's approval of an irregular act done in hopes of affording some additional consolation to suffering men.

Or, again, if our author, in search of authentic information, is willing to put to proof the longanimity of the British soldier, let him collect as many medalled privates of the Foot Guards as can be brought together, and couple the name of their own devoted Brigade Chaplain, the Rev. Robert Halpin, in their bearing, with insinuations of unchristian and unmanly cowardice, and let him abide the result.

We farther subjoin a list of Church of England chaplains sent away by Medical Boards on account of sickness contracted by hard work in the fever hospitals of our army at that period:—Revs. R. Hamilton, Dr. Freeth, H. Hobson, J. D'Arcy Preston, S. East, E. B. Evelyn, J. Owen. We guarantee this list as *authentic*, though we are by no means certain that it is *complete*.

We are almost ashamed at having to stoop to the refutation of so pitiful a slander. What! are we to believe that Anglican Orders are so vile a thing that their reception is not merely powerless to raise the recipient to some loftier sense of duty and devotion than his fellow believers (or misbelievers); but must it needs sink him in the scale of common manliness so far below the meanest dresser or orderly in the military flock?

Thus degraded, the only cowards, shrinkers, shirkers, amidst thousands of strong, bold English, Scotch, and Irish men, can any official position

shield the chaplains from the merited contempt and execration of all ranks from the general to the private? It is hard to believe. And yet they neither are despised nor loathed by general or private either, as we will prove at once and again by special instances.

We have before us, as we write, two letters from the hand of one of these British Generals who acted as Commander-in-Chief before Sebastopol. They are not *ex post-facto* testimonials solicited to refute this charge: the dates of both occurring in 1856.

We quote from the first—

"I had the greatest respect and esteem for the chaplains in the Crimea. Every one must agree with me in this feeling. I never saw men perform their duty with greater anxiety or energy than they did, and it will be a pleasure to me if I can be of any use to you and them."

Again, from the second, we quote the phrase—

"I well remember, and ever shall, the way in which you chaplains did your duty in the Crimea, *roughing* it in the most praiseworthy manner in all weathers!" and I sincerely hope that such meritorious services will not be forgotten."

British Commanders-in-Chief are chary, for the most part, of such declarations; and their notion of duty, whether chaplain's or other, is usually fixed at a standard of considerable height.

We will descend to humbler military ranks—to the ranks of such men as those whom Russell of the *Times* overheard so fastidiously criticising the character of a cavalry officer who had bobbed his head as a shot went past. In illustration of the footing on which the white-livered Protestant chaplain stood with these heroic men during the war, we will give an extract from the journal of a visitor to the camp, whose own unpublished manuscript is in our hands this moment. It may serve also to show that in his zeal our author may not only have maligned the chaplains, but have blinded himself as to the real terms upon which to institute comparison between the depth and force

* The point of exclamation is the General's, who has specially underlined the word "*roughing*."

of true religious feelings in what he calls the "Catholic and the Protestant soldier."

"A number of men in one of our regiments, quartered in Corfu before the war broke out, had there been in the habit of attending at Mr. Wright's house on Sunday evenings, for instruction preparatory to the Holy Communion. After they reached the Crimea the regiment was stationed some few miles from head-quarters, and Mr. Wright, being principal chaplain, lost sight of them. One evening as he was busy in the little church arranging some fresh packages of books from England, a corporal and four privates of this regiment walked in.

"Well, sir," they said, 'we've not seen you a long while; and as we had a spare morning, we thought we should like to come and ask how you are getting on.'

"He was delighted to see them; and as he was busy about the books, they asked if they could help him. 'Yes,' he said, 'bear a hand, and help me to put up these books, and you shall each carry one away with you, if you like, when we've done.' They staid and had a long chat, and on going away he gave them each a book. The corporal's was a little book of prayers, I believe. That corporal was known, not only as a very earnest Christian, but also as a man who so well recommended his religion by his quiet, steadfast, consistent daily walk in life, that many a thoughtless fellow in his regiment who might not like to live up to what he thought such a strict pattern, would take care to do nothing to annoy him.

"Soon after this they were on duty in the trenches; and as they were taking their hasty mid-day meal, and the corporal was reading his little book during a few spare minutes, a shell burst near, and a fragment struck him on the head and killed him on the spot. They took him out and buried him. It may show the respect in which he was held by his regiment when I add that the whole body of it turned out to attend his funeral. It passed off, and it might have seemed that little more was thought of him. But the next Sunday it happened that the Holy Communion was celebrated at the head-quarter's church, where, as throughout the other Divisions, it was regularly administered at intervals. The Commander-in-Chief, the leading officers of the staff, and others were present; and just as service began in walked the four privates again, and quietly seated themselves at the lower end of the church. After the bulk of those present had communicated, they came forward in their turn. The chaplain said it

touched him deeply, for he saw they were much affected. On coming out he found them waiting for him in a little tent by the door. They said, 'Well, sir, this is a different visit this time. You know we've lost poor Corporal ———. You remember the little book you gave him, sir? We thought you might like to keep it as a little remembrance of him, poor fellow; and wouldn't mind though it was stained with a few drops of his blood, as it fell from his hand.' "

Imagine, good reader—touched as you doubtless are by the perusal of this anecdote, for the unimpeachable genuineness of which we deliberately vouch—imagine four British soldiers bringing that blood-baptized book for presentation to such a pitiful creature, such a libel upon a man and a minister of the Gospel, as an army chaplain who should cower and quail before danger or disease! Let the act of those four privates countersign their General's estimate of the manner in which the Crimean clergy did their duty by the troops.

Perhaps our readers will farther forgive us for presenting them with yet another extract from the manuscript whence we have quoted, as bearing upon the more general question of the religious aspect of the British army in the camp as it appeared in the eyes of those Frenchmen with whom "the English, we ought rather to say the Protestant soldier," may not be compared.

"I was very glad to hear one of our principal staff-officers, who was personally intimate with several of the leading French officers, say that soon after the armies were encamped alongside each other, he had two or three long conversations with General Canrobert on religious subjects, and that the General remarked to him—'We Frenchmen are quite astonished at the way in which your English army keeps the Sunday, and attends to religious duties. I'm sorry to say that we Frenchmen don't seem to understand or value these things as we ought. We make too light of them. I can only say, for myself, I should thank God if we might live to see the day when we were more like you in that respect.' "

Lastly, we give an extract, in which, if we mistake not, the Père Parabère figures in his own venerable person.

"I was sitting one morning in our principal chaplain's tent when a soldier came up with a note from one of the Divisional chaplains, saying—'Please send

me 200 of those small prayer-books just sent out by the Christian Knowledge Society. I expect I shall require many more; but want these for use at once, as 200 men have already put down their names for them.'

"And here I may venture to mention a little incident which, a few mornings afterwards, in the camp of our gallant allies, struck me in contrast to the above.

"I was breakfasting with the principal French chaplain, a remarkably interesting man, whose zeal and devotion during ten or twelve years' unintermittent service in the field in Algeria, and through this campaign, had deservedly won him the highest respect and esteem. Amongst other matters I inquired if he found much readiness on the part of their troops to avail themselves of books for general and religious reading, as I had been greatly struck by the number of officers and men who used daily to come and take books out from the library established in the little wooden church at our own head-quarters. He said he regretted that they had not the same facilities for that purpose that we had, as their government did not supply general books; nor had supplies been sent out to their camp by private individuals such as we had so largely received from England, so that his only stock consisted of a small supply of religious books for use in the hospitals."

But here, for want, not of materials but of space, we must needs break off from our consideration of the writer's animadversions upon the religious contrasts between French and English army matters. He has in his book, elsewhere, a story concerning an English gaol-chaplain very flippantly and audaciously told. We have not found means as yet to identify and test its circumstances; but we must be pardoned if, after our army-chaplain investigations, we suggest the prudence of withholding unlimited credence on that head also.

Our readers will not be surprised to be told, by this time, that, in the author's opinion, the "sergeant de ville" is a more efficient lower minister of justice than that "policemanne de Londres," which every travelled Frenchman we have met with in our manifold French experience, envies us as the ideal type of the perfect municipal constable; nor that the drivers of hackney coaches—whom it has been, time out of mind, the Parisian gamin's clue to taunt as *Pro-tians*, with the slang cry of "*Marchand de Salade*!"—are certainly

more intelligent than the same class in England. We have heard many a charge brought against the London cabby in our time certainly, but lack of wits, or of wit either, has rarely figured in the indictment.

Our author is naturally a laudator temporis acti, and professes great admiration at times for the bygone "ages of faith." It is not a little amusing sometimes in his, as in almost every such case, to see how his professed sympathies for the past "swear at" his hearty sympathies with progress in the present, as the French say, to express a ludicrous inconsistency.

He is full of admiration of the many truly admirable efforts to instruct the masses, made by religious individuals in Paris such as Monseigneur Bervenger, the founder of the great schools of St. Nicolas—with whom he is, and with which ourselves were once, well acquainted—or by religious confraternities, such as that of the Dominican teachers of the chimney-sweeps, or the wide-spread *Frères de la Doctrine*. And yet we find him, in deference to his old-world notions, giving way to such expressions of opinion as this:—

"None of them can even read: perhaps there is no great harm in this. It is a bold thing to say in these days of 'progress,' but we honestly think it might not be amiss if this deficiency were more general. Unhappily among the lower orders, knowledge is oftener abused than used."

Again, though loud in applause of modern police regulations, even in what British citizens are wont to consider vexatious and needlessly repressive forms, he looks back regretfully to the times when as yet they were not. Speaking of signs for shops or inns bearing a religious character, he says of them—

"It carries us back into those ages of faith, when religion was—as it is still in Catholic countries—an integral part of existence, not an hebdomadal form kept for Sunday use, and covered up like an old fashioned piece of furniture during the week, lest people should wear it out or become too familiar with it.

Our readers are doubtless aware that signs took their origin in a sentiment of piety, at a time when roads and even streets were infested with brigands, the police being somewhat differently organized to what it is at the present day,

and many pretended inns being set up into which travellers were decoyed in order to be plundered and despatched. Those who offered *bona fide* hospitality bethought themselves of the idea of distinguishing their houses by placing them under the patronage of some saint, whose name was intended as a guarantee of their good faith."

Happy ages of faith and brigands, of holy signs, and inn guests with their throats cut! A paradisaical state of things, which reminds one of M. About's description of the modern States of the Church.

Of course the opportunity which these signs afford for a fling at Protestant signboards cannot be resisted, so we are told:

"We fancy they imply a question of national character, preferable to that which invented such meaningless anomalies as the 'Magpie and Stump,' 'the Green Man and Still' (translated with so much naïveté 'L'homme vert et tranquille'), the 'White Horse Cellar,' or worse perhaps than these, the 'Goat and Compasses,' shortened and corrupted from the original 'God encompasseth us.' We have heard of another, which stood thus: 'Put your trust in God and be comforted, *for* this is the sign of the Black Sow!' Possibly the last two words were originally replaced by some substantive, which rendered the conjunction intelligible; but as the idea that sacred things must be kept at a distance prevailed, the primitive dedication was effaced—the Black Sow was substituted for the offending saint, and the remainder of the inscription was left standing."

The author might have spared the ponderous possibility, and the hypothesis of an effacing of the "primitive dedication."

The sign is a *French* sign, and a "*Catholic*" one to boot. The inscription ran—

"Je mets en Dieu tout mon espoir :
Et je demeure au Cochon noir."

Surely such an admirer of the "ages of faith" ought to know enough of hagiology to perceive that the "displaced" saint is St. Anthony, and the "Black Sow" none other than his world-renowned pig! Even the "Magpie and Stump" was, we believe, a French "*qui pro quo*," before it merged into an English blunder. "*Au petit trognon*;" "the little stump" was simply a stunted "bush," such as good wine needs not accord-

ing to the proverb. By lapse of time and quaint conceit of Gallic sign-dauber, it altered to "*La pie et le trognon*," which being faithfully translated and copied by some British tavern-artist, appeared at once as that portentous index of "national character," forsooth, that "meaningless anomaly," "the Magpie and Stump." Such instances of inveterate prejudice are silly and laughable enough. Others, as we have partly seen already, make far uglier blots upon the book in question. There is a constant attempt to point disadvantageous contrasts where a healthier judgment could scarcely fail to see the most pleasing parallels. Our author, for instance, praises, and that apparently with perfect justice, the pastoral zeal of the late Archbishop Sibour, in his personal visitation of the sick and destitute in the "*Faubourg Souffrant*" of Paris; he likewise commends his Eminence Cardinal Morlot, the present archbishop, for personal proofs of his interest and sympathy in diocesan "*œuvres*," or associated action in relief of their necessities. No one can quarrel with such praises and commendations. But every generous and candid mind will be repelled, when they find mention of the personal exertions of Bishop Tait, to increase opportunities for public worship "in the vilest parts of London," used as the vehicle for uttering unworthy sneers at the Established Church, those sneers themselves being founded upon the foolish and flippant remarks of a London penny-a-liner, recording the Bishop's manful and truly Christian exertions on behalf of the neglected districts of his diocese.

In the same unworthy spirit are conceived certain paragraphs of his comparisons between the missionary action and organization of the Churches of France and England respectively.

We will not enter into a discussion as to whether the married or unmarried priest be of necessity the better missionary. Suffice it to say, that the different nature of different missionary enterprises must determine this point; that, of course, no ordinance of our Church hampers herein the judgment of the individual missionary; that among savage folk, where the domestic relations are those that, in most cases, are the most thoroughly tainted and degraded, the actual exhibition of

a sanctified conjugal union would seem to be a matter of the most urgent necessity; that we can safely challenge modern times to show us more admirable missionaries than certain married men—witness New Zealand and Capetown diocese; and that, as a matter of fact, the two last pioneer bishops, so to speak—those of Brisbane and Columbia—whom the Church of England and Ireland has consecrated and sent forth, are both of them unmarried men.

We can, however, understand that any writer, Romanist or not, might arrive at the conclusion that the celibacy of the missionary clergy is advisable, apart from the general question.

What we think unworthy, almost, indeed, despicable, is the spirit of such a passage as this:—

“It is not of the Catholic priest that we can say—

‘Cosi all’ egro fanciul’ porgiamo aspersi
Di soave licor, gli orli del vaso.’

No worldly advantages disport themselves in *his* imagination—no dazzling mitre beckons *him* on, and sustains his flagging steps with its golden promises—no luxurious competency aids *him* to mitigate the destitution by which *he* may be overtaken—no tender wife is at *his* side to encourage and console him in disappointment or in persecution—and no smiling babes to ‘climb his knee,’ and divert *him* from his hard labour by their innocent prattle. What, then, is his inducement?”

Which is as much as to say, that the foregone enumerated advantages *are* the inducements of the Protestant missionary. The underlined pronoun showing plainly the animus of the sentences.

As to the wife and children, it is certainly rather hard that they should at one time be denounced as hindrances to the facing of trials, and next as consolations which give an unfair inducement to face them. As to the dazzling mitre, the allusion is contemptible, because false in its twaddling. Is a colonial bishopric intended? They are more numerous, we regret to say, in the communion of Rome than in our own. If they be the prizes, the Romanist missionary priest has more chances of obtaining them than ours—to say nothing at all of dioceses “in partibus,” and the

safe dangers of such a see as Melipotamus.

Is it meant that the hopes of some European mitre may lure on the ecclesiastical greed of the reluctant candidate for missionary employment? We fear it must be owned that no missionary has yet been promoted—more’s the pity—to an English or Irish see. Whereas, we beg leave to remind our writer, that Pope Pius the Ninth, now ruling at Rome, has it counted as one of his deserts, very properly, by his biographers, that he served in early life in the missions of Chili. Dazzling mitre, indeed! what of the triple Tiara?

Now as to luxurious competency. That the rate of money payment made to the *English* Protestant missionary is higher, nominally, than that with which the *French* Romanist priest is forced to be content is, in a certain sense, true. We say, is forced to be content, because there has been, in the somewhat similar case of army chaplains, a demand urged of late, successfully, on the part of the Romanists against the British military authorities, for an increase of stipend. We quote this as an illustration of the fact, that where increase of stipend is to be had, the Romish priest will, not unreasonably, claim it.

The French missionary priest, our author assures us, receives no more than £30 per annum. A miserable pittance, truly, even for a single man; but, compared with the “luxurious competence” of the £100 paid to the Newfoundland clergyman by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—which hundred is to provide, perhaps, for the consoling wife and children—there is really very little difference after all. It requires a very ill-constituted mind, as it appears to us, to discover any great inducement in either stipend towards the undertaking of an arduous spiritual charge.

But we have also underlined the national denominations; for this also must be considered. Take the case of an employé at the Ministère de la guerre in Paris, a “chef de bureau,” whose position answers to that of a first-class clerk in our War-office; he receives at most £320 per annum to his English confrère’s £800. A French third-class clerk in the same department may receive at most £144, an English one as much as £300. Or

take again the relative pay of army officers, between whose vocation and the priest's our author is very fond of making "rapprochemens." A French Captain of Infantry receives £96 per annum; his English brother-in-arms, £211, more than double. A French Infantry Lieutenant has £64; an English officer of the same rank, £136: more than double again.

Now, there is much the same proportion between the French missionary's £30 (which, we believe, is understated; but let it pass), and the English missionary's £100—without recurring to the hypothesis of a keener greed of gold in the Protestant. Nay, did we not think the argument unworthy and savouring of the meanness of sentiment of our antagonist, we think it might not unreasonably be urged that considering the social class from which, as a rule, the French and English missionaries are taken respectively; and considering also the comparative cost of academical and clerical training in the two countries, the stipend paid to the Frenchman is more in proportion with what would have been his income had he not entered the priesthood, than is the case with the probable secular gains of the Englishman, had he not taken Orders in his own Missionary Church.

But, we repeat it, these are base imputations on either side; we do not imagine that the French martyr missionaries of Cochin-China took their £30 into much account when they embraced their career. But on the other hand, we may fairly claim that "worldly advantages" and "luxurious competency" should not be reckoned amongst the inducements which have led, say Archdeacon Mackenzie, and his two sisters, to labour, *without one farthing of money payment, or so much as a sack of meal* found them, for the last five years amongst the Zulus in Natal.

Our space prevents us from entering into any detailed enumeration of the various religious and charitable institutions mentioned in the work before us; neither can we follow its author into his attempted contrasts between the organization and working of the Parisian "œuvres" and the British associations which attempt to compass in nine cases out of ten precisely similar ends. Often by almost identical means, spite of the necessary

differences; often, also, we rejoice to think, in substantially the very self-same spirit.

Those of our readers who shall peruse the book, as many may do with practical profit—although the writer indicates, as we have said already, rather than investigates—may sometimes feel their bile stirred, as we confess ourselves have done, by the ungenerous and unjust anti-Protestant "cant" which disfigures it; but we would have them remember that nothing is more infectious than such injustice and want of generosity, and when they most offend us in others, they sometimes most readily taint our own thought and feeling. By way, therefore, of a preventative, or a disinfectant if they will, we venture to close this paper with a copious extract from a letter addressed by a certain Parisian Abbé, foremost in not a few of the very "œuvres" mentioned by name in the book we have been reviewing, to a clergyman of our acquaintance. The two men had spent several hours of one day in close conversation upon the practical working of schemes which, with certain modifications, each had at heart and was endeavouring to carry out on one and the other side of the British channel. We fear lest the good Abbé's expressions should lose something of their aroma by translation, and therefore copy verbatim from his letter, which lies open before us. Our readers will, we think, agree with us in wishing that the writer of the "Realities of Paris Life" had suffered some flavour of the spirit of this worker "de bonnes œuvres" to have impregnated his own account of their working.

"Monsieur le Recteur,

"Il ne me sera pas possible, comme je l'espérais d'aller reprendre avec vous aujourd'hui notre bonne conversation d'hier: je le regrette infiniment. Je regrette aussi que votre séjour à Paris ne se prolonge pas assez pour que le lendemain puisse me consoler du chagrin de la veille. Que voulez vous? Dieu nous prouve tous les jours, à sa manière, que nous ne sommes que des voyageurs sur la terre. Nous n'avons d'autres racines qui nous fixent les uns près des autres que les sentiments du cœur et la co-opération aux mêmes œuvres. Les pensées de l'esprit mettent souvent tout un monde entre deux hommes qui se parlent; elles ressemblent plus aux ailes des oiseaux qu'aux racines

de l'arbre ; mais les sentiments chrétiens du cœur, mais la co-opération aux mêmes œuvres voilà ce qui réunit et qui attache les hommes entre eux : voilà ce qui comble les distances, voilà le lien mystérieux des âmes sur notre pauvre terre.

Vous êtes venu chercher le pauvre prêtre qui n'a d'autre attrait que les aspirations vers le bien actuel et futur de l'humanité. Que Dieu soit loué ! Il a ses desseins ignorés et ses vues secrètes. Ce n'est pas en vain qu'il a poussé l'un vers l'autre le recteur et le prêtre ; cherchons à savoir ce qu'il attend de nous et à faire ce qu'il veut.

“ Ne cherchons pas, Monsieur le Rec-

teur, les points qui pourraient nous éloigner l'un de l'autre ; cherchons au contraire les bons côtés qui nous permettent de marcher et d'agir ensemble. Vous verrez que Dieu n'aura pas à en souffrir et que le prochain y gagnera.

“ Vous travaillez à des œuvres qui me plaisent. Je travaille à des œuvres qui ne vous déplaisent pas : le côté social de la religion nous préoccupe tous deux. Dieu nous ouvre l'une des mille portes du ciel, entrons y par cette porte sans nous préoccuper de celles qui s'ouvrent sur d'autres chemins.

“ Quand nous aurons pénétré dans le ciel du prochain, nous aurons bonne chance d'entrer dans le paradis de Dieu.”

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A BUNCH OF KEYS. A LINK SNAPPED.

No sooner was Mark's engineering success complete and indisputable, than Sir Jeffrey hastened to renew his communications with the Manchester firm. He had his own reasons for not losing a single day in so doing. A letter had reached him from the Maestro, the contents of which, he knew, it would soon be vain attempting to keep from Clara, even had he considered such an attempt in itself to be honourable and fair.

It was the Maestro's ambition for her that she should appear before the most critical and appreciative audience of her own, if not of any country. He felt sure that in the way of musical or other artistic culture, there was already little or nothing for her genius to gain, short as her previous career had been. He wished her to sing at the Queen's Theatre in London. He felt, however, pretty confident, that whatever might be her desire to do so, or with whatever enthusiasm she might accede to a proposal of this nature, she would, by no means, consent to make any solicitations for herself to the reigning musical authorities of the time, nor would she be likely to debate with them the conditions to which he at least considered her to be fully entitled.

He had, therefore, — so he now wrote to Sir Jeffrey — exercised a long and weary diplomacy to bring

about a consideration of his scheme by the proper persons. When, at last, he had so contrived as to bring them to give it apparent entertainment, his task had, in reality, begun rather than ended. Objections had been raised, such as might have been expected: shortness of experience, comparative absence of notoriety and so forth. These refuted or overridden, forthwith had sprung up a new order, such as disparaging comparisons with this or that kindred celebrity, hardly consistent in the case of the selfsame objectors, quoth he, “since they pronounce on one, concerning whom they have just said, she is not well known enough for us to pronounce upon her. But they know me, at least, those inconsistent objectors ; and it would be mock-modesty on my part not to perceive that they cannot quite bring themselves to neglect her, in the teeth of my guarantees and predictions in this affair, which may, possibly, turn out so great.”

In a word, the Maestro's letter made it sufficiently plain that his negotiations were beginning to assume a very probable importance, and that some conditional offer of a kind, very likely to be flattering and persuasive to Clara's own artistic ambition, would, perhaps, be soon made formally to herself.

Now Sir Jeffrey's mind, as I have

intimated, was of too candid and equitable a spirit to permit him to indulge the unworthy notion of endeavouring, by any concealment, to entrap Clara into such a definite engagement towards Mark, as should make it impossible for her to dictate conditions to him without an apparent breach of faith. But since his best hope of dispelling her infatuation lay in the exercise of such influence and authority over her as her own consent should give to her betrothed husband, the good old baronet was anxious to enable Mark to win that precise position without ambiguity and without delay.

The answers of MM. Bright and Brassy to his renewed inquiries, were now completely satisfactory. From them it appeared, that independently of any such matter of premium or partnership, as hinted at by Sir Jeffrey, Mark's professional position was henceforth secure. The Wymerton campaign, so to speak, had lifted him absolutely, and without recall, from the sphere of a subaltern's commission. He was gazetted field-officer of industry. As to Sir Jeffrey's cautious overtures on the point of financial associations, they were again met with a caution fully equal to his own; yet with sufficient favour to justify him in arriving at the conclusion that they were certainly not meant to be rejected altogether. From all that he had seen, and from all that he had been able to learn from others respecting Mark, he had no sort of ground for suspecting him of any interested views in regard to Clara Jerningham. Indeed, when upon the plea of his own acquaintance with her since the hour of her birth, as of his previous long and friendly connexion with her own father, the old gentleman, in a tone of kindly authority, questioned Mark concerning his prospects and intentions,—he had received such straightforward, respectful, and loving answers from the young man as entirely confirmed his already favourable opinion of him. But as the fairness of Sir Jeffrey's own character forbade him to wish that Clara should decide upon Mark's proposals without a full knowledge of all those particulars which might sway her judgment, so did its delicacy forbid him to do any thing which might rob Mark of the full satisfaction of his conscious-

ness that in making these proposals he was influenced by no other motive than such as his own affection could supply, and the well-grounded hope that he could, of himself, offer her a position which even materially should not prove too onerous or hard. No word was, therefore, uttered by Sir Jeffrey concerning Clara's actual patrimony, nor concerning any intention, which himself might have, of augmenting it, or, at least, of placing her future husband in a fair way to do so. But he did impart to Mark the intentions of the Maestro, his present proceedings, and their probable result, leaving it to his own good sense and feeling to suggest the time and manner of the action which he should take in consequence of this information.

There were certain matters connected with the accounts as well as the engineering of the work just achieved, which called Mark now to Manchester for a few days, after the lapse of which he would return to Wymerton to set things in order, then, in much probability, to leave it for good and all. He determined, therefore, to make some attempt during the course of his visit to ascertain and to fix, as far as possible, his future position with the firm under which he served; and, if he should gain satisfaction upon the point, to return by Newton-Forge and take counsel with his friend Ingram, whom he now resolved to trust unreservedly with his confidences. For there was yet in his mind an apprehension of a coming conflict within itself likely to arise out of that conflict with Clara's, which again began to appear to him inevitable. And I say "began again," because in truth Sir Jeffrey's communication concerning the course pursued by the Maestro had resuscitated in his imagination, under a shape at once more formidable and definite, doubts which the freshness of his exultation at her first allowing of his love had laid for a time. Whatever his personal diffidence may have been, that act of kindness had dispelled fears born of it alone. She had declared thereby her judgment that he was not personally unworthy of herself, and he knew the gauge of her mind too well to be tormented by any misgiving that she had done this lightly, or that without grave and sufficient

cause she would come back upon her decision. His honourable and generous resolve not to subject her, unnecessarily, through want of patience and self-restraint on his part, to any alternative of decision between the impulse of affection and the conclusions of a reasonable prudence, had been wholly uninfluenced by any apprehension of so much as a tinge of sordid calculation in her character. For one who knew her as he did to admit such an apprehension would have been to conceive a slander. But he now felt that he had underrated the difficulties which his own preconceived plans for the ordering of their married life might yet have to encounter from her artistic prepossessions. What if she should attach to her definitive acceptance of him a condition of freedom to pursue a career, for which her preparation had been so masterly, and in which her first steps had been so successful? He had a presentiment that to debate such a question beforehand within himself was no mere fight with a shadow. It would be unworthy of her and of himself to debate it between them two, without a settled conviction on his own part, and a fixed resolution grounded thereupon. But had he not arrived already at any settled conviction upon the matter? Had he not, as his meditations by the mere would indicate, determined already within himself not only that Clara's chosen profession, as a dramatic artist, was inconsistent with the position and work to which he trusted that, as his wife, she might be called; but farther, that its exercise was, in truth, inconsistent with much which goes to make up the practical ideal of an estimable and love-worthy Christian woman? It was even so. But what disturbed him was the suspicion that his judgment might have been unduly biassed on the latter point by the keen quick action of his feelings upon the former. Would his contemplated refusal to accede to any demand for freedom in this matter, which Clara might make, proceed really from a principle or merely from a prejudice? Would he insist upon her abandonment of her artistical career because, in truth, he esteemed it unworthy of Clara Jer-ningham, or because, in effect, he fancied it unfit for Clara Brandling? He loved her too fondly to sacrifice

the prospect of their union for a prejudice, too entirely to secure it at cost of any real principle; and, therefore, he felt it necessary to have cleared his own conscience before venturing on any possible dispute with her. But my reader may still ask, "whence arose any mists to darken it?" I answer, from the remembrance of the former play of his own passions, and specially from the manly shame he would take to himself in recalling the selfishness and meanness of the jealousies which, in the time of his probation at Venice, had often heated him. These had angered him, and fretted him, and made him unjust and inconsiderate then; and the deeper, holier searchings of heart he had known since those days, had not taught him to be less distrustful of himself.

The result of his interviews at Manchester, first with Mr. Saunders, and then with the chiefs themselves, were entirely reassuring as to employment and salary. And, indeed, being ignorant of the conciliatory intervention of Sir Jeffrey, he was rather surprised at the willingness exhibited to give at least consideration to some of his inventive designs. Having settled the bulk of the Wymerton accounts, and taken directions for the transfer of the hydraulic machinery no longer wanted there, he was informed that his services, upon their new footing, would almost at once be required in a different part of England, where the firm had just signed a contract for the execution of some great Government works. The sooner, therefore, he could put the Wymerton business entirely out of hand the better—"And by all means go down to Newton-Forge, Mr. Brandling, for a day or two, if any convenience to self; nothing could fall in better with the affairs of the firm just now; there is that order for the forty-two thousand iron flanges, you know, sir—not exactly in your new department—but, still, if you could inquire about the unaccountable delay, and put an end to it peremptorily"—and so forth, said Mr. Saunders.

Now, what Mark meant by "trusting his friend Ingram unreservedly with his confidence," was not the display to him of the morbid anatomy of his own mind. What he desired was to have the decision upon the

case of a clear, conscientious, and chastened mind, such as the clergyman's; a comparison of which decision with that to which his own judgment inclined should help to satisfy him of the soundness of its conclusions. But, of course, he would neither put nor affect to put a hypothetical case, nor would he pretend to conceal how closely and how intricately the matter under discussion was bound up with the warmest affections of his heart. Happily for him, as I think, and for the satisfaction of his own mind in a sorrowful after-time, the proposed consultation with his friend did not take place. He had not written to apprise Ingram of his intended visit to Newton-Forge, and on arriving there found the curate absent. Mr. Travers was taking his duty for a week or two. Had Mark wished to consult his friend upon the purely personal part of the question, I will not pretend here to say whether the disappointment would have been profitable to him or not. But since he was now fully on his guard against any undue influence which his own prepossessions might exercise, and since, in truth, the question was one which would be most fairly decided upon the merits of the general principle, I take it that, as I have already said, it was a happy thing for Mark and for the irrevocable steadfastness of his conviction thereafter, that he was thus thrown back upon the thoughts of his own heart and its own individual appeal to a guidance higher than its own. It is true that at this time he was giving Ingram credit for being no mere conventional thinker; but the day might come, when in the chafing of his spirit, he should be tempted to forget upon how good grounds he had trusted him in this respect. Conventional thinking is no uncommon mental habit; perhaps among the clergy not more common than among other classes, yet readily ascribed to their order by laymen as a frequent characteristic. If Mark now suspected himself of possible unfairness towards Clara, from personal feelings, might not he come in time to suspect his friend of unfairness towards her calling from feelings that were professional?

Immediately upon his return to Wymerton, he inquired of Sir Jeffrey whether he had made known to Clara

the drift of the Maestro's communication, and rejoiced to be told that he had done so; for he, too, was wise enough, and just enough, and generous enough, to desire that in the conflict he anticipated, Clara should have a full and fair view of the ground which she was to defend or to abandon as the case might prove.

On the next evening the crisis was apparently come. He had gone up to the house in search of Clara rather late in the afternoon, and learning from Cousin Martha that she had gone down for a walk in the direction of the mere, he followed her, and found her near the spot of their unexpected meeting on the first day of his arrival in the neighbourhood. A fitter place for carrying out into its consequences the discovery made then and there could scarcely have been found, nor one of which the endearing reminiscences were more likely to plead, by association of feeling, in favour of his present more definite suit. But the months of the short English summer were gone already, and even such of those autumn months as had kept almost unchilled upon them the lingering warm breath of summer. The perpetual mossy green of the grass-walk along the water's edge was already variegated under foot by the mosaic of fallen leaves, yellow, and purple, and red. The kiss of the evening air was damp upon Clara's cheek, almost cold enough to remind her of the icy touch upon it of a coming frost. There was but little glow of sunset upon the steel-grey sheet of the mere. Thin blue columns of smoke, tapering and transparent, seemed to stand motionless above the chimneys of the old house, very distinct at their bases, against the foliage of the huge trees yet leafy in the back-ground, and still to be discernible up above them against the vaulted sky. None of the joyous woodland singers were astir and vocal; only the sweet melancholy pipings of Robin Red-breast were to be heard.

"Ah, Mark! is that you?" she said, as she turned to the sound of the foot-fall behind her. "I was just thinking that it was time for me to go back."

"Why not say, dear Mark, so close as we are upon the spot where first I surprised the word?"

He offered her his arm, which she took as they both faced homewards.

"Well, then, dear Mark; though I must say the demand is somewhat exorbitant. Remember, sir, that at all events the word was spoken then in return for a 'dearest Clara.'"

"True, but I have no objection to say 'dearest,' so long as it shall please your patience to hear me repeat it. I know that no croak of mine, even with ten thousand heartfelt 'dearests' in it, is worth one of those soft-voiced, simple 'dear Marks' from you. Nevertheless I came here this very moment to beg your leave to say, 'Clara, dearer than dearest!'"

"I hardly understand," she said, and turned full up upon him that searching, trustful look by which he knew her best.

"Do you remember, '*dearest Clara*' (the two last words with an emphasis), 'how I told you, that other day at the dairy farm, I knew not where I found the boldness to ask you for an explanation. Now you ask me for one, and I do know where I find the boldness to give it unreservedly.'"

"Pray, where, sir?" she said, laughingly, "though your boldness now-a-days is no such rare phenomenon as to move one with much desire to investigate its origin."

"I find it, dearest, very dearest," he answered, not jestingly, but with an accent of the deepest, most respectful tenderness; "I find it in the unexpected, the undeserved, the unswerving generosity of your own noble heart."

She felt the strong arm on which she leant tremble with the intensity of the same feeling which was causing the manly voice of the speaker to quiver as he spoke. She almost longed to turn the full trustful look again upon him; but, somehow, she felt that it would be impossible to do so now. She looked down upon the leaf-strewn moss, and Mark noted with inward joy that rare downcast look.

"Yes, you have been generous to me beyond words, since those first sunny days of our acquaintance yonder in Italy. Even then, before I had dared to form a hope of what has already come to pass between us; even then, when my heart was sour enough with all sorts of pride, I felt that generosity most deeply. There are many who, being such as you were then, would never have held out a sisterly hand to

such as I was, nay to such as I am now. Never think that I have forgotten that, nor that I can forget it because you have since granted me what is unspeakably more. Never think it, even if you shall grant me what I am now summoning up boldness to ask for in addition."

Then they walked on a little space in silence; for Mark, in truth, was very nervous after having spoken those heartfelt words.

By every token Clara knew that he was so. She was profoundly touched by the loving humility of the words he had uttered, and by the passionate sincerity of the very tone in which they had thus been uttered. She wished with all delicacy to reward him for them; and as he still kept silence, she thought that perhaps she could best achieve her wish by pressing upon him gently some demand for that explanation which he had professed himself bold enough to give unreservedly, and from which yet he appeared almost to shrink.

"Tell me then, dear Mark," she forced herself to say, "what did you mean just now by begging leave to call me dearer than dearest?"

"You remember, do you not, by what act rather than by what speech I entreated you to make your explanation? I begged of you to return one little key into my keeping. What I have to beg of you now is to take a bunch of them into your own. Does not that explain?"

"Hardly," she answered.

"Well, the plain truth is,—and I do want courage to speak it out,—I am getting dissatisfied—unreasonable creature—even with leave from yourself to look upon the portrait in the rose-wood case. Clara, dearest, I think I could make a home now if your own sweet face were given to brighten and bless it. You are the only love I ever had; and could only be more entirely my love by consenting to become my wife. That is what I meant by desiring leave to call you dearer than even the dearest you are now.

She made no answer; but as he stood for a moment in expectation of one, she did at last look up with her own look, and he was satisfied.

"You will take the keys then? To take is sometimes even more generous than to give. Not even that generosity is wanting to you. I will try

to live thanks, when one owes such as I do there is no speaking them."

Then he went on to tell her, in the simplest and most modest manner, what were for him,—“for us” indeed he said, and she did not reprove, but even smiled at him for so saying,—the material consequences of that success with the struggle for which, as with its issue, she had all along so warmly sympathized.

“This is nothing so very great and splendid after all, I know,” he continued, “and with any woman of less lofty character than yours, a man might have need to make long apologies for its humbleness; but with you, dearest, I thought that if you would take me, there was no need to talk at length over the littleness of what is mine.”

This was just such an appreciation of herself as thoroughly pleased Clara Jerningham; and this time, without effort or hesitation, but with a bright gleam in her eyes, she once more turned them gratefully upon him.

“And then I may say to you,—you will not misunderstand me, nor think I could be vainly presumptuous, at least when you are by,—that I have good hope there is more here than they know, for all they have spoken kindly and honourably of my powers.”

As he spoke he bent down his forehead and touched it with the back of the white hand which lay upon his arm.

“Man’s intellect is in his Maker’s hand, I know; but if it should be within the purpose of God to let me work out all my designs, I think I have now found a starting rather than a resting point. There may be by-and-by a heavier bunch of keys.”

“Well, Mark, I shall be glad of it; and I know that you will not misunderstand me in return. If your work and your honour in working hang fresh keys on the household ring I shall rejoice for the work’s sake and the honours, not for the greater store under lock and key.”

What pride and delight he felt in being thus understood at once by her! What fulness of joy this moment would have brought with it, but for the apprehension of what yet remained unsaid. By this time they had reached the terrace, and it was almost dark. They passed into the house through a glass door opening to

the ground near Dame Alice’s oak-panelled little room. That was the cheeriest, snuggest place imaginable for conversation in the winter time, no less than the coolest and pleasantest for looking out upon the garden beds in summer. But only on condition that there should be a red coal fire on the hearth, whose warmth and glowing the strips of Venetian mirroring with their prismatic edges should reflect and multiply from the walls in genial guise. This evening there was no fire lighted on Dame Alice’s hearth, the season being still on the debatable border-land between the autumn and winter months, and unless special directions had been given, the servants did not think it necessary to light fires elsewhere than in the great hall, the dining, and one sitting-room. It was too dark and cold therefore to sit or loiter there; so having fastened the glass door by which they had entered, they passed on, Mark watching Clara’s manifold image flitting past the strips of mirror as they went. In the hall there was a blazing fire of logs, to the brightness of which they were at once attracted, though the excitement which had been coursing through the veins of either as they had been walking up leisurely from the mere had prevented them from feeling cold for all the chilliness of the evening air. On one side of the fire-place stood a sofa, where Clara threw her shawl and garden-hat, and gloves, as she unfastened them. On the other stood the organ, which was open, and at which she then sat down. She played a few chords and presently began to sing. Mark’s face was turned from her, his right arm raised and bent against the pilaster of the tall stone mantel-piece, his forehead resting upon the muscles of the forearm, his left hand spreading its fingers to the warmth, and gently closing them with a motion in cadence to the rhythm of Clara’s song. His keen grey eyes were watching the upward flight of the bright sparks which came flaring from the logs, as now and then he would stir some of them upon the hearth-stone with his foot.

It was a long-drawn, solemn measure to which she sang; the words, those of an old Latin hymn. At first the plaintiveness of the melody seemed to unman Mark; he felt as if

he never should have heart to speak out what still lay hidden in his mind. By-and-by there was a grander, fuller swell of music, which seemed to raise the pitch of the spirit of him who listened, and being long sustained, to fix it at the higher elevation. When Clara left off she wheeled round her seat towards the fire, and Mark, roused by the stopping of the music, turned also, and stood facing her, with his back against the pilaster, and his arms crossed on his chest. She sat, much as she had done on the window-settle at the dairy farm, with her hands folded in her lap, only she did not look at him. She, too, was looking in her turn at the crackling sparks from the wood fire, the heavy, brown, silken braids of hair falling forward and darkening the white expanse of her broad brow.

"How thrilling organ music is," Mark then began. "If I can't afford to buy one: a smaller one of course than that for our first home, I think I will make a desperate attempt to make one, as James Watt did."

"Why, did the father of steam-engines build an organ, Mark?" she inquired; "and did he know nothing of organ building? That must have been a difficult thing to do. What sort of an organ was it? Not very musical, I fear."

"A very sweet-toned organ I have heard, and of singular accuracy in distinction of tone. We mechanics, you know, can do something at times to meet approval even of you musicians."

"Who denied it, you saucy smith?" she said, with a smile.

"Ah! but the strange thing is that our James Watt built his organ without a particle of your musical skill to help him—he could not tell one note from another all his life."

"How, then, did he contrive to make his organ do so?"

"By the nicest calculations and most exquisite manual skill. His brain, and eye, and hand, built him his organ; as for ear he had none, and did without it."

"Well, it seems wonderful. But you shall not get half the credit he deserved for his wonder, Master Mark, even should you succeed in organ building as in pumping tunnels. To begin with, you have a fair ear of your own, in spite of the croak in

your voice, as you call it. And then, if you build an organ for me, sir, am I to be kept out of the workshop altogether? Why should I not turn round your saucy sentence upon yourself, and say, 'we musicians, you know, might, at a pinch, help you mechanics?'"

It was a fair hit, and he had no retort at hand, so he laughed and said—

"To have your help at any work of mine, I should be charmed to set about organ building to-morrow."

"Fine professions! But, I dare say, you could look cross enough at having 'feckless womin folk,' as Joe Tanner calls us sometimes, touching and meddling with tools and lathes in your workshop."

"Time will show," said he.

"True. But whilst we are talking of musical instruments, there is one thing I must insist upon at once. You shall not be at the expense of buying me a piano. That is a present I mean to make myself. None but an admirable instrument will do for me, and they are expensive. But I don't know when I have been so rich as just now for a long time; it is months since I have earned any thing, but I have spent nothing during all the months I have been here."

"Oh, Clara, dearest! that navvy's sick wife, with the seven children, told me quite a different tale. She says, and so does Tanner, that your open hand is"—

"Fit only to shut mouths with, which talk nonsense," she said, as she rose and suddenly laid her fingers upon his lips; but so quickly that she was in her seat again with folded hands before they could take advantage of it. "Now don't interrupt again so rudely. What was I saying? That I should provide myself with my own piano. Yes, to be sure I must. It would be too bad to come as partner to a working-man, and not even bring the tools of my own trade with me!"

"Bring the piano, by all means, dearest, if you are bent on denying me the pleasure of giving it; but its use will be to cheer us both when the day's work is done; as for your labour, it will no longer, I trust, need to lie in that direction."

She looked up in some surprise.

"What can you mean, Mark? Is

ours not to be then a partnership of work?"

"Indeed I trust it will be, and in the truest sense; but what I meant was, that my wife will have no need to follow any longer an artist life."

He spoke very deliberately and distinctly, watching eagerly what effect the words might have.

"No need?" she asked; "no need of what sort, Mark? After all your talk about my generosity, as you called it, of what sordid notion can it be possible that you are thinking me now capable?"

She put her hands up to her forehead, parting and holding the silken braids back, that she might look him full in the face. There was a look of such pained surprise in her expression as she did so, that Mark's heart, tender as brave, was cut by it to the quick.

"Suspect you of a sordid notion, Clara! Had I dared to do so, how could I have preferred my petition of to-night?"

"But, Mark, from what you said, you must either imagine that I should be dissatisfied with whatever you could let me share with you—what care I how little it be, so long as my heart is satisfied of your esteem and love—or else you do me the injustice to imagine that I have been an artist all along for sake of gain. Explain yourself, I insist upon it."

There was a heat of anger on her countenance such as he had never seen on it before. Nevertheless, he answered firmly, though with respect:

"I never thought you capable of following any calling for mere gain, though I did believe that you earned a livelihood as an artist, and know nothing to the contrary of such belief even now. Surely you know me well enough to understand that your earning it would be foremost among those hundred claims to reverence which I admit in you."

She felt there was truth in this, and the old fellow-toiler feeling, which had first drawn her to him, breathed as it were a breath of coolness upon her white English brow, beneath which, in every vein, was beginning to boil the quick blood of her Italian mother.

Her look of inquiry remained steadfast; but flashed less passionately.

This softened Mark, who added in humbler tone—

"I fear I stumbled, but without intention, upon an awkward and false way of expressing what I wished to say. Do not resent it, dearest."

She too, was at once, in seeming, disarmed.

"Forgive me, Mark, I was hasty and unkind."

Therewith she held out one hand to him, which he took, oh, so gently, and with such manly tenderness, between his own two Vulcan hands, and pressed it.

Nevertheless Clara would not consent to remain with her mind unsatisfied, nor was it his wish that she should do so.

"What was it, then, you wished to say, Mark, which I was so foolishly ready to misunderstand?"

"Can you remember, dearest," he then asked, as an instantaneous vivid reminiscence darted into his own memory, "after what fashion you talked with your friends at Venice, on the afternoon which followed your successful first appearance at the theatre?"

Again her hands were folded in her lap; again the silken braids fell forward on her forehead as she inclined her head; again she sent her gaze into the red embers, for the logs had ceased to crackle and blaze and sparkle now. She was silent, for at least a minute, seeking to recall the memories of winged words that had then sped to and fro between her and her friend.

Mark's heart was beating against his strong ribs, ready to burst them.

When she raised her head again, she said—

"I have been trying to recall the impressions of that day and hour, Mark; and I think I have so far done it as to be ready to follow any thing that you have to say which may refer to them."

"I was there that day, thinking no scorn of you"—

"No scorn of me, Mark!" and astonishment grew in her fixed gaze.

"No scorn of you, but perhaps some little of myself, and, certainly, no little at times of what you were all talking about so earnestly."

"Your riddles grow darker at every word; do speak out at once, Mark, plainly!"

"Well, then, out at once, plainly. I was thinking scorn of that play-acting life which all of you seemed to think so proud and grand."

The anger came back again into her eyes, but slowly and sternly this time; all the more terrible to look upon—that "calm in anger," which foemen have said to be so direful in the battle-bearing of Englishmen. She stood up to confront him; but neither eye flinched, his nor her's.

"Will you not sit down again, dearest, and hear me out?" he said.

She complied with the request.

"I am making a confession, Clara, which may injure me with you. Since I feel that, you may fancy what it costs me to make it; but what is right and true must be done—I pray you bear with me."

She bowed with stately, yet not unkindly, grace.

"It was on purpose that I used the word thinking scorn, for I was doing what I had no right to do, so far as my knowledge then went. I was then judging harshly the life and those who lived it, being, in truth, ignorant of either then."

"And thinking scorn of yourself a little, for what reason? Because you felt you were unjustly misjudging with contempt?"

"For no such good cause," he said, reddening as he spoke. "I was inclined to think some scorn then of myself, because of what I thought the weakness which was allowing my strong admiration for your person and your powers to stem the full tide of my contempt. Then you spoke words such as were ever like the rouse of a war-bugle to the spirit within me. When the young lord sneered at the notion of an artist's popular triumph, you spoke up for the people's right, and share, and enjoyment, in the triumph of genius, and I could have stood up and shouted for gladness, or—or have knelt down, before them all, and kissed your feet."

He uttered these last words with such a thrill of mingled pride and tenderness, that the strong light of her gaze upon him could not but soften once more for a moment.

"Then I said something, rudely and clumsily enough, I dare say, about your having 'a clear head and a sound heart, after all.' Can you remember that?"

"Perfectly; and I remember that when I threatened some day to take you to task about the full meaning of your speech, you told me that you would deal honestly by me when I should do so. I cannot say, Mark, that you have shown that honesty!"

"Wherein then have I failed to do so?"

"In this, that you have hitherto concealed from me your prejudice against my dear and glorious vocation. I have been deceived in you, or my memory plays me strange tricks. You were our household friend in Venice, Cousin Martha's, the Maestro's and mine. You had well won your right to be so. I cannot forget that, nor be ungrateful for it. Neither am I forgetful of the truth, nor ungrateful for it, that your friendship was as great a favour conferred on us as ours on you."

Mark shook his head, with a sad smile, in deprecation.

"But in those many months of intimacy, how came it, Mark, that not one word of your disapproval of an artist life once crossed your lips, that I can think of? Surely you would not have played the hypocrite to win me; nor could you ever think so meanly of me as to fancy that I should not, for indignation, be lost again, if won, in the selfsame hour that I detected such a fraud?"

"No, dearest, no! I have heard some talk of 'love's stratagems;' but though I never knew love, except my love for you, I have ever thought it a base word. The cementing of two lives is not a tricky warfare, but the sealing of a perfect bond in truth."

"How then do you account for the long, deceptive silence?"

"Whatever was deceptive in it was the deception of self-deceit. When I said I had a confession to make, I had in mind a confession of cowardice, and of angry jealousies, and of an imperfect love—but none of any wilful deception."

"Let me hear. You said 'of cowardice?'"

"Yes; my first learning of love brought that with it. I had promised to deal honestly by you if you should question me—perhaps I might have kept my word had you done so; but I soon became too much afraid of you to run risk of offending you unbidden."

I have no excuse to make for that, except perhaps"——

"Perhaps?"

"That when I came to know your strict, industrious, and studious life at home, in my shame, for the misjudging of all playactors, I let my sounder judgment upon their calling as it now is, go along with that misjudgment out of sight."

"Well, and you said of angry jealousies?"

"Oh, yes! the insolent admiration of others for you, which dared not show its insolence in your own presence, but which I watched, when you had no suspicion of its existence, made me so savage, sometimes, that when I was in better mood, I thought it must have falsified my judgment altogether."

After this there was a pause, for Clara could not bring herself at once to put the last question home. At length she did so.

"There was a third confession, did you not say?"

"One which includes, indeed, the other two. I had to confess and to beg pardon for an imperfect love. Had I loved you from the very first with that entire love, which is yours now, I should have known that fears and jealousies, at least such fears and jealousies as mine were, are born of selfishness, and should have the life trampled out of them as any other brood of blindworms. Perhaps, indeed, I ought to have spoken before; but I hardly thought it respectful to do so, till you should have given me some clear right to be your adviser. I knew that I was risking much of what is precious to me in speaking as I have done, but you, yourself, are dearer to me than all; dearer, truly, than my ownself, if I am not mistaken now. Therefore, come what may, I tell you the conviction of my heart, this vocation of yours, which you call dear and glorious, is unworthy of you, maid or wife."

"Unworthy of maid or wife! I understand you, Mark. I do not ask what reasons have led you to that conviction. I have heard such, and weighed them, and cast them away as worthless, before now. I will own

that you, with what I took for your warm heart and large brain, are the last man whom I should have suspected of entertaining them."

As she said this she rose up and crossed over towards the sofa, where she had laid down her hat and shawl.

"Unworthy of maid or wife!" her tone gathered indignation. "I reserve to myself the right of judging the former question; as to the latter you have a perfect right to decide as you have done. When I gave you to understand that I accepted the offer you did me the honour to make this afternoon, I was not aware that it was clogged with a condition. I presume you will hardly hold me bound by a promise given thus in ignorance of circumstances."

"All that I ask," he replied, "for I hold you bound to nothing but what your own heart shall hold to bind it, is that you would condescend, at least to discuss with me, of your patience, the reasons of my conviction."

"Why do so, when to me this would seem a mere discussion of insults! Your conviction, I doubt not, is settled; mine is so, thoroughly. I do not wish to part otherwise than in kindness, since part we must."

He knew how resolute she was, no less than passionate, so he said nothing more than this:—

"Must that, indeed, be, Clara?"

"Yes, Mark! I was willing to have gone the way of life with you hand in hand when you proposed it; but no two can do that, whose feet are set, of purpose, on two paths that are not parallel."

As she spoke, she shuddered and drew round her the shawl she had taken up, for she felt chill at heart, and the logs had burnt out on the great hearth as they had been speaking.

"Good-bye, Mark!" She put her cold hand in his. He kissed it.

"Good-bye; God guide you, dearest, still," he said; and thus the golden chain, of which the first links had been forged in the gorgeous hot sunshine of Sermione, was snapped at Wymerton, in the darkness and the cold.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REPENTING. A SISTER OF CHARITY.

"CARISSIMA! you should have kept your pledge, and written to me long ago."

"I was not conscious, for a long time, dear, charitable Pia, that the time was come indeed when that pledge should be redeemed. When a great anger and a great sorrow both together fill one's heart with pain it is so hard to distinguish which causes the torment."

Clara was kneeling again by Pia's couch in Florence. Pia's thin hands were under the silken braids again. She could see her own wan face reflected in great beads of tears, which stood in her friend's blue eyes. These she kissed away, and then, with a motherly action, pressed the head against her bosom, consolingly.

"Then, you know, came Cousin Martha's illness close upon the time when my thoughts and feelings were beginning to get disentangled, and as we were in London then and, so to speak, among strangers, I had at first so much to harass and to frighten me that there was neither time nor wish to unravel skeins of doubt, remorse, and regret."

"Poverina! those must, indeed, have been sorrowful days."

"And the nights were worse. In the days the kind Maestro would be there, and dear Sir Jeffrey; and though my place were in the sick room, and I saw little of them, yet the thought that one or other of them was always there, ready to do whatever heart-friends' love could do to help me, was a comfort and a strengthening beyond words."

"Ah, God is very good, my Clara! Did you not feel he was so when things were at the worst?"

"In a feeble measure, yes; yet so feeble I am ashamed now to think of it." And her hands covered up her face almost involuntarily.

"There is a shame of which at last one shames not. Happy are they," said Pia, "whom that wholesome confusion covers."

"And only think how far that goodness went, and with what exquisite tenderness of Providence it was exercised! Just as the night watching

was fairly beating my strength—for I could not leave my mother,—as that dear soul Martha has been to me,—to the mercies of the best hired nurse—just then the Trelawneys came to town, and the Maestro met them."

"The Trelawneys, Clara? I do not remember them."

"Mrs. Trelawney was Beatrice Vantini, the Venetian banker's daughter. Her husband was one of those four young men from Oxford."

"Ah, I remember now; one of the Milordo's college friends, with whom you met at Venice."

"Yes; and she brought with her to town her little Venetian maid, Rosina; the same who gave him my portrait, and who told me"—

"I have not forgotten her; go on, Carissima."

"Well, that girl, who has a heart of gold within her, as they say, when she found what trouble I was in, entreated Beatrice to let her come to me. Some people complain of the cold and harshness of others; as for me, their warmth and tenderness have been my surprise. Beatrice made no difficulty; God reward her! I do believe she would have come herself to take a turn at nursing had she not had a dear baby at her breast. But Rosina came, and she watched night about with me, with a quiet devoted zeal, wonderful to see. In spite of all the anxieties of the present, the very sight of her was a vivid reminder of the past. She nursed him in his fever at Venice, you remember, and so found out that his heart was full of me."

"Did she ever speak of him?"

"Once, and once only. She had been looking at me wistfully, and I had half guessed what was stirring in her mind. When my look met hers, she said softly, 'Ed il Marzocco, signorina!'"

"What answer did you make?"

"None. I could not have uttered a word for worlds. But I shook my head, and then I heard her whisper, as if to herself, 'Oimè, Marzocco! povero Marzocco!' I rose and left the room."

All this, which Clara thus detailed to Pia dei Guari, had taken place

about a month from the time of Mark's dismissal. What had passed between him and her since that evening in the hall had been simply this : Mark had suffered two days to go by and then had written to her these six words, and no more :—

"Is this your firm determination, dearest?"

The answer had been briefer still :

"Yes, Mark."

Written in a strong bold hand.

After that Mark had left Wymerton, and thenceforward she had heard from him or of him no more. Then had come a letter from the Maestro inviting her to London for the purpose of being personally made acquainted with those musical and dramatic personages whom he had at last persuaded to make formal overtures to his incomparable pupil. The invitation had been accepted. Sir Jeffrey had only said :—"I am sorry, dearest child, more sorry than I can tell." He felt that where Mark had failed, his opposition must fail more signally than it had done before. Clara and Cousin Martha had gone to town. The latter was cut to the heart by the rupture which had taken place, but she was cowed by the sternness of Clara, who was still angry and defiant.

But for all her anger and all her defiance, Mark's words had moved other feelings in her. As when a stone has been cast into the water, there was on the surface of her mind the splash and the widening ripple ; but there was more than this, there was the stone, sunk down into the deep.

She had told him her convictions were settled ; and in the excitement of the moment was certainly unconscious of any disturbance in them. In her wrathful and sorrowful indignation that unconsciousness continued, even for days after her receipt and answer of his note. For in that indignation, as she had truly said to Pia, wrath and sorrow together put her proud heart in pain ; wrath, because whether Mark had wilfully deceived her or not—nay, she knew the man to be too genuine to have forged false excuses for himself on this point—yet she had been cruelly deceived, having fully thought to have found in him a temper and a spirit kindred with her own, such as would

have encouraged her to trample upon unjust supercilious prejudices, instead of arraying themselves in the foremost rank of their defenders ; sorrow, because, in truth, she did acknowledge in him after all, such kinship in temper and in spirit as had knit countless fibres of her heart to him, because she had no shadow of a doubt that she was, as he had told her, his only love, and dearer to him than his very life, which she was sure she had clouded if not darkened altogether now, and because, by refusing to hear him out, she had done unjustly as well as pitilessly by him. But, "unworthy of a maid or wife !" Oh, those were bitter words, and words which provoked bitter thoughts and feelings to encounter them. And this double bitterness did so infect the savour of the soul's palate that for the time it lost discernment.

She had the consciousness of her own integrity. In such respects as are too often and too shamefully the reproach of those who have followed her career no taint nor breath of evil had passed upon her. Such as she was, the glory of her maidenhood was undiminished. How dared one who offered to put on it the crown of wifehood think that its brightness could be tarnished on the brow of such as she ? Ah, when she put the question so, the wrath prevailed, and the fierce indignation burned, with no touch of sorrow to temper it. Injustice upon injustice this. Had not Mark carefully separated between what she was and what might be surrounding her ? Had he not even acknowledged his harsh haste in judging even of the composite nature of that surrounding atmosphere ? Was not this acknowledgment a warrant of the probable fairness of his after method in judging ? What if he had misjudged her calling, wherein, after all, had he outraged her ? Had he pronounced *her* an unworthy maiden to whom he had been the most respectful and brotherly of friends ? Had he counted *her* unworthy to be wife to whom he had been the most modest, earnest, loving of suitors ? There were lulls in the spirit storm when such whispers as these could not but be borne upon the breeze.

Then there came back into her mind a remembrance. In what corner thereof it had been hidden away she could

not tell. Not a remote one, she should have thought, for the occurrence was of no distant date. But among the many mysteries of that most mysterious faculty, the memory, where is one more mystical than that which determines the order of its action? She remembered her interview with the old, bed-ridden woman on Sir Jeffrey's estate. That poor, stricken creature had also spoken against the calling she herself held to be so glorious and dear. And it had not scandalized her—at least, it had not done so in any such sense or with any such passion as Mark's condemnation. How had that been?

Perhaps because the good old crone's ludicrous ignorance of the circumstances, the differences, the degrees of dramatic art and life, made her misjudgment easily pardonable. Whereas the knowledge and near view of them, which intimacy with herself had given him, left his unfairness plainly inexcusable.

This answer might have satisfied her, had she been able to dismiss—now that it returned to her—the saying of the old crone, as in her stern anger she had swept off and out of court the unheard reasonings of her betrothed. But by some strange, if not unhappy inconsistency, so simple a thing as this she could not do. It did not occur to her that there was a rejoinder to the answer which yet she felt insufficient as it stood. It did not come into her mind to reason on her inconsistency, and say—

"Mark is more likely to have reasoned justly than my old, bed-ridden friend, for he decides in full knowledge of the facts, and in the teeth of any tender weakness of his own heart; whereas she spoke at random, in ignorance, and with no such love for me, in spite of her good feeling for me, as that poor Mark has."

But the facts stood so. With all her sense of regret for her manner of dealing with him, she still seemed to think he had judged falsely, and had done her cherished calling wrong; whereas she was haunted by the old woman's words and her quotation of the old catechism phrase touching "the pomps and vanity of this wicked world." The practical effect of this upon her was as follows. With all her guilelessness, her enthusiasm, and her personal loftiness of thought and

feeling, Clara could not have been blind to all the evils and the follies which, as things are, crowd and cling about what was her chosen career. And part of her ambition had been—that very part of it, perhaps, which most seemed to sanction her ambition altogether—the hope, not only of keeping her own self clear, but of helping, by influence and example, to clear the whole atmosphere around her. Efforts to do so she had certainly made with much consistency and perseverance. As my readers have heard already, she had not only kept herself spotless from the vices, but free also from the meannesses that beset this path. This was, of course, in such matters as regarded the personal and social life of the artist. In such efforts no one had ever had any professional interest in thwarting her. Nay more, that sort of adoption of her by the Maestro, which had been so marked and singular a feature in her artist-life hitherto, had been of great assistance to them. But in the present position of the drama, and perhaps especially in the case of that which is lyrical, the ordinary exercise of the artist's calling must take place under conditions to which only a conventional standard of moral feeling can reconcile the conscience of a Christian woman worthy of esteem and love.

In Clara Jerningham's time, indeed, dramatic disregard of the first domestic decencies had not yet reached the afflictive pitch of certain recent scandals of the kind. At least, within her own short experience of a lyrical career, neither musical genius nor scenic art had been debased to making the morbid sentimentalities of a modern Magdalene's dying hours the night-long entertainment of chaste matrons and their innocent girls.

Zucchetti, musical fanatic as he was, would not have written a score for such a work as that to which I allude, for any earthly consideration; and gentle as the old composer was, he would have brained with his music stool any manager who should have dared to propose to Clara appearance in any such part as that of the principal performer in such a piece. Nevertheless, as every one well knows, the exigencies of the lyrical drama in countless cases, which would at once occur to the mind of those who have

the slightest acquaintance with the musical repertory, have always required of the female artist not only to brave that theatrical publicity, from which a true woman might well shrink under the least objectionable circumstances; but often to brave it under the garb and in the fictive person of characters from whose very touch in private life they would shrink as from pollution.

I will not here discuss the difficult and vexed question of the drama as a fitting school for conveyance of moral instruction; but will simply ask my reader whether any husband or father, without the schooling of that conventional morality of which I spoke, could endure to think of seeing and hearing his own heart's darling pouring out before the eyes of excited hundreds, in impassioned song, and with all attendant circumstance of mimic expression, the feelings of such an outrage upon womanhood as Lucrezia Borgia, or even of such pitiful disgracers of it as the victims of Don Giovanni's crimes?

Talk of the moral warnings of such operas! To begin with, I should deny them, and even in a thousand cases the existence of an intention to convey them; but grant them, and what of that?

Who could endure to see her that is the joy and pride of his own home made even in momentary mimicry a debased Helot on a public stage, because, forsooth, some questionable moral gain might come by possibility to the Spartan mothers and daughters in dress circles and private boxes?

Now Clara had raised all manner of dust-clouds before her moral eyesight heretofore in matters such as this, by her talk about the claims of art, and the loftiness of æsthetical culture, and the mere ideality of the creations of genius, and I know not what other transcendental trash besides. And she had done it hitherto inadvertently, and honestly, and in all sincerity; others also having helped by their talk to raise these cindery clouds of Dead Sea dust about her as she went. And they who had thoughtlessly applauded her to the skies, men and women of good and kindly natures, as it is roughly reckoned by the world, with fatherly and motherly hearts in their bodies, who yet would have swooned with a right-

eous agony of shame had their own daughters insisted upon embracing Clara's career—had not they, too, with their thousand breaths, helped to raise the simoom drifts of the falsehood which had blinded this fatherless and motherless girl on her way into a desert, where the bones of many dead hearts and souls lie bleaching?

But though there be winds which raise dust, there be winds also, which, little by little, drive mists away. And the breathing of such a wind it was which passed upon Clara's conscience at the remembrance of the bed-ridden old woman's words. Not that there was a clear horizon yet; far from it; but that the haze was thinning, and better light filtering through.

The Maestro therefore found an unexpected and, as he thought, an unaccountable difficulty arise in the negotiations which took place when Clara came to town. She was not unwilling to enter into engagements at Her Majesty's Theatre, nor diffident of success, nor exacting in the terms to which she would consent; but she made a most unusual and perplexing demand of the manager. She put into his hands a list of parts, in none of which, she declared beforehand, would she consent to sing. Among them were several admirably suited to the pitch and compass of her voice, and two in which she had obtained extraordinary success at Venice.

"But this is impossible," said the manager, "the public will insist upon such standing favourite pieces on at least a few nights in the season. As you would be 'Prima donna assoluta' they would not endure to hear any one else in them. Half the critical musical journalists would at once discover and point out your special fitness for these very parts: some two or three of them, at the least, would know of your success in this or that one at Venice. All sorts of reproaches would be heaped on me for my ineptitude and ignorance. I should be in hot water alike with amateurs and critics all the season, even if I should manage to scrape through it. Indeed, Miss Jerningham, I cannot see how it would be possible for me, in my position, to subscribe to such conditions."

"Very well, sir," answered Clara to

such remonstrance, "it is not possible for me, in mine, to subscribe to any others. We had better, perhaps, at once consider this negotiation at an end."

"But, dear madam, allow me to point out that this is, apparently, a mere caprice. What can there be in your position, as you say, to induce you to refuse parts from which any other artist of your distinction would consider it an injury to be excluded?"

"No, sir! I am not acting from caprice, but upon principle."

"Upon some newly-adopted principle then," he answered. "Why should you not do here as you have done with so much applause in Italy?"

"Because I did wrong in Italy that is no reason for persisting in wrongdoing in England."

"But in what respect do you conceive yourself, dear madam, to have done wrong in Italy?—Really, Signor Zuchetti,"—turning to the scarcely less puzzled Maestro,—“I am at a loss to divine the meaning of your accomplished friend and pupil!”

Then followed Clara's declaration of her motives, which, sooth to say, struck the simple, genuine mind of the Maestro with some feeling of respect as well as of surprise, but which the manager could neither understand nor appreciate. Indeed I believe he was convinced that this proceeding upon her part was but a new and ingenious device for beating him in the terms of a bargain in which she had at first, hypocritically, appeared to be so disinterested and so reasonable. But whilst he was yet, upon this theory, endeavouring to hit upon some equally cunning countermancœuvre, and to work out some device for "bringing her to her senses," as he called it, Cousin Martha's illness befell, and there was an end of all interviews and parleyings with Clara for the time being.

When, after that period of terrible anxiety and exhausting fatigues of which she had spoken to Pia, the good cousin, at last, was convalescent, and Clara herself was prostrated in mental and physical strength by what she had gone through, the physicians had declared that, for both of them, few remedies or tonics would be more hopeful than total change of scene and climate, and a new visit to the dear sunny skies of

Italy. Thus it had come to pass that all notion of theatrical exertion was left aside for the present, and that Clara found herself again kneeling by Pia's couch in Florence, with the long, thin fingers under her silken braids again, and the wan face mirroring itself in her moistened eyes.

It is not to be told with what gentle, and delicate, and loving patience the sick girl had drawn on her friend to the outpouring of that perfect confidence which now subsisted between them in respect of all that had passed between her and Mark Brandling.

Her keen powers of discrimination had soon made her aware that some other cause besides the anxiety and fatigue occasioned by Cousin Martha's illness must have wrought the change that a casual observer could not have failed to detect upon the countenance and bearing of that Clara, so radiant once with beauty, genius, and living energy.

So instantaneously, indeed, had she seized upon this truth, that after her first long look into Clara's deep eyes, nothing but her ancestral hereditary Florentine prudence had kept her from openly taxing her with neglecting to confide her first deep heart-sorrow to herself as she had promised. As it was, that astute and guarded wisdom which, in her, was yet united to a perfect sincerity of heart, sealed her lips.

"The same key which locks mine," she admonished herself, "must unlock Clara's."

This unlocking proved no easy task. Besides a very natural reluctance to speak of what, in the long night-watches during her cousin's illness, she had come fully to determine had been her own unjust and cruel conduct towards Mark, she shrunk from disclosing what, as it seemed to her, was his secret no less than her own.

But, presently, she overcame this latter feeling by the obvious enough reflection that, after all, it was in truth neither his secret nor her own which was in question, save in so far as Pia was concerned. For Cousin Martha and Sir Jeffrey had known precisely, from herself, upon what footing matters had stood between them, as also to what sorrowful complexion they were now come. And for all she knew Mark might have had

some near kinsfolk or friends whom he might, on his side, have put in possession of the same facts.

Wherefore, little by little, Pia felt the bolts of her friend's secrecy yielding and gliding back at the gentle pressure of the key in her own firm, loving hand, until at last, as I have shown, its inmost recesses lay open. Then it was, and not until then, that she kindly rebuked Clara for not having kept the promise she had asked and obtained from her upon her sudden departure from Florence.

Clara now became herself the questioner in her turn. What had been Pia's thought or apprehension in asking such a promise? Had it been the mere general forethought of friendship setting up for a motherless girl some city of refuge beforehand in another woman's heart? Or else, had Pia's penetration given a sort of prophetic intimation of sorrow to come?

From what quarter had she forecast its coming, and by what token discerned its distant form?

"In truth, Carissima, two very distinct considerations moved me; one clearly seen, it was personal to yourself; the other, felt rather than seen then; but which is now clear enough also to me. That was not personal."

"May I not know them both, Pia?"

"If you sincerely desire to know them, yea. But after what befell your affianced, for his open speaking, I fear the knowledge may bring estrangement between us two."

"Pia, Pia! I have well deserved you should say so; but surely I have undergone some chastening of the heart. Pity me!"

"Pity you, Carissima? I love you, surely that is more. You know that other kind of love is not for me." And she looked down along her wasted frame: "Neither shall I ever know what mother's love is, in my own heart, therefore I can be a sister heartwhole."

Clara passed her own rounded arms round the thin body and pressed it to her own full breast, and kissed her passionately.

"Well, then, tell me first of what you saw clearly: what was personal to myself."

"When I first saw you, the life and working power, and enthusiasm which beamed from your whole person, even

here in the quiet of my sick room, seemed to subdue my judgment of you. The Lord is very good to me,—I scarcely ever feel dark and cold within;—but such warmth and brightness from without as you brought with you I had not known before. I began by surrendering myself unreservedly to the admiration and enjoyment of them."

"Ah!" said Clara, "I felt from the first moment that you were only too kind and good to me, dear Pia."

"Wait yet a little, Carissima, you may perhaps think that in truth I was neither kind nor good enough; but uncharitable and hard."

Clara shook her head.

"By-and-by I came to think you wilful and headstrong, and, though without a touch of meaner vanity, not without dangerous pride. Oh! do not be offended, Carissima, at my speaking so: watching the faults and follies of my own wild heart has taught me to detect something of what is evil in others."

Clara pressed the hand which lay in hers.

"It was your disregard of all the wishes of your father's old friend, that good old baronet at home in England, that first put you in this light before me, when I had heard from yourself under what circumstances you first took to this artist life. You see there was no necessity lay upon you to drive you to it as it has often driven others. You had '*un pane sicuro*,' an assured livelihood, as we say in Italy."

"But the power, Pia, the gift? You know that I had not deceived myself with a mere fancy that I possessed it. I thought it a kind of duty to put it forth in exercise. For what else could God have given it me? To do nothing with it, would not that have been a sort of reproach to Him for bestowing it, in a mockery, since it might not be used?" She said this with a rising excitement.

"Hush! dearest, you do not speak wisely now. In the first place, there might have been some other use or exercise of it disclosed to you as time went on. And, in the next place, He gives many gifts and powers to some whilst He denies to them the opportunity of exercise; perhaps to fit them by their bearing with such denial for higher powers and holier gifts."

"It is very well to talk so, Pia ; but if you had felt the throb, and stir, and impulse of such living energies of art within you, you might have found it hard to take up with such a damping creed."

For some moments Pia answered nothing. She seemed to be solving a doubt within herself. Her lips parted as if about to speak, and then they closed again. A blush, as of shame at what she was about to say, came over her pale face. At last she said so modestly, so touchingly—

"If I had felt the throb and stir, Carissima! Why! sometimes I have fancied that here and here"—the thin hands lightly touched her forehead and her left breast—"the Lord had implanted powers, and gifts, and energies, in force and multitude. Yet you see what I am"—again she looked down along her wasted frame—"and you see where He has laid me; yet, when I am wise, I do not think He has cramped my true being after all!"

Clara gathered herself and knelt reverently as one might before some shrine, and put her hands together first, and said, "Pardon, Pia, pardon! and may He forgive me too!" Then she covered her face with both hands, and hid all upon the sick girl's breast, and sobbed bitterly.

Pia caressed the noble head as it lay on her. When Clara was a little calmer, the young Countess resumed:

"I thought, also, Carissima, concerning you, that although sometimes you seemed to treat the applause your genius won with a magnificent disdain, there was mere pride in that, and not a true superiority to a kind of fame which, after all, is empty. You spoke much of your art as glorious; and at first I thought you were speaking of the splendours only of its harmonies, of those radiant glories of music, which seem to have some share in the true glories of heaven. But I came to suspect, in time, that the powerful witchery of those emotions which the applause and admiration of the crowded theatre call forth, were not without some hold upon your thought and affection. Perhaps the suspicion was unjust; but again I say, it was the suspicion of one who loves you, Carissima, and is jealous for your true nobleness—as I think also that poor Marzocco was," she added, with a faint smile.

Clara uttered no word, but nestled down to her side again.

"And as I believed that yours was a soul reckoned to be worth chastening—indeed what human soul is not?—I forecast some coming sorrow, and I longed to share it with you."

"How shall I thank you, Pia!" said the kneeling girl in broken voice. "But you have not yet told me all. You said there was some other consideration, yet not personal?"

"Yes, one, of which a gradual instinct was then only beginning to creep over me; but on which a flood of light has since been poured in."

"You will not hide it from me?"

"No. As I said before, not if you sincerely desire to know; but in making it known I have even more fear of your breaking from me, than when I made bold to speak freely about yourself. Get up, Carissima, and sit back in the chair there, and look me steadily in the face."

Clara did as she requested.

"What I said just now in condemnation of your adopting artist life, in your form of it, touched only upon your own peculiar circumstances, had the calling been ever so respectable."

Clara winced at the word.

"I should have said that your embracing it in spite of your oldest and best friend, was resisting, not embracing, the true vocation the Lord was giving you. But though I knew little or nothing of theatrical life, I had misgivings when I came to think of it, with all my strong interest in you, that the calling itself was no way worthy of respect."

"What! you too, Pia—I beg pardon, Contessa Pia dei Guari—are you, too, going to insult me with that?"

She stood up, with a cold hard expression settling upon her fair countenance, and looked not at Pia, but, as it were, into vacancy beyond her.

"Chiara, Chiara mia, Carissima!" said the sick girl, "sit down, only sit down again, and look me in the face!"

She stood a second irresolute, then sat down. The large, deep, dark, sunken eyes of the Florentine seemed to be searching out her soul with entreaty; and by a slow longing action, which seemed to grow insensibly out of theirs, Pia's lank arms were stretched out. A might of attractive tenderness, which to resist were

awful, drew Clara towards those eyes and arms.

Again upon her breast Pia heard her say, "Forgive me!"

After a while she rose once more and sat down in the chair facing the sick couch.

"I am not convinced of any thing but this as yet, that I am more unworthy myself of your respect than I had thought. Yet, I pray you tell me, concerning my calling, what turned your former misgivings into your present disparaging uncertainty? If you will kindly answer me, whatever you may say, I promise, at least, to be rude and fierce no more."

"I had never been to the theatre myself, Clara, before the time when you left Florence last. My poor spine had made it impossible. So that I had no impressions but what were vague and contradictory to go by. You remember, however, how much better and stronger I felt when poor Orazio was with us that same season. I continued for some time to do so, and one night in the following Spring, my mother proposed that I should go with her to see a favourite opera. You know, dearest, how I love music, and also some remembrance of yourself increased my wish to do so. I went. Nothing, however, struck me concerning what I speak of, until at length the dancing began"-----

"Ah!" cried the English girl, "you need say no more of that, Pia; I always held it in detestation. Not for worlds on worlds would I ever have stooped to be a public dancer."

"You need not have told me so," she answered. "I could have cried with shame and indignation to see a woman, a sister-woman, affront the gaze of that crowded house in such debasement."

"But Pia, what has that to do with me? I need have no contact with the thing nor any with the person."

"Are not those very words sufficient answer, Clara? You, as the prima donna, are the prop and stay of a whole system of entertainment, one part of which, although it is not yours, consists in that from contact with which you shrink? Even if you should make known to those immediately around you, your disapproval of what shocks you, what of that? Do the hundreds who applaud you in

one scene, and the first dancer in the other, draw such distinctions between what you sanction and what she does? And then, can you endure, you that have a sisterly heart, you who are a member of one company with her, to wrap yourself up in a garment of self-satisfaction and indifference, and say, 'let me soar upon the sublimities of this dramatic art, and that poor creature exhibit side by side its degradations!'"

Clara was not a little moved; yet she kept silence.

"When I came home that night I was haunted by vexation and annoyance, to think, as I did, that one whom I loved so well as I love you should breathe an atmosphere tainted by such a shame. No arguments, I felt, could reconcile me to that from which the immediate impulse of my heart bid me thus recoil. Then I determined to know more. I wrote to Orazio, and entreated him to tell me all that his greater knowledge of the outside world had taught him concerning the ordinary position of actresses, and the circumstances which surround, as things now are, the ordinary theatrical life. You know my brother. He has his faults, poor fellow!—his own errors, and is paying for them dear. But he has a noble and a simple heart, a generous and a pure mind. So when I had heard all that he had to say upon these matters I was in doubt no longer, and began to pray for your deliverance."

"One more question, dear Pia, if I may still call you so after my insolence just now. When you conceived that you saw this point clear, why did you not write to me, instead of waiting until, perhaps, after some great sorrow, I should fulfil my promise of opening my heart to you?"

"Because, Carissima, come here now; kneel down, and let me hold your dear head in my own strange, fondling way—yes, just so. Because, Carissima, I feared—no! you shall not jump up and look angry now! I feared that till the Lord should crush a little the pride of a headstrong will, my words would be worse than useless."

"Ah, Pia! the event has shown that those dark eyes of yours had read me through and through."

OUR FOREIGN COURIER.—NO. IX.

FOR several months past our *Foreign Courier* was so taken up with the transmission of military bulletins and political intelligence of every kind, that no leisure was left for him to record the more peaceable triumphs of the pen. Even now, indeed, it does not seem easy to foresee when Europe will be allowed some interval of repose to meditate on the extraordinary drama in which the Emperor Napoleon has played the part of protagonist with such distinguished success. Were it not for the hope that a good understanding may be followed by a joint action between Great Britain and France, we should almost be justified in saying that war was as imminent now as it was this time last year. And yet, at the very moment that we are writing these lines, we have placed before us a letter from the Emperor Napoleon to one of the clerks who register his will, which contains a programme of industrial and commercial development, fruitful of the surest pledges of a solid and continuous peace. Wonderful are the changes and metamorphoses to be seen in the pantomimes of the London theatres; but the great magician of the Tuileries throws them all into the shade. Is it not literally true that we do not know what a day may bring forth?

Such a state of things is fraught with great mischief, not only to the commerce and social improvement of a country, but also—and this is what we are most immediately concerned with on the present occasion—to its intellectual welfare. When a mourning nation buried Lord Macaulay on the ninth of January, we felt as if we stood beside his grave, as if we were bidding adieu to almost the only possessor of great intellectual power of which our country could boast. With that wealth of wit and wisdom which was woven into every fibre of his mind, there passed away an historian who may not always be most credited, but who assuredly will ever be most read. There was something massive at any rate about his writings which completely overshadows the flimsy productions which call them-

selves the light literature of the age. The extent to which these productions have multiplied, after the fashion of evil weeds, is daily becoming a matter for very serious consideration. It is extremely difficult to resist the contagion, and keep in blessed ignorance of a vast number of trashy publications about which you are almost sure to be catechised by the lady at your elbow, or the neighbour at your Club. It requires a considerable amount of courage in this, as in higher matters, to be in the world without being of the world, and to live habitually in an atmosphere of thought so rarefied as to exclude all the insects of the day and of the hour which pour from the printing press in such alarming number. Meanwhile the injury done to the mind is great, and in most cases irreparable. For the mind has its stomach as well as the body; and the modern mind is so gorged, and palled, and surfeited, with the penny gingerbread of weekly, and the shilling lollipop of monthly publications, that we can no longer abide good wholesome food, are no longer able to digest works which it requires any perseverance to read, and any effort to understand. This frivolity of literary taste is followed by a general apathy of character, a general infirmity of purpose, and a total absence of moral earnestness. Perhaps we may be rather accused of overcolouring the picture, but we shall be pardoned for doing so, when we hasten to write underneath it—"A portrait of the artist."

Our *Foreign Courier* is vain enough to hope that he may do something towards checking that diseased appetite for the frivolous productions of what calls itself the literature of the age, by opening out vistas of thought in foreign lands, which may induce the reader laying down *Maga*, to take up solid stuff. Actuated by hostility to desultory reading, he will classify the books he has to notice, as heretofore, under the five heads of I. Theology and Philosophy. II. Politics and Education. III. Science. IV. History, Biography, and Travels. V. Belles-Lettres. So far

from taking for his motto the words of Cicero—"difficile est non aliquem, nefas quemquam præterire"—he both rejoices in the difficulty and glories in the shame, thinking it his duty to confine himself, in the main, to such works of mark as alone deserve the attention of any thinking man. At the same time, he will not be unmindful of the fact, that critics are the policemen of literature, and with hearty zest will he lay his truncheon about the ears of any miscreant—too often met with in the literature of France—who to foul and ignoble purposes shall prostitute the power of the pen. And now to business.

I. We have before us eight volumes of an edition,* now in progress, of Schelling's entire works. The full edition will consist of twelve. To speak adequately of the contents of even one of these volumes, in the limits of our *Foreign Courier*, would exceed our powers of condensation. We are most anxious, however, to call attention to the extremely important character of such of those volumes as are unedited, and as form part of the second division of his works. With a courage and self-denial rarely met with in the annals of literature, and still more rare in the annals of philosophy, Schelling was content to retire from the public for the space of nearly forty years—"grande mortalis ævi spatium"—and to leave his great rival and disciple, Hegel, in almost undisputed possession of the philosophical field, while he, himself, was spoken of as "used up," and as a thing of the past. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting, on this head, some of the language which Schelling employed, with so much dignity and feeling, in his opening lecture at Berlin, in the year 1841:—"Forty years ago it was my privilege to turn over a new leaf in the history of philosophy: one side of that leaf is now written over from top to bottom. I would gladly have left it to some one else to strike the balance, to state the result, to turn over the leaf, and to begin a new side. . . . Circumstances compel me on this occasion to talk to you about myself. Not that I wish to indulge in idle glorification—far from

it. A man who, after he had said his say in the cause of philosophy, thought it becoming to retire from the stage, and to let others have their fling and try their ground, while he allowed every possible judgment to pass unchallenged upon himself, not even being moved from his purpose of keeping silence by the abuse which was made of that silence, and by false statements on the historical development of modern philosophical doctrines; a man who was in possession of a philosophy, not that explained nothing, but that assured results earnestly tarried for, and calculated to extend the borders of human consciousness, and yet allowed the world to say of him, undisturbed, that his day was gone by, and who does not break through this silence till he is urged to do so by an imperative sense of duty—till it has become clear to him as the noon-day that the time has come for him to speak out like a man; such a man, gentlemen, has given ample proof that he is capable of self-restraint, that he is not addicted to hasty conclusions, that he has higher aims in view than to thrust into notice the opinions of the hour, or to make a snatch at a fleeting facile fame."—(Vol. iv. Second Division, p. 360). It would be easy to go on quoting other passages of like noble purport. But our limits warn us to be brief. The great point which we are anxious to impress upon the reader is, that all those denunciations which a certain class of writers are so prone to indulge in against Schelling's philosophy (as against all German philosophy), must now be suppressed or replaced by new ones—for these new volumes of his unedited lectures give not so much a different as a new aspect to his system, and might lead to some embarrassment on the part of would-be defenders of the faith, if a tirade against German philosophy, studded with the names of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, should be found, as regards one of them at least, to involve an attack upon an able and illustrious advocate of the truths of Revealed Religion, and a masterly expositor of their relations to the myths and doctrines of the un-

* "F. W. J. von Schelling's sämtliche Werke." Stuttgart. 1859. London: Williams and Norgate. I. 1-4. II. 1-4.

covenanted religions of the heathen world ; for such are the subjects with which this second, and unedited division of Schelling's works, is entirely occupied—the two first volumes being devoted to the Philosophy of Mythology, while the third and fourth are entitled the Philosophy of Revelation. After the perusal of these volumes, we cannot but think that Mr. Mansel would find ground to modify some of those stinging remarks which have found their way into the Notes on his Bampton Lectures ; notes, of which we fear it must be said, that they cast suspicion on his erudition, and a blot upon his taste. "Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis tempus eget." Light reading Schelling cannot, of course, be called. At the same time we think that even the general reader (which we take to mean a man who reads nothing in particular) cannot fail to have his attention arrested by the admirable remarks on the characters of the Evangelists, and by the thoughtful considerations on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, as set forth in the last volume of the posthumous Remains. As regards the author's relations to any of the orthodoxes of which Christendom is composed, we would call attention to the note at p. 323 of that volume. The value of the earlier volumes to the student of ancient mythology can scarcely be overrated. We should be glad to see this second division of Schelling's works translated. In time its best and soundest results will be reabsorbed by some of our theologians, and secreted anew as an original work, accompanied by sundry hits against "the dangerous tenets of German philosophy."

We may here mention another German work on Theology, which will be received in this country with less aversion and suspicion than any thing which proceeds from the pen of Schelling. Its author is a man of great and deserved repute in the theological world, being the famous Dr. Nitzsch.* The work is a very small one, and

consists of some academical lectures on Christian Doctrine, delivered at Bonn, in the summer of 1857, to "students of all the faculties," and recently edited by one of their number from a manuscript carefully revised by the Lecturer. The titles of the lectures will alone arrest attention. The general relations and constituent elements of Christianity are examined under the heads of:—1. Religion and Christianity. 2. Revelation and Holy Scripture. 3. Catholicism and Protestantism. The special doctrinal teaching of the Cross is grouped around the person of the Redeemer and the work of the Redeemer. Nothing short of the closest assiduity will enable the reader to comprehend more than one sentence in three of the very obscure matter which uniformly characterizes Dr. Nitzsch's works. Translations have been attempted of his earlier works, and that by men of great scholarship and theological acumen, but the task was soon abandoned in despair. It is difficult to understand how any body of academical students could be met with capable of following such a lecturer on such a theme. But in Germany this would excite no surprise. Men are generally so trained in theological and metaphysical gymnastics, and so versed in the received phraseology of the leading schools of thought, that they have no difficulty in taking it all in. We recommend this little work to the careful perusal of the numerous religious philosophers of whom Ireland is justly proud.

We have already had occasion to notice the exquisite volumes, published by M. de Sacy, of the *Académie Française*, under the title of *Bibliothèque Spirituelle*. The latest contribution to this admirable collection is a series of sermons† selected from Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon. As usual, M. de Sacy's preface is full of that shrewd common sense, high moral tone, and graceful language, for which every thing he writes is conspicuous. There are no stilted sen-

* "Akademische Vorträge über die Christliche Glaubenslehre für Studierende aller Facultäten." Von Dr. C. J. Nitzsch. Berlin. 1859. London: Williams and Norgate. 8vo.

† "Sermons choisis de Bossuet, de Bourdaloue et de Massillon," avec une préface par M. S. de Sacy de l'Académie Française. 3 vols., 16mo. Paris: Techener. 1859. London: Williams and Norgate.

tences on the grandeur of Bossuet, the logic of Bourdaloue, and the elegance of Massillon. On the contrary, M. de Sacy wishes that they should be approached in a less extatic and more practical spirit. He complains that in these great preachers of the seventeenth century, the orator has almost eclipsed the apostle. "C'est l'âme qu'ils demandaient, et c'est l'âme qu'on leur refuse. Défaisons-nous de ce respect qui nous gêne et qui les importune. Adressons-nous tout simplement à eux comme à des guides pleins de lumière et d'expérience." We have often asked ourselves, in reading a sermon of Bossuet, or of Bourdaloue, what effect they would produce if they were to get up into a Paris pulpit in the present day. As an answer to this inquiry we may state that we had recently an opportunity of hearing a course of sermons from the great preacher of France at the present time, the Père Felix, and we uniformly remarked that all his best sermons, and all his greatest efforts at pulpit eloquence, were those sermons and passages which were most imbued with the spirit, and most embodied in the forms familiar to the readers of his great prototypes two centuries ago. We do not know whether the taste for Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon, needs revival in France now; but we are certain that nothing could more effectually compass such an end than the excellent selections here made by M. de Sacy, and the beautiful manner in which these volumes are got up. Suppose we take as an example any sermon of any volume at random. It so happens we have stumbled upon Bourdaloue, and on a sermon on Forgiveness of Injuries—a most stupid subject. The instant you heard such a subject given out now-a-days by an ordinary preacher, you would nestle yourself in the corner of the pew, and do your best to forgive him the injury he had done you in inflicting such dull truisms upon you. Truisms you are sure they are—for if they were not as common as possible, you feel sure you would set greater value on them. But mark how the subject grows and glows on Bourdaloue's anvil. You

would soon get up from your corner and prick up your ears. The greater the truism the greater is the talent required for enforcing it. So true is Horace's remark, *Difficile est propriè communia dicere*.

We conclude this section by calling attention to a work on the "Human Mind and its Faculties," by a distinguished French ecclesiastic, the Abbé Bautain.* It contains some very interesting and shrewd observations—the author's psychological investigations having been greatly furthered by his study of medicine. M. Bautain believes that if doctors had more of the philosopher, and philosophers more of the doctor, in their composition, both medicine and philosophy would be singularly the gainers in speculation and in practice alike. There are two methods of studying the human soul, or in others words, there are two methods in psychology. The one starts with the *idea* of the soul, and deduces therefrom all its spiritual constitution; from its purest forms and highest faculties down to those inferior functions which are involved in its union with the body. This is the transcendent, or *à priori* method, and is little adapted for elementary teaching, requiring, as it does, the metaphysical inquiry into what this *idea* of the human soul is. In the second, or experimental method, followed by the writer of these volumes, instead of trotting off on the high *priori* road in quest of the idea of the soul, we start with such data as experience furnishes to us: the experience of the senses as regards the outer, and of the conscience as regards the inner life. Such is the extent of the field embraced in these volumes. By far the most interesting part is that which deals with the experience of the senses, and which investigates the nature of sight, hearing, smell, &c. Excellent, too, is the chapter on the understanding, the imagination, and memory. We fancy that our readers will find in this work a great deal that is suggestive. It is written in a style of singular clearness, and bears, in this respect, a marked contrast, it must be confessed, to the productions of German philosophy.

* "L'Esprit humain et ses Facultés." Par M. L. Bautain. 2 vols. in 12mo. Paris: Didier. 1859. London: Williams and Norgate.

II. With the permission of our readers we purpose devoting our second section on "*Politics*" to the consideration of sundry *brochures*, selected from the shoals of such publications which have emanated of late from the French press.

If the present crisis in the affairs of Europe were not such as to check the levity of the most frivolous temperament, it would be difficult to suppress a smile at the consternation into which the anonymous pamphlet—"Le Pape et le Congrès"—has thrown the fulsome ecclesiastical adulators of the "eldest son of the Church." A French writer of considerable satirical power—M. Prevost-Paradol—relates, in connexion with this cruel rebuff, a story of an Indian Rajah, who was wont, periodically, to give vent to his hoarded hate of the abject flattery he met with from his courtiers, by giving them a hearty good kick in the belly, which sent them sprawling on the floor, as they were in the act of stooping down to kiss his Majesty's toe. This is precisely what Napoleon III. has done to the Ultramontane party, who crawled like vermin on the steps of his throne. He has at length thrown off the mask, and proved that he was no dupe to the false arts by which they thought to compass his support. Ever since the *coup d'état* he had tickled their vanity, and coquetted with their lust for power, but all the while he knew that he and they were but common actors in a common sham, and that the day must come when disguise should be thrown aside; and their real secret purposes be unveiled. To those who have had the opportunity of being close and observant spectators of what has been going on in France during the last ten years, and who have occasionally looked behind the scenes, this result will seem any thing but surprising. The only marvel is how the bubble could have been kept so long from bursting; how a lie could have acquired such remarkable longevity. For all the while that the minions of the Pope were professing their reverence for the French Emperor, the Pope himself—strong in the support of Austria—was treating with contemptuous silence, or with insolent refusals, every appeal made to him by Napoleon to introduce reforms into his government, and to exchange his sympathies with Austria,

for submission to the leadership of France. And while this was going on at the Vatican, préfet upon préfet at home was besieging the Minister of the Interior, or of Public Instruction, with complaints of the harrassing conduct of the Ultramontane clergy, and of their invidious attempts to get hold of power, were it only by the skirt. "What!"—was in effect the language of that ecclesiastical bravo, M. Louis Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*, to Napoleon III., "are you simple enough to suppose that the Pope is grateful to you for restoring him, as you call it, in 1849, to the Vatican! The Pope never wanted you. What you did, Austrian or Spanish bayonets could have done equally well. You come of an ugly stock. We have not forgotten your uncle. Your kiss is the kiss of Judas Iscariot; and we devoutly wish that your end may be like his."

Nettled by the treatment he met with at Rome, and alarmed by the ground which Ultramontanist tenets were gaining in France, Louis Napoleon cast about for the means of vindicating his wounded dignity, and for arresting the progress of the danger. So long as Austria was supreme at the Vatican, so long as France was checkmated at every turn by Austrian influences, no efficient remedy could be provided. Accordingly M. Hubner was threatened, and M. Hubner's master was thrashed. In fifty-six days, a civilian who had passed his fiftieth year without ever so much as seeing a field of battle, brought to its completion one of the most brilliant military campaigns which the history of the world has on record. That a career so brilliant should so suddenly have been arrested is one of those mysteries which give rise to endless conjectures, and of which the French Emperor alone can furnish the true solution: *manet alia mente repositum*. Of all these conjectures, by far the most plausible seems to us to be that which assigns this sudden right-about-face policy partly to the dread of the revolutionary fever gaining too firm and too wide a footing, and partly to the menacing attitude of the smaller German powers with Prussia at their head. Conscious that his hold on the allegiance of the masses of the French people had been established by the success (we say nothing

of the means) with which he had quelled the boiling surge of revolutionary anarchy, Napoleon III. must have felt that he was incurring a very serious responsibility if, under his auspices, the many-headed hydra again brought dismay to the society which called him their saviour. Besides, his principal object was achieved. He had shown the Pope that in electing for Austria as his guardian and buckler against France, he had committed the blunder of betting on the losing side, and that it behoved him to treat with greater consideration a power which could enforce its arguments by such decisive appeals to arms. It is needless to remind our readers how Europe was mystified for upwards of four months by repeated fluctuations in the Imperial policy. An April sky was not more changeful than the surface of that brow, which by turns frowned with displeasure and lighted up with approbation at the steady march of Italian Liberty. Two pledges, it was generally believed, had been given by the French Emperor—pledges so antagonistic to each other that it passed man's understanding to divine how they could ever be kept. On the one hand, the scheme concocted at Villafranca, comprised (though in what exact form does not precisely appear) the restoration of the dukes, on the other hand, an understanding was come to that to effect that restoration no force should be employed. We feel very confident it will be found that this latter determination was in great part the point of the decided position which Great Britain took up on the resignation of Lord Derby's administration.

The statement put forward by our Government, that we would take no part in a Congress unless it was agreed upon as a preliminary basis that no foreign intervention should be allowed to step between the Dukes and their subjects in Central Italy, made the Emperor pause before he threw up the English for the Austrian Alliance, and ultimately compelled him to leave Austria in the lurch. The result is one which cannot but be hailed with delight by every friend of Italian liberty, but at the same time is big with lessons on the value of Imperial pledges, which we trust will not be lost even upon the Emperor's closest

allies. With this change of direction in the policy of Napoleon came a proportionate change in the bearing of his underlings. From coarse and malignant the language of the Government papers in France became comparatively friendly and polite towards this country. But if the prospects of the Duchies were so far improved, there was no lack of perplexity as to the course to be adopted respecting Romagna. What were to be the bases on which the Congress was to meet as respected the States in direct rebellion against the Pope? Of a sudden there appears a pamphlet which every one recognised as bearing the same marks of authority as two pamphlets which had been laid before the world at previous important crises of Imperial policy. Like them it purported indeed, though anonymous, to be written by M. De La Guéronnière; but like them there can be no question that it emanated from what in slang phrase is called the highest quarter. This pamphlet is now before us, and we think our readers will do well to stop their ears for a moment to the hubbub which it has created, and to consider dispassionately what are the arguments it employs, and the conclusions at which it arrives. It will hereafter form one of the most important materials for a future historian of the Papacy; and both on account of the direction from which it proceeds, and of the solution at which it aims, is assuredly one of the most important state papers that has ever been published.

The writer starts by inquiring whether the temporal power of the Pope be necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power, an inquiry which he answers in the affirmative. Not only for the sake of Catholic but for that of all Christian States it is essential, he conceives, for the due, unshackled discharge of his spiritual functions, that the Pope should be independent as a temporal sovereign. England, Russia, and Prussia have as great an interest as France—an interest arising from the necessity of keeping undisturbed the equilibrium of Europe—in preventing the Pope from becoming the vassal, the chaplain, as it were, of Austria or of Spain. A healthy jealousy would always be on the watch, without any regard to religion, to prevent any one power from monopoliz-

ing that most moral influence which the Papacy cannot but possess, and seems determined to abuse. But how is this temporal power, thus essential to the healthy action of the Papacy and to the welfare of Europe, to be reconciled with the spiritual functions of the Pontiff? How are the dogmas of the Holy Catholic Church to be woven into the same woof with the wants, the wishes, and the interests of European civilization in the nineteenth century? No known form of government, no devices of the most scheming constitution-monger will avail to reconcile the exigencies, divers and diverse, of two orders of things so diametrically opposed as the spiritual Pontiff and the temporal Potentate. Indeed, the idea of a State does but embarrass our attempts to solve the problem. Let us put it aside altogether and ask ourselves whether the true conception of Papal rule does not come more nearly to that of a family than to that of any body politic. When we look at the matter under this aspect we perceive that our ideal of the Papacy will best be realized when the territory subject to its sway is reduced to the narrowest limits consistent with the temporal independence postulated in *limine*. "Plus le territoire sera petit plus le souverain sera grand"—(p. 11). The writer then goes on to show that any attempt to unite the Papacy with the ordinary machinery of a considerable temporal power must ultimately lead to a crisis in which an Austrian or a French military occupation is the only remedy—a remedy worse than the disease. Such a dilemma can bring nothing but discredit on the Church. "Ce n'est pas ce que peut vouloir la France. Ce n'est pas ce que veulent les hommes véritablement religieux." After showing what the Papacy ought not to be, the writer gives his views of what it ought to be. It should throw its whole weight, as it were, and concentrate all its power and influence in ruling with mild and paternal sway the Eternal City alone. The Romans are to be a kind of political eunuchs, for the special service of the Holy Pontiff. In that glorious metropolis of Catholic Christendom they are to bid an adieu to the angry passions and interests to which less hallowed peoples are victims, and are to devote the whole of

their lives to the glory of God and the moral grandeur of the great centre of Catholic unity.

Having thus laid down the principle of the Papacy as it ought to be, he has to consider the Papacy as it is. And here he is met by a fact of cardinal importance. Romagna (which the newspapers will persist in calling *the* Romagna) has *de facto* thrown off the authority of the Pope. Must Romagna be restored to the patrimony of St. Peter? The writer does not now discuss the question as a matter of arbitration between the governed and the governors; he does not pretend to examine into the justice of the grievances insisted on by the population of the revolted States; he contents himself with inquiring whether the real interests of the Church and the authority of the Pope render it expedient that Romagna should be compelled to yield submission to that yoke from which she is now *de facto* free. He admits that the Pontiff, by virtue of the treaties of 1815, is justified in demanding the restitution of this part of his territory; but he doubts whether such a demand would be expedient or wise: he doubts whether a few hundred thousand subjects, compelled by Austrian bayonets to crouch in abject submission, with gags on their mouths, and fetters on their limbs, can be said to form a very valuable acquisition to the dignity and authority of the Holy See. But assuming this demand to be made, how is compliance with its terms to be compassed? Are advice and persuasions to carry the day? They have been tried and found wanting. "The Emperor of the French," says the pamphlet, "who has constantly upheld the rights of the Holy See, put into play all his moral influence to keep down agitation in Central Italy, and to reconcile the populations with their former Governments. He was foiled in the attempt, and his influence was unable to remove impossibilities. Accordingly the only means left is force." To exercise it at all would be a grave mistake, fruitful of lasting injury to the moral influence of the Sovereign Pontiff. But waiving this point, to whom is its execution to be intrusted? To France or to Austria? France cannot, will not undertake it. She will not be responsible for so grave an in-

jury to the moral power of Catholicism: she cannot, as a liberal power, use violence to force a population to submit to a government which the national will has spurned. However cautious she has been in abstaining from encouraging or recognising the *de facto* Governments of Central Italy; however great may have been the efforts of her diplomacy to reconcile rebels with their rulers, she cannot forget that these Governments started into being simultaneously with the removal of Austrian coercion, and that they are the fruit of a legitimate reaction against foreign occupation, and of a national impetuosity to welcome France as the deliverer of the Italian Peninsula. And if France cannot be the instrument of coercing Romagna into allegiance to the Pope, Austria must not, and shall not. To allow her to march her legions to Florence, to Parma, and to Bologna, would be to admit that in the recent struggle she had come off the conqueror. The blood which France lavished at Magenta and Solferino would have been spent in vain, and she would be stultified in the eyes of Europe, and humiliated in her own. "The ascendancy of Austria in Italy," says the pamphlet, "is put an end to. *This is the great result of our campaign*, a result consecrated by the peace of Villafranca." If Austria cannot be allowed to exercise any intervention, much less can Naples. In short, Europe, in Congress assembled, is the only regular, legitimate, and efficacious organ for deciding those questions which touch on the redistribution of territories, and the revision of treaties. Europe, assembled at Vienna in 1815, gave Romagna to the Pope; Europe, assembled at Paris in 1860, is at liberty to come to a different decision. Only now, the responsibility incurred will be less onerous, because if she do not restore Romagna to the Pope, she will only have to register a *fait accompli*. The pamphlet concludes with expressing a wish that the Congress may be induced to start with the recognition of the necessity of temporal power to the Papacy as a pledge of the equilibrium of Europe, and may then counsel such steps as may most conduce to realize that ideal of the Holy See, which it has been the writer's object to unfold.

It should be borne in mind that

the language of "Le Pape et le Congrès," is, throughout, as sober and dignified as the most "sincere Catholic" could desire. The arguments advanced may or may not be sound—we have, ourselves, not a doubt of their justice—but the form in which they are presented contains nothing at which the most fastidious could be justified in taking offence. Let us now turn to one of the replies which it has called forth. Unable any longer to publish their episcopal charges in the newspapers, the bishops take to letter writing (we can scarcely call it *polite* letter writing), and so evade the rigours of the law. Accordingly, the pamphlet before us is called "Lettre à un Catholique." Its author is the Bishop of Orleans, Monseigneur Dupanloup by name, a member of the *Académie Française*. This prelate has ever been noted for his Gallican sympathies, and his hostility to the *Univers*. He has always been identified with as much liberalism as can be supposed compatible with the position of a Romish prelate. But alas! what a change has come over the man. Our readers will remember, and we think the bishop will not soon forget, his famous bout with M. About, and now he puts lance in tilt against the author of the pamphlet,—the sincere Catholic "who takes the *Times* for his first editor, and courts the unanimous and eager applause of revolutionary and impious French journals." The remainder of this episcopal reply is in keeping with the scurrility of its commencement. He states that the writer's aim is worthy of the absurdity of his means, and the iniquity of his principles; and he gives his "pensée définitive" on the "too famous brochure" in the following words:—"Sauf la calomnie, dont la forme est plus vile chez M. About, c'est une nouvelle édition de son pamphlet." Rousseau and Voltaire are, of course, lugged in; they are a constant part of the scenic property of a Romish ecclesiastical performer. Stray phrases are picked out and carped at with the kind of smartness we should expect to meet with in an Old Bailey barrister. But when we come to ask ourselves, or rather to ask the bishop what his opinion is as to the practical solution of the very grave problems at issue, there is not a line in the letter which gives the faintest ground for con-
jec-

ture that he has formed any opinion, always excepting a very strong one on the expediency of pugnacity.

We can, however, forgive a bishop, even though he so belie the expectations formed of him as does M. Dupanloup. But what must be said of M. Villemain, who has actually the audacity to take up the cudgels in favour of that very Ultramontanism of which he has all his life been the avowed opponent, and to prate sententiously on the vested rights of legitimacy—he, the minister of Louis Philippe!! A more glaring instance of the meanness of which the Orleanist party are capable, has never yet, we think, been given to the world. We can readily understand the mortification which they must feel at the high hand with which the Emperor is carrying out a policy which so completely takes the wind out of their sails; but we should have expected that a love of appearances at least (for we should be sorry to accuse them of any regard for principle) would have deterred them, or at any rate would have deterred such a man as M. Villemain, from making common cause with the most determined enemies of civil and religious liberty throughout the world and throughout all time. Only conceive M. Villemain being patted on the back by the *Univers*, which has for years put him in the pillory as an atheist, and an infidel, and a sophist, and a Voltairian, and Heaven knows what besides! It may not, indeed, be quite prudent to put implicit confidence in the assurances of the Emperor of the French: but assuredly it would be nothing short of absolute madness to look with any thing but dismay at the advent to power of a set of men whose governing principles are found to be compatible with such profligate tergiversations.

We had one or two other pamphlets to notice: for example, a very elaborate one on the Pope's temporal power, by M. Arnaud, who played a conspicuous part in the Republican Assembly previous to the *coup d'état*. It is valuable in matter, and excellent in spirit, but our space will not permit us to do more than mention its existence. As little would it become

us to allude, in this place, to the manly letter of the French Emperor to the Holy Pontiff. We do not know whether Popes make wills, but we shrewdly expect that Pius IX. will cut off "his eldest son" with a shilling. Be the issue what it may, we cannot but admire the "pluck" of the Third Napoleon in throwing down the gauntlet, not only to the Ultramontane party, but to the prohibitionists as well. We trust sincerely that in the course he has marked out for himself, he will meet with no stinted support from the Government of this country. If the peace of Europe is to be preserved, and the liberty of Italy secured, it behoves the Foreign Minister of this great empire to avow no barren sympathy in the cause, and so to wipe out the reproach which has often been cast against us, of wishing, selfishly, to preserve for our own use that liberty which we are fond of designating as man's great treasure here below.

III. There are few matters in which the superiority of France over other countries of Europe is notoriously more conspicuous than in the compositions of elementary manuals of science. A good illustration of this is to be found in the "General Notions of Physics and Meteorology," by M. Pouillet.* The reason of this superiority is to be found partly, no doubt, in the singular clearness of exposition which the French language possesses to an eminent degree, and which constitutes its greatest charm; but chiefly in the fact, that such elementary treatises are not considered beneath the dignity of the foremost men of science in the country. Where, as here, such works are handed over to men who, *by comparison*, are mere smatterers in the subjects they profess to elucidate. M. Pouillet, for example, the author of the volume before us, is one of the most illustrious ornaments of the *Académie des Sciences* at Paris, and is more especially famous for his researches, still in course of prosecution, on meteorological problems, which form an important feature in these "General Notions." As a good deal of discussion has been going on of late in the *Times* respect-

* "Notions générales de Physique et de Météorologie." Par M. Pouillet, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette. 12mo. 1860. London: Williams and Norgate.

ing the cold we had last year in the month of December, we think it may be interesting, if we extract from a table prepared with great care by M. Pouillet, those instances, between the years 1800 and 1858, in which the extreme of cold has fallen in the month of December. The reader will readily reduce the degrees of Centigrade to those of Fahrenheit. The place where the observations were made is Paris, the tables being compiled from documents at the Paris Observatory. M. Pouillet, our readers will understand, furnishes us in his table with the greatest heat and the greatest cold at Paris during the years specified, together with the days of the month on which such extremes of heat and cold fell. Our business is simply to extract from that table such days of extreme cold as fell in the month of December. We give, first, the year, then the day of the month, then the number of degrees, Centigrade, of cold, observed on that day of that year. Thus:—

1804, Dec. 20,	—8.3, centigrade.
	(i.e. 8.3° below zero.)
1805, Dec. 18,	—12.5, c.
1808, Dec. 23,	—11.8, c.
1817, Dec. 31,	—9.0, c.
1818, Dec. 27,	—6.4, c.
1822, Dec. 27,	—8.8, c.
1825, Dec. 31,	—8.0, c.
1835, Dec. 22,	—9.6, c.
1840, Dec. 17,	—13.2, c.
1843, Dec. 13,	—4.0, c.
1846, Dec. 31,	—8.0, c.
1851, Dec. 30,	—6.3, c.
1853, Dec. 30,	—14.0, c.

The first chapter of this excellent little work is on Natural Phenomena and their causes; the second is entitled Gravity, and is divided into six sections, embracing the action of the air and the laws of fluids and of gases; the third chapter is on Heat, and all cognate phenomena; the fourth is on Magnetism; the fifth, on Electricity; the sixth, on Electro-Magnetism; the seventh, on Molecular Actions, such as capillary attraction and the compressibility and elasticity of fluids and solid bodies; the eighth is on Acoustics; the ninth, on Optics; and the tenth and concluding chapter is on Meteorology. It is this last which is the most interesting in the volume, con-

taining, as it does, the results of a considerable amount of original research. We call particular attention to the investigations in this chapter as to the causes of those remarkable perturbations which took place last September in the electric telegraphs throughout France, and which have been attributed by M. Auguste de la Rive to the action of the aurora borealis, which was visible after midnight on the 29th of August. If any similar perturbations were observed in Ireland at or about the same period, we can only say that M. Pouillet would feel very grateful if such observations were communicated to him, to assist him in his examination of the causes. We are under an impression, however, that these very singular phenomena, which involved for hours together a more or less complete interruption in the transmission of messages, were mainly confined to France and America. The point, at any rate, is one which deserves very careful inquiry. The French government has for some time been engaged in collecting the elements of an exhaustive investigation from all the directors of telegraphs throughout the country. The system of centralization affords peculiar facilities for the prosecution of such inquiries. We shall watch anxiously for the result, and shall not fail to make our readers acquainted with it.

The clearness of exposition which we have claimed above for French works on science is peculiarly manifest in an excellent treatise on perspective, by M. Sutter, illustrated by fifty-six large quarto plates.* It is to be regretted that the author should have thought it necessary to head the work by an historical sketch of Art generally, and of perspective in particular, which gives to a reader who does not get any further on in the work, a very inadequate idea of the author's powers, so wanting in criticism, so flimsy in its details, is the whole of this preface. This circumstance, however, has not prevented the *École des Beaux-Arts* from endorsing the work with their approbation. That distinguished body could not fail to be struck with the extreme

* "Nouvelle Théorie Simplifiée de la Perspective." Par D. Sutter. Paris: Jules Tardieu. London: Williams and Norgate.

simplicity of the demonstrations, and with the soundness of the principles with which M. Sutter ushers the artist into a science of which the intricacies are frequently found so perplexing that the painter gives it up in despair, and trusts to a merely notional idea, gathered from other pictures, not from any independent grasp of first principles.

Such of our readers as are engaged in photography may be interested in learning the opinions of a not incompetent judge on the conclusions to be drawn from the specimens of the art which were sent to the great exhibition last year, at the *Palais de l'Industrie*, in the Champs Elysées. The writer* is a practical chemist and scientific *feuilletoniste* of considerable repute. His annual publication, called the *Année Scientifique*, has met with great success, so that on the whole M. Figuier has a right to be heard. We feel particularly interested in his remarks on the photographs sent by English artists. It is of value to know how we are regarded *from without*. Exceptions might perhaps be taken to some of M. Figuier's expressions as indications that he looked at us through spectacles tinted with prejudice. But on the whole we have no doubt that an English art-critic would have used language quite as severe or even more so. It might also be advanced in reply, that Great Britain had sent comparatively few specimens, and was, therefore, ill represented. But to this M. Figuier would be perfectly justified in replying, "*tant pis pour elle*." With regard, then, to our photographic views of landscapes, &c., M. Figuier asserts, that you would know them at a glance to come from this country, from its cold, stiff, monotonous aspect, for all the world like a vignette in a keepsake; which we admit to be a most damning comparison. He allows, that in the great exhibition of 1855, the photographic views of Messrs. Fenton, Maxwell

Lyte, and White, were universally admired; but this was chiefly on account of their comparative novelty, and he considers, that since these, and in the Exhibition of 1859, we have been completely distanced by French artists. We have seen this Exhibition, and we cannot but endorse the verdict of the French critic. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the works of Davanne, and of the Comte and Vicomte Aguado. In the chapter on portraits, M. Figuier very justly enlarges on the facilities which any photographer of genius has for giving proof of his artistic powers—that photography is not merely a mechanical operation to be gone through with consummate skill, but a field in which an artist can find room for the display of powers second only to those which are essential to eminence in the older recognised branches of art. This result was certainly very forcibly impressed upon us as we studied the series of portraits from different hands. The contrast, for example, between the comparatively idealized portraits by M. Adam Salomon, and the lifelike *realistic* works of Nadar,† was one which could only arise from the talent of the two artists being different in kind as well as in degree. No difference of manipulation alone could account for works in such decided antagonism to each other. Let the reader, the next time he walks down the *Boulevard des Italiens*, stop at the doors of Nadar, and (a little further on) of Mayer respectively—Mayer being a photographer of the same class as Salomon—and he will at once be struck with the individuality which a genuine artist is able to impart to the operations of his lenses and chemicals. M. Figuier makes an exception to the severity of his criticism on English portrait photographers, in favour of Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, "*qui exposent des œuvres excellentes et achevées*." We have now before us two of their works which fully corroborate the high praise of the French critic.

* "La Photographie au Salon de 1859." Par Louis Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette. 1860. Bibl. des Chemins de Fer.

† Nadar is such a curious name that our readers may care to know the origin of it. Some years ago it was the fashionable slang among the *rapins*, or art students of Paris, to stick on the appendage of *nadar* to the name of any and every *confrère*. Our photographer's real name was *Tournichon*, and he thus became *Tournichon-nadar*. He dropped his own name and retained the appendage as a *nom de plume*.

In the chapter on the reproduction of works of art by means of photography, the palm of photographing pictures is awarded to an English artist of the name of Bingham, though the praise is qualified by the statement, "*qui réside et travaille à Paris.*" In the case, however, of heliographic views, M. Maxwell Lyte's photographs of scenery were pronounced detestable, "*bien qu'il habite depuis vingt ans la France.*" Let us hope, therefore, that Mr. Bingham may have the benefit of his nationality, and that the accident of his residence in France may not diminish our pride in his exquisite reproduction of Delaroche's great *Hémicycle de l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. The last chapter of this little volume will be peculiarly interesting to all practical photographers, being an account of all the photographic innovations and improvements to be found in the Salon of the Champs Elysées. In conclusion, we would remark, that M. Figuier would have done well not to have invited any comparison between his *salon* (as art-reviews are technically called in the French press), and those of Diderot, which rank as a French classic. He disclaims, indeed, any such comparison as a *sotte idée*, and merely wishes his own volume to be considered a *pendant*. But we all know what such disclaimers are worth, and we cannot even concede to his *critique* the humbler place of a *pendant* to Diderot.

Apropos of this *salon* of 1859, any one who wishes to form some idea of what was worth seeing among the works of art of every kind—nearly 4,000 in number—which adorned (or at least covered) the walls of the Exhibition, will do well to get hold of a little book* which gives a capital *resumé* of

the best criticisms of the best pictures, &c. There is one page, however, through which we must draw our pen. It is that on Clesinger's polychrome Sappho, the *chef-d'œuvre*, to our mind, of the sculpture exhibition. We are sure that if the author had enjoyed the privilege which we had of hearing the remarks made on it by one keenly alive to every thing noble and beautiful in art, he would have seen cause to refrain from joining in the ignorant cry against polychromesculpture. On the other hand, we see with pleasure, that he renders justice to the works of M. Huguenin,† which attracted great and deserved attention. Among them, remarks M. Aubert, was an admirable portrait of our friend M. J. T. de St. Germain, of whom we shall have to speak later on.

IV. We commence our fourth section with a work‡ of which we cannot but regret that an English translation does not appear, *pari passu* with the original German. The work of which we are speaking is the famous Gervinus's History of the Nineteenth Century posterior to the Congress of Vienna, of which the fourth volume (speaking loosely, for we cannot be bothered with those annoying divisions and subdivisions by which German publishers so ingeniously split up a volume into *five halves*) is now before us. As at all times (for it is a *κρημα ἐς αἰ*), so more especially at the present crisis of affairs in Europe, we know of no work of more intense interest—no work which it is more difficult to lay down—than this same History of the Nineteenth Century. Our readers will, no doubt, remember the ridiculous trial and frivolous persecution to which Gervinus was subjected, in 1853, for the

* "Souvenirs du Salon de 1859." Par Maurice Aubert, in 18mo. 1859. Paris: Jules Tardieu. London: Jeffs.

† While these pages are passing through the press we grieve to say that intelligence has reached us of the death of this distinguished artist, in the prime both of his talent and of his life. When we think of the sufferings by which his death was preceded we can scarcely be selfish enough to wish him back on earth to encounter such sufferings again. On other and higher grounds, however, we cannot but regret that Art has lost a disciple, who united to a sense of beauty so pure and so keen a skill in execution which seemed destined to secure for its possessor, in due time, a very high place among the sculptors of France. We trust that his sorrowing friends will accept this feeble tribute to his memory as the honest expression of admiration and regret which M. Huguenin's works have extorted from one who had not the honour of his personal acquaintance.

‡ "Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen." Von G. G. Gervinus. Vol. IV., 1859. Leipzig. 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate.

publication of an "Introduction," with which he heralded the work itself, at a distance of two years. The history itself is one of the most powerful books we have ever read. Impartial it does not pretend to be. No one who knows any thing of the author's career would expect any thing so chimerical in his political writings. At the same time, there is no attempt to take the reader in. In the opening words of the preface to the first volume, on the very forehead of the book, he makes no mystery of his passionate attachment to popular rights and liberties; of his horror of the diplomatic coils and lying protocols, by which states have been dismembered, nationalities smothered, and the righteous hopes of suffering peoples made of none effect. Perhaps it may not be inopportune if we state, as briefly as we can, the contents of each of the four volumes which we have read with such unmixed satisfaction. The work, it should be mentioned, is intended to be a continuation of Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century, which leaves off at the year 1815. The first volume, then, opens with I. "The Restoration of the Bourbons" (pp. 1-174), and passes on to a review of the proceedings of II. "The Vienna Congress" (pp. 174-319). The remainder of the first volume (pp. 319-518), and the whole of the second (pp. 1-782) is devoted to III. "The Reactions of 1815-1820." The third volume is filled with IV. "The Revolutions of the Romanic States in Southern Europe and in America"—revolutions which gave rise to Canning's famous piece of clap-trap, that he had called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. The fourth volume is entitled V. "The Repression of the Revolutions in Italy and Spain." At intervals throughout the narrative we have portraits of men of the day traced with a power which makes them the most brilliant things of the kind we have ever read. We write this somewhat hyperbolic praise fresh from the perusal of the last eight pages of this fourth volume, which are filled with an estimate of the conduct and

character of Mr. Canning—an estimate more just, even in the height of its well-merited severity, than any we remember to have met with. The unquenchable thirst for power which betrayed Canning into so many acts of duplicity, petulance, and intrigue, is followed out into all its consequences with the unflinching criticism of a master hand. So, again, in other parts of the work, the characters of Talleyrand, Châteaubriand, the two Schlegels, Schleiermacher, Schelling, Walter Scott, Manzoni, Metternich, are *morceaux* which will live as long as the language in which they are penned. We feel that they are written by a man who may, at times, be one-sided and unfair, but who, at any rate, is thoroughly in earnest, and whose whole soul is in his work. Irishmen will thank him for remembering, as he commences his survey of the literary history of the nineteenth century, that "Ireland had furnished the greater part of the names illustrious in letters during the eighteenth century"—(vol. i. p. 402).

Wide as the poles asunder from George Gottfried Gervinus, is Leopold Ranke,* who has just published the first volume of a work, entitled "English History, chiefly of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." The one is a *man*, the other is an *author*. Amiable in all the relations of private life, esteemed wherever he is known, elegant in his tastes, versatile in his acquirements, polished in his diction, measured in his sentiments, Ranke possesses qualities which will always make his writings worth reading, and thoroughly readable. But he is not the man to stir you up in your heart of hearts; to carry conviction home to your breast, and make you love the thing that he loves and hate the thing that he hates. The reason of this is obvious. Ranke cannot communicate what he does not himself possess. Of love and of hate (as an historian) he knows nothing. His feelings respecting any event in history are "got up"—are put on, not put forth. This was not the temper of mind in which Niebuhr approached history. If it had been, he would not have left a name which

* "Englische Geschichte von Leopold Ranke." Vol. I. Berlin. 1859. 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate.

the world will not willingly let die. To erudition he added earnestness of purpose. This was the fire from heaven in the earthen vessel of clay. Nothing was foreign to him which could affect, or had ever affected, the destinies of his fellow-men. For to the true historian there is no such thing as the Past : his whole mission is to make the past present and the distant nigh. He thus throws himself into the midst of the people or the period of which he narrates the history, execrates the wrong and vindicates the right, as if his own heart had groaned in unison with the victims of the one ; as if his own arm had been stretched out to uphold the other. Now, it is precisely this golden bond of sympathy with the past which Ranke lacks, and the absence of which casts a chilling damp over his noblest pages. "Would that thou wert either hot or cold," is a feeling which constantly comes across the reader of his numerous works. The one now before us is no exception to the general characteristic which we have here given of Ranke's historical genius, more for the sake of showing wherein he differs from Gervinus than from any set purpose to run down an exceedingly elegant and valuable writer. On the contrary, we cannot but be grateful that he should have turned his attention to the history of a country to which—since his marriage—he can scarcely be called a stranger : for, in so doing, he not only gives us the benefit of a judgment unfettered by any of the conventional views and traditionary sympathies and antipathies of Englishmen ; he has also been enabled to produce some new matter from sources hitherto imperfectly explored. These are chiefly the collection of pamphlets of the British Museum and the statements of the Venetian Envoys, preserved in the archives of Venice. The first volume is divided into four books. The first (pp. 1-118) passes under review the history of England anterior to the period here embraced, and is entitled, "World-historical Epochs in the Earlier History of England." The second book (pp. 119-286) deals with the "At-

tempts to effect a separate Consolidation of the Kingdom in Spirituals and Temporals." The third book is on the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and more especially on her relations with Scotland. The fourth book ushers in the line of the Stuarts on the throne of Great Britain, and winds up with a very superficial account of the "Literature of the period."

The seventh volume* of the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Prince Eugène* (to which we have already called the reader's attention) covers a period ranging from October, 1810, to September, 1812. Accordingly, in the latter half of the volume, the scene changes from Italy to Poland and Russia, the Viceroy of Italy being called on to play his part in the formation of the army destined for the great Russian campaign. If we mention this volume at all, however, it is chiefly for the purpose of pointing out once more those indications of an inveterate antipathy to Popes and Papacy which characterized the "eldest son of the Church," and from which his nephew does not appear to be wholly free. The language he uses concerning the Pope, in more than one passage of these letters, is vehement, if not vindictive. Take the following as specimens :—At p. 105, Napoleon writes thus to Eugène, on the subject of the Pope : "Cet homme fait distiller partout le poison et le discorde," which we should scarcely consider a pleasing picture of the functions of God's Vicegerent upon earth. It must be said, however, that sundry members of the Romish hierarchy have recently been moving heaven, earth, and hell (especially hell) to substantiate the fidelity of the portrait. We turn over a page or two, and we come to the following, as the result of an inspection of some intercepted letters of the Pope : "Le Pape à la plus horrible conduite joint la plus grande hypocrisie ;" and two days afterwards he writes to Eugène about "mon intention prononcée de faire cesser cette lutte scandaleuse contre mon autorité." We hold that such expressions as these from the pen of the uncle are valuable as clues to what the lan-

* "Mémoires et Correspondance politique et militaire du Prince Eugène." Tome VIII. 8vo. Paris : Michel Levy. London : Jeffs.

guage of the nephew does *not* mean. M. du Casse, the editor, has drawn up a very interesting narrative of the preliminaries to the Russian campaign. The extreme secrecy with which these preparations were environed is, perhaps, worthy of remark.

In our last *Foreign Courier* we announced the publication of the first volume of a translation of M. Motley's History of the Dutch Republic, preceded by a very instructive and eloquent introduction from the pen of M. Guizot. We also insisted on the fact that in our judgment the translation served to keep out of sight those defects of style, which occasionally disturbed the serenity of the readers of the original. We have only now to add that the translation thus auspiciously commenced, has since been brought to a conclusion* in four handsome octavo volumes. The work is a most valuable addition to historical literature. However, we must not forget that we are now only speaking of it, *quid* translation, that being its only title to a place in our Foreign Courier's bag.

V. We scarcely know whether we should place in this section two volumes† which purport to be the Souvenirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier, and which have met with a success that might naturally have been anticipated from the reputation of the lady in question. On some grounds they may be claimed by the previous section of history and biography, but in consideration of the large amount of fiction (or at any rate of *suppressio veri*) in which the editor has indulged, we presume we do not err in assigning it to the *belles lettres* department. The editor is Madame Charles Lenormant, the adopted niece of Madame Récamier, and wife of a considerable French archæologist, whose death we saw recorded, a few weeks ago, as having taken place in Greece. From the intimacy in which the editor lived with the subject of these memoirs, she had every means of knowing, and we fear we must add, every motive for concealing the truth. It is this constant warring between

what should be told and what concealed, that throws over these volumes an air of mystery and of vagueness, which a more experienced editor would certainly have avoided. Madame Récamier was born in 1777, and died in 1849, so that these memoirs have taken ten years' cooking. During her sojourn here below she seems to have exercised the most extraordinary fascinations on all who came across her path, and especially on Mathieu de Montmorency, Ballanche, and Châteaubriand. To all, however, it is intended to be understood, Madame Récamier demeaned herself with a "rigueur impossible à fléchir." Not even her husband, we are expressly told(!) could extort any concession. Napoleon, Lucien Bonaparte, Metternich, German Kings and Princes, all bowed in turn, or together, as the case might be, at the shrine of this cold goddess. Her relations with these *illustrissimi* furnish room for a number of amusing anecdotes on the part of the editor, and for curious conjectures on the part of the reader. On account of these anecdotes the book is well worth the attention of the reader; but as a faithful portrait of what M. Récamier really was, we should say that these volumes were scarcely what the public had a right to expect. Let us pick out one or two anecdotes. Ballanche was one day making a call on Madame Récamier, and it so happened that his shoes were covered with a blacking of very disagreeable odour. He got into a long argument, which so protracted his visit, that Madame Récamier's patience was exhausted, and she was obliged to tell the poor man that he was a nuisance, along with the reason why. So Ballanche got up, walked into the anteroom, took off his shoes, came back and resumed the argument in his stockings. Another anecdote, which loses half its point from the wretched way in which it is told by Madame Lenormant, refers to Talma and the Bishop of Troyes. The tragedian and the prelate met together at Madame Récamier's table (as we doubt not they will again in a far

* "Histoire de la fondation de la République des Provinces-Unies." Par J. L. Motley. Michel Levy. 1860. 4 vols. London: Jeffs.

† "Souvenirs et Correspondance de Madame Récamier." 2 vols., 8vo. Paris: Michel Levy. 1859. London: Jeffs.

holier place). The Bishop requested Talma to give him a specimen of his powers by reciting some *morceaux* of a religious tenor. Talma at once complied, and returned the compliment by requesting him to quote some of the choicest passages of his choicest sermons. The Bishop consented. After having listened with the greatest attention, Talma praised his diction, made some observations on his action, and added, "it's excellent, Monseigneur, all about the upper part of the body; but the lower part is not worth a straw. It's quite clear you have never had to think how your legs looked." The next time the Bishop found himself in a pulpit he could scarcely have helped recalling Talma's witty criticism.

It would be rather late for us to speak of George Sand's "*Elle et Lui*,"* and of Paul de Musset's "*Lui et Elle*,"† if the whole of this wretched business had not been ripped open again, so to speak, partly by George Sand's reply to Paul de Musset in the preface to "*La Roche*," a novel she has recently published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and partly by a disgusting book called "*Lui*" from the pen of Madame Louise Colet.‡ The history (in outline, for we dare not go into details) of these successive publications, is as follows:—The famous poet, Alfred de Musset, died about eighteen months ago, used up with liquor and debauchery. Soon after his death, Madame Sand, who had been Musset's mistress, and had travelled with him in Italy, published a novel in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, called "*Elle et Lui*," in which she gave her version of her relations with the poet—the whole, of course, under counterfeit names—and of the rupture by which they were terminated. This version, as may be supposed, was exceedingly damaging to Alfred de Musset, who was represented as a half-crazy libertine, who, in his lucid intervals, adored Madame Sand, to whom, a moment after, he was capricious, brutal, and unfaithful. It appears that Alfred de Musset had had a presentiment that the life would be scarcely out of

his body before George Sand would endeavour to wreak vengeance on him for having detected and exposed her infidelity to him, under circumstances peculiarly horrible. Accordingly, he left behind him a quantity of notes and letters, charging his brother Paul to make no use of them, unless George Sand should act as he (Alfred) anticipated. How George Sand acted, the reader has already been told. Upon this, Paul de Musset set to work, and published *his*, or rather his brother's version of the rupture with George Sand. This rupture took place at Naples. Alfred de Musset was there taken very ill, and a young Italian doctor was called in. One evening, when he was at his worst, the doctor and George Sand came to his bedside, and the former, if we remember the story right, expressed his doubts whether their patient (who seemed to be in a state of syncope) would live through the night. An hour or two later, Musset, as he lay in bed, had his attention arrested by the shadow of two figures thrown on the wall. With a great effort he turned himself in bed, and moving aside the curtain, saw the doctor and George Sand together. "But why not?" asks the reader. "What more natural than that the mistress and the medical man should sit up and watch the lover and the patient." As an answer to this question, we can only refer him to the pages of "*Lui et Elle*," by M. Alfred de Musset; and we think he will soon see cause why those two aforesaid should not be together. But the matter was not to end there. Madame Sand had degraded herself, but she was not to enjoy the monopoly of the process. Madame Louise Colet came forward to follow suit, a proceeding which must have cost her very little effort, as all must allow who are acquainted with her antecedents. Those who are not so privileged, will do well to apply to M. Victor Cousin, who is able at least to supply all needful information. Her success was as complete as her worst enemies could desire. For the rest of our days we shall never come across any thing vile without being at

* "*Elle et Lui*." Par George Sand. Paris and London: Hachette. 1859.

† "*Lui et Elle*." Par Paul de Musset." Published in Charpentier's *Magasin de la librairie*. Paris: 1859.

‡ "*Lui*." Roman Contemporain." Par Madame Louise Colet. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle. 1859.

once reminded of Madame Louise Colet. The object of "Lui" is to set forth her own relations with poor Alfred de Musset, and, at the same time, to represent him as corroborating the version of the George Sand affair given by his brother Paul.

To say that these three books are filled with the most cynical details, is to say that they have met with pre-eminent success in France. To nearly all readers in this country they would be uninteresting, not merely on account of their coarseness, but because few only would be in possession of the key to the different characters. We have Jules Sandeau introduced, and Gustave Planche, and a host of other men of the day, who were drawn into the orbit of Madame Sand. Now, the fact that such books could have been written and sold is a proof, it will be said, that society in France is in a very diseased state. The perfect purity of society in Great Britain is sufficiently established by the proceedings before Mr. Justice Cresswell. With this, however, we are not now concerned. We start with postulating the gross immorality of the relations between the sexes in France. If marriage could be popularized, such affairs as the George Sand v. Musset case would be brought more seldom before the tribunal of public opinion.

But how is marriage to be rendered popular? This question M. Michelet has set himself to answer, in a book called "La Femme,"* which forms the sequel to "L'Amour," which the readers of *Our Foreign Courier* will remember was published this time last year. The professed object of this book is to get young men in France to marry. To incite that reverence for woman in general which men pay to their mothers and sisters in particular, would seem to be the best way of compassing normal and legitimate relations. M. Michelet would doubtless agree with us in this general statement of the end to be achieved. But, in the name of common decency, Heaven forbid we should agree with him in the means. We can scarcely bring ourselves to understand the moderation with which this work has

been spoken of in some quarters, except on the hypothesis that the reviewer had never read it. To our mind it is inexpressibly nauseous, and bears evident marks of being the work of a man whose imagination has run riot. "La Femme" is a mixture of anatomy, physiology, pathology, almanacks, and fine writing. Its contents may be congenial to a dissecting room and other haunts of medical students, but must of necessity poison the pure air in which any well regulated mind can alone breathe or live. In this hoary sinner's view, the *Ars Amandi* is nothing but Coste's *Atlas d'Orologie*, with an appendix on the art of reckoning the days of the month. This volume abounds with passages of the most exquisite beauty; but what of that, if at the close of the paragraph some disgusting fact is thrown before us which reduces the woman from her proper sphere as an angel to the lowest level. It is in the exact proportion of this "beautiful writing" that we pronounce it to be damnable and dangerous in the highest degree. The love of paradox is carried to undue lengths when such a book as "La Femme" is extolled as a meritorious attempt to improve the moral of society. Such a eulogy involves an amount of belief in the efficacy of homœopathy which we believe to be without a parallel.

Turn we then from these revolting pictures which our Sands and our Michelets expose to public gaze, with such cynical effrontery, and let us betake ourselves for a few hours of quiet healthy reading, to two exquisite volumes from the pen of our old friend M. J. T. de St. Germain. The first is† another of those *Légendes* to which the reader's attention has frequently been called in the pages of our Foreign Courier. It is entitled "La Veilleuse, or the Night-light," and the story turns upon the bond of sympathy, which two night-lights, twinkling athwart the gloom, end by forming between their owners, one of whom is a girl named Pholoë—the daughter of an artist on porcelain, in straitened circumstances—and the other an Englishman of large means and yet

* "La Femme." Par M. Michelet. Paris and London: Hachette. 1860.

† "La Veilleuse. Légende." Par J. T. de St. Germain. Paris: 1859. Jules Tardieu. London: Jeffs.

larger heart. To narrate after what fashion this Englishman comes to the relief of Claudius Martel and his family, is a task from which we shrink, partly for the reader's sake, and partly because our account would seem so tame and dull as compared with M. J. T. de St. Germain's charming style, that we should do ourselves small credit. It is perfectly marvellous by what simple agency the author of these *Légendes* produces his most lasting effects. The scene in which Pholoë is described as detecting a kind of mysterious harmony between her own *Veilleuse* and that of Charles Stanley, is as moving as any scene in the darkest melodrama. But it is precisely here that the power of the author is shown. Just as David, with a sling in his hand, and a few stones out of a brook, went forth to meet Goliath, so the author of these unpretending little *Légendes* defies the evil influences of a certain class of French literature, by giving palpable proof that the popularity of its coryphœi may be rivalled, if not outstripped, by pictures of purity and goodness, the like of which, it never entered into their hearts to conceive. Such books as those we have been castigating above, derive their popularity from the scandal of the day and the hour; but the *Légendes* of M. J. T. de St. Germain, we confidently predict, will take and keep a permanent place among those best and holiest of classics, the classics of the fire-side.

But we have another volume* to call attention to besides the *Veilleuse*,

and that is one of the veriest gems of poetry which we have seen for many a day. At the present season it is singularly opportune, for it bears the title of "*Les Roses de Noel*;" referring it would seem to the advanced age of the poet. Any one who wishes to see a book of poetry "got up," as book-sellers have it, to perfection, should look at this little *bijou*. The type, the paper, every thing in short is a *chef-d'œuvre*; and last, not least, the verses themselves, some of which are the most touching in idea, and the most musical in form that are to be met with in any French poetry, we do not except that of A. de Musset. M. J. T. de St. Germain warns us in the preface that these poems whisper of love; but surely the warning is wholly unneeded. There is nothing in the "*Roses de Noel*" which could leave an unpleasant taste in the mouth of the most fastidious. We must not omit mentioning that two of Tennyson's poems are translated in this volume; and those not of the easiest, one would think, for such a purpose. The one is *Lilian*, the other the "*Ring out Wild Bells*" of *In Memoriam*. We have never yet seen Tennyson so translated. The prose versions of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* so effectually gut his poems that they can scarcely be recognised. The *Foreign Courier* trusts it may for many a year be his privilege to bring before the notice of Maga productions which do so much honour to their author as the "*Veilleuse*" and the "*Roses de Noel*."

* "*Les Roses de Noel. Dernières Fleurs.*" Par le même. Paris: 1860. Jules Tardieu. London: Jeffs.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "FOX" IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR HAUGHTON, F.R.S.

THE arrival of Captain M'Clintock in London on the 21st of September last, and the publication of his letter to the Admiralty, enclosing copies of the two records of the Franklin expedition found on the west shore of King William's Island, set the whole country inquiring, who M'Clintock was, and what he had done. The latter of these questions he has answered himself by the publication of the book before us, of the first edition of which 10,000 copies were printed, of which 7,000 were sold before its publication. How he did his work he has not told us; for, as is well observed by Sir Roderick Murchison, in his preface,

"The natural modesty of this commander has prevented his doing common justice to his own conduct—conduct which can be estimated by those only who have listened to the testimony of the officers serving with and under the man, whose great qualities in moments of extreme peril elicited their heartiest admiration and insured their perfect confidence."—P. xix.

In the following pages we propose giving a brief answer to both questions, and to pass under review a few particulars connected with the Franklin Expedition and Search, which, in our judgment, have not yet received the notice they deserve and require.

The "Voyage of the Fox" did not make its appearance until after Christmas, but, notwithstanding that we are later in the field than some of our contemporaries, we believe we have ample room left, by their notices, for the suggestion of new and important considerations.

Captain Francis Leopold M'Clintock is an Irishman, descended from a family of Scottish origin, settled in this country for upwards of three centuries. His grandfather, John M'Clintock, Esq., M.P. of Drumcar, in the county of Louth, married, in 1769, the daughter of William Fos-

ter, Esq., M.P. for that county. The youngest son of this marriage, Henry, a Lieutenant in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, married the daughter of the Venerable George Fleury, D.D., Archdeacon of Waterford. There was issue of this marriage (with others), Francis Leopold M'Clintock, who was born in 1819, in Dundalk, county Louth, where he resided until he reached his twelfth year. He was educated at the Dundalk Endowed School, *sub ferula* Rev. Dr. Darley. In June, 1831, he entered the Royal Navy as a first-class volunteer on board H.M.'s ship Samarang, at that time lying at Spithead, under orders for the South American Station. The Captain of the Samarang was his brother-in-law, Charles Paget, eldest son of Admiral the Hon. Sir Charles Paget, K.C.B., the First Lieutenant being the present Captain M'Clintock Bunbury, M.P. for the county of Carlow.

He was constantly employed from 1831 to 1847 either on home or foreign service, or studying on board the Excellent, gunnery-ship, or at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth. He served under Captain Sir Edward Belcher in surveying the Irish coast, and subsequently in the Hercules, Crocodile, Gorgon, and Frolic, in the West Indies, the Pacific Ocean, and on the coasts of North and South America. In 1845, while serving under Captain Sir Charles Hotham, he obtained his lieutenancy, as a recognition of the zeal and ability displayed by him during the operations for the recovery of H.M.'s ship Gorgon, stranded at Monte Video. In 1847 M'Clintock returned to England from foreign service and applied himself diligently to the study of the various branches of nautical science taught at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, particularly steam navigation.

On the 12th June, 1848, the First

very sincerely yours
F. L. McMillan

Printer & Co. 1886

Searching Expedition sailed under the command of Sir James C. Ross, in the *Enterprise*, and Captain E. J. Bird, in the *Investigator*. The first lieutenant of the *Enterprise* was the now famous Captain Sir Robert M'Clure, who subsequently discovered a North-West Passage, on the 26th October, 1850, and afterwards, on the 28th April, 1852, connected the position of his ship, the *Investigator*, in the Bay of Mercy, with the discoveries of Parry in Melville Island, by means of a sledge journey across the ice of Banks' Straits. M'Clintock served as second lieutenant on board the *Enterprise*, under Sir James Ross, and made, in the spring of 1849, in company with his commander, his first sledge journey, along the north and west shores of North Somerset, discovering Peel's Strait, down which the *Erebus* and *Terror* had sailed in 1846. During this remarkable sledge journey—which was the first and the only one made in the right direction, with the exception of that of Messrs. Kennedy and Bellot, in Lady Franklin's schooner *Prince Albert*, in 1852—M'Clintock became painfully aware of the defects in ice-travelling as conducted up to that period. Starting from Leopold Harbour, on the 15th May, 1849, they reached, on the 6th June, Four River Bay, about two-thirds down the west coast of North Somerset, and sighted the coast, still trending southwards for upwards of forty miles beyond. They returned to the ships on the 23rd June, having travelled 500 miles in forty days, being an average of twelve and a-half miles per day. The hardships suffered by this party of fourteen were very great, as they met no game, and their sledging arrangements were very defective; in fact, five of the fourteen returned to the ships quite broken down in health from the sufferings they had undergone.

On the unexpected return of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, on the 3rd November, 1849, a most unfair clamour greeted Sir James Ross, who was accused, by hints and nods, contributed by all classes of *quidnuncs*, scientific and naval, of having gone southwards, down Peel's Strait, not because it led in the track of Sir John

Franklin, but because it led towards the Magnetic Pole, where he was supposed to be desirous of making additional observations. The cruelty and baseness of such an insinuated charge were rendered tenfold greater by the impression that prevailed in 1849, that the failure of Sir James Ross had probably sealed the doom of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is now, alas! but too certain that the last man of those unhappy crews perished at Montreal Island before the 12th June, 1848, when Sir James Ross sailed from England. An eyewitness, an Esquimaux woman, thus records his fate:—

"I saw him die; he was large and strong; he sat on the sandy beach; his head rested on his hands."*

Sir James Ross has never published an account of his voyage, which was, in some respects, of a most remarkable character; but we sincerely hope that, having endured in silence for ten years the criticisms of the ignorant, he will now gratify the wishes of his friends, and publish an account of his voyage, the details of which, we are certain, will worthily sustain the character he possesses, as one of the most daring and skilful of our Arctic sailors.

On the 4th May, 1850, the Second Atlantic searching expedition sailed from Greenhithe, consisting of the *Resolute*, Captain Horatio T. Austin, C.B.; the *Assistance*, Captain Erasmus Ommaney; and the *Intrepid* and *Pioneer* screw-tenders, commanded by Lieutenant Sherard Osborn, well known as an accomplished literary sailor, and gallant officer in the Sea of Azov; and Lieutenant J. B. Cator.

M'Clintock sailed in this expedition as first lieutenant of the *Assistance*, under Captain Ommaney, and distinguished himself by performing 900 miles in 80 days, in company with six men, being an average of 11½ miles per day for 80 days. This sledge journey was performed from Griffith's Island to Melville Island and back; and the record deposited by M'Clintock at the "winter harbour" of Parry, in 1851, was found one year after by M'Clure, when he visited Melville Island from the Bay of Mercy, and learned to his dismay that Captain

* "Montreal Herald," 24th December, 1855.

Austin's expedition had returned home, apparently leaving him and Collinson to their fate.

M'Clintock's journey to Melville Island was the longest performed during Captain Austin's expedition, the total number of officers commanding sledges being sixteen, including some of the most gallant and persevering names in the Navy List. This result, which reflects so much credit on M'Clintock, was partly due to his improved arrangements as to weights, food, fuel, &c., and partly to his success in securing game, which was abundant in the islands visited in 1851, as compared with North Somerset. During the journey they secured—

4 Musk oxen, and saw	46
1 Reindeer,	34
2 Bears,	10
1 Wolf,	
1 Snowy Owl,	
and many hares, ptarmigan, brent-geese, and ducks.	

Captain Austin returned to England in the latter end of September, 1851, having ascertained that the *Erebus* and *Terror* had wintered at Beechey Island in 1845-6, and had left no record either of their astonishing voyage round Cornwallis Island or of the route they intended to pursue. Captain Ommaney, Lieutenant Osborn, and Lieutenant Brown, had surveyed the north, north-west, and north-east coast of the Prince of Wales' Island, where alone the records of Franklin's progress should have been expected, and had found no trace, no footprint, to mark the presence of man in that lonely region, but rarely frequented by even the timid lemming or hare, or by the bear, the tyrant of its ice-bound shores. All in the Expedition, both of the Royal Navy and Merchant Marine, had done their duty, and done it well; but on their return home, not content with the consciousness of duty well performed, excused themselves to an exacting country by bandying charges of neglect and incompetence between themselves: the navy officers blaming the arrogance of the merchant sailors employed by government, like themselves, on this fruitless search, and the merchant officers returning the compliment, by enlisting the unreasoning aid of the public press against their naval comrades, who had proved their manhood, if

not their judgment, during the summer of 1851.

The English care for nothing but success; and woe betide the public servant who fails to glut their ravenous maw with the requisite amount of this commodity, as a due return upon the money invested in any public undertaking. The soldier and the sailor of England alike fight her battles, not merely in the cold shade of her aristocracy, but with the rope of an exacting and relentless task-master tied about their throats. While the winter of 1851 was spent at home in this idle strife, M'Clure and Collinson, having reached the ice of Banks' Land, passed the long polar night in the bay of Mercy and Walker Bay, having accomplished the same astonishing voyage from Behring's Strait to the head of the Prince of Wales' Strait, independently, at an interval of a year. The home public, despairing of the safety of Franklin, became uneasy about the fate of M'Clure and Collinson; and owing to the pressure of opinion, the Third Atlantic searching expedition sailed from the Thames on the 26th May, 1852, consisting of the *Assistance*, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C.B., author of the so-called "*Last of the Arctic Voyages*;" the *Pioneer*, Lieutenant Osborn; the *Resolute*, Captain Henry Kellett, C.B.; and the *Intrepid*, Commander F. L. M'Clintock. The two former vessels sailed up Wellington Channel, and wintered in Northumberland Sound. The two latter sailed to Dealy Island, where they wintered, and are the only ships that ever reached Melville Island, excepting the *Hecla* and *Griper* of Captain Parry. The object of the northern division was to explore the northern route, which formed a part of Franklin's instructions, and whither, we now know, he navigated his ships in 1845. The object of the western division was chiefly to communicate with and rescue M'Clure and Collinson. The former of these distinguished navigators was effectually aided by being taken on board the *Resolute* by Captain Kellett, with the entire crew of the abandoned *Investigator*; but the latter gallant and successful sailor was left to his fate, when, by the orders of Sir Edward Belcher, in the autumn of 1854, the four ships under his (Belcher's) command were abandoned in the ice, and

Belcher, with his indignant though silenced officers, sailed home in the Phoenix and other vessels from Beechey Island. On his arrival in Cork he wrote a letter to the Admiralty, from which we extract the following:—

"26th August, 1854.—I feel satisfied that no reasonable being of this expedition, *with brains free from the delusions of interested motives*, will venture to suggest that our unfortunate countrymen ever passed the meridian of Beechey Island after the spring or autumn of 1846. Dated, Cork, 28th September, 1854."

The whole world now knows—thanks to M'Clintock—that Franklin did the very thing that is supposed by this self-sufficient martinet to be impossible. Nay! his own ships have risen in judgment against his ignorance; for the Resolute, abandoned by his orders, sailed without crew or pilot out of the Arctic seas into the Atlantic; was found there by the Americans, and by them refitted and restored to England, where

she now lies rotting in one of our dockyards, a monument of the folly of those who sent a man, whose sole experience of Arctic service had been an unsuccessful boat voyage of a few miles, to command an expedition into the Polar seas; of the incompetence of that commander, and of the generosity of our sympathizing cousins of the United States.

The subordinate officers of this unlucky expedition vied with each other in the zealous discharge of their appointed duties; and the high honour fell to M'Clintock's lot, on this occasion, as it did in the second search, of performing the longest single sledge journey on record: as he travelled 1,400 miles in 105 days; being an average of $13\frac{1}{4}$ miles a-day for 105 days. The supply of game on this journey was very abundant, as is proved by the following table, published several years ago by Captain M'Clintock in the *Journal of the Royal Dublin Society*.

LIST of GAME SHOT or SEEN by M'CLINTOCK'S SLEDGE PARTY in 1853:—

Locality.	Date.	Musk-oxen.		Reindeer.		Hares shot.	Seals seen.	Gulls.	Brent Geese.		Ducks.		Ptarmigan.	
		Shot.	Seen.	Shot.	Seen.				Shot.	Seen.	Shot.	Seen.	Shot.	Seen.
Melville Island,	Between April 4, & May 13,	2	59	2	29	1	9	16
"	July 1 and 19, .	2	30	1	74	2	15	34	3	107	2	18	4	12
Prince Patrick's Island,	May 14, & June 26,	3	5	5	8	1	2	12	2	20	.	5	9	37
Emerald Island,	June 26 and 30,	13	.	1	7
Total amount of Animals met with,		7	94	8	124	4	18	53	5	127	2	23	22	65

On comparing together M'Clintock's three sledge journeys, it is easy to see the gradual bringing to perfection of this mode of Arctic travelling, the improvements in which were mostly effected by M'Clintock himself:—First journey, 500 miles in 40 days, equal $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day; second journey, 900 miles in 80 days, equal $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day; third journey, 1,400 miles in 105 days, equal $13\frac{1}{4}$ miles per day. This last journey must ever be regarded as a most surprising feat, for it exceeds the others

not merely in the number of days, but in the distance travelled per day. In order to accomplish it, we are informed that *ninety-five* consecutive days were actually spent in dragging the sledge.

There can be no better, or more generous witness to the success of M'Clintock, than his friend Captain Sherard Osborn,—himself a distinguished competitor in these honourable sledge races,—who thus writes:

"This sledging was brought to perfection by Captain M'Clintock. H

made one foot journey in those regions with Sir James Ross in 1849, with the equipment then known to Arctic navigators, and such as Franklin probably had, and was struck with its imperfections, and the total impossibility of making long journeys with *matériel* so clumsy, and entailing so much unnecessary labour upon the seamen. His suggestions were subsequently eagerly adopted, and in some cases improved upon by others. The consequence was, that whereas in 1849, we found our sledge parties able to remain away from the frozen-in ships only 40 days to explore 200 miles of coast, those of Captain Horatio Austin's expedition were away for 80 days, and went over 800 miles of ground; and, in Sir Edward Belcher's expedition, the journeys extended over a hundred and odd days, and distances were accomplished of nearly 1,400 miles!"—*Once a Week*, 5th Nov., 1859.

According to the result of the careful calculations of Captain Sherard Osborn, the maximum weight which each man dragged was 220 lbs.; of which 60 lbs. was dead weight, viz.: tent, sledge, clothing, &c.; and the remaining portion, 160 lbs., was consumed at the rate of 3 lbs. per day, as follows—1 lb. of bread, 1 lb. of meat, and 1 lb. of tea, cocoa, sugar, rum, tobacco, and fuel for cooking. At this rate, a sledging journey could only last for fifty-three days; but by the aid of dépôts laid out in the preceding autumn, supporting sledges to re-provision from and secure a retreat, and the chance supplies of game shot by the party, our seamen were enabled, as we have seen, to accomplish journeys lasting upwards of 100 days. Captains Austin and Ommaney have been ill naturedly censured, by some, for not having sent a dépôt of provisions sufficient for the relief of M'Clure and his sixty-six men, to Melville Island, by the hands of M'Clintock in 1851. It is not to be expected that critics of this stamp will appreciate the skill and success of M'Clintock in reaching that island at all, and bringing back his six men alive and well!

During the voyage of the *Fox*, dogs were used as well as men; and M'Clintock allowed 200 lbs. per man, and 100 lbs. per dog, as the maximum. The weights of his own man and dog sledge were as follows:—

	Lbs. weight.
1. Two sledges and fittings complete,	110

	Lbs. weight.
2. Tent, sleeping clothes, &c., . . .	90
3. Cooking utensils, and other tools,	40
4. Sledge gun and ammunition, . . .	20
5. Magnetical and astronomical instruments,	60
6. Six knapsacks with spare clothing,	60
7. Tins and bags to hold provisions and fuel,	50
8. Articles for barter,	40
9. Provisions and fuel,	930
Total,	1,400

The travelling party consisted of four men, six dogs, and two officers.

The safe return of Collinson, on the 6th May, 1855, from his long and most astonishing voyage from Behring's Strait to Cambridge Bay and back, a distance to and fro of 4,000 miles, completed the list of the Government Searching Expeditions; and, by the orders of the Admiralty, a book was published by Sir Edward Belcher, bearing the title of "*The Last of the Arctic Voyages*." We doubt if there was ever penned a more pretentious or a feeblér production, or a poorer defence of a miserable and mistaken policy—it met the fate it deserved, and failed to satisfy the demand of the English public for a more successful result of the expenditure of their money.

During one of his excursions from Cambridge Bay, Collinson found in a bay on the east side of the largest of the group of Finlayson Islands, "a fragment of a companion-hatchway, or door-frame, bearing unequivocal marks of having been fitted from Her Majesty's stores." This article, on examination by the dock-yard authorities at Woolwich, was believed to have formed part of the fittings of either the *Terror* or *Erebus*. It was found within 230 miles of the position of these ships when abandoned by their crews, and had been probably carried to Finlayson Island by the ebb tide.

Collinson was unfortunate as a geographical explorer, having been anticipated by M'Clure in the north-western, and by Dr. Rae in the eastern parts of his voyage; but as a sailor he is unmatched by any but Parry in these Polar seas. He brought a ship of 530 tons from Behring's Strait within eighty miles of Melville Island, and

afterwards navigated her in safety through the rocky and ice-encumbered Dolphin and Union, and Dease's Straits to Cambridge Bay (long. 105° W.). He preserved his men in health for three winters, and finally brought them and his ship home to England. The publication of his voyage is a desideratum in the history of the Franklin Search, and we hope it will soon be supplied.

On the 24th August, 1851, Dr. Rae had found in Parker Bay, about fifty miles east of Cambridge Bay, and 150 south-west of the position of the Erebus and Terror, relics which are now well known to have belonged to the lost expedition. He describes them thus in his report—

"21st August, 1851.—In Parker Bay a piece of pine wood was picked up which excited much interest. In appearance it resembled the butt end of a small flag-staff, was 5 feet 9 inches long, and round, except 12 inches at the lower end, which was a square of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It had a curious mark, resembling this (S C) apparently, stamped on one side; and at $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet distance from the step, there was a bit of white line, in the form of a loop, nailed on with two copper tacks. Both the line and tacks bore the government mark; the broad arrow being stamped on the latter, and the former having a red worsted thread running through it. We had not advanced half a mile when another piece of wood was discovered lying in the water, but touching the beach. This was a piece of oak, 3 feet 8 inches long; the lower part, to the height of $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet, was a square of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; half the square, to the extent of 6 inches at the end, was cut off, apparently to fit into a clasp or band of iron, as there was a mark 3 inches broad across it. The remaining part of the stanchion (as I suppose it to have been), had been turned in a lathe, and was 3 inches in diameter."

Notwithstanding the discovery of these remarkable relics by Dr. Rae, the Third Atlantic Searching Expedition went out and returned without exploring the locality from which these relics drifted, and without even attempting to do so. And it is a most striking fact in connexion with this subject, and illustrates the uncertainty of all explorations in the Arctic seas, that Dr. Rae, in 1851, and Captain Collinson, in 1853, were within fifty miles of the position of the lost Erebus and Terror; and that in 1859 M'Clintock and Hobson passed and

repassed three times over the actual position of the stranded surviving ship, and failed to find her.

In the spring of 1854, Dr. Rae obtained in Pelly Bay, from the Esquimaux, information of the destruction of the Erebus and Terror, off King William's Island, and of the retreat and miserable death of the crews at Montreal Island, at the mouth of the Fish River. In this Esquimaux report, an error of two years is made, as we now know that the Franklin Expedition perished in 1848 and not in 1850. In his Report, dated, York Factory, 1st September, 1854, Dr. Rae, says :—

"A few of the unfortunate men must have survived until the arrival of the wild fowl (say until the end of May), as shots were heard, and fresh bones and the feathers of geese were noticed near the scene of the sad event; and from what I could learn, there is no reason to suspect that any violence had been offered to the sufferers by the natives."

Again :—

"Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine); some were in a tent or tents, others under a boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter, and some lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island, one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay beneath him. . . . From the mutilated state of many of the corpses, and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging existence. There appears to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground, by the natives, out of the kegs or cases containing it, and a quantity of ball and shot was found below high water mark, having probably been left on the ice close to the beach."

"Repulse Bay, 29th July, 1854."

This horrible narrative reached England on the 22nd October, 1854, a few days after the return of Sir Edward Belcher to the Cove of Cork; and we may easily imagine how contemptible his conceited theories became, in public opinion, in the presence of such awful facts. Franklin and his crews had perished, by the most terrible of deaths, in the very place where the leaders of successive

expeditions, with the exception of Sir James Ross, had refused to believe it possible he had gone! It was a sad and humiliating lesson to the nation's pride—too awful for reproach from those who had judged more truly of Franklin's course—too solemn for the flippant apologies of those who had erred—yet such was the moment chosen by the Admiralty for the publication of the "Last of the Arctic Voyages."

A tale so sad as that of Dr. Rae, found many unwilling and incredulous listeners, and accordingly an overland expedition was sent from the Hudson Bay Company's settlements to the Fish River, under the charge of Messrs. Anderson and Stewart, to obtain evidence, on the spot, of the truth or falsehood of the statements of the Esquimaux to Dr. Rae. Abundant evidence of the truth of the statement was found on Montreal Island, but no *documentary* proofs of any kind, or remains of the unhappy dead. Among the Esquimaux *caches* at the south-east end of the island "were found various articles belonging to a boat or ship; chain-hooks, chisels, blacksmith's shovel, and cold chisel, tin oval boiler; a bar of unwrought iron, about 3 feet long, 1½ inches broad, and 1½ inches thick; small pieces of ropes, lunting, and a number of sticks strung together, on one of which was cut Mr. Stanley, Surgeon of the Erebus. A little lower down was a large quantity of chips, shavings, ends of plank of pine, elm, ash, oak, and mahogany, evidently cut by unskilful hands; on one of them was found the word Terror. It was evident that this was the spot where the boat was cut up by the Esquimaux. Not even a scrap of paper could be discovered, and though rewards were offered and the most minute search made over the island, not a vestige of the remains of our unfortunate countrymen could be discovered." "31st July, 1856."

Upon the return of Messrs. Anderson and Stewart, the Admiralty adjudicated a reward of £10,000, under the third paragraph of their proclamation of 7th August, 1850, to Dr. Rae and his companions, for having "*succeeded in ascertaining the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition.*"

On the 24th October last, the Secretary of the Admiralty, in acknowledg-

ing the services of the Fox, states most truly that M'Clintock had brought home—

"THE ONLY AUTHENTIC INTELLIGENCE OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, AND OF THE FATE OF THE CREWS OF THE EREBUS AND TERROR."

Dr. Rae earned his reward by his repeated journeys and discoveries, and by finally "ascertaining the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition," by means of the reports of the Esquimaux; but he failed in obtaining AUTHENTIC INTELLIGENCE. The credit of this discovery belongs only to M'Clintock and his gallant companions in the Fox; and we sincerely trust they may find some friend in the House of Commons able and willing to bring their claim to the reward offered for authentic intelligence of the fate of the Franklin expedition before the House and country as effectively as it deserves. We believe, in a case like this, that a Committee of the House would gladly recommend that they should receive some substantial public acknowledgment of the great service they have rendered to humanity, to science, and to their country.

The whole world is now aware, through the publication of M'Clintock's Journal, of the manner in which the Fox expedition was got up when the Government had declined further risk, by the devotion of a courageous woman, aided by the contributions of some friends, and by the zeal and devotion of those intrusted by her with the conduct of her final search. But it is not so well known (indeed the foot-note at p. 403 is even calculated to mislead), that Captain M'Clintock and Captain Allen Young refused to accept of any pay from Lady Franklin for their services; and that Young in addition contributed £500 from his private resources towards the outfit of the expedition; and that the crew of the Fox received their "double pay" from Lady Franklin, and not from the Admiralty.

We need not detain our readers by narrating the adventures of the Fox during her first ten months of misfortune, from 29th June, 1857, to 26th April, 1858, when she was released from the icy grip which had held her helpless during the winter, and in which she had drifted nearly 1,400

miles. Nor need we speak of the indomitable courage of her little band, who, nothing disheartened by the delay and danger, thought only of the disappointment of those at home, and turned, as a matter of course, with renewed efforts towards Lancaster Sound and Bellot Strait, efforts rewarded by Providence with complete success.

How the wily Fox watched the narrow strait, "like a stanch terrier at a rat-hole;" and how, fortunately for herself, she failed to pass, is known

M'Clintock,	.	.	.	910
Allen Young,	{ 1st journey, 630 }			940
	{ 2nd journey, 310 }			
Hobson,	.	.	.	770

This was sledge-racing, neck and neck!

To Lieutenant Hobson, Captain M'Clintock generously resigned the post of honour, viz., the examination of the west coast of King William's Island, where it was nearly certain, from information obtained from the Esquimaux during a sledge journey to the west coast of Boothia in the autumn of 1858, that the missing ships and records would be found. M'Clintock, himself, explored the east and south coasts of this island, and the estuary of the Fish River, with negative results, so far as written documents are concerned; and Captain Allen Young completed the survey of Prince of Wales' Land, which he found to be an island, and also that of the west coast of North Somerset, without finding the slightest trace of the Franklin Expedition, though it is certain it had sailed along the west coast of North Somerset, and the east coast of Prince of Wales' Island, during the autumn of 1846. Of the remarkable journey performed by Captain Young, the commander of the Fox thus writes:—

"Captain Young commenced his spring explorations on the 7th April, with a sledge party of four men, and a second sledge drawn by six dogs, under

to all. The spring of 1859 arrived, and all felt that success or failure depended solely on their sledges. But they were under the command of a chief who had proved himself *facile princeps* in the art of sledging a maximum of days and miles, with a minimum of weight and labour. And the results of 1859 proved that he had trained his pupils after such a fashion as threatened to endanger his own claim to the sledge-champion's belt. The mileage result of the spring was as follows:—

M'Clintock,	.	.	.	910 miles in	79 days = 11.4 m. per day.
Allen Young,	{ 1st journey, 630 }			940	.. { 62 } 81 .. = 11.6 m. ..
	{ 2nd journey, 310 }				.. { 19 } .. = 10.4 m. ..
Hobson,	.	.	.	770	.. 74 .. = 10.4 m. ..

the management of our Greenlander, Samuel. Finding in his progress that a channel existed between Prince of Wales' Land and Victoria Land, whereby his discovery and search would be lengthened, he sent back one sledge, the tent, and four men to the ship, in order to economise provisions; and for forty days journeyed with one man (George Hobday), and the dogs, encamping in such snow lodges as they were able to build."—p.318.

Lieutenant Hobson, whose health quite broke down from scurvy, notwithstanding the excellent food he carried with him, discovered on the north-west of King William's Island, at Point Victory, the celebrated Record, the finding of which has immortalized the Fox and her gallant crew.

It is truly a palimpsest, having been originally one of the printed forms usually supplied to discovery ships, for the purpose of being enclosed in bottles, and thrown overboard at sea, in order to ascertain the set of the currents, blanks being left for the date and position. Any person finding one of these records is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, with a note of time and place; and this request is printed upon it in six different languages. Upon this was written by Lieut. Gore—

{ H. M. Ships Erebus and Terror
May, 1847. { Wintered in the ice in
{ Lat. 70° 5' N. Long. 98° 23' W.

Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island in Lat. 74° 43' 2" N. Long. 91° 39' 15" W., after having ascended Wellington channel to Lat. 77°, and returned by the West Side of Cornwallis Island.—

Sir John Franklin commanding the Expedition.

All Well.

Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847.

Gm. GORE, Lieut.

CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, Mate.

A similar, in fact, a *duplicate* record, was deposited and found to the south of Back Bay; and both records were evidently written before the exploring party left the ships, as is evident from their not being dated, and from the longitude of Beechey Island being given to seconds. The date of the first record was subsequently filled in by Captain Fitzjames, when on his last march. He dates Graham Gore's visit, 28th May, 1847, but in his own manuscript, blots out May and substitutes June. He also omits to notice the blunder, 1846-7, involved in the statement of the year of wintering at Beechey Island—omissions and inconsistencies readily to be pardoned in men circumstanced as the retreating crews were.

The additions made by Fitzjames and Crozier, to Gore's record, are written round its margin, and are as follows, and with the record itself, form our only documentary evidence of the success of Franklin's voyage at first, and of its disastrous termination.

"25th April, 1848.—H.M.'s ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22nd April, five leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. $69^{\circ} 37' 42''$; long. $98^{\circ} 41'$. This paper was found by Lieutenant Irving, under the cairn supposed to have been built by Sir James Ross in 1831, four miles to the northward, where it had been deposited by the late Commander Gore, in May (June), 1847. Sir James Ross's pillar has not however been found; and the paper has been transferred to this position, which is that in which Sir J. Ross's pillar was erected. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men.

"F. R. M. CROZIER, Captain and Senior Officer."

"And start on to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River.

"JAMES FITZJAMES, Captain of H.M.'s ship *Erebus*."

These two records, the skeleton of a dead man a few miles to the eastward of Cape Herschel, and a boat, apparently returning to the ships, found in *Erebus* Bay, with two human skeletons lying in her, form, with the loose narratives of the Esquimaux,

our only sources of information as to the fate of the unhappy crews. The general result is unfortunately too plainly written in these evidences to be mistaken or misunderstood; but at the same time much room is left for difference of opinion as to details. We prefer, on so important a matter, to allow the eyewitnesses to speak for themselves. Captain M'Clintock says:—

"A little reflection led me to satisfy my own mind at least, that the boat was returning to the ships; and in no other way can I account for two men having been left in her, than by supposing the party were unable to drag the boat further, and that these two men, not being able to keep pace with their shipmates, were therefore left by them supplied with such provisions as could be spared to last until the return of the others (probably twenty or thirty in number) from the ship with a fresh stock.

"Whether it was the intention of the retroceding party to await the result of another season in the ships, or to follow the track of the main body to the Great Fish River, is now a matter of conjecture. It seems highly probable that they had purposed revisiting the boat, not only on account of the two men left in charge of it, but also to obtain the chocolate, the five watches, and many other articles which would otherwise scarcely have been left in her.

"The same reasons which may be assigned for the return of this detachment from the main body, will also serve to account for their not having come back to their boat. In both instances they appear to have greatly overrated their strength, and the distance they could travel in a given time.

"Taking this view of the case, we can understand why their provisions would not last them for any thing like the distance they required to travel, and why they would be obliged to send back to the ships for more, first taking from the detached party all provisions they could possibly spare. Whether all or any of the remainder of this detached party ever reached their ships is uncertain. All we know is that they did not revisit the boat, and which accounts for the absence of more skeletons in its neighbourhood; and the Esquimaux report that there was no one alive in the ship when she drifted on shore, and that but one human body was found by them on board of her."

No certain knowledge of the exact fate of the ships was obtained, nor of their position when lost. M'Clintock believes one to have foundered in deep

water, and the other to have gone ashore, somewhere off Cape Crozier, probably somewhat to the southward.

In the above view of the return of the boat to the ships we fully concur; and we also think that the idea of mutiny on the part of those dragging the boat back is to be rejected, from the consideration that the boat was evidently in charge of officers, who had the knowledge and skill requisite to suggest the overland short-cut taken by the party from Terror Bay to Erebus Bay.

Of Franklin's voyages in 1845 and 1846, there can be but one opinion; and it cannot be doubted that M'Clintock's discovery of the record has placed Franklin's name as an Arctic navigator as high as it stood as an Arctic land explorer before he set out in 1845.

Many pounds weight of paper and gallons of ink have been wasted in the controversy as to whether Franklin had obeyed his instructions or not, and the absence of all records of his progress, unfortunately, gave some grounds for the belief that one part of the frozen Archipelago was as likely to contain the expedition as another. M'Clintock's discovery has scattered all these crude conjectures and has placed the facts of the voyage before us in their simple grandeur. Franklin's orders were briefly these, as contained in articles 5, 6, 7, of his instructions.

1. He was to go to Cape Walker (lat. $74^{\circ} 15'$, long. 98°), and from that point make a *south-west* passage into the navigable sea that washes the American continent.

2. He was not to attempt the passage by the *south-west* of Melville Island.

3. If arrested by fixed impassable ice to the south-west of Cape Walker, he was at liberty to try Wellington Channel for a *north-west* passage round Melville Island.

A glance at the outline chart supplied to Franklin (fig. 2, facing p. x. of the preface to "*The Voyage of the Fox*") will show the famous quadrilateral of ice, having for outlying fortresses, North Somerset, on the N.E., King William's Land and Boothia Felix, on the S.E., Banks' Land on the N.W., and Wollaston Land on the S.W. Before this icy quadrilateral the greatest sailors of England have

failed; its towers are manned by Famine and Frost, captains who regard not our Armstrong guns or Mallet mortars. The Erebus and Terror, with their precious crews perished at its south-eastern angle, before they forced the passage; but as if to mark the tenacity of purpose characteristic of the country that sent them forth, the hither shores of that icy quadrangle are whitened with the bones of the forlorn hope, and the very spars of their foundered ships cast themselves into the ebbing tide, and claimed for the Erebus and Terror, at Parker Bay and Finlayson Island the honour of the discovery of the North-West Passage.

At the north-west extreme of this space, unknown when the Franklin expedition sailed, the brave M'Clure has left his ship, at the justly forbidden south-western extreme of Melville Island, justifying the opinion of Parry, that a sea passage at that angle of the quadrangle was a physical impossibility.

In 1845, Franklin finding the south-west of Cape Walker blocked up, used the alternative allowed him, and sailed up Wellington Channel, to 77° N., attaining thus a higher latitude than that reached by the Assistance and Pioneer in 1852, and finding that region also blocked up with fixed ice, in returning discovered a passage between Cornwallis and Bathurst Islands. He then wintered, as all know, at Beechey Island, and in the autumn of 1846, again attempted to force his way by the south-west of Cape Walker, where finding the ice still fixed by a quantity of land greater than he had imagined, and at the same time discovering a navigable channel (Peel Strait) immediately to the East of Cape Walker, he sailed down this course, with uninterrupted success, until on the 12th September he was beset in the icy barrier off the north-west coast of King William's Land. This most astonishing voyage of 500 miles, nearly due north and south, has no parallel but that of Parry in 1819, which was 800 miles from east to west; and those of Collinson and M'Clure, which followed it. On the 12th September, 1846, Franklin formally laid siege to the icy fortress of King William's Land; he was within seventy miles of what he *knew* to be navigable water

leading to Behring's Strait, but the leader who had sailed seventy times seven in the two preceding summers, could not doubt his ability to accomplish the seventy yet remaining. In this hope Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847. His survivors awoke to the terrible knowledge of their true position after the autumn of 1847 had passed away, and they had only advanced twenty miles further on their road; they were provisioned for only three years, and either from improvidence, or the rotten condition of the meat supplied by a foreign contractor, they found that their provisions must run short, almost to a day within the three years; it was impossible for them to try the chance of another autumn in the ships, to force the remaining fifty miles, or perish in the effort. This, we firmly believe, would have been their resolve, had it been possible to attempt it, but they knew that before the ice of 1847 was broken up by the autumnal sun, Famine would have done his work, and left only a ghastly crew of bleaching skeletons to man the *Erebus* and *Terror* in their last desperate effort. These things were whispered in the gun-rooms, and produced their effect—listen to the record of Fitzjames, the once lighthearted and still brave Fitzjames—

"The total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date, nine officers and fifteen men."

The terrible secret they carried in their breasts, and concealed from their men, killed these gallant fellows; and they who would have led their crews against any human foe, or into any common danger, quailed before the hopeless march of death they were destined for in the spring of 1848. Crozier and Fitzjames, doubtless supported by the high feeling of their responsibility, survived, and calmly marched their brave men on certain death. The *Erebus* and *Terror*, deserted by their crews, forced the north-west passage, with a solitary skeleton on board, and gave up their broken spars and fittings to the retiring wash of the Pacific ebb tide, that carried them to the west; silent though eloquent witnesses of the partial success of Franklin, and of the power of the law of nature that forbids the possibility of a North-West Passage.

In the north-west corner of our icy quadrangle, the scenes enacted were similar, though the end was not so tragical. M'Clure succeeded, at Prince of Wales' Strait, in attaining within eighty miles of Captain Parry's farthest western position in 1820. He shifted his ground and attempted to force the icy fortress in another direction: he again attained within eighty miles of the same point, but could go no further. Had he followed the advice of some, he would have forced his ship into the almost fixed ice of Banks' Strait, as Franklin had done, five years before, in the south-east, and perhaps have attained the barren triumph of casting some of the broken timbers of the foundered *Investigator*, within the reach of the Atlantic tide, which might have carried them to the east, to be found by some searching expedition, after the gallant fellows that had once guided them, had been summoned to their last roll-call. M'Clure was saved, as all know, by the prudence of Captain Kellett, and by the timely arrival in the Bay of Mercy of Lieutenant Pim, sent by that commander with the view of anticipating M'Clure in the abandonment of his ship, which had become a necessity from the want of provisions.

The mechanism by which nature protects her icy realm in the frozen north, and forbids a passage from one great ocean to the other, is briefly this. Each winter the ice-floe forms on the surface of the sea, and if not removed by currents or winds, the summer's sun is insufficient to melt it; and thus, in still water, each winter adds its growth of ice, and so the floe, which is naturally from five to eight feet thick, becomes, in places, from forty upwards. In the Archipelago of the north, two tidal waves enter in opposite directions from the Atlantic and Pacific, and by their ebb and flood, break up the ice-floe, and enable the currents of water and air to do their work, which consists in removing, gradually, the ice of Melville Sound and the adjoining straits, as far as the wash of the tide extends, through Lancaster and Barrow straits into Baffin's Bay, where the prevalence of north-westerly winds pushes it southwards, until it is finally broken up by the Atlantic swell in Davis Strait.

The line on which the Atlantic and Pacific tides meet is, necessarily, a line of still water, and therefore, along this line, the ice accumulates, partly by age, and partly by lateral pressure from both sides, and is only moved slowly, if at all, by the prevailing north-westerly winds. This line of junction of the two tides is drawn on the map facing page 372, of "*The Voyage of the Fox*."

We cannot here enter into the details of the proof of the fixed character of this line of thick ice—these details we hope to publish elsewhere—but the following facts are easily seen to be grouped together and explained by this simple theory.

Parry, in 1819, and Kellett and M'Clintock, in 1852, reached, without trouble, within a few miles of this tidal line in M'Clure's Strait from the east, but could not attempt to pass it. In fact, from Parry's observation of the thick ice of M'Clure's Strait, with a slow, almost secular, movement to the east and south, caused doubtless by the north-western winds, it was resolved by the Admiralty to forbid the Franklin Expedition to attempt the passage by the south of Melville Island.

Again, M'Clure and Collinson both reached, with ease, at different times, from the west, this tidal line by Prince of Wales' Strait, but could not pass it; and M'Clure subsequently reached this line again in the strait called after his name, and was deterred by the sinister appearance of the piled-up ice-floes from forcing his ship into the pack, and so effecting the North-West Passage, by the aid of the slow, secular wind-drift of this stationary tidal line. In the north, in Wellington Channel, Franklin and Crozier, in 1845, and Belcher and Osborn, in 1852, sailed, with comparative ease, almost to the very limit of this line; but found all further progress stopped by the heavy character of the ice in latitude 77° N.

Kane, in 1853, reached Rennsalaer Harbour, in Smith's Sound, and was prevented from advancing further in his ship by the fixed barriers of ice, although he found to the north of this stationary line an open strait, free from ice, and kept so by the rapid northern tides flowing from the Polar Sea; the stationary ice being marked

by the line of junction of this tide with that from Baffin's Bay.

In 1846 Franklin and Crozier sailed, with apparent ease, to this line, off King William's Land, and finding they had but seventy miles further to complete the passage, in a fatal hour formed the resolution of taking to the pack, and drifting with it through Victoria Strait.

The Erebus and Terror have measured for us, with the precision of an astronomical observation, the secular movement of this tidal line.

It is twenty statute miles in 589 days—on an average 179 feet per day—far slower than the snail pace with which the glaciers of the Alps creep into the valleys of Switzerland. Such, we believe, would have been also M'Clure's progress to the East, had he forced his ship into the stationary ice of Banks' Strait. It is not to be forgotten, also, that Collinson, from the West, nearly reached this tidal line, at King William's Island, and brought back his ship, like Parry, to England—and that the Resolute, abandoned to the S.E. of Melville Island, floated out into Baffin's Bay and the Atlantic.

De Haven, Sir James Ross, M'Clintock, and others, caught from time to time in the ice-floe, and made its prisoners for the winter, have found it by no means stationary, when not near this fatal line—for the flood and ebb, the rise and fall, and unceasing wash of the tidal wave, loosens the ice-floe from the coast, and enables the wind and current to carry it in their own direction. That the wind is the powerful agent in this ice movement we know from the statement of M'Clintock, who found not merely the direction of his drift, in 1857, to depend on that of the wind, but also a striking correspondence to exist between the daily course effected, and the registry of the strength of the prevailing wind.

No ship has ever yet passed this line of junction of the two great ocean tides, and it is our firm conviction that no ship can do so. We have narrowed, by expeditions on both sides of this line, its limits to about fifty miles; it can be reached in many points, both from the East and West—perchance also *via* Spitzbergen! and the Polynia!!—but though easily at-

tained on either side, like some magic ring formed by an enchanter's wand—it cannot be crossed by ships, and men cross it trembling; for unless fresh ships and food await them at the other side, they die.

From the days of the building of the Tower of Babel, to the laying of the Transatlantic cable, and the launching of the Great Eastern steam ship; every great project, commenced with confident boasting, has terminated in disaster. It was so with Sir Charles Napier's Baltic expedition, begun over a few bottles of wine, with boasting and noise; and ending in disappointment to the country, and failure of the British fleet.

We fear there was something of this confident spirit in the scientific world of England, when the Geographical and the Royal Societies, and British Association forced the Franklin expedition upon the Government. For centuries, it was said, commerce has had her north-west expeditions; and why should not science? The request was granted and the expedition sailed, and the promoters and the public alike were confident of success. Of course the north-west passage would be discovered, and an expedition, in which so much science was embarked, could never fail. This self-confident spirit explains the fact that the expedition left no record of its progress at its winter quarters in Beechey Island—none at Cape Walker, announcing its change of purpose in sailing down Peel Strait—why should those who were to return to England by Behring's Strait waste their time in writing and leaving records which no eye would ever see? The summer of 1847 came and went, leaving them fast fixed in the impenetrable ice; the rosy fruits of hope and promise had turned to ashes and corruption in their very mouths, and the horrible reality broke upon them that they were doomed, having made no provision for relief by succouring parties, and having themselves cut off all chance of escape, by leaving no clue into the labyrinth in which they had become entangled.

The only man in England who proposed an *effectual* plan for the relief of Franklin was Dr. Richard King, of Savile-row, who, on the 10th June, 27th November, 1847, and February,

1848, in letters to the Admiralty, urged the absolute necessity of an expedition in the spring of 1848 to the mouth of the Great Fish River, with which locality he was well acquainted, offering to go himself, in conjunction with any officer the Admiralty might name.

This rational proposal, the adoption of which would have saved Crozier and Fitzjames, and a large proportion of the 105 survivors, was shelved by referring it to the Arctic Council, who, with the honourable and single exception of Captain Beechey, were unanimous in rejecting it—Dr. King's proposal, doubtless, seeming to them not only erroneous in principle, but premature in point of time—as but few of those supposed to be well-informed in Arctic and scientific matters could bring themselves to believe in the possibility of disaster to so well-appointed an expedition. It is worth while to place on record some of the opinions given on Dr. King's proposal.

"*Sir James Richardson.*—With respect to the Great Fish River, he did not think, under any circumstances, Sir John Franklin would attempt that route.

"*Sir James Ross.*—I cannot conceive any position in which the Franklin expedition could be placed, from which they would make for the Great Fish River.

"*Sir George Back.*—You will be pleased, sir, to impress on my Lords Commissioners, that I wholly reject all and every idea of any attempt on the part of Sir John Franklin, to send boats or detachments over the ice to any point of the mainland in the vicinity of the Great Fish River."

Truly, age does not confer experience—neither experience, wisdom. Dr. King was finally silenced by a polite note from the Secretary of the Admiralty, informing him that his services were not required, and that it was unnecessary for him to make the professional sacrifices which he appeared to contemplate. Thus vanished the *first* and *only* hope of saving the lives of any of the officers and crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. When they were all dead and gone, hundreds of lives were risked, and thousands of pounds spent, in ill-conceived, though ably carried out projects of exploration; and, by a singular

fatality, every corner of the Arctic Archipelago was searched except the right one,—and this last corner was finally explored by a private expedition, which has not yet received any public reward for its success. Upon the gallant M'Clintock, the leader of this successful search, honours have been heaped from various quarters. The University of Dublin hastened to enrol his name, *honoris causa*, among those of her most highly honoured sons; the city of London has conferred upon him her Citizens' Freedom; the city of Dublin has presented him with a public address, at a large and most influential meeting of citizens, convened by the Lord Mayor; and his native town of Dundalk has shown her sense of the honour conferred upon her by the brave deeds of her son; but as yet, no public recognition by the Government has taken place of the success of those who brought home to England "THE ONLY AUTHENTIC INTELLIGENCE" of the fate of Franklin and his brave followers. It was well known, when the Fox sailed, that no chance of saving life remained; and although Lord Palmerston was personally fa-

vourable to another search for *records* of the Expedition, the counsels of the timid prevailed, and Lady Franklin was left unaided, to prosecute the search for them.

The success of her expedition certainly gives a claim, both for herself, and for M'Clintock and his followers, which we believe would be most favourably received by the present Government. The Admiralty, by their letter to M'Clintock, have fully recognised his claim, and we are certain that it only requires to be brought skilfully and temperately before the House of Commons, in order to succeed.

It cannot be denied, that if the result of the voyage of the Fox had been foreknown, the Government would, as a matter of course, have sent out an expedition, to bring home the lost *record*, at an expense of not less than £20,000. Let us not then grudge the bestowal of this sum on Lady Franklin, M'Clintock, and his officers and men, as some slight recognition of the service they have rendered to humanity, to science, and to our country.

VICTOR HUGO—LA LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES.

It has long been a subject for abstract discussion, whether the riches of poetry be not exhausted, whether it be not impossible for any gifted and adventurous diver to plunge under the sunlit billows of poetic conception, and add a fresh pearl to the coronet of song. Like other abstract questions, *solvitur ambulando*. The year 1859 has supplied an answer in England and in France. In England, Tennyson has given us the "Idylls," and endowed our poetic treasures with a work, as calm and strong, as fresh and deep, as the best of our Elizabethan singers could have produced, with the richer colouring and subtler analysis which belong so peculiarly to modern times. In France, M. Victor Hugo has published the first instalment of a gigantic work, which the most competent critics of his country almost unanimously consider to stand in the very first ranks of its poetical annals. Neither of the poets is young:

it would almost seem from their cases, and that of Burke, as if the imagination, not less than the judgment, were ripened by the mellowing influence of years; as if figures and images were amassed in greater profusion, while the associative faculty acquired a subtler and more delicate tact in their employment. In other respects, these great writers are rather to be contrasted than compared, in these latest monuments of their genius. Mr. Tennyson has chosen for the form of his "Idylls" one of the oldest and best established measures of English poetry; to this he has adhered with unswerving resolution, almost appearing to grudge us the one or two exceedingly short rhymed pieces, which are the golden flowers upon the sternly beautiful granite of his work. In M. Hugo's "Légende," while there is a preponderance of the classical French Alexandrine, there is yet an intermixture of other tones and mea-

sures, and the poems vary from the bold sweep of lyrical elevation, to the majestic but somewhat monotonous cadence of epic poetry. He has opened out a new vein. The world knew before his rich and coloured lyric strains; it knew also his eloquent and passionate dramatic style—full of sobs and broken interjections as a Greek tragedy—but this mixture of the lyrical and dramatic is peculiar to the present production. Mr. Tennyson's work is narrower in its range, less astonishing in variety of knowledge, less eloquent, less calculated to sweep the whole scale of passion, rising from fierce hatred and withering contempt to gentle pity and noble love; but then it is more self-contained, much less disfigured by eccentricities, repetitions, and ugly blemishes, infinitely more tender and holy, and actuated by profounder if less pretentious thought. M. Hugo is more surprising; Mr. Tennyson more beautiful. M. Hugo is the more brilliant and "interesting" writer; Mr. Tennyson is the greater poet.

It is our purpose, in the following critical sketch, to give the general outline of the intention of the "*Légende des Siècles*," which the writer himself has put forward—to bestow a rapid survey upon the poems in the first volume, reserving the second for subsequent notice—and to conclude with an attempt to appreciate the author's characteristic excellences and defects.

I. Of this work its author tells us, that it is not so much a fragment as a leaf. It is to his entire conception, to the purpose which looms dimly in the sunny mist of his imagination, and is only beginning to shape itself in the severer light of his judgment, what the first page is to the book, the peristyle to the edifice, the tree to the forest, the overture to the symphony.

His object then, he announces, is to represent Humanity as one moral being, Progress being the real, though sometimes almost impalpable link.

Humanity has two aspects, the historical and the legendary, of which the last is philosophically, ideally, if not factually, as true as the former. Homer may be taken as the representative of the one, Herodotus of the other. It is the legendary side of the profile which is to be exhibited in the "*Legend of the Ages*." Yet the

historical colouring is carefully preserved, as the author intimates with a just and pardonable pride. Certain apparent disproportions of perspective will, he maintains, be adjusted when the work can be regarded as a whole. Riant pictures are rare in the poem, because, as the illustrious exile sadly and pointedly remarks, they are exceedingly infrequent in history.

His project then, in its "totality," would appear to be a great Hegelian poem, "envisaging" Existence under its great triple category, Humanity or Progress, the Relative or Evil, the Absolute or God. Each is to have its giant epopée. "*La Légende des Siècles*" represents the first; the "*End of Satan*" will adumbrate the second; and "*God*" will be the title of the third. It is significant to remark that this programme indicates that the poet belongs to the philosophical creed which would consider evil as only partial and relative good.

Tested by its vast and extraordinary aims, this great poem must be confessed to fail. But we have not the slightest doubt that this piece of magnificent ambition is an after-thought. The poet is a great historical student. We have here a long gallery, not only hung with portraits, but tapestried round with scenes, exquisite in colouring and perfect in finish. But the generalizing tendency of a Frenchman will not allow Victor Hugo to have it supposed that he is only turning out a vast series of historical *études*.

II. We pass on to review the work in detail.

The first set of poems are grouped together as "*D'Eve a Jesus*," and, with two exceptions, are upon Scriptural themes.

The "*Consecration of Woman*," whose heroine is Eve, is one of those "few riant pictures" of which the poet has spoken in his preface. To us it seems one of the poorest in the volume. The beauty is natural and physical rather than spiritual. One's head aches and one's eyes are heavy after studying it. It is like coming out of a banquet-room hung with glaring calico and radiant tinsel, or from a theatre with its gilded columns and glass chandeliers. The very fogs and shadows are illuminated. Avalanches of gold melt into the blue of heaven. The flowers cannot nestle among their green leaves in unobtru-

sive loveliness : they are isolated, and stand out from the landscape like blotches of light—

“ The young world knew no wrinkle in that hour.

Call not the lily pale—’twas light in flower.”

The figure of the mother of all living is unworthy of this great genius. Eve is simply a voluptuous blonde, a primitive Duchess of Fitzfulke, “presenting her holy nakedness to the blue sky.” The angels who float around her are not the spiritual creatures who float in the magnificence of shadow round the protoplast in Milton’s “Paradise Lost.” They are larger editions of the gnomes who haunt Belinda’s toilette-table. They are copied from the saloon of a steamer, or of a *restaurant*, rather than from the Old and New Testament, or from the frescoes of Michael Angelo. The tall, green palms overshadow Eve herself. She is smothered in pinks, in blue lotuses, in myosotis, in roses with half-closed lips. She is rather a flower in flesh and blood than any thing else—

“ As if, of all those soul-like blossoms grand,
The fairest into woman might expand.”

Indeed the adoration of woman in Hugo is rather of her physical than of her moral nature. He apostrophizes “the *flesh* of woman, ideal potter’s clay—sublime interpenetration of spirit with the earth which the Ineffable kneaded—matter where soul glimmers athwart its shroud—mire where one sees the fingers of the Divine statuary.” In his first volume he has produced no figure of woman worth looking at. She helps to fill up a corner in “Eve” and in “Booz Endormi.” In “Eviradnus” Mahaud is a mere rash and good-natured coquette, a foil to the horrid forms of Joss and Zeno, and to the majestic sovereignty of the white-bearded Knight. In the “Marriage of Roland” the fair Aube, with white arms, is but the toy which stops the fight. Those who recollect Esmeralda in the “Hunchback,” and her passionate devotion to the stupid but beautiful Captain, may suspect that M. Hugo’s delineation of Eve is the deliberate expression of his convictions in reference to the feminine nature.

Cain, or “Conscience,” has a dark magnificence and shadowy horror. It is the same sort of conception which

haunts the poet in the “Parricide.” A black, inexpiable guilt hangs over the soul of the transgressor. The chamber of his memory is haunted with everlasting echoes. Evermore, through all eternity, the eye of an angry God glares into the recesses of his being. We venture to attempt the piece in verse :—

“ When, with his children, cloth’d in skins of
beasts,
Dishevell’d, livid, rushing through the
storm,
Cain fled before Jehovah. As night fell
The dark man reach’d a mount in a great
plain,
And his tired wife and his sons, out of
breath,
Said, ‘ Let us lie down on the earth and
sleep.’
Cain, sleeping not, dream’d at the moun-
tain’s foot.
Raising his head, in that funereal heaven
He saw an eye, a great eye, in the night,
Open, and staring at him through the gloom.
‘ I am too near,’ he said, and trembled, then
woke up
His sleeping sons again, and his tired wife,
And fled through space and darkness.
Thirty days
He went, and thirty nights, nor look’d be-
hind;
Pale, silent, watchful, shaking at each sound;
No rest, no sleep, till he arrived the strand
Where the sea washes that which since was
Asshur.
‘ Here pause,’ he said, ‘ for this place is
secure;
Here may we rest, for this is the world’s end.
And he sat down; when, lo! in the sad sky,
The self-same eye on the horizon’s verge.
And the wretch shook as in an ague fit.
‘ Hide me,’ he cried; and all his watchful
sons,
Their finger on their lip, look’d at their sire.
Cain said to Jabal, father of them that dwell
In tents, ‘ Spread here the curtain of thy
tent.’
And they spread wide the floating canvas
roof,
And made it fast, and fixed it down with
lead.
‘ You see nought now,’ said Zillah then, fair
child,
The daughter of his sons, and sweet as day.
But Cain replied, ‘ That eye; I see it still.’
And Jubal cried, the father of all those
That handle harp and organ, ‘ I will build
A sanctuary;’ and he made a wall of bronze,
And set his sire behind it. But Cain said,
‘ That eye is looking at me ever.’ Henoch
cried,
‘ Then must we make a circle vast of towers,
So terrible that nothing dare draw near;
Build we a city with a citadel;
Build we a city high, and close it fast.’
Then Tubal Cain, instructor of all them
That work in brass and iron, built a tower—
Enormous, superhuman. While he wrought,
His fiery brothers from the plains around
Hunted the sons of Enoch and of Seth.

They plucked the eyes out of whoever pass'd,
And hurl'd at even arrows to the stars.
They set strong granite for the canvas wall,
And every block was cramp'd with iron chains.

It seem'd a city made for hell. Its towers,
With their huge shadows, made night in the land.

The walls were thick as mountains. On the door

They wrote, 'Let not God enter here.'
This done,

And having finished to cement and build
In a stone tower, they set him in the midst.
To him, still dark and haggard, 'O, my sire,
Is the eye gone?' said Zillah, tremblingly.
And Cain replied, 'No, it is even there.'

Then said he, 'I will live beneath the earth,
As a lone man within his sepulchre.

I will see nothing; will be seen of none.'

They digg'd a trench, and Cain said, 'It is well.'

Then he went down alone into the vault

But when he sat down, ghost-like, in his chair,

And they had closed the dungeon o'er his head,

The eye was in the tomb, and look'd at Cain."

"Christ at the Tomb" is most disappointing. Hugo, indeed, seems to have felt, with a poet's tact at least, if not with a Christian's reverence, the propriety of giving the words of "Him who spake as never man spake" precisely in the form which they bear in the sacred page. It is not merely that they are each hung round with beautiful dew-drops and scents of association, which handling, even when it is ostensibly for the purpose of setting them better, shakes off and brushes away; it is that eternal wisdom enclosed its gifts in a casket of speech so adapted to its contents that they cannot be transferred to any other, however rare or gorgeous, without losing some nameless grace, some magic and indescribable effect, without being torn or ruffled. But the machinery of this poem forces Victor Hugo, upon one or two occasions, to place words in the Saviour's mouth. For instance:—

"Who followeth Me is equal to the angels.
When one hath walk'd in sunshine all the day,

By roads that have no well, no sheltering roof,

If he believeth not, when evening comes

He weeps, he cries, he falleth down and pants.

If he believe in Me, an' he but pray,

With triple force he may fare forth again."

Some instructive thoughts are suggested by a passage so little remarkable in itself. The words of our Sa-

viour have not been intrusted to oral tradition. Outside the four Gospels, but one of the sayings of His ministry upon earth has been recorded. Outside the volume of the New Testament but two, we believe, have, with anything which approaches in the faintest degree to respectable authority, been assigned to that august source:—"Be ye approved money-lenders," and the words supposed to be addressed to a man working on the Sabbath, "O man! if thou knowest what thou doest, happy art thou; but if not, thou art a transgressor of the law, and accursed." It would seem as if rude tradition had paused awe-struck before the impiety of assigning language to that Divine mouth, while the hardier spirit of deliberately concocted legend shrunk from the felt impossibility of coping with such a task. Into the clear depths of these words eighteen centuries have gazed down, and never yet seen the bottom. Those diamond expressions have new lights to throw off to every eye and in every age. It is no exaggeration to find in "Le Christ et la Tombeau" another proof of the authenticity of the Gospels and of the character of Christ. A man of superior genius essays to put a few words into our Redeemer's lips: who does not feel that he utterly fails? Will *these* words, *could* they, under any circumstances, have taken possession of the heart of Christendom? Who does not feel that they are unworthy of the speaker; hollow, unreal, exaggerated, unsuited to that quiet truth and divinely-human simplicity? A poet of the highest order, celebrated for his dramatic faculty, has a subject of the highest kind given and made to his hand. In the case of one character, very many of whose words have been recorded, he tries a few sentences, and fails not less signally than when he represents Allah himself as the interlocutor. But was John the Evangelist such a master of dramatic discrimination as Victor Hugo? Yet we are expected to believe that he, or such as he, invented, not one or two sentences, but a whole chain of dialogues, conversations, soliloquies, and prayers, which have been inspected under the telescope of history and the microscope of criticism for eighteen hundred years, and

have never been proved to possess one flaw or one speck, one inconsistency with physical, moral, or historical truth. We willingly leave this section of the *Légende*. The author is plainly not at home upon sacred ground. The "heavenly muse"—we will not say of David and Isaiah—but of Dante, Calderon, Klapstock, Racine, Milton, Heber, and Keble, has never visited him. If he knows the Bible, it is but as he knows Herodotus or Ossian, Sismondi or Cantemir. The section entitled *Decadence de Rome* contains the noble poem of "Androcles and the Lion." Its position in the volume is, in itself, a stroke of art. The corruption of Rome stands out in contrast with the grand and holy shapes of the first era. This piece alone is quite sufficient to stamp its author as a master. Thus might Tacitus have written had Tacitus been a poet. The whole essence of Roman history is here distilled into a vial, not of fragrance, but such as one might conceive to have been held by one of the Apocalyptic angels who poured the wrath upon the guilty city. Lesbia, with the elegant Catullus at her feet, pricking with her sharp golden pin the breast of the Persian slave who was arranging her tresses; Delia walking forth with Tibullus, six thousand gory shapes on either side of the road; the infamies of the Imperial harlot, Messalina: these are the bloody and lustful figures that lower out portentously, carved, as it were, into the dark sunset sky of Rome's decline, by the fiery glare of coming judgment, and which occupy the places from which Eve and Ruth have glided away into the golden summer of the holy past. But if Mrs. Poggson, in Adam Bede, considers that "the women were made to match the men," we have here, inversely, the men to match the women—Epaphroditus breaking the limbs of Epictetus for a jest, and the ruffian-cry of "Christianos ad leones." What a picture this:—

"Whilst the bear growl'd, and whilst the elephant

Fearfully trod on children, small and fair,
The vestal dreaming in her marble chair."

Passing over the third section—*Islam*—with its wild tales, we come to the fourth, the "Heroic Christian Cycle." The "Parricide" opens the

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series. It is a composition of high and terrible power. Canute, in order to obtain the kingdom, has murdered his father, an old man, ripe for the harvest of death, inviting the blow, and hardly conscious of it. This usurper, like others, adorns the crown which he has won by a crime of such enormous dimensions. He exhibits himself as a noble and generous prince, a hero who sweeps the sea with his fleets, a man of genius in the arts of peace, an earnest and sincere Christian. But death at last overtakes the gentle tyrant. The Bishop of Aarhus chanted his solemn obsequies. The priests professed that they had seen his beatified spirit at God's right hand. But when the tapers were extinguished and the cathedral wrapped in gloom, a naked, guilty, shivering spirit, spotted with blood, walks forth to seek the expiation which it needs. We venture to attempt a translation of the greater portion of this magnificent poem, with a painful feeling of inadequacy:

"He died; in a stone coffin was he laid.
The Bishop Aarhus came to say the prayers,
And sang a hymn upon his tomb, and said
That Canute was a saint. Canute the Great,
That from his memory breath'd celestial perfume;
And that they saw him, they the priests, in glory,
Seated at God's right hand, a prophet crown'd,

Night came. The organ that had mourn'd the dead

Was silent in the holy place; the priests,
Leaving the high cathedral, left the king
Dead in sepulchral peace. Then he got up,
Open'd his eyes, girt on his sword, and left
The tomb, for doors and walls are mist to phantoms.

He pass'd across the sea, the sea that shows
The domes of Altona and Elsinore,
And Aarhus on its face, with all their towns.
Night listen'd for the steps of the stern king;
But he walk'd silent, being himself a dream.
Straight to Mount Savo went he whom time gnaws,

And Canute greeted his strange ancestor,
And said, 'Let me, O Mountain Savo, by the storm

Ever tormented, for a winding-sheet,
Cut me a morsel of thy cloak of snow.'

And the hill knew him, and dared not refuse.
And Canute took his sword that never fail'd,
And from the mount that shook before the warrior

He cut some snow, and made himself a shroud.

Then he cried, 'Old Mountain, death tells little,

Where shalk I go to look for God?' The mountain,

With all its yawning chasms, and its sides

Difform'd and black, hid in a flight of clouds,
 Answer'd, 'I know not, spectre. I lie here.'
 He left the icy mountain, and alone,
 Brow raised, and white in his snow winding-sheet,
 Beyond the isles, and the Norwegian sea,
 Pass'd into the grand silence of the night.
 Behind him the dim world went slowly out.
 He found himself a ghost, a soul, a king
 Without a kingdom, naked, face to face
 With an impalpable immensity.
 He saw the Infinite, that porch horrible
 Receding, where light dies if it should enter.
 Dies sad and slow, and darkness, that strange
 hydra
 Whose vertebrae are nights, appears to move
 Formless amid the blackness of the clouds.
 There not a star, and yet there fell a gleam
 Across that motionless and haggard chaos,
 And not a sound but the lugubrious chime
 Of the deaf waters of obscurity.

He pass'd on, saying, 'Tis the tomb: beyond
 Is God.' When he had made three steps, he
 called.

- But night is silent as the sepulchre,
 And nothing answer'd. Under his white
 shroud
 Went on Canute. The whiteness of the sheet
 Gave hope to the sepulchral journeyer,
 And he went on, when suddenly he saw
 Upon that strange white veil, like a black star,
 A point that grew, and grew slowly. Canute
 Felt with his spectral hand, and was aware
 That a blood-drop had fallen on his shroud.
 His haughty head, that fear had never bent,
 He raised, and terrible look'd at the night,
 But he saw nothing; space was black—no
 sound.
 'Forward,' said Canute, raising his proud
 head.
 There fell a second stain beside the first,
 Then it grew larger, and the Cumbrian chief
 Stared at the thick vague darkness, and saw
 nought.
 Still as a bloodhound follows on his track,
 Sad he went on. There fell a third red stain
 On the white winding-sheet. He had never
 fled,
 Howbeit Canute forward went no more,
 But turn'd on that side where the sword arm
 hangs.
 A drop of blood, as if athwart a dream,
 Fell on the shroud, and redden'd his right
 hand.
 Then, as in reading one turns back a page,
 A second time he changed his course, and
 turn'd
 To the dim left. There fell a drop of blood.
 Canute drew back, trembling to be alone,
 And wish'd he had not left his burial couch.
 But when a blood-drop fell again, he stopp'd,
 Stoop'd his pale head, and tried to make a
 prayer.
 Then fell a drop, and the prayer died away
 In savage terror. Darkly he moved on,
 A hideous spectre hesitating, white,
 And ever as he went, a drop of blood
 From the implacable darkness broke away
 And stain'd that fearful whiteness. He be-
 held
 Shaking, as doth a poplar in the wind.
 Those stains grew darker and more numerous:
 Another, and another, and another.

They seem'd to light up that funereal gloom,
 And mingling in the folds of the white sheet,
 Made it a cloud of blood. He went, and went,
 And still from that unfathomable vault
 The red blood rained upon him drop by drop,
 Always, for ever—without noise—as though
 From the black feet of some night-gibbeted
 corpse.

Alas! who wept those formidable tears?
 The Infinite—toward Heaven of the good
 Attainable—through the wild sea of night,
 That hath nor ebb, nor flow, Canute went on,
 And ever walking came to a closed door,
 That from beneath show'd a mysterious light.
 Then he look'd down upon his winding-sheet,
 For that was the great place, the sacred place,
 That was a portion of the light of God,
 And from behind that door Hosannas rang.
 The winding-sheet was red, and Canute stopp'd.
 This is why Canute from the light of day
 Draws ever back, and hath not dared appear
 Before the Judge whose face is as the sun.
 This is why still remaineth the dark king
 Out in the night, and never being able
 To bring his robe back to its first pure state,
 But feeling at each step a blood-drop fall,
 Wanders eternally 'neath the vast black hea-
 ven."

The three or four following poems
 are in a lighter strain. Roland and
 Oliver fight two or three days. It is
 a perfect hurricane of single combat.
 At last Oliver, "the dove-eyed eagle,"
 quietly exclaims: "Roland, we shall
 never end. Were it not better that
 we became brethren? Hearken, I
 have my sister, the beautiful Aude,
 with white arms. Espouse her."

"Pardieu! I will it well," cried
 Roland. "And now let us drink, for
 the affair was hot."

"And thus it was that Roland espoused the
 lovely Aude!"

"Aymerillot" is an account of one
 of those strange and sudden muta-
 tions of fortune which, in rude ages,
 so often exalt the adventurous soldier
 of one day into the peer and captain
 of the next. The good Emperor, Char-
 lemagne, in dolour for Roncevaux,
 and the fall of his nephew, Roland,
 and the twelve Peers, wishes to take
 the strong fort of Narbonne, to wipe
 away the stain, and to encourage his
 army. His tried captains shrink be-
 fore the danger of that dreadful
 attack. Aymerillot, "le petit com-
 pagnon," boasts that he can take it,
 amidst the laughter of the soldiers.
 It reaches the King's ears. He asks
 his name. "Aymery. I am as poor
 as any poor monk. I am twenty
 years old; I have neither hay nor
 straw; I can read Latin, and I am a
 bachelor. That is all, sire. It pleased

fortune to forget me when she was distributing hereditary fiefs.

"Two miles would cover all wherein I have a part,
But all the great blue Heaven could never fill my heart."

I shall enter into Narbonne and be victorious. I shall afterwards punish those who ridicule me, if any remain." And Charles, more radiant than one of the heavenly host, exclaimed: "For this high purpose thou shalt be Aymery of Narbonne, and Count Palatine, and people shall speak of thee civilly. Go, my son!" The next morning Aymery took the town. "Bivar" brings out at once the unconquerable pride, the filial obedience, and the majestic poverty of the Cid. But "*Le Jour des Rois*" is a longer and more characteristic poem. It opens with one of those grotesque pictures which the creator of Quasimodo delights to draw. It is a beggar on a Spanish bridge in the year 360, squatted between two battlements, spectral, shivering in the horror of his monstrous rag—so abject that man and woman, sorrow and joy, burials, nuptials, beasts, sweep by him without touching him. Crested soldier, shaven monk, love, murder, battle,

"Know not this cinder, mock then at this straw."

Suddenly fire in every quarter of the horizon! On a given day the kings swoop down from the mountains, wrap the country in flame, and water it with blood. The very daughters of the Cross are not spared.

"O fury of the kings! not even at Reus Spared they the daughters of the Holy Cross.

As some rude hand impatient to unfold
A rare old missal, breaks the clasp of gold,
The drunken soldiers forced the convent gate.
Alas! Christ held within that jealous grate
Pure virgin hearts, souls uncontaminate,
Pages where Mary's blessed name did shine,
With Aves written over; words divine,
Claspen with gold, and bound with ivory,
Of maiden vow, and virgin purity.

They sweep the cloisters, through the bursted gate,

The poor nuns trembling, by the altar wait.
In vain the convent shakes her sombre shroud,

And old Rome thunders on the threshold loud.

In vain the Abbess fair, in her black frock,
Stands, cross in hand, to guard her frightened flock.

Saints are but women, to the vile and base
They fling defiance in God's very face.

The altar, and the horror, and the blood,
The cloister's night, the Abbess with her rood,
All have pass'd by in one ferocious war;
And this was done by Blaise el Matador."

The return of the soldiers with their spoils is a wonderful picture. One sees them winding away along the mountains, reddened with the setting sun—drunken, bloody, bloated, hell-hounds—trailing their spears, and the west, burning like blood, before them. But how does the poem close? Not with the deep curses of men and the wailings of women, but with the fierce and withering contempt from the foul and hideous beggar. The bridge, moistened with blood, is lonely and deserted. The mendicant shakes his obscene serge towards the Pyrenees, and cries out in the immensity of night—

———"Confront thyself, and own fraternity,

O mountain beautiful, O rags! O filth, O driven snow!

Compare beneath the winds of heaven,
which shake them as they blow,

Thou thy black clouds, O mountain! O beggar, thou thy rags!

Hide thou thy lice in tatters, and thou thy kings in crags."

The fifth division is headed "*Les Chevaliers Errants*." The general description of chivalry attains the point where the highest philosophical generalization meets with the highest power of poetical expression. M. Hugo brings out the salient points of chivalry, its mysterious and (so to speak) exceptional agency in a savage age. It is, as Bacon says of revenge, a wild kind of justice. It is, as Victor Hugo calls it, with inimitable fineness, "a magistracy of the sword," "an arm thrust forth out of the darkness, with this cry to the evil-doer, 'Thou shalt perish.'" This thought, at once poetically and historically true, is perfectly carried out in Roland's sudden apparition to deliver the boy-king, and in Euvrardus overhearing the hideous project of Sigismund and Ladislas.

"*Le Petit Roi de Galice*" opens with a description of the wild and savage ravine of Ernula. The ten princes are there, surrounded by troops of the blackest wolves and scoundrels in Spain. "Mauregat has no bullies more savage, the Corsair Dregat no worse galley-slaves, and Gaffier has

not in the troop which follows him
any thing more infernal —

Of steel their casques, their hearts are all of
bronze."

Their nephew, the young king, is
taken by those monsters, and their
debate is given; one recommending
the cloister, one the well, sealed with
the heavy stone, as the safer and less
tell-tale seclusion. The murderous
uncles think themselves secure; but
"Hist! a gallant cavalier there passes by that
way."

The cavalier, in high and stately
fashion, intimates that there is a sort
of panther-odour about the spot, and
that he considers the place and the
company any thing but respectable.
Who is the boy, and what are they
going to do with him? The violent
Padecho blurts out all.

"The horseman raised his vizor haughtily—
'My name is Roland, peer of France,'"

said he. Then ensues a terrific battle,
and the work of the good sword Duran-
del. We cannot help thinking the fight
rather a failure. It is overdone. It
is impossible to take more interest in
a contest so utterly disproportioned,
than in the battle-pieces of Milton,
where rebel angels and archangels
fall of necessity before Almighty
power. Here, upon any hypothesis
of human prowess, Roland must have
fallen in a few minutes, before the ten
princes and their bandit swarms. But
one feels that they are doomed men,
and has no pleasant anxiety about the
result. The combats in Mr. Tenny-
son's "Enid" are infinitely more
thrilling, with less blood and fury.
One shudders for that sweet pale lady
with the quiet eyes, and in the poor
garment. But even in the "Idylls"
there is nothing superior to the boy-
king's flight. Beautiful is the prayer
under the evening-sky, where the
white taper burns before the cruci-
fix; beautiful, too, the lesson of nobi-
lity, justice, and reverence for the
unhappy, which sinks into his soul:—

"While far away, no need of spur or rein,
The good horse flew o'er river and o'er plain.
The child, half rapture, half solicitude,
Looks back anon, and fears to be pursued.
Shakes lest some raging brother of his sire
Leap from those rocks that o'er the path aspire.

On the rough granite bridge, at evening's fall,
The white steed paused by Compostella's wall,
(Twas good St. James that rear'd those arches
tall),

Through the dim mist stood out each belfry
dome,
And the boy hail'd the paradise of home.

Close by the bridge, set on high stage, they
meet

A Christ of stone, the Virgin at his feet.
A taper lighted that dear pardoning face,
More tender in the shade that wrapp'd the
place.

And the child staid his horse, and in the shine
Of the wax-taper knelt down at the shrine.

'O my good God! O Mother Maiden sweet,'
He said, 'I was the worm beneath men's feet,
My father's brethren held me in their thrall,
But Thou did'st send that Paladin of Gaul.
O Lord! and show'dst what different spirits
move

The good men and the evil; those who love,
And those who love not. I had been as they,
But Thou O God hast saved both life and soul
to-day.

I saw Thee in that noble man, I saw
Pure light, true faith, and honour's sacred law,
My Father,—and I learn'd that monarchs
must

Compassionate the weak, and unto all be
just.

O Lady Mother, O dear Jesus thus
Bow'd at the cross where Thou did'st bleed
for us,

I swear to hold the truth that now I learn,
Leal to the loyal, to the traitor stern.

And ever just, and nobly mild to be

Meet scholar of that Prince of Chivalry.

And here Thy shrine bear witness, Lord, for
me.

The horse of Roland, hearing the boy tell
His vow, look'd up and said, 'O king, 'tis
well.'

Then on the palfry mounted the child-king,
And rode into the town, while all the bells
did ring."

"Eviradnus," the longest composi-
tion in the volume, begins with a
mysterious word of crime, spoken by
Sigismund to Ladislas:—

"Qu'est ce que Sigismund et Ladislas ont dit?"

hoarse with horror; dark with mys-
tery; black with the shadow of death.
The description of Eviradnus, the aged
knight, is admirable. It is the au-
thor's profound appreciation of the
knightly mission and ethical tone,
painted in actual flesh and blood:—

"Peoples sore press'd by kings he doth re-
dress

With a superb, intrepid tenderness.

Where in their horrid scale the princes cast

Treason, and violence, and fiery blast,

Iniquity and horror, sin and blood,

His grand sword was the counterpoise of God.

Woe to the evil action that shall feel

The hand of him, the champion clad in steel.

And death falls from him in the battle stir,

As water falleth from the glacier."

The old Donjon of Corbus is a per-
fect castle-piece. The poet seems to

have the architecture by heart, and to have watched and listened in such places, till every grim figure carven in stone, every cranny and gargoyle, and every clump of ivy and lichen on the walls, like rust on a sword, has told him its story. There is a strange custom of Lusace, that the inheritor of its coronet shall sleep a night in the tower. Mahand, the present Marquise, is a fair young girl :—

"Without the gift of beauty a queen is not a queen.

What boots to have a kingdom if royalty be not seen ?

And, as 'twixt rain and darkness, the rainbow laugheth fair,

And as the young doe plays between the tiger and the bear,

So, 'twixt Allemagne's dark Emperor and Poland's ruthless King

Is she, the weak and beautiful, the pure and stainless thing !"

And, having spoken of the Emperor and the King, be it known that two musicians—a German and a Pole, Zeno and Joss—have lately arrived, and made themselves specially agreeable to the Marquise ; so much so, indeed, that when the time comes for the coronation, and for the custom of Lusace, the minstrels accompany her to the donjon. Thus the story proceeds, with a wonderful description of the hall, where the lonely feast is spread :—

"But that which makes that ancient hall more ghost-like and more drear,

'Tis not the torches, or the dais, or the tables set with cheer ;

But in the lines of arches stretching far beyond the lights,

Those two long rows of horses with their two long rows of knights.

Each leans against his pillar, and holds his lance in rest,

The right arm raised in silence, they sit there, breast to breast,

With harness laced, and vizors down, and cuisses barr'd below,

And a poniard in a burnish'd sheath at every saddle bow ;

The gorgets and the breastplates are buckled on with steel ;

Each horse stands full caparison'd, with housings to the heel.

With battle-axe and dagger, and broadsword at each side,

With foot in stirrup, hand on rein, booted and spur'd they ride ;

'Tis terrible to see them all, with nodding helm and plume,

For no one stirs and no one speaks in all that awful room.

Beneath their monstrous housings loom the horses, huge and grim ;

If Satan kept black cattle, this were a herd for him.

Such shapes in an uneasy dream across the brain might flit,

So grave, and cold, and horrible their armèd riders sit.

If hell should take those close-shut hands and ope them suddenly,

Methinks some dreadful missive in every palm would lie

All down the misty chamber they grow larger in the shade ;

The very pillars are a-cold, the darkness looks afraid ;

Oh, night, what are those livid hosts so fearfully arrayed ?

Then history tells her story from these empty armours cold,

Of those who did her glorious deeds in the great days of old,

Seems a vision of a chieftain in all those archèd nooks :

There sit the savage marquises, and there the bloody dukes

Who bore upon their penons, athwart the battle's din,

The good saints gilt and painted, upon a fish's skin.

There Geth, who led his wild Sclavonians to the field ;

Mundiac, Ottocar, and Guelph, who bore upon his shield

'No fear have I ;' and Ladislas, the first in every list ;

Great Otho, of the darken'd eyes ; Zultan, and Nazamyst.

From Spignus down to Spartibor, they pause in long array,

As if, upon the verge of time, some voice had bade them stay.

And through that line of horsemen runs a pathway dark and straight,

To the dais, where stand the table and the lonely chair of state ;

The marquises are left hand, the dukes are on the right,

And till that crumbling roof shall fall, they sit there day and night,

All face to face, and side to side, alike in all but height ;

And just outside the double row, his high head backward thrown,

The sculptors of the olden time had carved a knight of stone.

He stands before that funeral host to lead them like a king ;

That host that shall not waken till the last trumpet ring.

'Tis Charlemagne, who his twelve peers so true and peerless found,

And made, of all the earth, for them one glorious table round."

Meanwhile, Eviradnus, with Gasclin, his squire, watches by the old castle. The knight bids him observe those three shapes advancing in the moonlight, and thus Mahand and the two minstrels are most picturesquely described. Eviradnus dismisses his squire and watches undauntedly alone. He goes into the hall where

the feast is ready, takes down a suit of armour, seats himself on a saddle, and remains there like a statue. The voice of one of the minstrels sounds a wild song of love in the moonlight. He is handsome, but in that beauty,

"A devil there grimaces evermore,
Such flowers hath April that the slug
crawls o'er!"

So Joss and Zeno and Mahand sup in that chamber. The Marquise, after some raillery at Zeno's littleness, sinks to sleep, having had a medicated potion given to her by the priest, according to the custom of those who slept in that sepulchral place. Then the cloven foot comes out. They dice. Joss wins the kingdom, Zeno the girl. He resolves to murder her, in revenge for her raillery. Then Eviradnus comes down from his saddle. At first he acts the part of a spectre. Afterwards he knightly tells the Emperor and King (for such they are) who he is; kills the Pole first and then the tall German, with the little king's corpse. The poem certainly verges upon melodrama too much, but it is of intense interest, and closes thus charmingly:—

"He bears the lady back again to the fatal
ducal chair,
Shuts down the spring of iron, and shuts
out the dungeon air.
He sets all things in order, and mutters,
soft and low,
'It hath not cost one drop of blood; 'tis
well it should be so.'
But suddenly the tocsin sounds for morn-
ing far away,
And a long thread of scarlet lies on the
mountain gray.
Dawn breaks; the hamlets are astir, and
bearing branches green,
A joyous people come to greet their lady
and their queen.
And rosy with the rosy dawn awakes the
fair Mahand,
Looks round, and deems the glamour of the
place has changed things so,
That for her two fair minstrels she meets
an old man's glance,
And there's a shade in those sweet eyes
regretting them, perchance;
But courteously drew near to her that
prince of honour bright,
'Madam,' said Eviradnus, 'How did you
sleep last night?'"

The "Thrones of the East" is the title of the sixth epoch. It is introduced by "Sultan Mourad." This monster's character is of the most hideous and infernal complexion. Once only does he perform an act of kindness. He sees a hog, wounded by the

butcher's knife, lying in the burning heat, the sunshine piercing its gaping wounds like coals of fire. He pushes it under the shadow of a gateway. That night his soul is required. A dreadful catalogue of his crimes is spread before Eternal Justice, and the angels call for the sentence upon the guilty soul. But suddenly, in the midst of all the terrors and glories of the infinite spaces, the unclean beast stands forth, and Mourad is pardoned! "Zim-Zizimi" we reserve for another notice.

III. It remains for us to conclude with some remarks of a more general nature upon this splendid volume.

In the first place, then, we venture to observe that M. Hugo's imagination is wider and more varied on its pictorial than on its ethical side. Eden, the castle and hall of Corbus, the battle of Roland, are wonderfully different and wonderfully fine. But this opulent imagination is not rich in its delineation of moral phenomena. The finer lights that play over the sea of conscience, for instance, he cannot render with any colours at his command. He can give it in a majestic and almost supernatural repose, as in Eviradnus and Roland. He can also represent it "casting up mire and dirt," and raging horribly, as in Cain and Canute. But he cannot catch its tints, when one has said to the winds and waves, "Peace, be still;" when the white caps are beginning to subside, and the sunshine contrasts beautifully with the foam. Cain and Canute represent his entire conception of conscience. The first murderer, with the eye glaring into his heart for ever; the parricide, with that cloud of blood raining down upon him world without end. Of forgiveness—of the moral restoration which accompanies it—he has nothing to say. He can throw himself into a psychological *rapport* with enormous guilt. But he is professedly the poet of humanity. Is conscience only to be recognised in these extreme perturbations? Has she no more beautiful functions, pregnant with more consolatory, and certainly not less poetical, workings? A man, true as Roland or Eviradnus, yet ever yearning towards the more perfect purity of the moral law, to which he cannot attain, seeing his own virtue dimmed and sullied in the whiteness of eternal holiness, as the lake looks

black when its hills and shores are mantled with untrodden snow, would afford a theme for poetry more noble than any which M. Hugo has chosen to select. Hearts as high and generous as any of the heroes of chivalry have been made to feel of what perishable material our virtues are composed, and have bowed down in penitential sorrow before the Pardoner. Is David less worthy than Cain of a place in this mighty *épopée*?

Arthur, and Launcelot, and Guinevere do not stand alone in the annals of the true Legends of the Ages.

Together with this failure in the representation of conscience, we must notice the extraordinary meagreness of the whole Scripture cycle. The character of the Perfect Man just appears in "Christ and Lazarus;" but it is introduced with a frigid and unimpassioned indifference, strangely contrasted with the rest of the volume. No beauty streams richly from heaven upon the Divine Man; no noble blossoms spring before His path; no massive lines carve out His moral lineaments in marble and colossal grandeur; no tender touches of sympathy move us to tears. He who can feel with such grand enthusiasm the throbbing heart of chivalry, is visited with no rapture in the presence of the Liberator of our race. He who can burst into ecstasy at the pardon of the monstrous Mourad by the pleadings of a hog, has no lyrical delight to make music before the exquisite tenderness and self-devotion which are manifested in the Atonement. Those who believe that not only sun, and moon, and stars, beast, and bird, and fish, but that more wonderful, beautiful, eternal thing, the heart of man—that full-toned harp of many strings—with all its rich hopes, noble yearnings, and deep sorrows, are made by Him, will at once be more than doubtful whether M. Hugo *can* be the poet of humanity. It must be a broken profile, a mutilated likeness, where humanity's fairest development is, to say the least, unappreciated.

The space assigned to the darker side of humanity, and specially to tyranny, is surely exorbitant. M. Hugo seems almost unable to look up at the sky, or to contemplate a castled crag, without reverting to the oppression and cruelty of monarchs. They mar

the etherial purity of the naked heavens, and

"Make black the horizon which the Lord made blue."

It is sad, he says, again, when man makes inexpugnable that which God made simply inaccessible: when, where

"God put the rock, man buildeth up the fort,
When to the solitude he addeth death."

Shelley's vague, dim rhetoric against priests and kings in the "Revolt of Islam" is weak and vacillating compared with Hugo's fierce, inexorable hate, pointed as it is with historical instances. Picture upon picture appals; declamation upon declamation peals in our ears. There is Canute, the parricide, sweeping like a shadow through the spectral night, unable to assoil his crowned head with a shroud of the driven snow, while he is canonized by mendacious shavelings. There are the kings swooping down upon a fertile country and its innocent inhabitants, covering them and it with the ashes of devastated homesteads, and with the blood of beautiful children and consecrated virgins; while over against the royal villains stands the filthy lazar, hissing out his contempt of them to the Pyreness. M. Hugo gives more than one hint that David does not stand much higher in his good graces. The ten princes appear before us ready to imbrue their hands in their nephew's blood. The lion in the story, who saw in the palace lions depicted in various attitudes, and always defeated in their struggles with man, observed, that the representation was manifestly human, and consequently partial. Had the lion been the limner, there would have been an astonishing difference. But here it is the consummation of cruelty, that the lion is made to delineate himself from the human points of view. The selfishness, cruelty, and unbelief of kings form an axiom, taken for granted, and acted upon by themselves. The respectable Pacheco, in an audience of kings, exclaims, with full assurance of finding sympathy and assent—

"The bourgeois dogs, who go to church, die old.

We princes love to live a youth of gold,
Merry and short, and ending with blood-flow.

Warriors we are, and find that death treads slow.

And speed his step funereal, with 'Come on,'
 Shouted, and music of the clarion.
 The people knows us, wot it well, and chace,
 As most unworthy of his crown and race,
 Who weareth not his tiger-skin with grace."

But it is in *Eviradnus* that M. Hugo's wrath glows with the whitest heat. Who that has ever read will forget that awful and superb burst of declamation?

"Under this haughtiness that none can enter,
 This arch triumphant with the limitless centre;
 Under this loyalty, veil'd from the rude world;
 Under these crowns, begemm'd, bestain'd, empearl'd;
 Under high exploit, prompt and bloody plan,
 One is a monster, one a beggarman.

O people with the million, million arms,
 Thou whom these kings dishonour in thy power,
 Thou whom their majesties the lice devour,
 Hast thou no nails, vile herd, wherewith to crack
 These high imperial itchers on thy back?"

Were this sort of anti-monarchical *tirade* to meet the reader once or twice only it might well pass with approbation. When it is repeated a hundred times in a work of this stamp, it is a libel not only upon monarchy, but upon mankind. If M. Hugo wishes to make his book correspond with its title and with its pretensions, he must search for things of a different stamp. He must turn from the petty and blood-stained annals of provincial history, from names that are remembered only to be execrated, to more brilliant pages and names that sparkle like diamonds on the forehead of history. St. Louis, Alfred, and Charlemagne have a better right to a niche in the "Legend of the Ages," than Sigismund or Ladislas, Ruy the Subtle, or Sultan Mourad.

A true criticism must also protest against the constant exaggeration of character in this volume. Every one is in extremes, either sublimed to a god, or degraded to a devil. Every nature is like an Arctic winter, a horror of perpetual darkness, or like

an Arctic summer, eternal starlight and silverness. There are men fiercely brutal, like the ten kings, and Sigismund, and Ladislas; there are men fiercely guilty, like Cain and Canute; there are also men, perfectly brave and perfectly holy, like *Eviradnus* and Roland. There is no repose, no intermediate human tinting to soothe and refresh the eye. Glaring orange sunsets and big black clouds are very superb in their way. But there is such a thing as a monotony of violent contrasts. The eye demands gentle, golden-tinted violet, nameless, quiet beauties,—more—good, gray weather-sky of the open sea of human feeling, rather than the perpetual ice-blink, with its cold, false glitter.

We hope to return to the "*Légende*" at an early opportunity. Faulty as it is in some details, and disproportioned in some departments; overrun with passionate prejudices, which degrade some of its most magnificent passages into caricatures; disfigured by endless iteration of favourite words, and even of some outrageous hyperboles; with little subtle analysis of the human heart, and we fear we must say, with little sympathy for that character which is the key to humanity—yet it is a work of captivating originality and power. It has Scott's ringing, chivalrous lines, and thrilling trumpet-blasts. As we read, the grey ruin rises upon the steep, or the castle hangs from the crag. The knight rides by with his vizor up. The gleams of the setting sun fall upon men-at-arms winding along the hills, bathed in crimson mist. It has Shelley's sentiment and coloured style, and fierce, pathetic indignation: it has Wordsworth's accurate description: it has Macaulay's fervid declamation and swinging rhythm: it has Tennyson's compressed pictures and pregnant music. And in English poetry we can find few parallels for its deep and sustained interest, for its vivid realization of the poetical aspects of the most varied pages of the history of man.

MY CLUB-TABLE.

I.

MY DEAR MAGA,

I purpose in this, and in following letters, to give you some of the fruits of my Club-Life in the shape of crumbs from my Club-Table. A dull and dreary life it is at the best, in spite of the creature comforts with which it abounds. To those who, like myself, have the misfortune to be not a casual visitor, but a regular habitué of the "Benighted Fogies," it is a very temple of ennui. The chances are, that throughout the livelong day I sit there without ever opening my lips except for the purpose of saying: "Waiter! some stamps." "Waiter! some potatoes!" "Waiter! a cup of tea!" and having delivered myself of these heart-stirring appeals I fall back upon my batch of letters, my plate of beef, my newspaper or book. But even this is better than to be suffocated in the fetid atmosphere of a London dinner party or soirée, and to be bored with the platitudes of pompous fools, the conventional insipidities of simpering girls, and the drivelling drawl of smirking coxcombs. I don't know whether we shall ever succeed in photographing sounds, but I am sure that the company which assemble at nine parties out of ten would feel somewhat ashamed of themselves if there were placed before them next morning an exact copy of what had been their conversation during the previous night. The other night I endeavoured to shut my ears to the clatter of plates and spoons and to seize the snatches of dialogue which were passing to and fro around me. They were couched somewhat as follows: "I wonder whether the Emperor will make"—"those horrid crinolines"—"no, I never heard Spurgeon, but"—"The *Cornhill Magazine* is far the most amusing of the two"—"You see, the Pope"—"Do you know what a *germander* eye means"—"For my part, I think the *Rigi* is all humbug"—"I know on the best authority that"—"Some bread if you please"—"What was his text?"—"Were you in the Park?"—"It was very nice in

the Queen sending to inquire after"—"That fellow, Bright"—"Oh! charming"—"Have you ever seen any spirit-rapping?"—"I import it myself"—

At this moment the lady of the house interrupted me by saying, "Mr. Grim, can you tell me of any nice book to get from Mudie's?" Cold soup, hot wine, and vapid talk had so soured my temper (naturally good, I assure you) that I had a mind to recommend *Thom's Directory*, especially as madam thought it necessary to couple the demand with the wish for some book "full of information." However, I evaded the question altogether by saying that I would think the matter over and send her a list of the best books of the day. As I left the house that evening (with a vow that I would never be caught there again) I bethought me that I might put to some use my mornings and musings at the club if I were to extend the scope of my promise to the Honourable Mrs. Splicer, and to throw together upon paper some of the impressions which I had gathered from an examination of Mudie's stores upon "My Club-Table." I had yet a further end in view. I have long borne a secret grudge against your F. C.—your Fat or Foreign Courier, or whatever his designation may be,—and I assure you it was quite a relief to my mind when your January number appeared and he—didn't. It mortifies me to think that the literature of the Continent should be set forth in his columns as being so fruitful of works of mark,—a fact I by no means dispute, but I don't like it the better for that,—while nothing was said or done to call attention to the literature of one's own country. Mind you, I am not going to write reviews. Though these letters are addressed to you, I wish you to imagine that I am writing to some one exiled from all ordinary sources of information on what our friends across the channel (for friends I trust they are and will ever remain) call "le mouve-

ment littéraire" (your Fat Courier will tell you what that means). Suppose, for example, that you had the misfortune to be my brother—at least I don't mean that, for, of course, you would be exceedingly proud to enjoy that relationship with Christopher Grim;—but suppose that like my brother you had the misfortune to be serving your country by getting suffocated with pecks of dust from the thirsty plains around Peshawur—I can conceive that you would like to know what is going on in the literary world at home, so that when you returned to that native land which your heart at least had never left, you might not find yourself completely in arrear of the age, and doomed to utter ignorance (alas! you know not what bliss it would be) of the hundred and twenty thousand volumes (what are the plagues of Egypt to that!) which Mr. Mudie informs us are yearly added to his library. I merely mention this hypothesis in order to let you understand of what nature this literary correspondence is intended to be. My letters to Peshawur are sent *via* Dublin. If Maga likes to arrest them on their passage, he is at liberty to make what use of them he pleases. I only hope they may not fall into the hands of the Honourable Mrs. Splicer aforesaid.

As I pass my eye round the margin of "My Club Table," I meet with two stout volumes, of which it would be all the more unpardonable not to speak, as to his other merits their author adds that of being an Irishman. Till M'Clintock's book appeared—of which an abler pen than mine will treat—it was essentially the book of the day. I allude, of course, to Sir Emerson Tennent's "Ceylon." I wish you would try and impress upon your Fat Courier that his pet literature of the Continent has no parallel to offer to the kind and degree of success which standard works of considerable expense meet with in this country. If Tennent's "Ceylon" had been published in France, I dare say it would have been got up in more sumptuous style and in a more purely learned form; the Government would have subscribed to three or four hundred copies, which would have been placed upon the shelves of public libraries, from which they would seldom have been moved. Whereas in this country

the scientific matter, like a nasty powder for children, is covered up with the soft sugar of a popular and amusing style, so that the book has met with thousands of readers, and has reached either a third or a fourth edition, I forget which. But I suppose Fat Courier would stick to his maxim—"They do these things better in France." Be this as it may, the success of the "Ceylon" is right well earned. Sir Emerson Tennent has taken so much pains, and done his work so conscientiously, that it would be extremely churlish to pick holes either in his statements or his style. The fact is, the account here given of Ceylon is so encyclopædic in its character, that it would be quite impossible to bring the matter within the scope of any one intelligence. Perhaps it is this over-ambitious attempt which betrays itself occasionally in a somewhat pretentious style. The book is divided into ten parts, each of which would alone be sufficient to tax the powers of one who should attempt to treat it in scientific fashion. First we have the physical geography, comprising geology, mineralogy, vegetation, &c. Zoology in all its branches occupies about 200 pages. Part III. attacks the Singhalese Chronicles, and recounts the history of the Singhalese monarchy. These historical investigations are here interrupted by a chapter on the Sciences and Social Arts, one of the most entertaining in the whole volume. In Part V. the history is resumed under the head of the Middle Ages, and an inquiry is set on foot as to the knowledge which other nations had of Ceylon. This closes the first volume. The second opens with its modern history under the Portuguese, the Dutch, and ourselves, in succession. In Part VII. we have a description of the southern and central provinces, which I found decidedly dull, always excepting the history of the sacred tooth, which I feel disposed to extract (the history, not the tooth), and would if I were writing a review. Those extracts fill up room so nicely and spin out an article when a man has got nothing to say. But to return to Ceylon. "The elephant" (as might be expected from his size), has the whole of Part VIII. to himself. He fills 130 pages. I was so ignorant about the habits of elephants that I

read this chapter with great zest. With zest, too, has Sir Emerson written it, for here he was thoroughly master of his subject. Talking of elephants, mind you don't skip the anecdote about the crows. To make sure, suppose I tell it you. These Ceylon crows, it seems, are familiar to audacity, and keep hovering about houses, ready to pilfer anything which comes in their way, from the contents of a lady's work-box to those of a cow's stomach. One of these marauders descried a chained watch-dog at work at a bone, and did every thing he could to distract his attention, but in vain. He then flew away in quest of an accomplice, who poisoning himself on his wings, came down with all the force of his beak on the dog's spine. The dog, of course, started with pain and surprise; but the instant his head was turned the bone he had been gnawing disappeared. So a London thief will dig his head into an old gentleman's stomach, while his *pal* rifles fob or pocket.

Apropos of these same crows, Sir Emerson Tennent mentions a circumstance which reminds me of something I had been reading in another interesting book of which you have heard as much as, and I dare say know a great deal more than I do: "Darwin on Species." He says that the extreme tameness of the crow may possibly arise from the penalties enforced by the Dutch against anyone killing a crow, "under the belief" that they aid the growth of cinnamon by feeding on the fruit. Now, Darwin gives an instance of yet more complex relations between plants and animals. He has very little doubt (*from experiments he has tried*) that if humble bees became extinct or rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare, or would wholly disappear. Only in this case the interest of the relation is enhanced by the fact that as humble bees depend on the mice in the district which destroy their nests, and as mice depend on cats, the existence of red clover, &c., is ultimately made to turn upon the presence of a cat. Who will venture to deny after this that there may be some connexion between Tanterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands? There is another fact mentioned by Tennent which made me feel very uncomfortable this

morning after breakfast, and which is not, I think, very generally known. The sardine is found in enormous profusion on the coast of Ceylon, and it seems that at certain seasons it has the reputation of being poisonous; so much so that an order was passed by the Governor in Council, enacting that no sardines should be caught in the months of December and January. However, these crows, elephants, and sardines have made me forget to state that the two concluding parts are on the Northern Forests and the Ruined Cities. So at least says the table of contents, for I have not read them myself. Life is short and Tennent is long. It really is a pity that a work of such conspicuous merit, the fruit of such untiring industry, should so often present instances of English by turns slip-slop and stilted. We suspect the author must have been reading Alison, while engaged in the composition of his work, and thus has given way to occasional fits of vicious style, caught by contagion. But as I said before, I don't wish to lay any stress on this: they are but as spots on the sun.

I wish I knew what to say about that book of Darwin's, aforesaid. Not that it's very material that I should say anything, beyond recommending it most earnestly to all readers, and deprecating the use of the theological tomahawk in the discussion of a matter in which science alone has a right to speak. I am glad to find that the *Edinburgh Review* for this quarter has no article upon it. It warrants the hope that the writer in whose hands it has been placed is giving it the time and meditation which Mr. Darwin has every right to demand at the hands of his critics, considering he has devoted twenty years to the elaboration of his theory. This theory is, in terms, simple and intelligible enough: it goes to prove that the view which most naturalists hold, *and which Mr. Darwin himself at one time held*—that each species has been independently created, is erroneous. The title alone explains what theory Mr. Darwin would substitute in lieu of this independent creation. It runs, you will observe, as follows: "The origin of species by means of natural selections, or the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life." It is the doctrine of Malthus applied to the

whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. "As many more individuals of each species," says Mr. Darwin, "are born than can possibly survive; and as, consequently there is a frequently recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be *naturally selected*. From the strong principle of inheritance, any selected variety will tend to propagate its new and modified form."

Whoever does set himself up to judge this book would do well to remember that he has before him nothing but an abstract. Mr. Darwin hopes in two or three years to be able to complete it. At present he is compelled to omit whole masses of facts and of references to authorities for the several statements advanced. It is perhaps to be regretted that, by publishing this abstract he should invite criticism founded on imperfect data and induce his adversaries to entrench themselves in positions, from which an instinctive dislike to the humiliation of a palinode may render it difficult to dislodge them. However, his health was far from strong, and he found that he was being anticipated by Mr. Wallace's researches made independently. If the writer of a very temperate article in the *Saturday Review* may be believed, it is in the geological argument that Mr. Darwin breaks down. The objections there raised seem to me to be forcible, but as I know nothing about geology I will not pretend to arbitrate between the author and his reviewer. He does not, however, seem to expect to make many converts among full-fledged naturalists. His hope is in the rising naturalists, in young men whose minds, I suppose he might call it, are not yet *creased*, and who are open to conviction, from being able to view both sides impartially. I take for granted that in the larger work he will explain more at large his views on the races of man. If you want to get hold of the fundamental idea of the whole treatise, I should advise you to read the opening paragraphs of the fourth chapter. In these days of rapid production, and crude abortions, it is a noble thing to find a man

sifting and searching, and meditating for twenty-three years—*grande mortalis ævi spatium*—before he ventures to commit his thoughts to paper and to print. By such as these truth is built up and knowledge grows.

"Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper? Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail."

And so farewell and good speed to Charles Darwin.

What do you say to a novel by way of variety? I don't pretend to disguise the fact that I doat on a good novel. I cannot understand why some people persist in placing novels at the tail of literature, and sometimes even have the humbug to pretend that they have only a bowing acquaintance with them. Why, they occupy in modern literature the place that the Epic did in the literature of the elder world. And as to their influence it is more than potent: it is paramount. I do not hesitate to assert my strong conviction that no class of composition, oral or printed, gives shape and line to the characters of men and women to an extent at all comparable with the *moulding* and *colouring* wrought by novels. Just at present, it seems to me, there is rather a dearth of any very remarkable specimens of this important department of literature. There's a book called the "Wood-Rangers," by Captain Mayne Reid, but I would have you mark that it is only a translation (as the title page of course tells you, though in somewhat small print) from a novel republished two or three years ago, in Hachette's Railway Library, and written by Luis de Bellemare, *alias* Gabriel Ferry, who lost his life, poor fellow, in a fire on board ship, as he returned from Mexico. The novel is exceedingly amusing to those who love stirring incidents by flood and field: but who would read a translation? Anthony Trollope too, is beginning what promises to be a capital novel, called "Framley Parsonage," in a new Magazine. There is one thing, however, against which I beg leave to protest, and that is, the habit to which Messrs. Trollope and Thackeray are exceedingly prone, of serving up the same characters in successive novels. A roast joint I have no objection to, but everlasting hashes move my bile. This practice

lays the reader under the painful necessity of reading all an author's former works in order to understand his latest production.

Now that I am launched into novels, I must not leave unnoticed the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel, a History of Father and Son," by George Meredith (not to be confounded with Owen Meredith, Bulwer Lytton's son, the author of "Clytemnœstra," and other poems). You will remember, my dear Maga, a very eulogious article on this novel which appeared in the *Times* towards the close of last year. In fact it was that article which induced me to read the book. I have read it, and am quite willing to acknowledge that it is written with extraordinary power, and betrays talent of the highest order. I will even go further than that, and say, that the moral truth which lies at the base and forms the cardinal idea of the novel, cannot be controverted. It is this, or at least it may be stated thus: That virtue and innocence consist not in the utter ignorance of sin or ill, but in knowing both the good and the bad, and choosing the former. A father has had reason to smart from the frailty of woman, and is resolved that his son shall be kept entirely aloof from the snares to which such frailty might expose him in his turn, till such time as he is of age to marry a girl—the flower of her sex—chosen for him by his sire. Such is the general idea of the story which relates the adventures of Richard Feverel from childhood upwards. The "Ordeal," which is variously designated by the author as the blossoming season, the magnetic age, the apple-disease (!) is better known as the age of puberty. We have no doubt whatever that the "system" pursued by Richard Feverel's father is rotten to the core. This is a point which Mr. Meredith has established satisfactorily. At the same time, the book, in spite of its great fascinations, leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. We read at the close of the first chapter:—"What he exactly meant by the apple-disease, he did not explain: nor did the ladies ask for an explanation. Intuitively, they felt hot when it was mentioned"—(p. 20). Now this is just the feeling which comes over one repeatedly in perusing the "Ordeal," in spite of the heartiest assent to the

principles advocated. I should be sorry to see this sort of book obtain a recognised place in the fiction of this country. I should not like the *Times* habitually to lend the weight of its great influence on behalf of novels which contain such a passage as the following:—"Seedtime passed thus smoothly, and adolescence came on, and his cousin Clare felt what it was to be of an opposite sex to him"—and *that* in the very same page, as a truth so divine as this:—"Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered." Perhaps, however, I have said enough of this novel. I am not sure that I should have called your attention to it at all if the *Times* had not given it such notoriety. I see that the same author is on the point of commencing a new tale (called, "He would be a Gentleman") in an early number of *Once a Week*.

The reputation of Julia Kavanagh, as one of our ablest writers of fiction, may induce you to send to your circulating library for three volumes from her pen, bearing the title, "Seven Years, and Other Tales." I think you will find them rather stupid. They contain pictures, however, of "noble hearts, with whom love was not selfish, with whom the performance of duty was not the cold absence of love;" so I suppose one ought not to yawn over them. A weak, but amiable old lady, with two faithful servants, who have been with her all their lives; a young girl, who is half attendant, half companion; and a young upholsterer, who, after seven years of patient wooing, wins the young girl's hand;—such are the principal *dramatis personæ*. The two old servants are admirably drawn. Their devoted attachment to their mistress, and to each other, is not a whit diminished by incessant squabbles from morning to night. If this letter were not strictly confidential, I should retract the impeachment of stupidity. I have not read all the minor tales. The characters throughout are French, and the scene is laid in France. The local colouring—is not that the phrase?—is decidedly good.

I wish I had nothing worse than stupidity to charge against Frederic Farrar, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, author of "Eric, or Little by Little." Dear me! I ought

not to put it so strongly, I suppose, for I have just stumbled on the preface, which had escaped my notice before, and in which the author of "Julian Home" requests the reader, at least to believe that it has been his earnest endeavour (in italics) to write with fearlessness and honesty, and that it has been his one object to lend ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth. Both—as Mrs. Malaprop calls it—in *perverted* commas. However, I have said it, and so it must stand. If I should be "so unfortunate as to arouse the author's antagonism, or offend his taste," I hope he will at least believe that it has been my earnest endeavour (in italics) to write with fearlessness and honesty, and to effect the loan already mentioned in *perverted* commas. There seems to be a blight hanging upon all attempts to portray university life. The reason is obvious enough: there is nothing to portray, and the painter is thus driven by the force of circumstances into a libellous caricature, or a false and mawkish idealism. At a public school the case is very different; you have there a much closer principle of cohesion, which gives to the particular society depicted a character, *a part*, which leaves the novelist an ample field on which his imagination may wander without risk of any very gross perversions of truth. "Tom Brown's School Days" were excellent; "Tom Brown at Oxford," is a miserable performance, not above the level of "Verdant Green," of mortal fame. I have never read "Eric," and never shall, for I am told it is very unhealthy. I can quite believe. Mr. Farrar is evidently a weak vessel. What I chiefly dislike in the book is the churlish and ungrateful tone in which he carps at the glorious college to which he has the honour to belong. Let me ask in passing, why he cannot call it openly Trinity College, instead of St. Werner's, and whether the public school from which Julian Home comes up to college, could not have been Harrow or Eton,—*purment et simplement*,—without resorting to the amalgamation of the two expressed in Harton. Because Mr. Thackeray wrote somewhere about Oxbridge and Camford, everyone thinks it necessary to follow suit. Perhaps, however, this joint stock nomenclature facili-

tates in some mysterious way the loan aforesaid to virtue and truth. I do not myself see that it implies much fearlessness or honesty. Mr. Farrar is evidently very sore on the matter of sizars, young men of narrow means, to whom that noble foundation of Trinity College affords assistance to the tune of a hundred a-year. From that class have emanated some of the most illustrious ornaments of the University of Cambridge, past and present. There are, of course, exceptions—Mr. Farrar, for example. As a Trinity-man, I can only say, that the light in which he says sizars are regarded, and the insults to which they are subjected, are entirely new to me. But, admitting the fact, or at least the hypothesis, only conceive one undergraduate addressing another in this style:—"Who is he?" said Lillyston, breaking in" (breaking out, I should call it). "Your equal, sir, in birth, as he is your superior in intellect, and in every moral quality. Gentlemen," he continued, 'let me just warn you how you have the impertinence to talk in this way again.'" Bosh! is the only commentary one can make on such stuff. Among other episodes introduced in negotiating the loan aforesaid, one Bruce is represented as compassing the intoxication of Lord de Vayne, by emptying a bottle of laudanum (he had meant only to put four or five drops) into his glass at a wine party. Medical men will recognise more fearlessness than truth in the description of the effects which instantaneously followed the draining of the glass, in which Bruce had pretended detecting the presence of a fly:—"What is the meaning of that gasp, and the rapid dropping of the head upon the breast, and the deadly pallor that suddenly put out the fair colour in his cheeks? There was no *fly*;—but, good heavens! was there death in the glass?" But I am sure you must be tired of "Julian Home;" so I will turn to something else.

Shall it be Charles Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities"—to finish off the novels on my Club-Table? I don't attempt to conceal the fact that I have a great dislike to this writer's works, especially of late years. He seems to sink lower and lower into that vein of caricature in which his talent resides. If you look attentively at his recent works you will

find that all his *effects* are produced by some ridiculous trick or association attached to his characters. In the volume before us there is one Jerry, whose hair is perpetually spoken of as resembling iron spikes, and in whom our interest is chiefly enlisted on the ground that he calls his wife "aggerawayter," because said wife is every moment kneeling down to pray, an act which Mr. Dickens designates as "flopping." Surely this is dull wit, to use no harsher term. The two cities are Paris and London, and the time is laid in the last quarter of the last century. As may be supposed Mr. Dickens is very vehement in his sneers against the abuses which prevailed then as now, and which are inherent in all human institutions. But here, too, in social as in individual pictures, he indulges to excess in caricature. I cannot attempt to tell you the story, for it is so clumsily put together that it is almost impossible to follow it. I can only attest to a great sense of relief when I got to the end of the book, and of regret at having been fool enough to begin it. I suppose this will sound excessively impertinent; but what else can you expect from Christopher Grim?

As I have got some ill-humour to spare, I beg leave to vent it upon a book which richly deserves it, though it be, perhaps, scarcely worth the powder and shot. I mean Mr. Thornbury's "Life in Spain." This is one of those books which make one sometimes think that circulating libraries exercise a pernicious influence on literature. No author or publisher would have the courage to incur the risk of giving them to the world, if they did not feel assured that the circulating libraries alone would purchase copies enough to tide them over any actual loss. The author says, in the preface, that "he tried on the spot for local colour and vividness." One of his artifices for compassing this effect seems to be the constant use of the present tense, to which we are indebted for such phrases as the following:—"I look round my room." "I am just up, hot and steaming from a short but *pleasantly sottish* siesta." (What can you say to a man who finds *sottishness* pleasant?) "I lift my red damp cheek from the pillow. I look round at the wall. I shuffle off my

yellow slippers that I bought of Goo-soof Yakooob, the Moorish Jew" (what an interesting fact!). If this be vividness and local colouring, may we never have any more of it. I have remarked, too, in more than one passage a jocular use of phrases out of Holy Scripture—the most impotent form of wit I know. He sees Cape Finisterre, for example, "through a glass darkly." You will find some more if you have the courage to wade through the book, which I have done, only I cannot now lay my hands on them. Indeed, his profane jokes are but sorry performances. Witness the following choice specimens taken quite at random:—"I bent my errant steps—human nature is (h)erring, and that is a poor fish—to the ruinous square," &c. ! When I stumble on such a passage as this, I confess I am tempted to admire the complacent fatuity of such *écrivassiers* as Mr. Thornbury—and there are scores as bad, or worse, for they lack his honest good-nature, which makes one almost reluctant to be severe on his book—which carries them unconcerned through the fiery ordeal of putting such stuff in print, and their name on the title-page. Perhaps, however, I am mistaken. Classical readers, Göthe used to say, are as great a desideratum as classical writers; and these travel-mongers may know better than I do to what level they ought to sink to suit the public taste. Till I am further enlightened on this point, I can only say that such books as "Life in Spain" are no credit to our literature, and such travellers as Mr. Thornbury a libel on our nation.

Have you ever heard Mr. Kingsley preach?—I did, the other day, at the Chapel Royal (for you know, I suppose, that he is one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the Queen). The sermon was very fair pot-luck; but with it I am not now concerned. I merely wish to remark how much the seeing and hearing him enables one to enter into the force and unsphere the spirit of what he writes. The man is imaged in his style. I have now by me two volumes of "Miscellanies," which may safely be recommended as very pleasant reading. I do not think they have much higher claim on our attention. There are essays here for every taste and on divers themes. In history we have "Sir Walter Raleigh, and his Times," and "Froude's His-

tory of England." Mr. Kingsley goes at his subject as a man riding after hounds goes at a fence. Hunting, indeed, is his *forte*; his whole soul is in it. Witness the glowing description of riding with the stag-hounds in the essay entitled "North Devon" (vol. ii. p. 240), a masterpiece of heart-stirring poetry. Not that Mr. Kingsley is a hunting parson. He is only a parson that hunts, which is very different. But I was saying what these volumes contain. We have an article on Tennyson, on Alexander Smith and Alexander Pope, on the Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art, on Burns and his School, on Shelley and Byron, on poor Vaughan's "Hours with the Mystics," on Chalk Stream Studies, my Winter Garden, and on Sanitary Reform. These last are full of Mr. Kingsley's worst faults, of which the chief is that vehement right-and-lefter style of denunciation, which is uniformly the fruit of misdirected impetuosity. Like some of the young poets of whom he himself speaks in these volumes, he takes noise for awfulness, and violence for strength. I have no doubt that Mr. Kingsley is thoroughly in earnest; but then he lacks common sense and practical discretion. Impatient at the difficulties which seem to obstruct the carrying out of his schemes, he does not endeavour to remove them in a quiet, business-like way, but takes to yelling—a proceeding which does more credit to the soundness of his lungs than to that of his theories. However, I am writing horrible heresy; so I quit the subject.

I have derived a vast amount of entertaining information from "Vicissitudes of Families," and other essays,

by the author of the "Peerage," Sir Bernard Burke. It was a very happy idea to put into the shape of tales the history of the decline and fall of some of the old families of the three kingdoms. The execution is worthy of the conception. There is very little pretension about the book; it narrates the "Vicissitudes" simply and succinctly, and enables you to spend an hour or two with profit and amusement. One of the most interesting of the essays is that on the Landmarks of Genealogy, in which Sir Bernard gives a brief and concise description of the records to be consulted by genealogical inquirers—a task for which it would be difficult to find a more competent hand than the Ulster King at Arma. The "Recollections of English Counties," too, are full of pleasant chat on the halls and castles of those who have made the name of England illustrious; while the essay on Heraldry is intended for the uninitiated, in the hope that it may serve to popularize the science.

Well! my dear Maga, I think you must have had about enough of me. Though I have far from exhausted the contents of "My Club Table," I fear I may have gone far to exhaust you. Let me know if you would care to hear from me again. I would not have you judge of my letters from this, which is in a great measure introductory. I dare say I shall be considered severe; but I can honestly say that I have but spoken my mind, and that I have set down nought in malice.

Ever yours,
CHRISTOPHER GRIM.

SONG OF THE EVENING STAR.

WHEN the sun glides on like a golden swan,
With his crimson wings all furl'd,
Till he sink in a sea of transparency,
The lake of the upper world !
Then the spheres ring a chime to the march of Time,
As the dying day expires ;
And earth's guardian powers in their high watch-towers
Light heaven's ethereal fires !
And I come from my rest in the burning West,
The queen of the starry choirs !

My light is fair 'mid the dreamy air,
The delicious air of even,
While the sphere-clouds around, in a sleep profound,
Are glass'd in the blue of heaven !
Then the moon from afar, like a silver bar,
Spans the breast of the waveless sea !
And the forests deep lie hush'd in sleep
As still as eternity !
But every eye in the earth and the sky
Is gazing alone on me !

O, the west is blest when my diamond crest
Is set in its sapphire shade,
While there I spy from the folded sky,
The tints of daylight fade !
Thus might angels keep from heaven's golden steep,
Their watch over all below ;
Through the endless blue where orbs shine through,
Which mortals ne'er can know !
And lovers say that the orb of day
Hath not half so soft a grace,
As I, when I shine, with light divine,
From my holy dwelling-place !

The blackbird sings with folded wings,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
But 'tis I inspire with the burning fire,
For his eye is fixed on me !
The stream receives through its margin leaves,
Mine image sweetly there,
Till the small birds between their folds of green,
Gaze in wonder at thing so fair !
But I look most in love from my throne above,
On the child at evening prayer !

But when Night draws near through the atmosphere,
As no other spirit may,
The glory's too bright for my raptured sight,
And I faint and faint away !
And I sink down through the dissolving blue,
Upon ocean's liquid wave,
Till eve once more its sapphire floor,
With her gorgeous colours pave,
Then I shine from afar—heaven's loveliest star—
Love triumphing o'er the grave !

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. XI.

COLONIAL AND MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCES.

THE following day I strolled with my American friends into the Park, through the narrow, dingy, and unseemly entrance from Spring Gardens. A few minutes' walk brought us in front of the Horse Guards, where we paused for a while to witness a military review. We then proceeded to the Serpentine, where we watched the gay and fashionable throng, that, attracted by the crowd of skaters, increased the number and brilliancy of the groups that they themselves came to admire.

"The more I see of this great capital," observed the Senator, "the more astonished I am at its population and wealth. Places of public resort, of every description, are thronged with people, and the crowds that frequent and fill them do not perceptibly diminish the multitudes that are usually seen in the fashionable streets or business thoroughfares. The number of private carriages abroad during a fine day in the season, is almost incredible. There are everywhere evidences of great opulence in this metropolis that attract and astonish a stranger. The city appears to him like a large estuary, receiving tributary streams of wealth from all parts of the globe, and discharging an increasing flood of riches in return; the region between that and Bond-street as the emporium of every thing that is costly and rare, and the West End as the stately abode of people of rank and fortune. All this is perceptible at a glance, and a cursory survey fills his mind with astonishment, but on closer inspection he finds that he has seen only the surface of things. As he pursues his investigations, he learns that the city is a vast warehouse for the supply of the whole world; that its merchants own half the public stock of every civilized nation; that there are docks and depositories underneath the surface, containing untold and inconceivable wealth; and that the shop windows in the streets of fashionable resort, though they glitter

with gold and silver, or are decked with silks, satins, laces, shawls, and the choicest and most expensive merchandise, convey but a very inadequate idea of the hoards that are necessarily packed into the smallest possible space, and stored away in the lofts above, or the vaults beneath. Pursuing his inquiries in the West, he finds that the stately mansions he beholds there, are the mere town residences, during 'the season,' of a class who have enormous estates in the country, with princely palaces, castles, and halls, and that there are amongst them one thousand individuals, whose united property would more than extinguish the national debt. Such is the London, of which he has read and heard so much, the centre of the whole commercial world, the exchange where potentates negotiate loans for the purposes of war or peace, the seat of the arts and sciences, and the source of all the civilization and freedom that is to be found in the world. But great, and rich, and powerful as it is, it does not stand in the same relation to England, as Paris does to France; it is independent, but not omnipotent; there are other towns only second to it in population and capital, such as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, and others, of which the wealth is almost fabulous. Well may an Englishman be proud of his country. In every quarter of the globe, he finds it is stamping the impress of its language, its institutions, and its liberty. You and I, who have travelled so far, and seen so much, have beheld yonder British soldier at Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, at the Cape, the ports of the East Indies, Hong Kong, Australia, and New Zealand, in the West Indies, and Newfoundland, Halifax, Quebec, and the shores of the Pacific. Great Britain fills but a small place on the map, but owns and occupies a large portion of the globe. Her first attempts at colonization, like those of other European powers, were not

very successful, but the loss of the old provinces, that now constitute the United States, has taught her wisdom. She has at last learned that the true art of governing her distant possessions consists in imparting to the people that freedom which she herself enjoys, and in seeking remuneration for her outlay, not by monopolizing their commerce, but by enlarging it; not in compelling them to seek their supplies at her hands, but in aiding them to become opulent and profitable customers. She has discovered that affection and interest are stronger and more enduring ties than those imposed by coercion; that there are in reality no conflicting interests between herself and her dependencies, and that the happiness and prosperity of both are best promoted and secured by as much mutual independence of action as is compatible with the undisputed and indispensable rights of each, and the due relation of one part of the empire to the other, and to the whole."

"Do you not suppose," I said, "that in process of time, as our colonies become more populous and more wealthy, they will follow the order of nature, grow self-reliant, and become distinct and independent nations?"

"Some," he replied, "undoubtedly will, but there are others, that by judicious arrangements, may possibly remain part and parcel of the Empire. There is a vast difference between the colonies in the East, and those in the West. The former are held by a very fragile tenure, and it is difficult to say how soon they may be severed from British control. Australia will probably, at no very distant period, claim its independence, and if the demand be made with unanimity, and appears to be the 'well understood wish of the people,' it will doubtless be conceded to them. It is obviously neither the interest nor the wish of this country to compel a reluctant obedience, even if it possesses the power, which is more than doubtful. The emigrant, when he leaves Great Britain for Australia, leaves it for ever. In becoming a colonist he ceases to be an Englishman; he voluntarily casts his lot in another hemisphere, and severs the ties, social and national, that bound him to his own. While all is strange about him, a feeling

of loneliness and exile may oppress him, and cause him to cast a longing lingering look towards the land he has left. During this state of mind, he finds relief in transmitting to his friends and relatives, tidings of himself, and asking the consolation of letters in return. By degrees the correspondence slackens, and finally ceases altogether; new associates supply the place of his early friends; and as imagination and hope are stronger than memory, the Old World soon becomes, as it were, a dream in the New. The interminable ocean is a barrier to the emigrant's return; and although that is not insuperable in itself, the great expense of a double voyage precludes his entertaining the idea of ever revisiting his native land. Where every thing is new, the old is forgotten as soon as laid aside; a change of climate, of habits, of wants, and of employments, requires him to accommodate himself to his altered circumstances; and the present occupies his thoughts to the exclusion of the past. Those among whom his lot is cast, have made the country what it is, and claim it as their own. He is among them, and of them; he is an Australian in thought, in word, and in deed. The history of his country is soon learned, for it has started into existence in his own lifetime. Although precocious, it has not outgrown its strength, and it gives promise of a still more rapid development. All that he beholds around him is at once the effect and cause of progress, and the dull monotony of the Old World contrasts strangely with the excitement of the New. Where every thing is to be planned, adopted, and executed, the energies of all are put into requisition, and industry and ordinary frugality promise profit as well as remuneration. The country of his adoption has a future, the early dawn of which discloses nationality and greatness; it is self-supporting, and is not dependent upon the mother country; it has other markets besides those of Great Britain; it has a continental, a colonial, and a foreign trade of its own, and its commerce is already extending to the shores of the Pacific. It is the England of the East. The hostile attitude lately assumed by France has already raised the question of independence among the settlers,

which is still engrossing public attention. 'Ought we,' they say, 'to be involved in European wars, in which we have no direct interest, on grounds in which we have no concern, which are undertaken, conducted, and terminated without our assent. We are told that we must provide for our own defences. If we provoke attack, it is reasonable we should be prepared to repel it; but if the quarrel is between others, those who involve us in war, should, in common justice, shield us from its ravages. We have every thing to lose, and nothing to gain, by hostilities. If England is unable to provide suitable coast defences for herself, how can we do so with a far greater extent of maritime coast, with a sparse population, and without an army or navy of our own. The sovereignty is nominal, the danger real. Our independence can do England no harm, because in proportion to our means, we shall always be among her best customers, while it will save our shipping from seizure, our seaport towns from bombardment, and our colonial and foreign trade from annihilation. We are too far removed from you to give assistance, or receive protection. The policy of the United States is not to intermeddle in European politics, a similarity of condition indicates the propriety of a like abstinence on our part.'

"Such, my dear sir, I know to be the language of the Australians, and such, I foresee, will be the ultimate result. New Zealand is similarly situated. As respects the East Indian provinces, you have recently very nearly lost them; by the rebellion of the natives. If France or Russia should be at war with you, either of them is in a condition to fan the smouldering embers of discontent into another outbreak, and the result would, doubtless, be most disastrous. The North American colonies are very differently situated in every respect: they may be damaged by either of those great powers, and especially by the former, but they can never be conquered. Unlike Australia, they have a vast inhabited back country, into which an enemy cannot penetrate, and they are only assailable in a few maritime towns, which constitute but a small part of their wealth, and contain a

still smaller portion of their population. They are settled by a brave, intelligent, loyal, and above all, an homogenous race, not very powerful for aggression, but fully competent, with very slight assistance to defend themselves; and be assured, we should never permit any other European nation but Great Britain to hold them. It is a settled principle with us, that no portion of our continent shall ever again be subject to any foreign power. So long as the connexion lasts with England we shall respect it, and if they should become independent, we shall recognise the Government *de facto*, and welcome it into the family of American nations. With judicious management I can see no reason why they should ever be severed from the parent country. Now, the inhabitants of Australia are emigrants and not natives; they are a new people, suddenly elevated into wealth and political importance, exercising the novel powers of self-government, somewhat intoxicated with their sudden prosperity, and like all *novi homines* similarly situated, they exhibit no little self-sufficiency. They are impatient of control or interference, and can but ill brook the delay that necessarily arises in their official correspondence with the Imperial Government, from the immense distance it has to traverse before it reaches its destination. They think, and with some truth, that their condition is not understood, or their value duly appreciated; and that the treatment they receive from the Downing-street officials is neither conciliatory nor judicious. They feel that they can stand alone, and their language indicates a desire to try the experiment.

The great bulk of the North American population, on the contrary, is of native growth,—the people have been born under the form of Government they now enjoy, and have practically known no other. They retained their loyalty during the trying period of our Revolution, and defended themselves with great gallantry during the war of 1812, when their country was invaded by our troops. Steam has so abridged the time formerly occupied by a passage across the Atlantic, that their principal men continually pass and repass between their respective colonies and Great Britain, and feel

as if they constituted part of the same population. Daily packets have so facilitated correspondence, that three weeks now suffice for the transmission of letters and replies, while the telegraphic wire will soon place the people on both sides of the Atlantic within speaking distance. A passage from Quebec, or Halifax, to England, can now be effected in as short a space of time as was occupied, thirty years ago, in a journey from the west coast of Ireland to London; and it is confidently predicted that the voyage will soon be accomplished in five days. Distance, therefore, constitutes no obstacle to a continuance of the union, nor do the wishes or interests of the people tend to a severance. It is a startling and extraordinary circumstance (but I am firmly convinced of the fact), that the colonists are more desirous than the Whig Government for a continuance of the union. It has been the practice of that party, for the last fifty years, to undervalue the importance of their colonies, to regard them as incumbrances, to predict their inevitable tendency to become independent, and to use them, while the connexion continues, as a mere field for patronage for their dependents and supporters. Acting upon this conviction, they have been at no pains to conciliate the people, either by aiding them in their internal improvements, or admitting them to any share of the Imperial patronage, while they have carefully excluded them from any voice in that department which has the supervision of the vast colonial dependencies of the empire. This has been borne patiently with the hope that better counsels might ultimately prevail, but it will not be tolerated for ever. Political, like social alliances, can never be durable when all the duties are on one side, and all the power and emoluments on the other."

"With respect to the cumbrous and inefficient machinery of the Colonial Office," I said, "I entirely agree with you. I have been in British America myself, and have heard the same complaints from leading men of all parties, in the several provinces. They reprobate the constant change, as well as the uncertain attendance of the Minister, whose time is more occupied with the politics and interests of his

party than the business of his own department; and whose authority is weakened and controlled by the action of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Board of Trade, and the Lords of the Treasury. A friend of mine told me the other day, that a few years ago he came to this country to conclude some matters of great importance, that were in abeyance, and found, on his arrival, that the Secretary of State for the Colonies was attending a Congress at Vienna, and after waiting some time, at great personal inconvenience and expense, he was compelled to return to America. A second voyage to England soon became indispensable, when after having made some progress in his negotiations, he learned with dismay that the Minister had retired from office, and the whole affair had to be commenced *de novo*. Most men, thus detained, have private or public duties at home that must necessarily be suspended during these interminable delays, and it is not unusual for a suitor to be compelled to leave the matter in an unfinished state, and re-cross the Atlantic. The arrival of every steamer there is anxiously watched, and at last his friends, or his agents, write to inform him that there is a change of Government and of policy, that it is difficult to say what views may be entertained by the new Secretary of State, but that before he can possibly decide, he must be informed of the facts of the case, that the ground must again be gone over, the same delays endured, and the same expense incurred as before. Nor is this all: they complain that during the recess, they may call day after day in Downing-street without being able to obtain an interview with the Chief. When he is enquired for, the answers vary, but are all to the same effect, 'he is in the country, and not expected back till next week;' or 'he is attending a Cabinet Council, and will leave town immediately afterwards,' or 'he has not been at the office to-day.' Nor is the applicant often more fortunate in obtaining an interview with the political Under Secretary. He, too, is frequently occupied elsewhere; for instance the former is now at his country residence in the north, and the latter is in Ireland."

"But the clerks are there."

"Yes, but clerks have no power,

beyond receiving papers, and transmitting replies ; and if they had, who would like to transact business with them ? Are the affairs of forty-three colonies of less importance than those of a private individual ; or are they governed by different rules ? What lawyer could retain his clients, if their interviews were restricted to his clerks ; or what medical man could maintain his practice, if his patients were referred to his apothecary ? A bank, or a mercantile firm, conducted in this manner, would soon become insolvent. The most irresponsible office in the kingdom, is that of a Colonial Minister. He makes no report to Parliament of his doings, and if he did, so intent are members, on the business of their own party, or that of their constituents, that few would listen to it. His decisions are final in the distant parts of the empire ; for to whom can Colonists appeal ? They have no representatives in the House of Commons, whose duty it is to attend to their complaints, or promote their welfare ; and the public press, unless the grievance is most flagrant, is occupied with matter of greater interest to its readers. The separation of a man and his wife, in the Divorce Court, will engross more attention than the severance of a colony, and a police report, or account of the Derby, appeal more directly to the sympathies or pockets of the people, than a squabble between a province and a Secretary of State."

"Yes," said Mr. Peabody, who had been silent for an unusually long time, and who was evidently getting tired of so serious a conversation ; "Yes, I guess the Derby is more *racy*. Was you ever at the great American Circus in Leicester-square ? 'cause, if you were, you've seen Sam Condon stand up on a pair of hosses, one foot on one, and one foot on t'other, and drive two span of piebald cattle before him, as easy as drinkin'. Well now, don't it look as if it was a most a wonderful feat ? and don't people cheer and hurrah him as if he was taking the shine out of all creation ? Well, it's just nothen at all, it ain't him that drives, but the hosses that go ; it's trainin' and custom in the cattle, and not skill in the rider ; he ain't the smallest part of a circumstance to it ; he has as little to do with it as the

padded saddle he stands on. The hosses do it all, for they are obedient, and go round and round of themselves ; but just let them two he stands on only pull apart, and down he'd go lumpus, like a fellow atween two chairs ; or let 'em kick up, and away he'd go flying over their heads, and like as not break his neck. Now that's the case with your Colonial Minister, he don't manage the Colonies, but they manage themselves, and in general they go their circumferation quiet enough. But neither Sam Condon nor he knows how to handle the reins ; nary one of 'em can do more than go through the form ; lettin' cattle that know the road go of themselves is one thing, and driving of them is another ; any passenger on the box can do the first, but t'other requires a good eye, a strong arm, a light hand, and a cool head, I can tell you. As Uncle Peleg said when he went to night-school arter he was grow'd up, 'readin' and writin',' said he to the master, 'is easy enough, any darned fool can do *that*, but spellin' is the devil.' So any coach, whether it is a state or a stage waggon, in a general way, is easy managed, but when you slump into a honey-pot, hosses and all, or get into a pretty frizzle of a fix, between a pine stump on one side, and a rut on t'other, axle-tree deep, or have to turn an icy corner sharp, or pass a sloping, slippery, frozen glare, or to pull through a deep ford that runs like a mill-race, with a team that's one-half devils and t'other half cowards, it requires a fellow that knows how to yell, to skeer, how to strike, and when to do it, and the way to steer to a hair's breadth, I can tell you—Lord, I shall never forget how I astonished a British navy officer once—when I was a youngster, I owned and drove the stage coach from Goshen to Boston ; my team consisted of six as beautiful greys as ever mortal man laid eyes on ; they were as splendid critters as was ever bound up in hoss hide, I tell you, real smashers, sixteen hands high, and trot a mile in 2-40, every one on 'em. Oh, they were rael dolls and no mistake ; I never was so proud of any thing in my life as I was of that six-hoss team. Well, I had the British captain along side of me, and he was admirin' as

much as I was a braggin' of them, when I showed 'em off a leetle, *just a leetle* too much, a puttin' of them on their mettle, and pushing them ahead, when away they went like wink', and raced off as if Old Scratch himself had kicked them all on eend. The way the women inside shrieked was a caution to steam-whistles, for they were frightened out of their seven senses, and the Captain was skeered too (for courage is a sort of habit, and nothen else; clap a sodger on a foretopsail-yard, and set him to reefing, and see if he don't look sky-wonoky out of his eyes. Or mount a sailor on a mettlesome nag, and see if he don't hold on by mane and crupper, or jump overboard; and yet both on 'em may be as brave as lions in their own line). Well, it frightened the Captain out of a year's growth, I tell you. He made a grab at the reins to help me haul 'em up. 'Hands off, sais I, 'leave them to me, its only funnin' they are;' and I gave a yell loud enough to wake the dead in a churchyard we was passing, cracked the whip, and made 'em go still faster, right agin a long steep hill a head of us, and when they reached the top of it, a little blown, I just held 'em in hand, and brought 'em down to a trot. 'Uncommon good, that,' said he, 'why I thought they were runnin' away.' 'So did they,' said I, 'but they forgot I could follow as fast as they could run.' Now hosses and men are more likethan you'd think—you must know their natures to manage them. How can a man govern colonies who never saw one, or onderstand the folks there, who are as different from old country people as chalk is from cheese, when he never lived among 'em, and knows nothen about their wants, habits, train of thoughts, or prejudices?

"Why it don't stand to reason, nor convene to the natur of things—Latin and Greek may do for governing Oxford or Cambridge, but Gladstone found Homer didn't help him at Corfu, where he made an awful mess of matters, and Palmerston will have to talk something better than he learned in Ovid, or Virgil, to the Pope. The Governor-General of Canada has written a book since he went there, and what do you think it is about? The Quebec and Halifax Railway? No, that's trady. The

monopoly of the Norwest Company, that obstructs the settlement of a country as big as all France? No, that would bring down the great Bear hunter, and the Lord knows who upon him. The construction of a practicable route from Canada to Vancouver's Island, by which the China trade might be made to pass through the British territory? No, for that would involve expense and trouble, and he might get a hint he had better mind his own business. An historical, geographical, and statistical account of British North America? No, that country is growing so fast, it would require a new edition every year. Do you give it up? Well, it is a treatise on the words 'could, would, and should.' Now he *could* write somethin' more to the purpose, if he *would*, and he *should* do it, too, if he held office under me, that's a fact. Yes, it takes a horseman to select cattle for the lead, or the pole, and a coachman of the right sort to drive them too, and it takes a man who knows all about colonies, and the people that dwell there, to select governors of the right sort, and to manage them, when he gets the collar on 'em. State craft ain't larned by instinct, for even dogs, who beat all created critters for *that*, have to be trained. It ain't book larnin that is wanted in Downing-street; if it was, despatches might be wrote like the Pope's allocutions in Latin, but it's a knowledge of men and things that is required. It's not dead languages, but living ones that's wanted. Ask the Head Secretary what the principal export of Canada is, and it's as like as not he will refer you to the Board of Trade, as it is more in their line than his, and if you go there, and put the same question, it's an even chance if they don't tell you they are so busy in bothering ship-owners with surveys, and holding courts of inquiry, to make owners liable to passengers for accidents, and what not, that they haven't time to be pestered with you. Well, don't be discouraged, go back to Colonial Office, and try it again. Sais you to head Clerk, 'what's the principal Canadian export?' 'I don't know any of that name,' he'll say; 'there are so many ports there, but I should say Quebec.' 'No,' sais you, 'not

that, but what's the chief commodity or production they send to Great Britain? 'Oh, now I understand,' he'll say, 'it's timber, you ought to know that, for we have had trouble enough about lumber duties lately.' 'Well, what kind of timber?' says you, 'squared, or manufactured, hard or soft wood, which is the most valuable, white, or black Birch, Hemlock or Larch, Cedar, or Spruce; which wood makes the best trenails, and which the best knees for a ship?' Well, I'll take you a bet of a hundred dollars he can't tell you. 'Then,' says you, 'which is the best flour, Canadian or American? which keeps sweet the longest? and what is the cause of the difference? Have they any iron ore there? if so, where is it, and how is it smelted? with pit or charred coal? and which makes the best article? Well, the goney will stare like a scallawag that has seen the elephant, see if he don't! Now, go into any shop you like in London, from Storr and Mortimer's down to the penny bazaar, and see if the counterskippers in 'em don't know the name, quality, and price of every thing they have. Let me just ask you, then, is it right that a national office like that should be worse served and attended to than them, and be no better than a hurrah's nest? They have little to do, are well paid, and ought to know something more than how to fold foolscap neat, to write a hand as tall as a wire fence, six or

seven hurdles to a page, tie it up snug with red tape, enclose it in a large envelope, mark it 'On Her Majesty's Service,' and then clap a great office seal to it as big as a Mexican dollar, to make it look important.*

"The English regard this Colonial Minister as my sister Urania did her husband. She was as splendid a critter as you ever see, at eighteen or twenty, a rael corn fed, hearty-looking gall. Well, she was uncommon dainty, and plaguy hard to please, and she flirted here, and jilted there, until she kinder overstood her market. A rose don't last for ever, that's a fact. It is lovely when in the bud, or expandin', or in bloom, or even full-blown; but there is a time for perfection and decay, that can't be postponed, no how you can fix it; the colour will fade, or wash out in the summer showers, and then it will droop with the weight of its own beauty, and the wind will deprive it, from time to time, of a leaf, till its size and proportion is dwindled to a mere atomy; if not plucked at the right time it's never gathered at all. There it hangs pinin' on the parent stock, while younger, and fresher, and more attractive ones are chosen by fellers to put into their buzzums in preference to it, that in its day was far sweeter and lovelier than any of them. That was just the case with 'Rainy;' she woke up one fine morning arter the marriage of her youngest niece and found she was an old maid,

* The following is the language of a French Canadian, Mr. Pothier, as reported by Dr. Bigsby in his "Shoe and Canoe," vol. i., page 204 :—

"I concede that the Colonial Office means well, but its good intentions are marred by ignorance. Your office people know nothing about us, and mismanage us, as they do all the other colonies. They seem to have neither sunlight nor starlight to guide them. We have had a hundred incontestible proofs of this. What good can an overtasked man, 3,000 miles off, do in my country? What does he know of its wants, modified by climate, customs, and prejudices, as well as by a thousand points in statistics and topography, distracted as he is with the cries of forty-two other colonies? These things are only known to him in the rough. He can direct and advise on general grounds alone, and, therefore, too often erroneously. Besides, he is like one of your churchwardens, only a temporary officer. He fears to meddle, and leaves the grief to grow. If we have a sensible, useful Colonial Minister to-day he is lost to-morrow, and we may have in his place an idle and ill-informed, or a speculative, hair-splitting, specious man to deal with, never feeling safe, and sometimes driven half-mad by his fatal crotchets. The blunders committed at home pervade all departments. The Lords of the Admiralty send water-tanks for ships sailing on a lake of the purest water in the world. The Ordnance Office (or some such place) send cannon to be transported from Quebec into the upper country in winter, one gun costing £1,700, to take it to Kingston, where, by-the-by, it never arrived, for it lies to this day in the woods, ten miles short of its destination."

and no mistake. Her vanity and her glass had been deceivin' her for ever so long, without her knowing it, and makin' her believe that some false curls she wore, looked so nateral, no soul could tell they weren't her own; that the little artificial colour she gave to her cheek with a camel's hair brush, was more delicate and more lovely than the glow of youth, and that the dentist had improved a mouth that had always been unrivalled.

"Well, to my mind, looking glasses are the greatest enemies ladies have; they ought all to be broken to everlastin' smash. It isn't that they are false, for they ain't; they will reflect the truth if they are allowed. But, unfortunately, truth never looks into them. When a woman consults her glass, she wishes to be pleased, she wants to be flattered, and to be put on good terms with herself, so she treats it as she would her lover; she goes up to it all smiles, looking as amiable, and as beautiful as she can. She assumes the most winning air; she gazes at the image with all the affection she can call up, her eyes beam with intelligence and with love, and her lips appear all a woman could wish, or a man covet. Well, in course the mirror gives back that false face to its owner, as it receives it; it ain't fair, therefore, to blame it for being onfaithful; but as ladies can't use it without deceivin' of themselves, why total abstinence from it would be better. Now, people may deceive themselves if they have a mind to, but they can't go on for ever. Time will tell tales. Whatever year a gall is born in, she has contemporaries; when she looks at them and sees that they are ageing, or the worse for wear, she tries to recall the days of her youth, and finds that they are lost in the distance, and when she sees her schoolfellows and playmates married and parents themselves, all the glasses in the world fail at last to make her believe she is still young.

"Well, the marriage of her niece startled Urania, as a shadow does a skittish horse. She left the deep waters where the big fish sport themselves, and threw her line into the shallow eddies where the minnows are, and she hooked little Tim Dooly, a tommy cod of a fellow, that was

only fit for a bait for something bigger and better. It was impossible to look at the critter without laughing. Poor thing, it was hard work to fetch her up to the scratch at last, it actilly took three ministers and six bridesmaids to marry her. She felt she had made a losin' voyage in life, but she was clear grit, it didn't humble her one mite or mossel, it only made her more scornful than ever, as if she defied all the world, and despised all it could say. I could see a motion in her throat now and then, as if she bit in her breath and swallowed her pride down. She actilly held her head so high, when the minister said to Dooly, 'Salute your bride,' that the critter looked up in despair, for he couldn't reach her lips. Sais I, out of diveltry, 'Stand on a chair, Tim.' Lord! if you had seen her eyes, how they flashed fire at me, it would have astonished you, I know. Age hadn't quenched that, at any rate. To prevent folks from noticing how undersized he was, she just bent down forward and kissed him. Thinks I to myself, 'old fellow, you have had all the condescension you will ever get out of her, she has stooped to marry you, and then stooped for you to salute her, after this, look out for squalls, for there is a tempestical time afore you.' And so it turned out; *he* soon larned what it was to live in a house where the hen crows. 'Rainy,' says I to her one day, when she had been givin' him a blowin' up, and was sending him off on some arrand or another, (for she treated him, poor wretch, as if he had been the cause of all her disappointments, instead of the plaister to heal them) 'Rainy,' sais I, 'I always told you you carried too stiff an upper lip, and that you would have to take a crooked stick at last.' 'Well,' says she, 'Eph, he ain't the tallest and richest husband in the world, but he is a *powerful sight better than none*.' Now the English seem to estimate the officer I am speaking of, the same way; they think if he ain't what he ought to be, he is better than none. But, unfortunately, colonists think just the reverse, that it is far better to have none at all, than an incompetent one, and to tell you the truth, I think so too."

"What remedy do you propose, Mr. Peabody," I said; "what substi-

tute would you recommend for the present establishment?"

"Well," he replied, "it is a matter that don't concern me, and I have reflected but little upon it; but I should say the department should consist of a board wholly composed of native colonists or persons who had resided in some one of the provinces for a period of not less than fifteen or twenty years. It would not much signify then how often they changed the minister, or who he was, the main thing is, the work would be done, and done right too. Howsomever, I must say this arrangement is nobody's fault now, except for allowing it to exist any longer. It's an 'old institution,' that was well enough fifty years ago, when colonists were like children in leading strings, but it ain't up to the time of day now, and ought to be reformed out."

"That is quite true," rejoined the Senator, "if public attention was once drawn to its inefficiency, no doubt a suitable remedy would soon be found for the evil. It is the duty as well as the interest of the British Government, to take the subject into its serious consideration. For what vast interests are at stake, and what a noble heritage is British North America. It extends in length from Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia, to the Russian boundary in the Arctic regions, and across the entire Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and embraces an area of greater extent than all Europe. The remarks I made to you on a former occasion, of the extraordinary facilities for inland navigation enjoyed by Canada, by means of her enormous lakes and numerous rivers, are equally applicable to the lower provinces. New Brunswick, as you will see, by reference to a map, is intersected in every direction by navigable rivers of great magnitude. The St. John, which in extent and beauty rivals the Rhine, is more than four hundred and fifty miles in length, and drains nine millions of acres in that province, besides nearly an equal number in the state of Maine and Canada, into both of which it extends to a great distance. The eastern coast is penetrated at short intervals by other rivers, varying from two to three hundred miles in length, which afford facilities for settlement

as well as commerce, unequalled by any other portion of the continent beyond the English territories. In like manner, there is no point in Nova Scotia more than thirty miles distant from navigable water. The whole of the borders of the latter provinces, and more than two-thirds of those of the former, are washed by the ocean, which in that region furnishes one of the most extensive and valuable fisheries in the world. Nova Scotia abounds with coal, iron ore, gypsum, grindstone, slate, lead, manganese, plumbago, copper, &c., which being recently liberated from the monopoly under which they have so long been excluded from public competition, will soon attract the capital and skill requisite for their development. It is the most eastern part of America, and of course the nearest to Europe. It is not too much to say that its wonderful mineral wealth, its noble harbours, its fertile soil, its extensive fisheries, its water powers, its temperate climate, arising from its insular position, and last, not least, its possession of the winter outlet, and through passage by railway, from England to New Brunswick, Canada, and the United States, all indicate that it is destined for an extended commerce, for the seat of manufactories, the support of a large population, and for wielding a controlling power on the American Continent. Assuredly it ought to be the object of government to draw together in more intimate bonds of connexion, the two countries, to remove distrust, to assimilate interests, to combine the raw material of the new, with the manufacturing skill of the old world, to enlarge the boundaries, to widen the foundations, to strengthen the constitution, and to add to the grandeur of the empire."

"Ah!" said Peabody, "it ought to be their object, but it ain't; and arter all, English meddlin won't be no great loss, I can tell you. I don't think colonists will go into mourning for that, even if the Lord Chamberlain should order it. But I'll tell you what *was* a loss: you missed having that most religious and respectable body of people—the Mormons, as settlers. You know that when they got a clearance ticket sarved on 'em at Nauvoo, and Joe Smith was shot by the brothers and husbands of his

forty wives, they intended to vamoose the United States in toto, to migrate to Vancouver's island and settle there. But thinkin' the English law agin bigamy might reach 'em some day or another, they squatted at Salt Lake, in Mexican territory; for they knew they had nothen to fear from the degenerate race of half Spanish, half Indian critters that owned it. Well, as bad luck would have it, after our war with that country, Salt Valley was ceded to us as part of California, and the poor critturs were boundaried under Uncle Sam agin, after all. Yes, I wish they had gone to Vancouver, I should like to have seen what you would have done with them, with your new-fangled divorce courts. It's a great experiment that, Mr. Shegog, to try polygamy out fairly in all its bearings, and see how it works, not arter Turkish fashion, locking of the wives up, and coverin' of their faces with veils, but arter Anglo-Saxon way, making free niggers of 'em all. Utah is a place to study human natur in, I can tell you. It's what the professor here calls 'a new phase of life,' where a man and his ten or a dozen wives, each with a lot of children at their heels, all live together in the same location like a rooster with his hens and chickens in the same poultry yard. For my part, I have always thought one wife was enough for any man to manage; and I have seen so many poor fellows have the tables turned on 'em in matrimony, and yet lassoed and tautooned themselves, that I have always been rather skeered to try the yoke myself. Whenever I see a poor feller going to get spliced, it always puts me in mind of a goney I met at Madame Toosore's exhibition to London. There was a guillotine there in the room of horrors, and a youngster examined it most attentively, and after walking round and round it, and looking up at the knife and down on the block, what does he do but kneel down and put his head into the hole to try how it fitted, when he caught a glimpse, as he turned round, of the bright edge of the cleaver that was hanging right over him, suspended only by a string, and just ready to do the job for him. Well, he was afraid to move for fear of slipping the string, and letting the eutter down by the run. The way he

shrieked ain't no matter, it was the naterallest thing in the world, and so was the way he called for help. There was a crowd round him in no time, you never see such a stir as it made, for in a general way it's a stupid place that, with people going about as silent as if they were among the dead; but this set everybody a talking all at once. They thought it was part of the show, and that he acted his part beautiful, just as a body really would if he was going to be beheaded in airnest. So nobody thought of helping him, but let him screech on as if he was paid for it, till at last one of the attendants came runnin' up—secured the knife—got him out, and was beginnin' to pitch into him, when the feller saved him the trouble by fainting. I don't like puttin' my head into dangerous gear like that without a chance of backin' out again, if I don't like the collar, I can tell you. I actilly couldn't get it out of my head, so I went all the way to Utah to see how the new scheme worked. Nothen ever raised my curiosity like Mormonism, I couldn't see my way through it at all, though, in a general way, I must say (though, perhaps, it don't become me to boast of it), that I can see through a hole in a grindstone as far as him that picks it."

"Will there be peace or war in the wigwam?" sais I, "I can onderstand a man bigamyng, but I don't jist see how it convenes to women. Will they all turn to and court their husbands, and try to be loved best in return, each strivin' to outdo the other, or will they fight and scratch like cats? Will they take it in turn to be queen and then be subjects (as fellows do when campin out in timber land, in the State of Maine, when each one cooks in rotation, and attends on the rest), or will each have her separate task, one to wash, another to bake, one to do house work, and another make and mend, or this one to tend the children, and that the dairy and poultry, and so on? Will the husband set their tasks, or will they choose for themselves? And will they fight over the choice or take work in succession order? When a new wife is taken what sort of a thing is the wedding, are the other wives invited to it, and is it a jollification or a mournin time? Or does

it go by default like old Sam Arbuckle's marriage?

"I must tell you that story, for it is a fact, I assure you. He was the nigger butler to my brother, the member to Congress for Virginny. He had permission to spouse Milken Sally, a slave on another plantation. A night was fixed for the ceremony, the company assembled, and the coloured preacher there to tie the nuptial knot. Well, they waited and waited for ever so long, but the bride didn't make her appearance. At last Sam grew impatient, so sais he to the preacher, 'Look here, Broder Cullifer, it's no use waitin' for that darkey, I knows her like a book, she's dropped asleep settin fore de fire—I'se authorized to speak for her, so jest go ahead jest the same as if she was here.' Old Cullifer thought it a wise suggestion and proceeded with the service that united them in the holy bonds of matrimony. When the ceremony was over off started the bridegroom in search of the absent bride, and sure enough, when he reached her cabin there he found her fast asleep by the fire, with some of her finery in her hand; and she was terribly riled when she heard the wedding had come off and she was not there.

"Now, sais I to myself, does it go by default arter that fashion? or how is it managed? for it don't appear to me to stand to the natur of things, much less to the natur of women, that this sort of domestic arrangement can be just the most cheerful affair in the world. So I concluded, as I had nothen above particular to do, I'd go and take a look at the harems, and judge for myself. First of all I made for Nauvoo, where I wanted to see what sort of a city they had built for themselves, and to look at the ruins of their celebrated temple. It was there I first made acquaintance with our friend here, who was bound on the same errand; and I'll tell you what, Mr. Shegog"—(and he gave me one of those sly winks that indicated he intended to excite and draw out the Senator)—"I must say that their founder, General Joe Smith, who was so barbarously murdered by the Gentiles, was a great man, and no mistake; and if not a prophet, assuredly one of the best of men that ever lived on the face of the airth."

Here the Senator turned round and regarded him with a look of the most unfeigned astonishment; but he continued his panegyric with the utmost gravity.

"Everybody admitted his wonderful ability, as the editor of a paper called the *Times*—(I don't mean the English *Times*; catch *that* paper praisin' a distinguished American; no, not it, but a local paper of that name)—'Without learning,' says he, 'without means, and without experience, he has met a learned world, a rich century, a hard-hearted and wicked generation, with truth that could not be resisted, facts that could not be disproved, revelations that could not be gainsayed or resisted; but, like the rays of light from the sun, they have tinged every thing they lit upon with a lustre and livery which has animated, quickened, and adorned them!' That's what I call a great picture, sir, drawn by a great artist."

"I am perfectly astonished to hear you talk that way," said the Senator. "He was a vile impostor, in whom cunning supplied the place of talent, and hypocrisy that of true religious feeling. A proficient in roguery of all kinds from his youth, he was early accustomed, and well skilled in practising upon the incredulity of the ignorant; and a popular manner, joined to a certain fluency of speech, enabled him to obtain a great influence over his hearers. To these powers he owed his ascendancy among his confidential associates in this wonderful imposture, who were men of more ability, but less tact and personal popularity than himself. It was in this way, that his very ignorance operated in his favour, for the language of a manuscript of a deceased author, which he had surreptitiously obtained, and palmed off successfully on the public as a revelation, was so much above what an unlearned man like himself could possibly have written, that it is no wonder that his dupes could only account for it, by attributing it to inspiration. You must recollect that among the many thousands of his followers, there was not one man of character or education. Mormonism is the grossest and most barefaced imposition of modern times. It was founded on folly and fraud; sustained by robbery and murder, and, under

the sanction of a pretended revelation, it authorized and encouraged every species of licentiousness; it is too disgusting even for a topic of conversation. If Smith had been a good man, he never would have been the author of such a system; and if he had been a man of talent, he would have moulded it into such a shape as not to shock the moral feelings of all mankind."

"Well, Senator," said Peabody, "you may undervalue him as you please, but the world won't agree with you at any rate. I should like to know, now, if there is a man in Congress that could reply to Clay in such withering and eloquent language as he did? Why, there is nothing in elegant extracts equal to it, it's sublime," and putting himself into a theatrical attitude he repeated with great animation the passage referred to:—"Your conduct, sir, resembles a lottery-vender's sign, with the goddess of good-luck sitting on the car of fortune, astraddle of the horn of plenty, and driving the merry steeds of beatitude without rein or bridle. Crape the heavens with weeds of woe, gird the earth with sackcloth, and let hell mutter one melody in commemoration of fallen splendour. Why, sir, the condition of the whole earth is lamentable. Texas dreads the teeth and toe-nails of Mexico; Oregon has the rheumatism, brought on by a horrid exposure to the heat and cold of British and American trappers; Canada has caught a bad cold from extreme fatigue in the patriot war; South America has the headache, caused by bumps against the beams of Catholicity and Spanish sovereignty; Spain has the gripes, from age and inquisition; France trembles and wastes under the effects of contagious diseases; England groans with the gout, and wriggles with wine; Italy and the German States are pale with consumption; Prussia, Poland, and the little contiguous dynasties have the mumps so severely that the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint; Russia has the cramp by lineage; Turkey has the numb palsy; Africa, from the curse of God, has lost the use of her limbs; China is ruined by the Queen's evil; the Indians are blind and lame; and the United States, which ought to be the good physician with balm from

Gilead, and an asylum for the oppressed, has boasted, and is boasting up into the council chamber of the government a clique of political gamblers, to play for the old clothes and old shoes of a sick world, and "*no pledge, no promise to any particular portion of the people*" that the rightful heirs will ever receive a cent of their father's legacy.' Is it any wonder, sir, that a man who could talk it into people that way could draw converts from the remotest parts of the earth."

"The language," replied the Senator, very coolly, "is well suited for a grog-shop, where, no doubt, it would pass for eloquence, nothing could possibly be better adapted to his audience. Ah, Mr. Shegog," he continued, "I shall never forget the journey my friend and I took to Utah. As a member of Congress I was anxious to ascertain the true state of things at Salt Lake by a personal examination, and also to inform myself of the condition and prospects of my countrymen in California, which promised to become one of the most important states in the union. With this view I proceeded to Missouri, to avail myself of the escort and protection of the first band of emigrants bound for those places. From St. Louis, whence we started, the distance to Utah, *via* Council Bluffs, is more than sixteen hundred miles, the route passes over vast rolling prairies, unbridged rivers, sand-hills, mud flats, mountain ranges, and deep and precipitous ravines. The line of march was unhappily too well defined over these interminable plains for travellers to lose themselves in their unvarying and boundless expanse. So numerous and so frequent had been the caravans of emigrants, that had crossed this desert, that they had left melancholy traces behind them, of the sorrows, accidents, and misfortunes that had befallen them on their journeys. The track is marked by broken waggon, fragments of furniture, agricultural implements, cast-iron ware, and the bleached skeletons of oxen and mules, that have died miserably by the way, while unturfed mounds of various sizes afforded melancholy proof of the mortality that had attended the exodus of this deluded people. Some of them had been robbed of their contents by

the wolves, and human bones lay scattered about on the short brown grass. The warning thus inculcated had evidently not been lost upon succeeding travellers, for I observed that some of the more recent graves were protected with heaps of stones, broken wheels of carriages, and other heavy substances. The train with which we travelled, did not escape similar casualties, for several women and children, victims to fatigue and exposure to the weather, were added to the number of the dead that reposed in that wild and dreary prairie. The buffalo hunts, the Indian encounters, bivouac, and the exhilaration of spirits caused by constant motion, were not new to me, who am so familiar with life in the North-west, and I was not a little pleased when the long and tedious journey ended, more especially as I knew that another, and no less fatiguing one, awaited me between Utah and San Francisco.

"The first glimpse we got of this far-famed Mormon valley from the Wahsach mountain, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, was the signal for great rejoicing to our wearied and way-worn travellers. The women wept and the men shouted for joy at having reached the termination of their tedious journey. My first impression was one of sadness and disappointment. The distant prospect, on which the eye naturally first rested, embraced a wild, desolate, and dreary country, and its loneliness, its silence, and its total isolation from the rest of the civilized world, filled me with awe when I regarded it as the voluntary prison of so many thousands of deluded human beings. Environed on every side by lofty mountains, lay the vast plain which the saints had selected as their home in the desert. The great Salt Lake, as far as we could ascertain, extends 130 miles in length, and from 70 to 80 in breadth, lying far away in the midst of a waste, uncultivated, and monotonous plain, suggesting the idea of the Dead Lake and its melancholy and desolate shores. Withdrawing our view from the distant scene to that lying more immediately before us, and which, from the great elevation of our position, we had at first overlooked, we found that it fully equalled in beauty the description we

had had of it. Beneath our feet, as it were, lay the object of our visit, Utah, the Babel of the western world. We could look down upon it as on a map spread upon a table. It was laid out on a magnificent scale, being nearly four miles in length and three in breadth, surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, defended by semi-bastions within half musket-range, and also protected by a wide, deep ditch. This enormous work was constructed nominally as a protection against the hordes of savages by whom they were surrounded, but in reality against the only real enemy they had to fear--the idleness of the people.

"The streets were 120 feet wide, and the sidepaths, 20. A mountain stream, which originally ran through the town, was distributed by conduits so as to irrigate every garden and supply every house; and as the buildings are placed twenty feet back from the line of the street, and the intervening space planted with shrubs, the general effect is very agreeable. At all events, it made a favourable impression upon us when emerging from the boundless desert over whose unvaried surface we had been journeying so long and so wearily. The site selected for the city is certainly most beautiful, lying as it does at the foot of the Wahsach mountain, whose snow-clad summit is lost in the clouds. It is washed on the west by the waters of the Jordan, and on the southern bounded by a broad, level plain, extending to a distance of twenty-five miles, and well-watered by numerous streams. This city is certainly one of the most extraordinary instances to be found in the annals of the world of what human perseverance and industry can effect when stimulated by fanaticism. It is unapproachable from any civilized community, unless by a difficult and laborious journey of nearly a thousand miles. In a severe winter it is wholly inaccessible, and the cost of the transport of goods far exceeds their original value. To overcome all these difficulties, to erect such a city, and to bring into cultivation such a quantity of land as they have done in so short a time, was to me a source of continued astonishment. I am not going to bore you with an account of my explorations in the adjacent country (which, in a scientific point of view,

is exceedingly interesting), or to describe Utah, but, as we were talking of polygamy, to give you my opinion of its effects upon this community.

"Mormon marriages are the most wicked, as well as the most impious, that can be well conceived. They are twofold, those that are terminated by death, and those that are to continue throughout eternity. The first are ordinary marriages, conducted somewhat in the usual form, but liable to be dissolved by mutual consent, upon obtaining the approbation of the authorities. The other is called *spiritual wifeism*. This can only be solemnized in the temple, by the high priest in person, or by some one of his associates to whom he specially delegates his authority for that purpose. The forms and ceremonies observed on these occasions, which are conducted with great secrecy, and many mysterious rites, are of the most imposing character, and well calculated to leave a lasting impression upon the mind, while the oaths that are administered are of a most fearful description. In this manner a woman may be married to one man till death, and also *sealed* to another (as it is called) for all time to come. You have doubtless heard of these practices, for no man who has travelled as much in the United States as you have, has not been informed of them, therefore I need not enter into details. But the effect of all this is inconceivable, it must be seen, as I have witnessed it, to be fully appreciated. A polygamist has no home, and no wife; his women are idle and rebellious slaves, they are either indifferent to him, or hate and despise him; and his children, adopting the complaints of their respective mothers, inherit their hatred of their rivals and their offspring, and their disrespect for him whom they regard as the author of their wrongs, rather than their being. He becomes sullen and severe, cold, selfish, and brutal; his wives sink into mere drudges, or become intemperate, or dissolute, or both; while the children, profiting by the bad example constantly set before their eyes by their parents, become early adepts in every species of vice. The mortality among *them*, caused by the very nature of this vile institution, is a melancholy proof of the viciousness of the system. As soon as the

males are old enough to be useful, they are set to such work as is suited to their age, and thus the time that should be devoted to their education is occupied in earning their living, while the females, as soon as they arrive at maturity, are sold for wives to those who can afford to offer a suitable price for them."

"Do the wives," I inquired, "live together in one house, assembling at meals and other occasions like members of the same family, or are they lodged and maintained in separate dwellings?"

"That," said the Senator, "is a matter of taste or convenience: sometimes they occupy detached abodes, but in general they are under the same roof."

"Tell you what," said Peabody, "I was present at one of the drollest scenes I ever saw in all my born days; I thought I should have died a laughing. I lodged, when I was at Utah, with a feller who came from Connecticut, one Simon Drake; I know'd him long afore Salt Lake was ever heard of, by a long chalk, and seein that he and I were old friends, he took me in to stay with him, which was great luck, for the Mormons, like the Turks, don't like strangers to see the inside of their harems. Well, Sim had five wives, not counting the old one he brought along with him from Hertford, who was a broken-hearted lookin critter, that seemed as if she wouldn't long be an incumbrance to him. The rest were all young, good-looking, rollickin hussies, as you'd see anywhere. As far as I could observe, they agreed among themselves uncommon well, for neither of them cared a straw about him, or any thing else, unless it was the Theatre and the Assembly Rooms, of which they talked to me for everlastin. Sim was so overjoyed to see one from his native land, and being able to talk of old times and old friends, that the whisky (which he drank like water, to drown past recollections or painful companions) gave him a return of delirium tremens, which I knew he had had when he was a young man. Well, one night he broke out all of a sudden, crowing like a cock, and making a motion as if he was a flappin of his wings. He actilly fancied he was one, and that

his wives were hens, and he would make a dart at 'em to peck them, and bit them like any thing. He ordered them to go to roost on the garden fence, put their heads under their wings, and go to sleep, and the way he hunted and worried them into one corner, and then into another, and bothered and tormented them, was a caution to a dog in a poultry yard. The poor old wife, who had gone to bed airy, hearin the noise, put her head in at the door to see what was going on, and begged me with tears in her eyes to interfere, and keep him from doing mischief. So says I,

"Sim, my old cock, let you and I go out first, and get on the roost, and do you crow your best, and the hens will soon follow."

"So I takes him into the garden, and as I passed the water butt, I trips up his heels, and souses his head in, and held it there as long as I dared, and then let it up for him to breathe, and then in with it again, and so on, till I sobered him, when I took him into the house, gave him an opiate, and put him to bed. Arter this, we all separated, each to our own kennel, and just as I was a droppin off to sleep, I heard a light stepon the floor, and a low voice, saying, 'Are you asleep, Mr. Peabody?' 'No,' sais I, 'I ain't; but what in natur is the matter now,

has he broke out agin?' 'No, Eph,' said the speaker (and I perceived it was the poor dear old lady), 'he is quiet now; but I came to tell you this is no place for you. Those young women will get you into trouble, make an excuse in the morning, and leave this house to-morrow, and don't enter it again, except in company with the Senator,' and she was off afore I could thank her. Thinks I, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, I was thinkin the samethin myself, edged tools ain't the safest things in the world to play with.' In the mornin, Senator and I joined the caravan for California, and set our hosses heads towards San Francisco. Yes, it is a pity these birds hadn't lighted at Vancouver: most of them came from Wales, and it would have been better if they had returned to their allegiance again. It would give the folks something to do in Downing-street, and would please *you* too."

"Please me," I said, "pray how could I be interested in the matter?"

"Why," he replied with a laugh, "you want to remodel the department there, and they could have taken down their sign, and put up a new one. They might call it a Government Office for 'Colonial and Matrimonial Alliances.'"

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXVII.

MARCH, 1860.

VOL. LV.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAITOR'S DOOM.

As the precise character and pursuits of Lars Vonved and his followers will be duly revealed in the course of this narrative, it will not be necessary to enter into any details concerning them at present; but a brief explanation may be given of the circumstances under which Lars Vonved became a prisoner at Bornholm.

It must be premised that the formidable Baltic Rover possessed two vessels, the small one being the beautiful Little Amalia, described in a preceding chapter; the other was a vessel of considerable size, called the Skildpadde. The Little Amalia, in fact, served as a tender to the Skildpadde, and was to her what the jackal is to the lion, or the pilot-fish to the shark.

Both vessels had been hovering several days off the island of Bornholm, for reasons best known, and perhaps only known to the Rover himself. Some information received by the medium of a fishing-boat, induced Vonved one evening to stand close in shore in the Skildpadde, having first ordered the Amalia to cruise at sea for a week in a certain latitude. Vonved then landed from the Skildpadde at a snug cove on the coast about two miles from the town of Ronne, and directed the crew of his boat to remain there to await his return. He was absent until daybreak on the following morning, and then

came down to the cove, and ordered the boat back to the Skildpadde, telling the men that he himself would remain alone on the island for ten days. During this interval the Skildpadde was to cruise out of sight of the shore, and to close in with the land on the evening of the tenth day, and then to send a boat to the cove to bring off the captain. Such, at least, were the oral orders of Vonved; but he also handed a sealed letter to the coxswain of the boat, addressed to his chief officer aboard the Skildpadde. Having thus sent back the boat, Vonved walked off in the direction of Ronne.

So far, nothing was unusual in the wild, adventurous career of the Rover. But he little suspected that during his absence from the boat one of his men, who for some months past had secretly engaged for a heavy reward to betray at the first opportunity his captain to the Danish authorities, had stolen from this cove when most of his comrades were sleeping in the dead of the night, and only the coxswain was partially awake, nodding in the stern-sheets of the boat. This perfidious traitor had then gone straight to Ronne, and given information that Lars Vonved had landed, and as he had reason, he said, to believe (as indeed he had, for he overheard a conversation between Vonved and his chief officer), the Rover intended to

lurk in the immediate neighbourhood some days. He named a place where he supposed Vonved would be on the morrow ; and having received 150 specie-dalers as part payment for his villany, and a pledge that he should receive 500 more in case Vonved was captured on the occasion, he hurried back to the boat, and in due time reached the Skildpadde, quite unsuspected.

The result of this treachery was the capture of Lars Vonved, and his removal next day on board the Falk brig-of-war, which had just anchored in the roads. The subsequent explosion of that vessel, however, was purely accidental. At any rate, Vonved was quite guiltless of wilfully blowing her up, as hinted in the account published in *Fœdrelandet*. He was hurled to a great distance by the explosion, stunned, but uninjured in person. He quickly rallied, and lashed himself to a spar, which drifted out to sea with the ebb tide and wind, and from this horrible jeopardy he was rescued by the British barque *Camperdown*. The rest of his adventure, up to the time when his little jœgt sailed away from the *Camperdown*, is already known.

When Vonved was seized on shore in the manner described in the Copenhagen paper, he instantly knew that one of his own crew must have betrayed him. He entreated the commanding officer of the troops stationed at Ronne, who had effected his capture, to reveal to him the name of the traitor. The officer, thinking that Vonved would never have any opportunity of avenging himself on the ruffian, and that consequently no harm could result from gratifying his natural curiosity on this point, complied after a brief hesitation. He also told Vonved the particulars of the man's treachery, the payment he had already received, and the sum he was further to receive, now that Vonved was actually captured through his instrumentality. The result of the knowledge thus acquired by Vonved will now be detailed.

The morning after Lars Vonved had been received by the *Amalia* from the *Camperdown*, the little jœgt, having sailed all night at her utmost speed, hove-to at daybreak, and Vonved himself ascended to the masthead, and with a powerful tele-

scope swept the horizon. He beheld at a great distance two or three vessels, but not the one he looked for. The *Amalia* was now in that part of the Baltic where the *Skildpadde* had orders to cruise, and the latter vessel was the one which the *Rover* sought. For several hours the jœgt then ran on different tacks, to and fro, like a sharp-nosed hound scenting its master, and at length the wished-for vessel was descried. With every stitch of her black-dyed duck extended to the fresh morning breeze, the *Little Amalia* bore straight down on the *Skildpadde*, the latter meanwhile jogging along under easy sail. A sharp look-out was, however, kept on board of her, for when the *Amalia* was yet several miles distant, the *Skildpadde* recognised her, and hoisted a private signal. It was immediately responded to, and then the *Skildpadde* hove-to, and the swift little jœgt of course neared her very rapidly.

If the reader happens to be acquainted with the Danish language he will, doubtless, have already marvelled that such a singular name as *Skildpadde* distinguished the chief vessel of the Baltic *Rover*. *Skildpadde* means, in English, literally, *Tortoise* ; and the tortoise is one of the slowest of four-footed creatures. It does not run ; it does not leap ; it does not even walk, under ordinary circumstances : it only creeps and crawls, much in the fashion of a sloth or a toad. Why, then, was this vessel called "*Tortoise*?" Simply for a whim of Lars Vonved, who so christened her in a spirit of bitter irony, because she was, in fact, probably, the very swiftest vessel then afloat in any sea or ocean throughout the world.

The former history of the *Skildpadde* was sufficiently romantic even for a rover's ship. She was built at Bombay, entirely of teak-wood—the hardest and most endurable of all woods used in ship-building—by *Parsees*, a peculiar people, of quite a different race from the *Hindoos*, and said to be descendants of the ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia. These *Parsees* are, at any rate, exceedingly intelligent and able workmen, and during the last fifty or sixty years have been deservedly celebrated for their skill as ship-builders. They build vessels of all sizes ; and some of

the finest Indiamen afloat have been entirely constructed by them. The vessel in question was built by the Parsees for an opium clipper; i.e., to be solely employed in the lucrative, but demoralizing trade of smuggling opium from the Indian peninsula into China—a traffic which the Chinese government, very naturally, and from praiseworthy motives, endeavoured to suppress; but England went to war with the flowery Celestials in consequence, and individuals yet exist who explicitly affirm that this “Chinese war” was commenced, continued, and concluded for motives which do not by any means reflect the highest honour on the statesmen who at that period steered the British ship of State. Be it as it may, poor John Chinaman was soundly drubbed and made to pay the prime cost of the rods employed in his flagellation. The opium trade is now more prosperous than ever, for the East India Company, it is said, clear some three millions sterling per annum from the importation of the pernicious drug into China.

The opium clipper in question was originally brig-rigged, and named *Cheringhee-Julmahaha*. Her career in that service was very brief, however, for on her second voyage, the Malays, who formed two-thirds of her crew, mutinied and murdered their officers and all the other Europeans on board. As a matter of course, they then turned pirates—a gentlemanlike profession for which their native habits and predilections admirably qualified them. Ere long, being hotly pursued by one of the East India Company’s armed steamers, they steered through the Straits of Malacca, and with the avenger of blood at their heels, they held their frightened course straight across the Indian Ocean, westward. The swift brig soon outsailed the Company’s cruiser, but her guilty crew dared not again point her prow towards the Indian Archipelago. Their provisions, and worse still, their water, fell short, and so dreadfully did they suffer, that day by day their numbers were rapidly thinned. At length they made the coast of Africa, and cast anchor off Zanzibar, only seven of them surviving out of twenty-five. These wretches had no sooner anchored than they rowed ashore in a

boat, half famished, and wholly desperate. The slave dealers at Zanzibar at once comprehended the true history of their arrival, and without ceremony clapped the seven Malays in a calaboza, or gaol, and seized the *Cheringhee-Julmahaha*, under pretence that they would forthwith return her to her owners in India. In a single week they altered her from a brig into a very rakish little barque, and thoroughly equipped her for the slave trade. Furnished with false papers, and re-christened by the innocent name of *Santa-Vincente-de-la-Luana*, they then dispatched her, under the Spanish flag, with a cargo of 579 negroes, for the Havana, or at least for any part of the coast of Cuba contiguous to that city.

The good and honest barque *Santa-Vincente-de-la-Luana* was for some time an extremely industrious, hard-worked, and remarkably successful slaver—thanks to her unparalleled swiftness—until the human material for cargo growing scarce on the Mozambique coast, her owners, in an evil hour for them, ventured to send her round by the Cape of Good Hope, to pick up a cargo on the west coast. She did pick up a full cargo very speedily, to the north of Cape Verde, on the coast of Senegambia, but she herself was “picked up” in turn, being overtaken by a dense fog not a hundred miles on her voyage; and when it cleared off, His Britannic Majesty, George the Fourth’s cruiser *Firefly* was discovered within a cable’s length, and the doomed *Santa-Vincente-de-la-Luana* forthwith became the said *Firefly*’s prize, much to the joy of 150 jolly British tars, for there were no less than 633 negroes on board the barque, for each of whom the captors would receive a bonus of £5 sterling, besides whatever sum the vessel herself might realize.

And so a grey-haired master’s-mate, and a little round-faced mischievous reefer of fourteen, and a gruff old quartermaster, and ten stalwart beef-eating blue-jackets, were put on board the barque as a prize crew, and they safely navigated her to Sierra Leone—only 111 negroes dying on the passage, owing partly to an insufficiency of food, and partly to a grievous distemper which broke out in consequence of their overcrowded state.

At Sierra Leone, the "mixed court," as it was called, speedily condemned Santa-Vincente-de-la-Luana as a true and lawful prize to His Britannic Majesty's cruizer Firefly, and, according to the law in that case made and provided, the beautiful clipper was beached in the sandy bay, hove down, and sawn—literally sawn—in twain, amidships. This was done according to custom, the ostensible reason being to render her, and vessels of like character, *bonâ fide* wrecks, unfit ever again to sail the salt seas as slavers. But, in point of fact, this sort of precaution was illusory and deceptive. It was a very easy matter to put the severed portions together and render the vessel more seaworthy than ever, and well did the slave-dealers understand the dodge. Nothing was more common than for these worthy and wide-awake gentlemen to purchase a condemned slaver (perchance one lately their own), sawn in twain, for comparatively a trifle, and then they had her quietly put together again (lengthened to increase her speed, if they so pleased), and speedily sent her forth to resume her former trade.

Thus it came to pass, that Santa-Vincente-de-la-Luana, duly sawn asunder, a little forward of her mainmast, was lawfully put up to public auction. It so happened that two unknown strangers were present on the occasion. One of them was no other than Lars Vonved, the Dane; and his companion was Marmaduke Dunraven, formerly a lieutenant in the English navy, and whom the reader will hereafter recognise as Lars Vonved's chief officer. These strangers carefully examined the condemned slaver, and agreeing that she was precisely the vessel they required for a particular service, and as they had a tolerably heavy bag of gold, they vowed, in choice Dansk and pure Saxon, to buy her at any cost. She was knocked down to them, with all her "stores, rigging, and apparel" (to quote the legal document), for the small sum of £295 sterling—not the tenth of her real value—and they would have obtained her for one-half that sum but for the opposition of two or three pertinacious bidders, who were well known to be agents for the owners of barracoons, or "slave-pens," on the coast.

Hence it was that this beautiful yet wicked craft, first the brig Cheringhee-Julmahaha, an opium clipper; next a Malay pirate; and then the barque Santa-Vincente-de-la-Luana, a slaver, finally became (*what*, will duly be revealed) the legal property of Captain Lars Vonved.

As already mentioned, Lars Vonved, having a certain caustic satirical spirit of his own, solemnly re-christened her the Skildpadde, or Tortoise. He effected a further transformation, much more important. Originally a brig, and converted into a barque by the slavers, Vonved fancied, and fancied very shrewdly, that neither a brig's nor a barque's was the proper rig for the clipper. He resolved to do ample justice to her ingenious Parsee builders, by rigging her in a fashion that would drive her through the water at her utmost possible speed. And so he converted her into what is technically called a "three-masted schooner"—a very peculiar rig, now comparatively common, especially in the case of foreign trading screw-steamers, but rare indeed at the period in question.

A three-masted schooner, therefore, was the Skildpadde henceforth, and in this guise her keel was one of the fleetest that ever clave the transparent waters of the Baltic, or the blue waves of the main ocean. Her tonnage was somewhat less than 270, per English measurement, and her draught of water was astonishingly small—a distinguishing quality of which Lars Vonved well knew the value, since it had repeatedly enabled him to laugh to scorn the Danish Royal cruisers; for the Skildpadde could safely pass over shoals, or run along a shallow coast, whither her pursuers dared not follow. The very light draught of the Skildpadde—which did not exceed six and a-half feet, with all her stores on board—was attributable to three causes: her great length, her breadth of beam, and the flatness of her bottom. But her "runs" both fore and aft, were sharp as a razor, to use the appropriate nautical phraseology.

Lars Vonved's originality of fancy was not confined merely to the name and rig of his vessel. He painted her hull entirely black, her bulwarks, her boats, her masts, spars, and yards, were also black as the raven's wing;

and, to crown all, even her sails were of the same ominous hue. It required little stretch of imagination to compare the gloom which these black sails of the Skildpadde cast on the sunny surface of the summer sea, to the shadow of guilt, and crime, and sin. But the truth was, Vonved was much too practical a man to do all this from mere eccentricity. By painting hull, spars, and sails, black, he derived an immense advantage over any vessel in chase. He could see his pursuer when his own vessel was invisible, for no glint of sunlight was ever reflected from the sombre-hued Skildpadde.

The crew of the Skildpadde comprised in all fifty-seven men, including the officers. Her tender, the Little Amalia, had a skipper and four men for crew. In all, therefore, Vonved's immediate followers numbered sixty-two. Herr Lundt, the skipper of the little jøgt, was not only the youngest officer, but also the youngest man in either vessel. Many of the men were middle aged; a few were prime old sea-dogs of fifty and upwards; and, probably, the average age of each man was at least thirty-five. The astute Rover preferred men of experience and tried ability and intelligence, nor did he ever admit one to join his desperate service aboard his two vessels, until after a probation as one of his numerous secret agents, or indirect followers. He thus had selected, by slow degrees, his present crew of stern, fearless, determined outlaws; skilful as seamen, thoroughly devoted to his fortunes, and of tried fidelity. Yet, notwithstanding all his caution, foresight, and shrewd penetration of character, he had, at this time one man of his crew who had deliberately betrayed him for the sake of what was literally blöd-penge—blood-money.

To resume the narrative.

As the Amalia neared the Skildpadde, Vonved took Herr Lundt aside.

"My friend," whispered he, "I do not wish the men of the jøgt to communicate to the crew of the Skildpadde the manner in which I came aboard—that is, not until I have previously seen and spoken in private with my officers. Forstaaer de mig?" (You comprehend me?)

"Perfectly, Captain Vonved!" and the young man bowed with a grave air.

"I am tolerably certain," continued Vonved, "that our friends yonder cannot have heard from any passing craft of my betrayal at Ronne, and of the fate of the Falk; but I wish to ascertain that before I relate the affair to all hands. Heave-to the jøgt, at a cable's length, and I will go on board the Skildpadde in the pram."

"Alone, Captain Vonved?"

"Alone."

The young skipper immediately gave orders to lower the pram from the davits, and meanwhile the Little Amalia luffed up. In a very few minutes Vonved calmly stepped into the pram, and quietly rowed himself to the Skildpadde. He was welcomed on board by a cordial cheer from all hands, for his crew were devoted to his service, and personally were very much attached to him—with one dark exception. They were, however, exceedingly astonished at his unexpected presence, for they had, of course, supposed him to be ashore at Bornholm.

Lars Vonved courteously shook hands with his officers, and uttered a few kind words expressive of his satisfaction at rejoining his faithful crew much sooner than he and they had anticipated; and then he quitted the upper deck, making a sign to his chief officer to accompany him. They passed through the officers' mess-room, and the main cabin, and entered the captain's private cabin at the extreme stern of the vessel.

Closing the door, and cautiously satisfying himself that they were alone, Vonved turned round, and again grasped his officer warmly by the hand, exclaiming with an emotion he did not care to conceal:—

"Dunraven! yesterday at this hour I never thought to see you more!"

"What do you mean! Captain Vonved, what has happened?"

"You have heard nothing, then, of my adventures since we parted?"

"How could I? The boat brought me your written order to cruise hereabouts for ten days, and I immediately obeyed."

"The boat! ah, yes, the boat from which I landed at the cove, near Ronne?"

"Certainly."

"And," continued Vonved, in a quick, significant tone; "did all that boat's crew return with her?"

"Yes, Captain Vonved."

"Every man."

"Undoubtedly."

A singular smile played around the lips of the Rover, and he gently toyed with the little gold ring in his right ear, turning it round and round in the lobe, whilst his eyes gleamed in a very peculiar manner as they met the anxious searching gaze of his lieutenant and devoted friend.

In person, Lieutenant Dunraven contrasted strikingly by the side of the colossal framed Rover. He was taller than Vonved, but was spare and wiry, although capable of great muscular exertion. His complexion was very dark, his features were somewhat irregular, and strongly marked, albeit on the whole rather handsome and prepossessing, and his eyes were dark and keen. The general expression of his countenance, when in a state of repose, was dreamy and melancholy, as though his thoughts were habitually more of the inexorable past than of the present, or the unknown future. His age was somewhat less than thirty, but he appeared ten years older. By birth he was an Englishman, and the few facts of his early history known to the Rover's crew—who, it may here be mentioned, were all natives of Scandinavia, three-fourths of them being Danes—were, that he had been an officer in the English navy, and attained the rank of lieutenant, but for some act of insubordination was tried by a court-martial and dismissed the service. This happened on the Pacific station, and Dunraven was then only in his twenty-second year. Shortly afterwards he became acquainted with Lars Vonved, at Valparaiso, and the warm friendship which commenced between them, resulted in Dunraven linking his future fortunes to the desperate service of the man who subsequently became so renowned as the *Baltic Rover*—whether properly or justly so designated, future chapters of this narrative will furnish materials for judging.

In a few energetic sentences Vonved related to Dunraven all that had occurred to him—his betrayal and his marvellous escape. He then gave several precise orders, and Dunraven quitted the cabin to execute them, Vonved himself remaining below.

On emerging on deck, Dunraven first hailed the little jœgt, and, in obe-

dience to his command, the skipper ran her close alongside the *Skildpadde*, and secured her to the mizen chains to leeward, in such a manner that the two vessels gently drifted in company without chafing each other. Then Herr Lundt and the four men composing the crew of the *Little Amalia*, were summoned on board the larger vessel. Some minor orders being issued and promptly executed, all hands were called. This was done in a peculiar manner. From a light iron frame over the fore-hatchway leading to the quarters of the crew, a large Chinese gong was permanently suspended. One stroke on this gong indicated the ordinary change of a watch; two strokes summoned one-half of the watch below, on any emergency; and three strokes peremptorily called all hands. "Bells" were not struck on board at any time. The boatswain proceeded to the hatchway, and taking an instrument resembling a drumstick (except that its bulb was of a flat oval shape, instead of being round), which always hung by a loop from the frame ready for use, he struck with it three measured blows. The deep thundering boom of the gong reverberated to the farthest cranny of the vessel, but the last lingering vibration had almost died away ere one man, and one only, answered the call, by emerging slowly and reluctantly from the hatchway. All his shipmates were already above deck.

Lieutenant Dunraven now ordered all hands aft to the quarter-deck, across which he drew them up in a double line, the officers standing apart close to the binnacle. He then touched his cap to the little group of officers, and again descended to the cabin, having exchanged, in passing, a significant look with Herr Lundt, for Vonved had told him that he had confided to that young officer the story of his betrayal.

With the exception of Dunraven and Lundt, the crew had not yet the slightest idea of what had occurred, and the men exchanged looks of curiosity and wonder concerning the reason of the general summons aft, and to what it would tend, for they all had an impression that something extraordinary was about to ensue. But so perfectly were they disciplined, that the crew of a man-of-war, at quarters, never stood with greater gravity, nor

in an attitude expressive of more respectful obedience, than did these three-score outlawed seamen who served under the flag of Lars Vonved. All were attired in a species of uniform, consisting of dark loose trousers of thick homespun woollen cloth, from the cottage-loom of Denmark and Sweden ; a blue Jersey shirt, also of warm woollen texture, reaching up to the throat, and tastefully ornamented with green braid on the breast ; and a full skirted blue jacket. They also wore uniform felt hats—low-crowned and wide-brimmed—and a broad belt of black leather round the waist, secured in front with a bright steel buckle. At the back of each man's belt was attached a leathern sheath, containing a sharp broad-bladed knife set in a strong oval hilt of wood. The collars of their blue-checked cotton shirts were turned down over the neck rolls of their jackets, man-of-war fashion. Altogether, they were a strikingly fine crew of picked veteran seamen, and there was nothing whatever in their dress or bearing to indicate that they were men who lived in perpetual risk of being captured and put to death for violating the laws of their country. Many of them had wives and families—all of them had relatives and friends. What strange fascination, or fanaticism, or utter recklessness, induced them to devote their lives to the service of a Rover ? Were they indeed pirates ? The world's rumour denounced them as such ; but rumour oft hath a lying tongue.

Besides Lieutenant Dunraven and Herr Lundt, there were two other officers, respectively ranking as second and third mates of the *Skildpadde*. Both were middle-aged men, and of tolerable education, although not precisely of the class denominated gentlemen. The name of the second mate was Martimas Mellem, a native of Carlsrona in Sweden. He was a large powerfully built man, with a stern and rather forbidding countenance, but he was much esteemed by Lars Vonved for his skill and well-tryed fidelity. The third mate was Evert Löresletten, a jolly personage, with a round, blooming, smiling countenance, and an air of consummate bon-hommie. He seemed a man on perpetual good terms with himself and everybody else. The uniform of these four officers was simple and not devoid

of good taste. They wore wide trousers of fine dark blue cloth, with a narrow red seam, and a long single-breasted surtout of the same material, closely buttoned up to the chin, and braided at the cuffs and skirts. A black varnished belt supported a short sword resembling a *couteau-de-chasse*, which they wore rather as a mark of their rank than as a weapon either of offence or defence. Their caps were of blue cloth similar to those worn by naval officers, and were ornamented with two very narrow gold bands, or rather gold cords, and a little silk rosette of red, blue, and white, affixed to the front.

The petty officers were the boat-swain, the carpenter, and the gunner. Their dress was precisely similar to the men's, but distinguished by the figure of a tortoise (in allusion to the name of the vessel), skilfully worked in braid on the breast of the Jersey over-shirt, and on the upper part of the right sleeve of the jacket.

In a few minutes the first officer reappeared on the quarter-deck, preceding Lars Vonved. Every officer and man lifted his cap in salute, which Vonved acknowledged gracefully, yet gravely. The Rover himself now wore his usual dress when on board. It consisted of trousers similar to those of his officers, but instead of a surtout, he wore a plain black velvet vest, fitting perfectly to his body, and closed up to the throat with a row of small round buttons of solid gold ; and a very ample blue jacket of fine cloth, with side pockets, sailor fashion. His hat somewhat resembled those worn by his crew, but its material was rich purple velvet, trimmed with a rare and very costly fur, and one side was looped up with a gold band, secured by a glittering precious stone. A simple broad black ribbon loosely encircled the neck of his shirt, the small snow-white collar of which contrasted well with the black vest over which it was turned. On the whole, his singular attire, although in some respects not exactly seamanlike, was picturesque and attractive, and it harmonized well with his imposing figure. He bore no weapon of any sort.

"Lieutenant Dunraven," said Vonved, "are all hands present ?"

"I believe so, Captain Vonved."

"Call over the roll, sir."

The lieutenant, who spoke excel-

lent Danish, bowed, and immediately did as ordered, reading from a muster-paper he held in his hand.

Every man answered to his name.

"All present, Captain Vonved."

"It is well," responded the Rover, making a step forward, whilst his keen eye glanced from face to face of the assembled crew as though he sought to scan their several expressions and penetrate their thoughts. The hardy seamen stood motionless, and gazed at him with eager yet deferential attention and strongly aroused interest.

"Officers and crew!" exclaimed Vonved, assuming an attitude of simple dignity, and speaking in a tone of calm decision, each word falling slowly, clearly, and emphatically from his lips: "I am thankful to stand once more in your midst. I know how faithful to me, and how devoted to my hazardous fortunes you have ever approved yourselves; and many of you would, I feel assured, risk life at any moment to serve, or to aid, or to save me."

"All, Captain Vonved! we all will do that," exclaimed several voices.

"No, my friends," said Vonved, with a sad smile, "not all. There are sixty-two of ye now listening to my voice, and of that number I hope, yea, I verily believe, that sixty-one are men in whose hands I may trust my life at all times and under all circumstances—men whose hearts never entertained one disloyal or traitorous thought towards me or any of our company. Such are the sixty-one, but the sixty-second man is a Judas."

The last brief sentence, which was spoken with terrible emphasis, albeit in a subdued and almost mournful tone, electrified the crew. They drew in their breaths, and for a few seconds gazed at Vonved as though doubtful whether they had heard aright, and as though they sought confirmation of his fearful words in the expression of his countenance. Then a deepening murmur arose, and each man gazed excitedly and sternly at his fellows.

"It is too true," resumed Vonved, and he now spake with a degree of plaintive energy as well as impressiveness; "and it is to denounce that perjured traitor that I have called you together, for we are now standing in solemn council to judge one of our own number by the league and law which

we have all sworn to obey, to uphold, and to fulfil."

He then, in a few vivid sentences, related to them his betrayal at Ronne, the explosion of the Falk, and his own solitary escape. He explained how he had learnt from the officer in command of the troops which seized him the manner of his betrayal.

Loud cries of indignation, amazement, and generous rage, then burst from the crew, and with one voice they demanded the name of the traitor.

"Who is he? Tell us, and we will rend him limb from limb!"

"Nay, my men, not so," responded Vonved with a gesture of authority, and a look which warned and reminded all that he was one who would instantly enforce it if needful. "Ye forget that we are met to try ere we judge. Forbid it that ye should condemn a man on my unsupported testimony, and without fair trial. Who is he? He is one whom I believed faithful; he is blood-brother to one whom I know to be devoted to my person. Who is he? Sixty-one of ye look me boldly in the face, all aflush with honest anger, but the sixty-second dare not uplift his eyes. Who is he? Where is he? *There!* men, behold the Judas."

As he spake the last ominous words, Vonved, with outstretched arm, pointed to a man who had slunk back in the rear of his shipmates, and who was dodging behind a gigantic Norwegian in a shrinking attitude, with drooping head, as though mortally anxious to elude observation. This was the solitary man who had so reluctantly obeyed the summons of all hands.

"What! Jörgen Neilsen! Jörgen Neilsen, art thou the Judas?" roared they.

"By Balder's keel! little need to question him," muttered old Carl Bredvig the boatswain. "Only look at him, messmates and shipmates all. Look, and ye will judge."

Jörgen Neilsen was instantly grasped by a dozen merciless hands, and many stalwart arms were raised to smite him.

"Hold, men!" thundered Vonved. "Ye forget yourselves. Bring Jörgen Neilsen aft."

The unhappy man was whirled to the space between the group of officers and the crew.

"Two of ye hold him securely; the rest stand back as they were."

The order was obeyed; yet threats and execrations mingled loudly.

"Silence, men!"

Some excited murmurs still prevailed.

"Silence, all!" sternly reiterated Vonved, and profound silence ensued.

"That man," continued he, pointing to Neilsen, "is the traitor—him I denounce, and him only. Boatswain!"

"Here, Captain Vonved!" respectfully answered the sturdy weather-beaten old seaman, whose grizzled beard and furrowed cheeks bore eloquent testimony to the three-score years he had battled with life's stormy ocean.

"Take four men, and go below for the chest of Jörgen Neilsen. Bring it here immediately."

The old boatswain touched his hat, and, with four hands whom he selected, hurried on his mission. During their very brief absence not a word was spoken on the quarter-deck. The wretched prisoner, Jörgen Neilsen, was personally a fine seamanlike fellow, tall and well-proportioned, and possessing a singularly handsome and prepossessing countenance. At least, such was his ordinary appearance; but now his manly figure shrunk, as it were, and contracted in every limb, his head drooped on his breast, his knees bent, his long flaxen hair fell in lank dishevelled masses and partially hid his pallid face; but enough was visible to show that it was convulsed with agony and mortal dread. His shipmates scowled savagely at him, and deadly curses were inwardly invoked on his head. He would have sunk to the deck had he not been upheld.

Speedily did the boatswain and his assistants reappear with the chest, which they deposited at the feet of Vonved; and the crew, urged by an irresistible impulse, pressed aft, and grouped around in a close circle, in the centre of which stood Vonved and his officers, the prisoner and his chest.

"Open it," said Vonved, "and search for the hundred and fifty dollars he received at Ronne, as the first instalment of his reward for my betrayal. They were given him in a seal-skin bag, the string of which was a sinew of the leg of a rein-deer."

A cry arose for the key, but the grim old boatswain, with a single vigorous kick of his ponderous foot, encased in a huge sea-boot, burst up the lid.

The contents of the chest, principally consisting of clothing and the usual miscellaneous articles of a seaman's outfit, were tossed out, and from among them fell a letter. The further examination of the chest was postponed until Dunraven had read this letter aloud. It was from the commander of the troops at Ronne, in answer to some previous communication of Neilsen, and it mentioned the reward which would be paid him for his contemplated treachery, and promised him a personal pardon in case he and the crew of the Skildpadde were captured. Expressions in the letter clearly intimated that Neilsen had been sometime in negotiation to betray not only Vonved, but all the crew. The traitor must have been infatuated to keep this damning proof of his treachery in his chest.

A hurricane of denunciations and curses burst forth when the reading of the fatal epistle was concluded; but Vonved calmly interposed, and ordered the examination of the chest to be proceeded with.

At the very bottom, in one corner, and hidden by a piece of canvas stamped down, a bag, precisely like the one Vonved had described, was discovered.

Without speaking, old Carl Bredvig tendered the bag to Vonved.

The Rover balanced it a moment in his hand, half-audibly muttering—"And this was to be the price of my blood!" Then handing it to his first officer, he calmly said,

"Lieutenant Dunraven, open this bag, and count the contents."

Amid a brooding silence, broken only by the occasional creaking of the booms, and the flapping of the brailed spanker overhead, the lieutenant untied the knots of the reindeer's sinew securing the mouth of the bag, and carefully emptied its contents on the lid of the chest. A large quantity of silver specie-dalers rolled out, and Dunraven deliberately counted them, his dark eyes fiercely glistening the while, and set them in piles of tens. When the last dollar completed the fifteenth pile, the suppressed rage of the incensed crew,

who already were to a man convinced of the guilt of the accused, broke forth in a simultaneous roar of execration:

"Overboard with him! Smite him! Kill him! Limb him!" yelled the men who had long eat at the same table with him, and slept by his side.

Again Vonved rebuked them, and turning to the prisoner, he said, with unaffected solemnity, and a touch of pitiful feeling,

"Jörgen Neilsen, what have you to answer to the charge? Speak! and speak fearlessly, if you have aught to say in your defence."

Instead of replying, the miserable man uttered a heartrending groan, and convulsively shaking off the relaxed grasp of the two men who guarded him, he fell prone at the feet of Vonved, with clasped hands, and screamed,

"Oh, Captain Vonved! pardon!"

"Do you confess that you betrayed me—that you compassed my death?"

"I do! The foul fiend tempted me! Pardon, Captain Vonved, pardon!" and he grovelled in the extremity of despair.

"Rise!"

Neilsen only debased himself yet lower at the feet of the man whose cruel death he had compassed fruitlessly, and to his own destruction.

"Rise, wretch!" reiterated Vonved.

"O, Captain Vonved! I cannot rise—I dare not rise—I will not rise until you pardon me!"

"Ay," sighed Vonved, in an accent of gloomy pity, "I do pardon you from my very heart, as freely and as fully as I hope that God will yet pardon me; but, the law which binds us all together must be fulfilled."

As he spake, Vonved signed to the men who held Neilson, and they forcibly upraised the unnerved suppliant.

"Officers and men!" cried Vonved, "it is our duty to proceed in this case as our solemn oaths have rigidly prescribed. The evidence of the guilt of Jörgen Neilsen is overwhelming, and he has himself confessed it. I forgive him from my soul, and were I alone jeopardized by such guilt as his, I swear unto you that I would not lift a finger to punish him. No; I would leave him to the torment of his own conscience, and remorse alone would be a greater punishment than any which we can inflict. But we have all bound ourselves by a solemn league

and compact, and, if we swerve one tittle from what it prescribes, we are false unto ourselves, false to each other, and false to that covenant so fearfully sealed. Our law must be satisfied. I urge it not for vengeance—for a spark of vengeance I have not in my breast. It is for the security of each and all of us that we must now make a signal example. It was expressly stipulated in the bond, to which we have so awfully sworn, that if any man or officer betrayed or endeavoured to betray his fellow, he should surely be put to death, provided that two-thirds, at least, of the crew voted his condemnation. So be it."

Ejaculations of acquiescence and approval were uttered on all sides.

"Lieutenant Dunraven," continued Vonved, speaking huskily, and with evident pain; "you will now call on each man of the crew to vote in the order his name stands on the muster-roll, and when he delivers his verdict, let him remember it is on oath."

Dunraven, in a sonorous voice, commenced with the first name on the roll, which happened to be that of Nils Solvöi, the gigantic Norseman, behind whom the wretched conscience-stricken traitor had vainly sought to elude observation.

"Nils Solvöi! do you pronounce Jörgen Neilsen guilty, and do you vote that he be put to death, in the manner prescribed by our laws and ordinances?"

The Norwegian immediately uplifted his ponderous right arm, and stretched conspicuously forth three fingers of his brawny brown hand—that being a Danish form of observance when a man delivers his testimony on oath, or has an oath administered to him—the three fingers being deemed symbolical of the three Persons of the Trinity.

"He is guilty. He must die. Let him walk the plank. That is my verdict."

These four brief yet terrible sentences were uttered by Solvöi in a harsh determined voice, devoid of the faintest tone of pity.

The same question was deliberately put to each man of the crew, in succession, and, in every instance the verdict was precisely to the same effect.

Not a word of comment was spoken by any individual during these solemn

interrogations and answers ; but, from time to time, the supremely miserable man, whose doom was thus pitilessly pronounced, groaned and writhed, and when he heard the names of those who had been messmates and particular friends called by the lieutenant, he raised his head and glanced imploringly at them, but, in every instance, they only answered his piteous mute appeal by looks of implacable hatred and detestation.

The question was next put to the petty officers, and, after them, the superior officers, including Lieutenant Dunraven, each formally delivered his verdict. Officers and men were alike unanimous. Not a dissentient voice was heard—not a solitary plea for mercy was uttered. Vonved himself assented to and confirmed the judgment of his followers.

What were the feelings of Jörgen Neilsen when Vonved's lips finally sealed, as it were, his irrevocable doom, could only be conceived from his physical aspect. His terror increased to such an uncontrollable degree that every limb visibly shook and writhed; his quivering bloodless lips receded mechanically and exposed his chattering teeth; and his countenance was frightful to look upon, so shockingly did it express the unutterable horror with which he anticipated his inevitable, impending execution. He endeavoured to speak, but only some incoherent words were audible. But when he heard Vonved give certain orders to the officers, he suddenly started into vigorous volition, as though a sword had pierced his vitals, and again convulsively extricating himself from the grasp of his guards, he flung himself on the deck and clasped the knees of Lieutenant Dunraven, ejaculating in a piercing, unnatural voice—

"Oh, Lieutenant Dunraven, speak a word for me! You can do it—one word—oh, save me! save me!"

The lieutenant, with a look of unappeasable indignation and disgust, jerked himself from the nerveless clasp of the suppliant, and flung him aside as though his very touch was pollution, but deigned not to respond by a single word.

Then Jörgen Neilsen abjectly supplicated Herr Lundt, the youngest man on board, and one whose gentle and generous nature he might natur-

ally hope to excite to some token of compassion.

"Herr Lundt! for the love of heaven have pity on me! Say one word for me! Dear Herr Lundt, remember we were born in the same town—I have carried you a hundred times in my arms when you were a little child—I climbed the pinnacled cliffs of Brettenvelsen to get for you the young eaglets—I taught you to swim, to row, and to sail—all your family knew me, and were kind unto me—Oh, Herr Lundt! remember this!—will *you* not say one word to save me?"

Lundt was deeply moved by this passionate and really touching appeal. He would have been, indeed, unfeeling, had it been otherwise, for nothing so probes and softens the heart of a man who is not absolutely hardened by long contact with the world and the world's hollow wickedness and soul-deadening depravities, as any simple memories of his sinless childhood, and happy boyhood, and golden youthhood. The despairing being who appealed unto him must have instinctively felt this.

Lundt flushed crimson to the brow, and then his rich young blood receded like a tide; he became deathly pale, and trembled with emotion. A violent struggle was shaking his soul.

Lars Vonved gazed keenly at his young friend, evidently sympathizing with him in his cruel dilemma.

The agitation in Lundt's breast was extreme, but his mind was quickly decided.

"Neilsen! Jörgen Neilsen! what foul fiend tempted thee to do—to do what thou hast done?"

"O, Herr Lundt! dear Herr Lundt!" sobbed the doomed traitor, a wild flash of baseless hope for the moment flickering o'er his ghastly features, as the young officer uttered the first words at all indicative of pity which had hitherto been addressed to him; "it was—yes, indeed it was the foul fiend who tempted me!"

"Ay, the foul fiend oft tempts us all," retorted Lundt; "but we do not yield to him as thou hast done. 'Tis true all that thou hast said, Jörgen, about my childhood and boyhood. O, I would have given all I possess in this world to have been spared seeing thee thus! Thou hast done an accursed deed, and I have voted to put thee to the death thou hast merited,

but if—if it could be—if I could save thee—no, it is not possible! No, thou must die.”

“Die!” shrieked Jörgen. “O, Herr Lundt, by the memory of”——

“Say no more, Jörgen,” interrupted Lundt, clenching his hands together, in bitter tribulation of spirit; “what is done is done. Were we even what we are falsely accused of being—a crew of pirates—still thou wouldst be condemned to die by the just law which decrees death to him who betrays his outlawed shipmate. But though outlaws, we are not pirates—though rovers, we are not corsairs—yet thou betrayed thy captain, and infamously plotted to sell every one of us—covenanted to deliver us one and all to certain ignominious death, to glut thy cursed greed of gold. What! dost thou think that the recollections of my childhood will stifle in my breast my abhorrence of thy crime? Dost thou imagine that I can look upon thee without detestation after what thou hast done? What! Jörgen Neilsen! shall I plead for thy life after thou hast traitorously sold, for a handful of silver, my dear and honoured friend and commander, Lars Vonved, Count of Elsinore? O, Jörgen! how couldst thou sell *his* blood? Thou well knowest he is the last of his princely line—in his veins flows the hallowed blood of our ancient Danish sovereigns—and to him and to all of us thou hadst sworn an awful oath of fidelity. No, Jörgen Neilsen, I cannot save thee, even if I would. Thou must die—and may heaven have mercy on thee!”

Lundt spake vehemently, and, as he uttered the last sentence, he burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. For a moment he stood motionless, his heavy tears pattering on the deck at his feet, amidst an unbroken silence; and then, with a low wailing ejaculation, he turned round, and pressing one hand hard over his breast to still the throbbing of his generous heart, he strode with agitated steps to the taffrail. Sympathizing looks and whispers from many of the crew and officers testified their appreciation of his feelings, and not one was there who did not reverence the emotion which unmanned the brave and loyal mariner. Lars Vonved himself, whose eyes had filled to overflowing during this affecting episode of the tragedy, imme-

diately followed him, and grasping the trembling hand of his young and devoted friend and follower between both his own, exclaimed—

“Dear Lundt! from my heart’s core I feel for you. Cruelly have you been tried and tested—nobly have you performed your duty. What is to be done must be done, but you need not witness it. Go below till all is over.”

“If you will permit me, Captain Vonved, and if my shipmates will not deem me womanish for”——

“No,” emphatically interrupted Vonved, “believe me, my friend, there is not a man who will not respect, admire, and love you more than ever for your conduct this day. Go below, I entreat—nay I command you!”

Without another word, Lundt gripped the Rover’s hand very hard, and descended by the companion-way to the cabin.

Vonved slowly walked back to the clustering group he had quitted, and with his usual wondrous self-command, he instantly assumed an air of stern composure.

When Jörgen Neilsen saw Lundt go below, and Vonved return, the last spark of hope which had flickered in his bosom seemed to die away, and his head once more drooped inert on his breast, and his arms fell nervelessly by his side.

“Raise him to his feet, and let him not kneel again!” exclaimed Vonved, with a gesture of command.

He was immediately obeyed.

“Bind his arms securely behind him.”

This, too, was done with the quick dexterity of seamen, the unhappy man making no resistance, and passively suffering his wrists, and his arms above the elbows, to be firmly pinioned together.

“Lash a thirty-six pound ball in canvas, and bring it here with a few fathoms of half-inch,” was the next order.

Neilsen at this moment raised his head, and gasped twice or thrice ere he could faintly cry—

“Water! for the love of God, give me water!”

Nils Solvöi brutally mocked the imploring cry of the broken-hearted wretch, by telling him that he would soon have water enough; but Vonved sternly rebuked the unfeeling Nor-

wegian for his cruel taunt, and ordered him instantly to bring a can of water from the scuttle-butt, or large cask, kept on the forecastle for the common use of the crew. Solvöi thereupon ran forward, and brought the ordinary long round tin can (having cut the lanyard which secured it to the cask), filled to the brim, and held it to Neilsen's lips. The poor creature, whose awful mental agony had induced thirst to such a degree that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, eagerly gulped the water to the last drop, and then Solvöi hurled the empty can far into the sea, swearing that never should any honest seaman again drink from a vessel polluted by touching the lips of a traitor.

Vonved now issued order to prepare the fatal plank, and whilst that was being done, he directed the gunner to cast off the lashings of the great gun, and to load it for a blank discharge. This gun was a magnificent bronze thirty-six-pounder, of extraordinary length. Each side of its breech was ornamented with exquisite designs in bold relief, being emblematic figures, wreaths, scrolls, &c., and the muzzle was elaborately chased. Originally it had belonged to the crown of Spain, and the royal arms of that country were conspicuously displayed above each trunnion. Vonved had purchased it at Mexico for a very large sum, although not more than the gun—which was said to be much more than a century old—was intrinsically worth, for it was not only in every respect as efficient as on the day when its artistic decorations received the finishing touch, but it also had the reputation of being unrivalled for its immense range, and the accuracy with which it propelled its heavy balls. This very formidable piece was mounted on a traversing platform, between the fore and main masts, and was the only cannon on board. Vonved had whimsically christened it "Sweetlips," and that name was inscribed in golden Gothic letters around the end of the muzzle. The cannon was not discharged by a lock in the usual manner of ship-guns, but by a match, like land artillery.

There was something very terrible in the peculiar alacrity which the crew, one and all, manifested to carry out the dread preparations for the execution of their doomed shipmate.

Their hearts were steeled against him, and inaccessible to any emotion or impulse of pity for his fate, and they actually seemed to begrudge him his fast fleeting minutes. Superadded to their intense hatred of his treachery, was their disgust at the extreme pusillanimity he now exhibited. This excited a spirit of savage contempt, and many of them openly expressed it in graphic language. Had Neilsen met his inevitable fate with hardihood, or at least with manly resignation, these rugged sons of the ocean might have felt a touch of pity and compassion, and certainly they would not have despised as well as hated him. Of all things, a thoroughbred seaman abhors a recreant spirit. A craven coward he values less than a dog.

The draught of water revived the half-paralysed man, and an incident occurred almost simultaneously, which roused him yet more from his stupor of despair. He had a little Laland dog on board, of a species resembling the Scotch terrier, and this animal now made its appearance, and ran to its pinioned master, and rearing on its hind feet, rested its fore-paws against his knee, looking up in his face with sparkling eyes, and wagging its tail, as though expecting the customary caress. Neilsen looked down at his dog, and uttered a heartrending groan. The little creature at once ceased its motions, turned its head from side to side with a frightened look, and then cowered at his feet whining and trembling, evidently conscious that some inexplicable calamity had overtaken its master.

This touching little episode seemed to affect several of the spectators more than any of Neilsen's appeals, and he himself appeared to be immediately stimulated by it to make one final effort to obtain mercy. He turned to Vonved, and whilst big drops of perspiration—literally the sweat of agony—broke from his pallid brow, and the rigid muscles of his face contracted spasmodically, he once more raised his piteous cry for pardon.

"Oh, mercy, Captain Vonved! have mercy on me."

"Mercy," retorted the Rover, in a measured pitiless tone; "why should mercy be shown unto thee? Thou didst perjure thy soul to betray me, and deliberately covenanted to betray

bloody sweat; the eyes were so turned in their sockets that little of the pupils was visible, and the rigid lips, previously bitten through and through in agony, were widely parted, drawn upward and downward, and covered with greenish viscid froth.

At this awful juncture, Vonved's voice thrilled every heart as he exclaimed, in astoundingly deep and powerful tones:

"Boatswain, stand by to heave! Men, forward with Neilsen."

The two stalwart seamen who gripped Neilsen's arms instantly obeyed. They thrust him up the plank with all their might—he staggered helplessly forward—the plank overbalanced and tipped down to the surface of the sea—the declension irresistibly impelled the doomed being to the extremity of the plank, and the waters of the Baltic received his shuddering form. At that same moment the boatswain heaved overboard the cannon ball, and in the twinkling of an eye it dragged to the bottom all that was mortal of Jörgen Neilsen. The fatal plank, by its own impetus, plunged overboard after him, and rose many fathoms distant.

The suppressed excitement of the crew was vented in hoarse murmurs, smothered exclamations, and inarticulate cries.

"Fire!" shouted Vonved, and the gunner applied his glowing match to the vent of the great old Spanish cannon. A broad sheet of red flame was

belched from its brazen muzzle, and the roar of its thunder reverberated over the inky waters of the Baltic. Hardly had the startling report died away in lessening rolls, ere, for the third time, a yet more awful flash of lightning smote the Skildpadde, shivering to fragments the maintopmast.

At a sign from Vonved, Lieutenant Dunraven handed him the sealakin bag, in which he had replaced the hundred and fifty dollars. Vonved instantly hurled it into the sea in the midst of the evanescent bubbles which marked the spot where Neilsen had disappeared for ever, and he exclaimed:—

"So perish all traitors, and *thus* may they ever receive their accursed blood-money!"

A fourth time the lightning vertically descended, and a man fell crashing full length on deck at the feet of Vonved.

It was the Norseman, Nils Solvöi. The levin-bolt had struck him, and he was dead.

Vonved half raised the body, and gazed a moment at the burnt and blackened features ere he laid the corpse gently down again. Then he sighed heavily, and mournfully ejaculated—

"Ha! my warning to thee, Nils Solvöi, was needless: *thou* wilt never more arouse my wrath. The vengeance of heaven is swifter and surer than that of man."

he struck the Norseman heavily to the deck, exclaiming :—

"Shame, fellow ! How darest thou to treat an innocent dumb creature with dastard cruelty ? What ! brutally kick a poor little unoffending dog because it shows its affection for its master in his misery ? Beware, Nils Solvöi ! Look to thyself, man, and anger me not again this day. Twice hast thou provoked me to wrath within the hour—beware the third time !"

The Rover's colossal figure dilated as he uttered this merited reproof and warning in a tone of fiery indignation, and he fiercely bent his flashing eyes on the culprit, as the latter staggered to his feet and wiped away the blood which flowed profusely from the side of his head and face. A blow in anger from even the open left hand of Lars Vonved was what few men living would wish to twice experience, and Solvöi, who was merely a big, unfeeling fellow, coarse and brutal by nature, yet not devoid of some good qualities, of which stubborn fidelity to Vonved was one, dared not speak a word in reply, but repeatedly touched his hat in deference to the commander, who had taught his crew to fear as well as to love him. The man was completely cowed, and manifested that species of brute submission to a power both physically and intellectually superior which a dog invariably exhibits when severely chastised by its master for a fault of which it is quite conscious.

By the order of Vonved, the boat-swain took the thirty-six pound ball in both hands, and stood close to the bulwark ready to heave it overboard ; and the gunner stood by the breech of the great gun and blew his match. Jörgen Neilson was placed on the plank, and a seaman tightly grasping each pinioned arm, he was made to mechanically walk up the inclined plane until he reached the bulwark. Then the seamen who held him each sprang on the bulwark itself, and by main strength of arm forced the poor, half-unconscious wretch to move forward until he stood on the plank two or three feet beyond the vessel's side, and there they kept him in their iron grip, awaiting the final signal.

Within the last half hour the sky had rapidly overspread with dense clouds, and now, from heaven's top-

most cope to the horizon all around, was one lurid dome which thickened and darkened until it was literally black. The light breeze of westerly wind had gradually died away until the huge black trysails of the Skildpadde, and the brailed-up mainsail of the Little Amalia hung perfectly motionless ; but the monotonous languid swell of the sullen Baltic every now and then heaved the hulls of the two vessels, and caused their standing rigging to snap and jerk, and their spars to creak dismally. This ominous elemental change had almost passed unnoticed, so absorbed were all on board by the tragedy in progress ; but at the instant when the crisis had arrived, and Lars Vonved uncovered his head, and peremptorily ordered every man to do the same, a blinding flash of lightning leapt from the heart of the brooding tempest, illumining the vessels and the sea on which they floated, and a tremendous peal of thunder almost simultaneously burst close overhead, and caused every plank and timber to vibrate from the deck to the keel.

That frightful flash smote the boldest heart with temporary terror—that deafening peal of heaven's artillery shook the strongest nerve. Yet he, the wondrous man whose followers they were, whatever he might secretly feel in his inmost soul, stood perfectly unmoved, and his proud lip curled, and his eyes flashed brighter than ever as he calmly uplifted his right arm, and then paused a moment before he gave the dread order which was to launch a human being into eternity.

Ere that order could be uttered, a second time did the lightning flash more vividly, and the thunder rolled more heavily than before. The scorching lambent flame uplit every face, and revealed, in ghastly relief, the forms of the startled crew.

Whether dazzled by the electric fluid, or acting on some mechanical impulse (for reasoning power and moral will seemed extinct), Jörgen Neilson writhed partially round, and turned his face once more and for the last time towards his pitiless ship-mates. Not one who beheld his countenance would ever forget it to his dying hour. It was so frightfully convulsed and distorted as to be hardly human. The creeping lineaments were thickly bedewed with a

bloody sweat; the eyes were so turned in their sockets that little of the pupils was visible, and the rigid lips, previously bitten through and through in agony, were widely parted, drawn upward and downward, and covered with greenish viscid froth.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDMUND BURKE.

PART II.

FROM the first, Burke opposed the second administration of Chatham. He disliked Chatham personally, who had treated him with patronizing condescension, and had dealt with the Rockingham Whigs as a good sort of men, very fitted for administering small local interests, but entirely beyond their depth when legislating for an empire. We can well comprehend how such an attitude must have fretted a spirit conscious of powers of the highest order, and determined to rise through a co-operation with the men thus depreciated. But Burke resented the charge on high political grounds, and in all his subsequent career evinced his resentment. He was a sincere admirer of parliamentary government administered in the interest of the public, and of the responsibility of the executive to the representatives of the nation. He held firmly to the salutary doctrine, that the power of the crown is merely a trust to be exercised solely for the benefit of the empire. Having gauged and measured the entire scheme of our polity, he saw clearly that these principles could only obtain, especially in an unreformed House of Commons, by the maintenance of party connexion in Parliament; and, that if a ministry were put together without a definite bond of union, Parliament must degenerate into an incapable senate, exposed to every evil influence of prerogative, and certain, ultimately, to be corrupted. Seeing this, it was his deliberate opinion, that the attempts which George the Third had made to break up the Revolution families, and to consolidate the power of the crown on the ruins of party, had a direct tendency to despotism in government, and to weaken all constitutional securities. When, therefore, he beheld the organization of Chatham's ministry—a junto in the hands of a dictator, composed of many

shreds of different parties, connected by no identity of policy, and boasting the title of “king's friends” as the chief badge of their union—it is no wonder he felt indignant that a great man should have given his sanction to an association so perilous to good government.

Many years after 1766 Burke characterized this administration, “so checkered and speckled, a piece of joinery so evenly indented and whimsically inlaid, that it was indeed a curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on,” as the beginning of all the misgovernment which, for so long a time, wrought evil in the empire. To the success of this cabinet in breaking down one of the chief barriers against arbitrary power—the organization of government upon party connexion—he ascribed the subserviency of the House of Commons in 1768–9, and its entire want of sympathy with the people—the fanatical and sinister outrages upon justice in the person of Wilkes—and the fatal concurrence of Parliament with George III. on the subject of American taxation. These views are, perhaps, in some degree exaggerated, but, unquestionably, they are true in the main; and in 1766 they urged Burke to vehement opposition. He had, however, but one opportunity of attacking his great antagonist in debate, and this, of course, was only indirectly, for Pitt was now in the House of Lords. “The Dictator,” as Chatham was called, had planned a reform of the East India Company, probably on the basis of his son's subsequent measure; but, instead of confiding it to his colleagues in office, he directed Beckford, his mere echo, to introduce it to the House of Commons. Beckford alone made the motion preliminary to it—an application to obtain a return of the papers of the Company. In the presence of the

acknowledged representatives of the Cabinet, who, perhaps, felt a secret sympathy with the orator, Burke satirized Chatham in a fine vein of irony "as the Invisible Being, before whom Thrones, Dominations, Princedom, Virtues, Powers hide their faces in their wings;" and as the "Great Man, who had raised seventy millions of debt to be a pedestal to his statue." But, though this was his only public attack upon Chatham at this period, it is evident, from his private correspondence, that he considered him as a boastful but dangerous politician, and that he had the worst opinion of his administration.

In a few months, however, after his accession to power, Chatham had withdrawn from the troubled scene of affairs, a shattered and almost imbecile invalid, and Burke did not pursue him in his seclusion. In truth, the events of 1767-8-9 were far too engrossing to allow one who was just becoming a leader of opposition to bestow a thought upon even greatness if absent. The Rump of the Chatham Ministry was now in office, made up, in the most part, of King's friends, "the most reptile of politicians," as Lord Macaulay terms them, "of the personal following of the 'Great Commoner,' and of the 'Bloomsbury Gang' of the Duke of Bedford—the very scum and refuse of degraded Whiggism." The only policy of this worthless administration, by Junius "damned to everlasting fame," was to pander to the wishes of the King—to divide the sections of the Opposition—and to keep the House of Commons in good-humour at whatever cost to the welfare of the empire. All their measures seem to have been suggested by a consideration that George III. was resolved to have his will; that Grenville and the Rockingham Whigs, though out of office, might be kept in mutual check by judicious management; and that a parsimonious abstinence from foreign interference, even when the interests of the nation were directly concerned, might purchase the acquiescence of a Parliament which was not prone to taxation. Hence, to gratify George III., and to appease the party of George Grenville, they adhered, in 1767, to the policy which Chatham had denounced as actually illegal, and passed

the ill-starred Customs Act against America. To satisfy the personal malice of the sovereign, they did not hesitate to destroy freedom of election in the case of the Middlesex return, and municipal law in reviving an obsolete statute against the people of Boston. And, again, to soothe the feelings of Grenville, who had supported the peace of 1762 on the express ground that the finances of Great Britain had been exhausted, and to retain the votes of the House of Commons, which, corrupt and influenced as it was, did not always evince a sympathy with them, they allowed France to seize on Corsica without opposition, through fear of seeking for additional supplies.

Such was the Rump of the Chatham administration, and of all their opponents in the Rockingham party, who alone were its steady and regular adversaries, Burke was by far the most able and conspicuous. On the 13th May, 1767, Charles Townshend brought forward his famous resolutions, imposing Customs duties on tea, glass, and paper, imported into America. Burke assailed the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a speech of which the Cavendish debates preserve only a faint record, but which, it is said, was marked with his usual eloquence. "You will never," he exclaimed, "see a shilling from America." The bill passed, but the words of the orator were fulfilled. As soon as Townshend's Act became known on the other side of the Atlantic, a loud and deep murmur arose again from the colonists. This swelled into a fierce and steady resentment when they saw Boston garrisoned by General Gage; Commissioners of Customs sent over to enforce the law; vessels seized and confiscated in American harbours; the Assemblies of Massachusetts and Virginia dissolved; and an obsolete Act of Henry VIII. perverted by the Duke of Bedford to deprive them of the right of trial by jury. They entered into non-importation compacts, and along the entire seaboard of America the proscribed commodities could not find a market. They formed a Convention, the precursor of Congress; already spoke significantly of the possibility of an appeal to force, and insisted on a repeal of the obnoxious duty. After its utter failure

had become evident, and the truth of Burke's prediction had been proved, the Ministers, at last, altered the Customs Act in 1769, and, for the present, gave up all coercive measures. But, with a fatal, yet most characteristic short-sightedness, they expressly retained the import duty on tea, in order to please the King and Grenville.

So, again—but here with the aid of Grenville—Burke fought the battle of the Constitution in the case of the Middlesex election. In 1765 a profligate, but clever adventurer, had reflected on the King's speech in a paper called the *North Briton*. From this date, for nearly ten years, John Wilkes became the object of the hate of George III., the rallying point for popular feeling to gather around, and the leading instance of the inroads which a Government could make on law and justice at this period. He was arrested under a general warrant, deprived of privilege of Parliament against all common sense, and expelled from the House of Commons for the publication of blasphemies, in which it was proved that one of the ministers had participated. Having become a popular martyr in consequence of this treatment, Wilkes returned to England for the general election of 1768, and, amidst the exultation of three-fourths of London, was elected member for the county of Middlesex. He was afterwards arrested on an outlawry arising out of the previous proceedings; but his arrest was opposed by a raging populace, who tore down the railings around his prison and compelled the neighbourhood to illuminate. At length the military interfered; and, after the Riot Act had been read, about twenty people were shot down in St. George's Fields. Instantly London was in a state of uproar; the mob paraded the streets, breaking windows and shouting for their idol; a coroner returned a verdict of wilful murder against the soldiery and the magistrates; and all the elements of popular discontent coming suddenly to a head, overflowed in menacing seditious associations. The Government only increased this spirit by rewarding publicly the soldiers who had quelled the riot; and Wilkes added fuel to the spreading flame by publishing, with a most insulting commentary, a letter from the Secretary

of State, enjoining the Surrey magistrates to make use of the military in the event of any threatened disturbance.

In this state of things the Government showed a most arbitrary spirit—no doubt in compliance with the directions of the Sovereign—by summoning Wilkes to the Bar of the House of Commons for publishing the libellous commentary in question, instead of leaving him to the ordinary courts of justice. Wilkes appeared and having avowed the publication, was once more expelled from the House of Commons as a seditious libeller. He was re-elected over and over again for Middlesex; and, at length, by a vote of the subservient House of Commons, he was not only incapacitated for re-election, but his opponent, Colonel Luttrell—a mere tool of the Court—whom he had defeated by a large majority, was declared, *de jure* and *de facto*, the sitting member. Thus the choice of a constituency was deliberately annulled, the rights of freeholders were set aside, and the House of Commons practically usurped the privilege of electing a member to their own body—a manifest outrage on the Constitution.

Throughout this ill-omened contest with Wilkes, Burke took the side of law and right, and displayed powers of the highest order. Even through the dim haze of the Cavendish debates his genius shines with eminent lustre. He opposed strenuously the attempt of the House of Commons to usurp the rights of the courts of justice, by taking cognizance of the libel on the Secretary of State. His speech on the incapacitation of Wilkes was acknowledged to have been not inferior even to that of Grenville, who was here on his peculiar ground—parliamentary precedent and municipal law. But his greatest triumph on this subject was when, as virtual leader of the Rockingham party, he was selected to move a series of resolutions with regard to the conflict in St. George's Fields. His speech on this occasion is one of his noblest efforts: it is far beyond the temporary occasion, and is a most luminous dissertation upon the true relations between the civil and military state in our constitution. Some of its positions are, perhaps, too much on the

side of military non-interference ; but, although it is a mere incidental production, its power will, perhaps, be best appreciated by comparing it with Blackstone's very inferior handling of the same subject.

America and Wilkes were the chief topics of Burke during this period ; but he also shone in debate on several other occasions. Thus, he made some most pregnant remarks upon the supineness of England in abandoning Corsica to Louis XV. ; he opposed, with his wonted power, the attempt to plunder the Duke of Portland, which gave birth to the famous "Nul-lum Tempus" Act of Savile ; he denounced, most ably, the conduct of the ministry in refusing to give the accounts of the civil list—a refusal which, perhaps, first directed his attention to economic reform ; and in this period his knowledge of political economy contrasts forcibly with the ignorance of every other politician, in several speeches which he made upon the importation of corn.

It was also at this time that he published two treatises which, although of a very different class, may be considered briefly together. We have referred to the cardinal ideas of Grenville, the exhaustion of England by the Seven Years' War, the necessity of the peace of 1762, and the policy of imposing taxes on America. These ideas had been embodied in a pamphlet, called "The State of the Nation," which, assuming the false principles of the mercantile theory of economics, and several other fallacious doctrines, made out its case by a formidable array of statistics. Burke replied in a pamphlet called, "Observations on the State of the Nation," which was a masterly triumph over his opponent. It is a fine specimen of logic and of industry, remarkable for its lucid arrangement of figures and details. It takes a luminous survey of our foreign relations, examines fully the financial condition of France and England, and lays down, incidentally, some of those just principles of commerce which were formally expounded afterwards by Adam Smith. The other treatise we have referred to is "The Thoughts on our present Discontents," which appeared in 1770, and, taken altogether, is, perhaps, the best of Burke's political works.

This masterly production was called forth by the excitement which the Middlesex election had created in the country, disclosing to an alarmed nation that the power of the Crown had enormously increased ; that the House of Commons was no longer an organ of popular rights, and that the doctrine of ministerial responsibility was a farce. It is marked by profound insight into the working of our polity, sets forth admirably the evils which then were preying on it, and propounds several remedies for them. Admitting, and lamenting, the severance evident between the House of Commons and the people, it ascribes that severance to the manoeuvres of a corrupt junto, who, without principles of policy or party connexion, sought only to govern in the interest of the Crown, repudiated the notion that the Sovereign was a trustee for the public, tried sedulously to break up party ties in Parliament, and lowered the House of Commons into a disorganized instrument of the executive. It then examines the popular nostrums for these mischiefs—Triennial Parliaments and a Place Bill ; and, having pronounced that the one would only multiply venality, and that the other would certainly prove inefficacious, it declares that a real reform of Parliament, "the interposition of the body of the people," "the restoration of the right of free election," and a return to the sound practice of party government, "essentially necessary for the just performance of public duty," and always "opposed by unconstitutional statesmen,"—were the only real means of bringing back the House of Commons to its proper place in our polity. This treatise should still be perused by all who desire a knowledge of the parliamentary constitution of England, who wish to understand the true securities for its independence, and who require arguments against a cant used again just now, that the ties of party are not to be regarded, and that "measures, not men," is the true principle for a statesman. We may also observe, that it proves that Burke was not theoretically adverse to parliamentary reform ; and those who quote him as a supporter of Gatton and Old Sarum should bear in mind his magnificent denunciation—worthy, as Lord Brougham observes, to be written in

letters of gold—of a Senate which has no roots in the affections of a nation, and which, nominally its representative, becomes its betrayer.

Perhaps Burke never stood higher in parliament and with the country, than in the year 1770. The gossip of the Duke of Newcastle against him had been forgotten; and although men were not wanting who retaliated upon his wit and invective by sneering at him as an Irish adventurer, the epithet was justly felt to be no reproach. He was still young, and the youth of genius is seldom without real admirers, and he was known chiefly as a commanding writer and speaker who had stood up for America and the rights of the Middlesex electors. The time had not come when he was to be decried as an hireling orator, as a salaried agent of Lord Rockingham, of America, and of the East India Company, as the assassin of private reputation, as the insidious adversary of the Shelburne party, as branded with the discredit of an ill-starred coalition, and as the breaker up of the great Whig party. Although his subsequent fame was more widely spread, his present reputation was untouched by detraction, and, on the whole, was far more to be envied. And his oratory, though not inferior in his speeches of later years, was, perhaps, never better appreciated than at this time. It was an interval between two brilliant periods, each conspicuous in the annals of English eloquence, and Burke was now the only orator of the first class in the House of Commons. The stirring appeals of Chatham, the vigorous logic of Henry Fox, and the mellow and polished diction of Murray, were no longer heard within its walls. Charles Fox had only just entered it, William Pitt was still a boy in his teens, Sheridan was not yet dreaming of parliamentary renown; Lord North, and Dunning Barré, and Grenville, were the leaders of debate in the Lower House, and among these the powers of Burke were without a rival. It was about this time that he purchased the estate of Beaconsfield, and began to combine the pursuits of a country gentleman and a statesman. Here he was wont to gather his friends and relations around him, and to exercise a kind but unobtrusive hospitality. Richard Burke and William

Burke, now both in parliament, and in some way or other connected with the East India Company, here first directed his attention to India. Here his uncles, the Nagles, told him of the state of Ireland, and colonial agents laid before him the condition of America. Here young Charles Fox, escaping from faro and Newmarket, used to repair and gather from the lips of his host the treasures of history and political wisdom. Here Rockingham and the Duke of Richmond came to discuss the prospects of the party, and Franklin may have met Sir Joshua and Johnson. And here, too, were seen several men of genius and poverty whom Burke had selected from the crowd, and his conduct to whom is one of the finest traits in his character. The ardent enthusiast Quinn, Barry the painter, and in later years, most illustrious of all, the author of the *Village and Parish Register*.

Such was Burke's position about the year 1770, and this was probably the happiest time of his life. During the period we are about to enter, from 1770 to 1782, his reputation as a statesman increased, his fame as an orator did not diminish, but obloquy began to assail his character. He became the agent for New York in the American war, at a salary of a thousand a-year; and, although it is certain that this did not bias his political opinions, it gave an easy opening to his enemies to malign him. At this time he was involved in some unintelligible manner in the affairs of the East India Company, and was accused of advocating their cause in his own interest alone; and, although this charge has been expressly decried by himself, it unquestionably lessened his authority on the subject. He fell besides into debt and borrowed largely from Lord Rockingham. This dependence upon a patron lowered his position in general estimation. Add to this, that he was charged with being the author of the letters of Junius—an accusation which, however absurd we now see it to be, was extensively circulated at the time—that he steadily opposed the Chatham and Shelburne parties, from 1770 to 1782—that even then he evinced that antipathy to merely democratic movements which became so remarkable in after years—that he boldly sup-

ported Lord Mansfield in Almon's case against the opinion of the majority of the Whigs, and that he vindicated the claims of Ireland in 1778, when they were odious to the mass of the English nation, and we can understand how soon he began to be calumniated.

There is no necessity for examining the circumstances at length, out of which this mass of detraction was poured upon Burke, for its falsehood and injustice have long ago been admitted. But we mention them to explain his position in public opinion during the long continuance of Lord North's administration. That position was one of acknowledged ability, but certainly not of commanding influence; it was somewhat analogous to that now held by Mr. Gladstone; and this, perhaps, may account for the fact, that, in 1782, Burke was not one of the Rockingham Cabinet. At the same time, his genius was never more conspicuous than between 1770 and 1782; and, as his speeches in parliament for this time are tolerably well preserved, an existing monument of it may be said to have come down to us.

Before the melancholy struggle of the American war, Burke clung, for a long time, to the Rockingham policy of 1765—that of asserting that the power of the crown over its dependencies was supreme, but practically of abandoning the right of taxation. Hence, when Lord North brought forward the Tea Act of 1773, which imposed a Customs' Duty of three pence in the pound on tea imported into America, Burke opposed this Bill with his wonted vigour and eloquence. It is remarkable, that even at this early period, he predicted that the resistance of the Americans would again re-unite the family compact against England. In 1774, having been elected member for the city of Bristol, and with all the weight of this important trust, he denounced the unhappy policy which, so long experienced to be illusive, was now once more combining the colonies in resistance. His speech on this occasion is fully reported. It is a masterly apology for the Declaratory Act of 1766, and it overwhelms by solid argument, proceeding on the basis of broad policy, all the flimsy analogies such as Johnson had been urging in

his tracts in favour of the Tea Act. As regards style, it is one of the tersest of Burke's speeches, and some passages in it confute the opinion which Lord Brougham especially has promulgated, that Burke had not the power of clear and rapid argument.

In 1775 Burke appeared in the House of Commons as the organ of the Rockingham party, to announce their plan for conciliating America. War had not yet been proclaimed, but the state of affairs was full of peril. The Tea Act of 1773 had proved a failure, and Lord North had had recourse to coercive measures prohibiting the Americans from commerce with Canada, making a change in the Charter of Massachusetts, and invading in America the right of trial by jury. The Americans had retaliated by non-importation compacts; the cargoes of the English tea ships had been thrown into the sea; in Boston the citizens and the English soldiers had met in conflict; and, once more, conventions were reassembling. At this juncture Chatham proposed a scheme of conciliation, which, according to his declared opinions, denied, in terms, the right of England to tax America. Lord North, also, put forward a measure, characterized by Burke as a "ransom by auction," which, asserting expressly the right of Parliament to tax all parts of the empire, proposed a conditional suspension of that right in case the colonies should assess themselves in such sums as the King and Parliament should direct. On the other hand, the Rockingham party, at the suggestion of Burke, without affirming that America was exempt by law from taxation, proposed to abrogate all the obnoxious measures of Government from 1770 to 1775, and practically to vest the right of self-taxation in the local assemblies of the Colonies. Of the three plans it is evident that Chatham's was a declaration of independence, that that of the Government was merely an insult, and that that of the Rockingham party alone combined justice to America with the dignity of the empire.

Burke's speech in bringing in his resolutions on this subject has come down to us fully, and was perhaps the finest of his orations on America. It enters closely into all the relations of the question, and enforces the moderate views of his party with all the power

which learning, and philosophy, and splendid diction can confer. But a tone of melancholy thoughtfulness pervades it, and the orator probably saw that, with the audience he was addressing, an appeal to the sword was now inevitable. We need scarcely say that the House of Commons of Lord North threw out the Rockingham resolutions; but Burke's speech remains, an immortal protest against their vote, and one of the finest specimens of that "*copiosé loquens sapientia*" which Cicero calls the perfection of eloquence. The peroration in which Burke enumerates the true securities for preserving the Union of America and Great Britain is a noble instance of philosophy animated by brilliant declamation.

From the commencement of the American war Burke seems to have thought the contest hopeless; and as early as 1778 he concurred with the majority of his party in the policy of recognising the Declaration of Independence. In this view he was opposed by the great statesman who, in 1778, remembering how he had once before saved England, adjured her with his dying breath not to yield to her foes. The event, however, proves that Burke was right, and that no efforts which Chatham could have made, illustrious and terrible as his name as Minister would have been, could have averted the catastrophe that ensued. During the subsequent phases of the conflict, alike in the hour of England's success or defeats, when the guns of the Tower pealed high for Camden and Guilford, or when the capitulation of York Town was announced, Burke always maintained his opinion that the event would terminate in the independence of America. Through the different stormy debates of this time he preserved his great oratorical position; and, whether detailing the cruelties of Burgoyne's Indians, or denouncing the maladministration of Lord Sandwich at the Admiralty, or urging Lord North to give up a fruitless conflict, or exposing the corruptions and peculations of the War Department, he extorted the admiration of all parties. But we have no space to analyse these debates, and must leave it to the imagination to behold him, as, prominent on the floor of the House of Commons, and supported

on either side by Fox and Barré, with uplifted hand and frowning brow, he poured forth defiance at the "noble lord in the blue ribbon," as the cause of the dismemberment of the empire, and for a moment deprived even Rigby of his blush and Jenkinson of his stolid complacency.

But we need not say that between 1770 and 1782 the genius of Burke was employed upon other subjects than on the conflict between England and America. As early as 1770 his mind had turned to that vast and mysterious Continent of India; the cradle of an ancient and ruined civilization, compared with which that of Europe was but of yesterday—the common country of a mass of different races of all colours, religions, customs, and institutions, in which the creed of the Brahmin, and the Hindoo succession of castes binding down society in settled ranks, were intermingled with the faith of Mahomet and the tribes of the eastern desert; and in which a trading colony of English adventurers were sowing the seeds of universal empire. He applied himself diligently to the study of India; and the spectacle of that vast territory with its solemn mountains, its sacred rivers, and its boundless plains; with its fair provinces rich with all the treasures of nature; with its stately monuments of creeds and dynasties long passed away; with its dark aborigines sunk in subjection, and with its Mohammedan despotism declining into nothingness, while its English masters were rising into absolute sway, made a deep impression upon his imagination. As Lord Macaulay observes, he had eminently the faculty of summoning up before his mind distant countries and communities, and gradually he became as familiar with the aspect of India as if he had spent his life in wandering from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. The barbaric pomp and magnificence of the Mogul and his Viceroys, the strange solemnities of the Hindoo Priesthood, the wretchedness and penury of the lower castes of natives, the exactions and tyranny of the island conquerors, the domes and mosques of the cities sacred to the prophet; the temples, idols, and rites of the Pagan races, the village communities of the tillers of the soil, the European villas and streets rising at Calcutta and

Madras; all these were reflected clearly and vividly before him as if he had been for years acquainted with them. It is certain that he had obtained this copious and exact knowledge long before the India bill of Mr. Fox, on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and its depth and brilliancy cannot be questioned, whatever may be thought about his wisdom as regards the affairs of India, or the consistency of his political conduct respecting them.

It was in 1772 that Burke first displayed this knowledge, when Lord North brought in the Regulating Act to settle the States of the East India Company towards India and the Crown. Fifteen years only had passed since the battle of Plassey, but the Company were already masters of a vast dominion in India, and had become *de facto* its Sovereigns. They governed Bengal in the name of the Mogul, collected the revenues, and controlled the produce of Bahar and Orissa, and, protected by the memories of Wandiwash had become the real rulers of the Carnatic. But merchants in Leadenhall-street suddenly converted into princes, and attempting to govern great tracts of almost unknown territories inhabited for the most part by a feeble and unwarlike population, through the medium of agents and factors under the superintendence of a court of shifting and irresponsible directors had, as might have been expected, marked their reign by all the evils which ignorance, and corruption, and oppression could produce. The dividends of the proprietors diminished while their conquests increased, and the private fortunes of their servants became enormous. Bankruptcy stared the Company in the face, though every ship brought tidings that year after year their dominions were being enlarged. At the same time the tyranny of the Mohammedan dynasties over the Hindoo races was but a trifle compared with the extortions, the confiscations, and the iniquities which were practised by the representatives of the Company in the provinces recently brought under their dominion. Pretenders to Mohammedan thrones set up and pulled down for the purposes of war; treaties made with native princes only to be broken; the produce of provinces seized and sold at the price of a monopoly; tribute exacted under the pretence of payment

for services; these were the regular occurrences of the Company's government of India; and while their writers and officials were amassing immense sums of money, their own finances were becoming almost insolvent. In this state of things, the Crown made a claim to all the Company's territories, with a view to establishing a regular government in them; and, although this claim was not insisted on, the Regulating Act of Lord North undoubtedly laid down the principle, that the legislature had a right to interfere in the Government of India, for it made the charter of the Company conditional on their continuing the payment of four hundred thousand pounds per annum into the Exchequer, and it appointed a Governor-General and Council under the Crown for the three Presidencies. Against this principle Burke contended vehemently in 1772, insisting with his usual energy and eloquence that the legislature had no right to meddle with the Company's administration of their dominions. Considering the part which Burke afterwards took as regards the India Bill of Mr. Fox, it is remarkable that in 1772 he asserted the independence of the Company on the legislature, and that he should have charged the maladministration of India upon the rapacity which parliament had shown towards it. It cannot be denied that this conduct was inconsistent with that of later years; but we may reject the charge which was made against Burke at this time that he was actuated solely by a personal interest, and by a promise of office from the Company, for it appears not to rest on any foundation.

Nor were the genius and eloquence of Burke less remarkable in the twelve years' struggle between Lord North and the Opposition on matters of domestic government and legislation. That opposition, however, was divided within itself; and this severance was not only injurious at the time, but, in after years, entailed most unfortunate consequences. The followers of Lord Chatham and of Lord Rockingham, in whom, at last, the entire of the opposition centered, were united upon the impolicy of the war with America, but they differed upon many questions of moment as regards the internal affairs of Great Britain. Thus the Chatham party, with their great

chief, were eager for a measure of Parliamentary Reform. They wished to add largely to the county representation, and some of them, at least, were for Triennial Parliaments. The Chatham party supported the City Remonstrance against the King, and were in intimate relations with a democratic faction in London, who went by the name of the "Bill of Rights" men. In consequence of the personal animosity of Chatham, they opposed Lord Mansfield in almost all his acts; and thus they denounced his conduct in Almon's case, when he declared that a jury had no right to decide as to the malicious intent of a libeller. Nor, at least until 1782, had the Chatham party any sympathy with the doctrines of political economy; and, accordingly, though they did not resist the Free Trade measures of 1779, they did not make them a prominent feature in their policy. And it should be added that, true to the example of their leader, the Chatham party professed a strong personal devotion to their sovereign, and, certainly, they were less hated by George III. than the representatives of the Revolution families. On the whole, it may be said that the Chatham party, from 1770 to 1782, were rather a following than a political connexion; that they were at once more subservient to the King than the Whigs; and that they were rather swayed by the influence of their great author, than moved by direct principles of policy.

The Rockingham party were of quite a different character. Taking their stand at the great settlement of 1688, and reflecting the principles of Somers and Walpole, they insisted upon the democratic nature of the House of Commons, for the most part denied that it required reform, and especially were adverse to Triennial Parliaments. They repudiated the City Remonstrance as a libel on George III., which had not been justified by any of his acts; and they avoided any connexion with the democratic party in London. The most learned of them supported Lord Mansfield's view of the law in Almon's case; and, as a body, they proposed to amend that law by a substantive enactment. Owing to the genius of one commanding mind, they were sworn advocates for removing restrictions on commerce; and sincerely supported the cause of

Roman Catholic Ireland. As regards them it may be said, that they were emphatically a political combination, organized upon clear and definite principles; that they were friends rather of social and commercial freedom, than of political innovation; that they did not, indeed, omit the respect due to the Crown, but that they always thought it subordinate to their allegiance to the Constitution.

On the death of Lord Chatham, Lord Shelburne became the leader of his adherents, and although in 1782 they coalesced with the Rockingham party, and the two sections were usually in opposition to Lord North, there was little real sympathy or union between them. How unfortunate this want of union proved afterwards, in inducing the dissolution of the second Rockingham Ministry, and the ill-omened coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox in 1783, is well known, and has often been deplored; but even from 1770 to 1782 it displayed itself on several occasions. Thus, on the question of Reform in Parliament, brought forward by Sawbridge, on Dowdeswell's Bill for amending the Law of Libel, and on the subject of the City Remonstrance, it showed itself openly before the Ministry; and it is evident when we read the correspondence of Burke, who never concealed a personal antipathy to Lord Chatham and Shelburne. Of the domestic policy of the Rockingham party during this period, Burke was often the author, and was always the champion; and in this service he distinguished himself as usual, especially in vindicating Lord Mansfield's doctrine as regards libel; in opposing the demand for Triennial Parliaments; in propounding the principles of Free Trade; and in deprecating purely democratic violence. Indeed, until the year 1778, he was confessedly the leader of the Rockingham party in the House of Commons on all their subjects; and although after that time this honour was shared with him by Mr. Fox, whose great powers, energetic nature, and high birth gave him an almost unrivalled Parliamentary reputation, Burke still continued foremost in debate whenever there was an occasion for depth of learning, for philosophic insight, and for copious eloquence. Perhaps his superiority over all speakers in the House of Com-

mons was most evident when he was expounding the principles of commerce; his speech on this subject in 1779, though we have only a mutilated abstract of it, shows a complete appreciation of the subject; and, plainly, even in the last years of Lord North's administration, he was, if at all inferior to Mr. Fox, surpassed by him only in the one faculty of clear and rapid debating.

On several questions, however, of domestic interest, the Chatham and Rockingham parties were united, and in the discussion of these, Burke, as usual, shone conspicuously. Thus, he supported Dunning's Resolutions against the Crown; he frequently denounced the barbarous criminal law of the period; he opposed the arbitrary Royal Marriage Act; and he advocated the financial reforms of Barré and Savile. But his energy and genius were especially eminent in two of the subjects of internal politics, with regard to which the opposition acted in concert. In 1771 Colonel Onslow had attempted to enforce the standing order of the House of Commons against reporting the debates, and he succeeded in obtaining a vote of the House for bringing two printers to its bar. He subsequently persisted in summoning "three brace more of printers," as he called them, to answer, in the same place, for a similar breach of privilege; and in the contest which arose upon this question, the Opposition divided the House no less than twenty-three times; and Burke denounced the entire proceeding with remarkable ability. For the moment this vigorous resistance failed; but, although four out of the six printers who obeyed the order of the House, and the Lord Mayor of London and Alderman Oliver, were committed to the Tower for interfering to prevent the arrest of the sixth under the Speaker's warrant, even this arbitrary Parliament tacitly gave up the struggle, and from this time the debates have been regularly reported. It was admitted by all sides that the stand Burke made on this occasion, was, perhaps, the most striking instance he ever gave of energy in mere discussion; the practical success of the Opposition was due chiefly to his perseverance; and all who feel the value of the publicity of proceedings in Parliament, will echo in his favour the

prediction he made at this time, "that posterity would bless the pertinacity of that day." They who doubt his faculty of keen and ready retort, would do well to read his stinging answers to Colonel Onslow in this debate; for these answers prove that in this instance, at least, there is a striking exception to this somewhat hasty judgment.

The second occasion of Burke's triumphs in the province of home affairs, to which we have alluded above, was his famous notion for Economic Reform. On this subject the Opposition were quite in harmony; and the speech in which Burke introduced it has been considered by some judges to be his masterpiece. For many generations the reforming hand had not been applied to the public departments of the State, and the result was that they were clogged with numerous abuses, and were filled with useless pensioners and sinecurists. According to the principles of feudal times, the Sovereign was still possessed of enormous demesne lands, and these, without being a source of any profit, were a nursery for a mass of official patronage. The separate jurisdictions and privileges annexed to the Palatinates, which had existed in England since the days of the Plantagenets, and the offices connected with the Duchy of Cornwall and the Principality of Wales, had thrown a number of places into the hands of the Ministry, and had only complicated the working of public affairs. So, too, the practice of paying the majority of officials by fees instead of salaries, and of allowing the Paymaster-General to retain interest on the balances in his hands, had been productive of much waste and speculation; and the pensions charged upon the Civil List were in many cases given for nominal or absurd services. The general result of this cumbrous, antiquated, and costly system, was that the nation incurred an unjust and useless annual outlay, and, above all, that "a corrupt influence, the spring of all prodigality and disorder, taking away vigour from its arms, and wisdom from its councils," pervaded the entire frame of the Constitution.

Burke applied himself strenuously to the onerous task of mastering and exposing this vast scheme of administration, and of suggesting a thorough

reform of it ; and certainly his speech on Economic Reform gives proof beyond any other of his efforts how far he was in advance of the ideas of his age. It is also marked by his usual felicity of narrative, by its mastery of recondite principles and details, and especially by his happy method of lighting up a dull subject with brilliant illustrations. It analyses at length, and with peculiar clearness, the working of the public departments of the day, and points out in what parts it was cumbrous and deficient, where it led to abuses and feebleness of action, where it tended to extravagance and to giving under influence to the Crown, and in what particulars it was capable of amendment. The specific measures which it recommended were a sale of the Crown lands for public purposes, a consolidation of the departments of administration, an abolition of useless offices, a change in the method of paying public servants, a revision of the Civil List, and a reorganization of the different feudal and palatinate jurisdictions. It has been justly observed, that "a scheme so comprehensive and so complete has never yet been proposed to Parliament by any member unconnected with administration ;" and the highest testimony to its genius is this, that almost all its reforms have, subsequently, been adopted, although some of them, to this day, have been retarded by the cold obstruction of routine, or the more eager opposition of patronage. It should be added, that this speech was so convincing, and was backed by so formidable an array of the opposition, that Lord North did not formally oppose it. The bill on the subject was permitted to be brought in, but it was afterwards defeated in detail, and to this hour its entire provisions have not been carried out.

At length, in 1782, deserted by the country party, denounced by the nation, assailed by an overwhelming opposition, and backed only by the obstinacy of the King, the ministry of Lord North resigned amidst war abroad and evil symptoms at home. From this time a ministry of King's friends has never governed England ; and, unquestionably, it is to the energy and eloquence with which the opposition of the day exposed this régime, that the result, in a great measure,

may be attributed. Burke, however, to whom a main share of the triumph is due, was not admitted into the cabinet of the Rockingham-Shelburne administration which succeeded to that of Lord North ; and this exclusion, as Lord John Russell properly observes, must be a matter of considerable surprise. Still, it is not true that it was entirely owing to Whig distaste for plebeians, as Lord Stanhope characteristically announces ; and it is untrue that "Burke's merits were disregarded on this occasion," for he received the lucrative office of Paymaster-General, an office which had been the favourite of Henry Fox, and had been held by Lord North and by Mr. Pitt, and the personal distinction of being made a Privy Councillor. And without saying that he was adequately rewarded by these arrangements, we think that his new admission into the cabinet may be accounted for without charging Lord Rockingham with ingratitude, or Mr. Fox with jealous ambition. From 1776 to 1782 Burke had been the pensioned agent of New York, a colony specially at war with England ; and although the opposition had always sided with the Americans, this was not a recommendation to a seat in the cabinet. He had also repeatedly been charged with receiving money from the East India Company in consideration of his opposition to the Regulating Act, and with being the author of the letters of Junius ; he was known to have Roman Catholic relations, and he was suspected of being a Roman Catholic himself ; and these facts, however unfair may have been the charges themselves, did greatly depress his character as a politician in England. Nor can it be denied, that splendid as had been his services from 1770 to 1782, Mr. Fox, since 1776, had rivalled him in debating power, though far his inferior in real acquirements ; and, that if we are to credit contemporary accounts, his extreme earnestness and susceptibility of disposition were beginning to run into excessive violence, and to make him less a safe than a brilliant politician. In short, the character ascribed to him in 1782, is rather that of a commanding but somewhat undisciplined intellect, of a consummate but not a very discreet orator, of an astonishing but not of a judicious capacity, than of a sagacious

or skilful party leader; and this character never has been that which is most sought after for high office. Add to this that he was known to be poor and in debt to Lord Rockingham—that the age was one of extreme aristocratic pretensions, and we think that the omission of his name from the cabinet may be explained without adopting the theory that the Rockingham party were merely a Venetian oligarchy that sedulously excluded plebeians from the golden book of the greater offices. At least, it is certain, that on one occasion, and that only by implication, did Burke complain in the slightest degree that his services to his party had not been fairly compensated.

The Rockingham-Shelburne administration lasted only three months, but during its continuance, it carried Burke's scheme of Economic Reform, although in an altered and mutilated shape; it assented to the legislative independence of Ireland; it passed a bill for excluding contractors from Parliament, and for disfranchising revenue officers; and it expunged the unconstitutional resolutions of the House of Commons with reference to the Middlesex election. It was, however, composed of discordant elements, for there was scarcely any union between the two parties that formed it; and upon the death of Lord Rockingham, it fell to pieces in consequence of its internal dissensions. Whether this was the result of the treacherous disposition of Lord Shelburne, who was accused of secretly circumventing the Whigs, and endeavouring to supplant them with the King, or of the jealousy and rashness of Mr. Fox, who now became the leader of the Rockingham connexion, is a problem of considerable obscurity; but the consequence was ultimately destructive to the great Whig party of England. The break up of the Rockingham-Shelburne ministry tempted Mr. Fox into the fatal course of allying his followers with the discredited faction of Lord North, of connecting the defenders of American independence, the champions of constitutional government, and the advocates of temperate freedom with the corrupt and imbecile herd of the King's friends and parasites who had recently been driven from office with ignominy. It associated into a coalition, men who had

differed on every question, and who recently had been implacable enemies, and showed the nation that strict political principle was no more to be expected from the hereditary supporters of the constitution, than from the Rigbys, the Jenkinsons, and the Sandwiches. Finally, it purged the Tory party of that element of the King's friends which, under the rule of Lord North, had been its disgrace; it created the constitutional Toryism of the school of the second Pitt, and once more rallied the people around the throne of George III; it identified the name of Whiggism for more than a generation with a subserviency to factions and unprincipled combinations, and it caused, by a not undeserved retribution, the exclusion of that party from power for nearly half a century.

The fall of the Rockingham-Shelburne Government, the opposition of the Whigs to Lord Shelburne who succeeded to office for a few months, and the unwarrantable coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox extinguished, in the language of Lord John Russell, "that great confederacy of freedom which, united in the adversity of the American war, had revived the ancient virtues of Whiggism, and made the Senate shine with the lights of patriotism and eloquence." It is certain that Burke took an active part in these manœuvres, and he must, therefore, share the blame they deserve; but the principal author of them was, undoubtedly, Mr. Fox, and it is very unjust to attempt, like Lord Holland, to shift from him the unfortunate responsibility. Burke certainly disliked and distrusted Lord Shelburne, but Mr. Fox was the cause of the final disruption; and it is clear that Burke had no knowledge of the coalition until it had been planned and accomplished. One of his speeches shows that he did not much approve of it. This, indeed, was only natural in one who felt sincerely and had always advocated the obligation of organizing party on definite principles; and although he cannot escape the charge of having assented to the coalition, it is unfair to portray him as its real designer. Nor is it less unjust to insinuate that he was prompted in urging this alliance only by a reckless and profligate love of place. In 1782 he was Paymaster-General, and as his

plan of Reform had not yet become operative, he might have retained in his hands the interest on the balances of his department which had always been considered a legitimate perquisite of office. But like Chatham, he had returned to the Treasury these sums which, perhaps, averaged £20,000 a-year, and this conduct sufficiently clears him from mere sordid motives in the pursuit or the occupation of either place. Besides, in 1783, he was less likely to seek office from pecuniary reasons than at any other period of his life; for the death of Lord Rockingham, who had released him from all his debts, had set him free from any embarrassments. If, therefore, notwithstanding all that calumny can urge, he had shown himself above mere selfish considerations at a time when he was in debt and penury, and before he had gained an official position, it is very improbable that he would yield to their influence when he had honourably filled a place of the highest trust, and was released from any pecuniary pressure. The truth seems to be that he agreed to the inauspicious coalition, in consequence partly of a strong antipathy to Lord Shelburne, and partly of the friendship which he felt, at this period, for Mr. Fox, whose bold and manly nature, commanding powers in debate, and warm, simple, and affectionate character had completely won over his earnest and susceptible disposition.

For a time, however, the strength of coalition was irresistible: it combined the only two great sections of Parliament; the opposition of Shelburne, Pitt, and George III., to it appeared hopeless: and, accordingly, this seemed a good opportunity to Burke to attempt a settlement of the affairs of India. He was the real author of the celebrated East India Bill of Mr. Fox: and, whatever may be thought of that measure itself, or of its inconsistency with the previous ideas of Burke, no one can deny that it was a great and comprehensive scheme, or that it was not supported by consummate ability. Eleven years had passed since the Regulating Act of Lord North, and the relations of the East India Company with their conquests, and their own political and commercial condition had only proved more than ever the necessity of a great reform.

The Regulating Act had not checked the cupidity or the irresponsibility of the Directors or the Proprietors, and had not given the British Government any real hold upon the general administration of India. Warren Hastings had extended the sway of the Company over vast provinces, had freed it even from nominal subjection to the Mogul, had saved the Carnatic from Hyder Ali, and had increased immensely the Indian revenue. But he had marked his rule with great cruelties, with reckless wars, and with iniquitous spoliations; and large as had been his additions to the empire, the finances of that empire were still unprosperous. The country of the Rohillas had been devastated, the Rajah of Benares had been plundered, the triumph of Porto Novo had driven back a formidable enemy, the treasures of many cities had been swept into the English settlements, but the rule of the sword and of exaction had not enriched the conquerors: and the speculation and misgovernment of their servants had wrought havoc with their increased resources. Looking at these things Burke conceived the project of extinguishing altogether the rule of the Company in India, of annexing their conquests to the Crown of England, and of governing these under the immediate control of Parliament. This plan, of course, was contradictory to his former views, which had expressly affirmed the indefeasible rights of the Company as sovereigns; and of the cause of this change we are left in uncertainty. It is easy to charge him with interested motives in it; and in the absence of evidence it is impossible to refute the charge completely; but probably it was the result of a larger experience as regards the maladministration of the agents of the Company. However this may have been, he inspired Mr. Fox with his views: and the result was the production of the East India Bill of that statesman, which ultimately drove the Coalition Ministry from power, and brought Mr. Pitt into his long tenure of office.

The principal features of this famous measure were that it vested in the Crown the conquests of the Company, and that it committed the administration of them to commissioners to be appointed for four years by Parliament only, and, after that period, to be nominated by the sovereign.

Mr. Fox introduced it into the House of Commons ; but, however ably he analysed its details, and sought to reconcile them with the principles of the constitution, its real author was its chief supporter. Burke now brought to bear upon Indian affairs the rich stores of a gigantic knowledge made fruitful and brilliant by his powerful imagination. His one reported speech upon the East India Bill, is, we think, the finest specimen he has left of his purely narrative and didactic eloquence ; it is fully equal in power and comprehensiveness to those against Warren Hastings, and it excels them in method, arrangement, and purity of language. Having thoroughly mastered the history of the Company in India, and the nature, aspect, and relations of their empire, he thought rightly that a striking detail of that history, setting forth the crimes of the conquerors against the races they had vanquished would be the only true justification for the immense forfeitures he was proposing. Accordingly his speech is a splendid and pathetic description of the consequences of the Company's sway in India, of the invasions of defenceless territories, of the frauds and spoliations practised on the Mahomedans and the natives, of the extortions of the Company's servants, and of the perilous state of their finances. This protracted misconduct and ruin, he argued, was an excuse and reason for the infringement of any charter, and might be pleaded in like manner against any other association which should so grossly abuse its trust. The speech closes with a fine eulogium on Mr. Fox ; and we would refer our readers especially to it as a monument of powerful and animated exposition, massing together a variety of details in the most beautiful diction, and lighting them up with the lustre of a splendid imagination.

The India Bill, as is well known, was the Nemesis of the Coalition. The King not unnaturally disliked its authors, and considered it as a formal attack on his prerogative as the fountain of power. The nation thought that it was betrayed by the alliance of Lord North and Mr. Fox, and viewed the measure as an attempt to establish illegitimate power through the agency of a corrupted House of Commons. Wherever the influence of the Company

extended, the cry was raised that solemn charters were being infringed, and that the rights of property were sacrificed to a sinister ambition. A formidable mass of opinion began to gather against the Bill ; and, although at first it was powerless in the House of Commons, it was strong in the Court, in the House of Lords, and in the country. Just at this period, too, it found a champion in the youthful yet mature son of Chatham, whom the influence of the King, the anger of the Shelburne party, his own ambition, and the sense of great abilities combined to make the leader of the opposition. For a time Mr. Fox held his course triumphantly and carried the India Bill through the House of Commons ; but the intrigues of George III., and the efforts of the East India Company prevented its passing through the House of Lords : the Coalition were summarily dismissed from office ; and Mr. Pitt was suddenly invested with power, though a large Parliamentary majority were against him. Then commenced a fierce and exasperating contest, which fought on one side with consummate prudence and skill, and on the other with more ability than caution, ended in the utter discomfiture of Mr. Fox, and the triumph of his illustrious rival. Relying solely, and as Lord John Russell shows, most unwisely on the strength of the Coalition in the House of Commons, Mr. Fox struggled to prevent any appeal from its votes to the sense of the country, and thus secured himself from popular support, and too clearly justified the charge that he was the mere agent of an oligarchy. On the other hand Mr. Pitt, undismayed by the repeated divisions against him, confronting his foes with all his father's dignity, and with more than his father's tact and dexterity, insisted on his right to dissolve Parliament, being assured that the event would give him a very different House of Commons. The result is well known, and is a proof of the foresight of Mr. Pitt, and of his great Parliamentary abilities. The dissolution took place ; the Coalition was ignominiously beaten ; the array of Lord North and Mr. Fox were grievously thinned ; and backed by the Court and a moderate Tory following, and assailed only by a baffled and distrusted opposition, Mr. Pitt began his celebrated administration.

In this great contest Burke was the firm ally of Mr. Fox, and though he did not occupy a very prominent place in it, he must be held, in part, responsible for its disasters. With Mr. Fox he took his stand on the unsafe position that the King had no right to attempt "a penal dissolution," that is, a dissolution to ascertain the sense of the nation; and as this was one of the causes of the defeat of the Coalition, he must bear the blame of having contributed to it. Even in the first Parliament of Mr. Pitt, though he was still a leader of opposition, he seems to have lost something of his great reputation, and he gave many proofs of an exaggeration and vehemence of temper. His services were receding out of view; he was classed as belonging to a beaten yet unscrupulous party; he was out of office and not rich, and this embittered his spirit; and his earnest but often violent harangues were already beginning to be treated as declamatory rants. A new generation was fast filling the seats of the House of Commons, who had never heard his magnificent efforts for America, or his noble struggle for the rights of electors; and seated as he now was, side by side with Lord North, even the past reflected discredit on him as well as dignity. As yet, however, his path, if clouded, was not dark: he was a leader of an important political party in the state; he enjoyed the friendship of some of the noblest intellects of the day, and wherever he went, he was received as one of the great men of England. At Beaconsfield he could still enjoy the company of his brother Richard, and watch the growing promise of his favourite son. Some pleasant faces had vanished from the literary club since it had first met twenty years before; but Johnson and Reynolds were there still, and the vacant places had been filled with friends who had known him for many years. As yet, he had not felt the pang of a desolated hearth, of close companionships broken for ever, of old age declining in poverty apart from former ties. On the contrary, in 1784, amidst the congratulations of all who knew him, amongst whom, we may be certain, were Robertson and Adam Smith, he became rector of the University of Glasgow; and, in the following year, when he went to Ireland for a short time, he was wel-

comed and honoured alike in all social and political circles.

The public life of Burke from 1784 to his death, divides itself naturally into two periods, that before his separation from Mr. Fox, and that after the break up of the Whig party. During all this time Mr. Pitt was in power, and Burke was never in office, although his opposition was afterwards converted into an open alliance. The administration of Mr. Pitt was of quite a different kind from that of Lord Bute or of Lord North. It was free, for the most part, of the King's friends who, gathered around their former leader, were now discrediting the Whig party in a combined opposition. It did not attempt any violent outrage on colonial or domestic rights, although in the tempest of the French Revolution it strained the executive in support of the common wealth. It proposed a sound financial and commercial policy; and advocated a reform in parliament; though the events of 1793, and a European war, put an end to these liberal and enlightened measures. On the whole it was characterized by broad and comprehensive views as regards the foreign relations and the internal government of the empire; it was presided over by a powerful and original statesman who had no notion of degenerating into a court favourite; and, although George III. thwarted several of its measures, especially that of Roman Catholic Emancipation, and it is liable to the charge of precipitating the war with France, it was certainly one of the greatest administrations which ever directed the fortunes of England. It is little to its credit that it was tolerably liked by the King, that the naval triumphs which marked its course made it popular with the masses, that the vehement crusade which ultimately it carried on against France, excited the national pride and love of glory, or that the prodigal expenditure in which it rioted, at last secured to it a crowd of interested supporters. But its settlement of the Indian question, its accomplishing the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, its short lived commercial treaty with France, and its early attempts to promote the doctrines of free trade, are a lasting monument to the sterling greatness of its author.

Until the year 1791 Burke was usually in opposition to Mr. Pitt's government. That opposition, like that of all the Whigs, often struggled to conceal weakness by a show of vehemence; and Burke, on several occasions, displayed a distempered violence, which exposed him to the contempt and even the ridicule of the minister. Thus his conduct on the Regency Bill of Mr. Pitt, as regards which we entirely agree with that statesman, was marked with extraordinary passion; and the incongruous spectacle was exhibited of an old Whig standing up for indefeasible hereditary right. He assailed the East India Bill of 1784, which for seventy-five years formed the charter of our Indian Government; but here he was certainly inferior to Mr. Fox, whose more practical and logical mind was better fitted to expose the apparent anomalies of a double administration. He opposed the Duke of Richmond's democratic scheme of parliamentary reform, and every attempt to establish triennial parliaments; but, as we have said, this does not show him to have been really an anti-reformer, or at all hostile to popular privileges. It must be owned that his siding with Mr. Fox in his opposition to the treaty of commerce with France, was a piece of factious partisanship; and this reflects discredit on one who had become a thorough master of political economy, and had always maintained that intercourse in trade was the best bond of national friendship. During this period, however, he did valuable service to the state, by advocating a mitigation of the criminal law, and an abolition of the slave trade, and by giving a steady and eloquent support to the claims of Ireland.

But from 1782 to 1790 the mind of Burke for the most part was fixed on one subject; and here his assiduous and brilliant exertions received the approval of the House of Commons, and, on the whole, have deserved the applause of posterity. For several years, through the agency of Francis, Burke had been made acquainted with the rule of Warren Hastings in India, and he had become possessed with the idea that all the crimes perpetrated in the name of the Company, all the spoliations inflicted on the Mohammedan and Hindoo races, and

all the mismanagement apparent in the finances of the conquerors were directly attributable to the Governor-General. This idea appears in the report upon Indian affairs drawn up in 1783 as a basis for the bill of Mr. Fox, in the great speech of Burke upon this measure, and in his speeches upon the bill of 1784. At length in 1785 Hastings returned to England, accompanied by the enthusiastic admiration of his officials in India, by the warm gratitude of the East India Company, and by a reputation, splendid yet ominous, that he had extended the empire, and conquered vast territories, but that he had committed many crimes and acts of extortion. Francis had preceded him by a short time, had entered Parliament at the General Election of 1784, and eager to avenge himself for the victory which Hastings had gained over him in India, had contracted a cordial alliance with Burke, with the view of bringing the Governor-General to an account for his conduct. The malignant zeal of the great anonymous libeller, and the nobler antipathy of the vehement statesman, in whose character a hatred of oppression was a prominent feature, was stimulated by the adulation which greeted Hastings upon his arrival in London, by the marked attention which was paid to him by George III., by the report that he was about to receive a peerage, by the courtesy with which the Queen had forgotten the antecedents of his wife. Notwithstanding the lukewarm support of his party, and the opposition of the Court and the Ministry, Burke, aided by Francis, as early as 1785, gave notice to the House of Commons that he would impeach the Governor-General. This notice, however, was too late at the then period of the session; but the deferring of the proceedings till the next year was probably as much a gain to the accusers as it certainly was a loss to the party menaced. For that year gave Burke time to digest and mature his charge against Hastings; and it convinced the opposition that it would be just and politic to combine their whole strength in favour of the impeachment. So, too, that year lessened the popularity of Hastings with the court, and in part with the Company; it brought to England sinister rumours against him; and it shook

Mr. Pitt in his first resolution to give him the aid of the government under all circumstances.

At length, early in 1786, Burke laid upon the table of the House of Commons the articles of charge against Warren Hastings, as preliminary to a motion for his impeachment. This indictment is drawn with too little a regard to form and conciseness, but it is a masterly catalogue of the unwarrantable acts of the Governor-General, set forth in grave and perspicuous language. At first the whole weight of the Government was thrown into the scale against the impeachment, and Burke's motion upon the charge, as regards the Rohillas, was rejected by a majority of nearly two to one. But, upon the charge relating to the conduct of Hastings to the Rajah of Benares, Mr. Pitt thought fit to withdraw his opposition; and, having been followed into the lobby by the mass of his adherents, he, in fact, made the impeachment a matter of certainty. A large majority of the House of Commons were now pledged against Hastings; and, although he was still supported by the Court, by the House of Lords, and by the East India Company, it was evident that Burke's great object would be accomplished. The sessions of 1786 and 1787 were taken up in discussions about the preliminary charges, in which the powerful logic of Mr. Fox, the brilliant rhetoric of Sheridan, the vindictive energy of Francis, the tacit acquiescence of Mr. Pitt, and the lofty indignation of Burke, were all directed against the great culprit, and towards the close of 1787, the House of Commons having assented to several of the charges, Burke was desired to impeach the late Governor-General of India at the bar of the House of Lords. Hastings was arrested by the serjeant-at-arms, and admitted to bail; a committee of the House of Commons, of which Burke was appointed the leader, was selected to conduct the impeachment, and the trial was fixed to take place at Westminster Hall, on the 13th of February, 1788.

We shall not attempt to describe this famous trial, which stands clear in the light of Lord Macaulay's genius. In that sublime and pathetic pageant where, within the old hall

of our barbarous chivalry, for centuries consecrated to the administration of our laws, the voices of the greatest orators of England were uplifted on behalf of the millions of India, in the presence of the representatives of European dynasties—of the incarnate powers of a great and free empire that already was stretching to all quarters of the world—of subject princes amazed at the spectacle of British justice—of dusky inhabitants of India crowding to see the punishment of their oppressor—of embodied genius, and wisdom, and beauty gathered together to record or to adorn a solemn scene of history—the figure of Burke towers conspicuous above all others as leader of the House of Commons in the impeachment of Hastings. In fact the impeachment was his work; and as he rose to fulfil the duty intrusted to him, that of stating generally the different charges which the other managers were to detail, even the warmest admirers of Warren Hastings must have felt that he had given scope and verge enough for a stirring invective. Hastings had governed India from 1772 to 1785. If it were true that he could proudly take as his motto, "*Super et Garamantas et Indos Protulit Imperium*," that he had made the East India Company absolute sovereigns in Bengal, that he had freed them from the tribute they had paid to the Mogul, that he had protected their settlements in the Carnatic, that he had ended the violence of the Mahrattas, that, at a time when half Europe were leagued against England, he had preserved and enlarged her empire in India; it was no less true that he had disgraced his rule by cruel atrocities, by scandalous breaches of faith, and by wholesale and reckless spoliations. By an iniquitous compact, he had hired out the British army to devastate and destroy the unoffending Rohillas. Under circumstances no doubt of great provocation, but yet with calculating and perfidious injustice, he had suborned Impey to put an end to the unhappy Nuncomar. In the face of a solemn treaty, and solely for the sake of booty, he had conspired with Asaph-ul-Dowlah, to plunder the Begums of Oude, and he had accompanied this act with rapine and torture. He had goaded

Chey Sing into armed resistance by multiplying contributions upon his territories; and then, taking advantage of his rebellion, he had confiscated his dominions by a stroke of a pen. Nor had he checked, though here he was not equally culpable, the extortions practised by the Company's servants on their subjects, the cruelties too often perpetrated in their name, the mal-administration which was the general rule of their financial conduct, and the embezzlement which sapped their revenues, however largely they were augmented. Such had been the acts of the accused pro-consul; and, however capable they were of palliation or excuse, or had been atoned for by conspicuous services, we can conceive how even the stout-hearted Law must have felt, as amidst the throng of Hastings' advocates, he heard the stern tones of the great senator gradually swell into indignation, as he commenced that solemn and awful indictment.

For four days, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth of February, 1788, the thronging and splendid audience of Westminster Hall, listened to the great oration of the leader of the managers. The effects of it were such as have never been witnessed in any assemblage of staid and unimpulsive English men and women. The narrative of the condition of the people of India, and of the general conduct of the East India Company, excited lively curiosity and interest; but, at the thrilling and harrowing detail of the cruelties practised by the agents of Hastings, ladies swooned and shrieked, and were hurried off the scene: all men felt a dread and unwonted emotion, and even the courage of the undaunted prisoner gave way. "I felt a villain under the magic of the orator," was, many years afterwards, the remark of Hastings; and all who heard it concur in the effect which this great display of eloquence produced. It has been well reported, and as Lord John Russell observes, may justly be compared with Cicero's orations against Verres. Taken as a whole, it is characterized by the felicity of exposition, by the rich and copious knowledge of the subject, and by the affluent and splendid diction which distinguish the best of Burke's speeches; and perhaps it evinces a more earnest indignation

—more of the *divorce* ascribed to Demosthenes—than any other of his productions. At the same time, to us, judging at this distance from the event, it appears too long and encumbered with details; it is frequently chargeable with the error of overshooting its mark by indulging in hideous and disgusting descriptions; and it is more wanting in clear and rapid declamation, and in refined and philosophic reflections, than other efforts of less celebrity. But if a speech is to be judged by its effect—and this is certainly the best test—it is the greatest monument of the eloquence of Burke; and neither the powerful and telling logic of Mr. Fox, nor the brilliant and energetic declamation of Sheridan, who respectively followed their great leader, made really an equal impression on the audience. Burke's opening speech was also followed by a second in 1789, which also occupied four days in its delivery; in 1794 he was selected to reply upon the whole impeachment, and on this occasion he spoke for no less than six days with unabated zeal and fervour, though it was well known that the judgment of the press would be against him. This last speech is a most wonderful analysis of evidence, and there is much art and beauty in the peroration, in which the speaker, reminding his hearers of the ruin which had fallen on the aristocracy of France, and of their own, yet secure, but uncertain destiny, adjures them to hold fast to that "justice which defies all mutations, which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself."

The eloquence of Burke, however, was but little to the untiring energy, the vast labour, the noble power, and the great skill which he displayed in the conduct of the impeachment. It was his work; and through the space of seven years, whether backed by his party, or abandoned by them, he laboured at it with undiminished fervour. We have no space to detail his conflicts with Law, the art he showed in weighing and dealing with technical evidence, and the masterly report which he drew up of the proofs against Hastings. Every one knows that the impeachment ended in the acquittal of Hastings, but the oratory of Burke was not in vain; and his labours not only aroused public opinion to the

misgovernment of India, but prevented the repetition of acts of tyranny towards her people. Lord John Russell has pointed this out very clearly.

But long before the close of this impeachment, an event had occurred which separated Burke for ever from his party, which seriously impaired his political position, and which filled his latter years with bitterness and pain. For more than three generations events in France had been gradually maturing a great revolution. The Monarchy had become all but absolute, and in the persons of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had excited general odium. The strength of the feudal noblesse had perished, but they had retained unjust and exclusive privileges which made them universally disliked, and they had degenerated into a proud and profligate caste, feeble yet ostentatious, and tyrannical to their dependents. The Executive had become vested in a bureaucracy, who, without birth and dignity, were intrusted with enormous power, and carried throughout France the influences of a grinding despotism that was alike detested and feared. The Church had long ago abandoned its functions as the spiritual representative of the people, and had declined into a mere establishment of the State, in which the high born and the opulent drew great prizes, the humbler clergy were left to neglect, and the religious wants of the nation were disregarded. The middle classes had risen in wealth and station, but, for the most part, they were shut out from the offices of the State; an impassable line of demarcation separated them from the nobles; and as for the people—the masses who bled at Rosbach and Fontenoy, or tilled the plains of Languedoc and worked at the looms of Lyons—they were kept down in general penury and wretchedness, exposed to unequal and monstrous exactions, and, generally, ground down by an absentee and grasping aristocracy. Thus every estate and institution in France was full of evils and perils; the machine of society, throughout all ranks, worked harshly; and, at the same time, the vitiated state of public opinion prevented any timely reform. The intellect of the nation, divorced from religion, and confounding the Church with Christianity itself, derided eccle-

siastical abuses and the Gospel alike; assailed every part of the social and political system of the State, and the principles of reverence and obedience on which it rested; and produced a careless scepticism and recklessness in the public mind, or, being unacquainted with the real business of government, ran out into absurd theories upon law and politics. And while this was the condition of general opinion in France, the real nation was left to neglect and degradation—"peuple taillable et corvéable à merci and miséricorde"—that knew government only in the visits of the tax gatherer, that in the law beheld a mere instrument of misrule, and that found tyrants in nine-tenths of the classes above them. Twenty-five years before the ultimate catastrophe, Lord Chesterfield had looked at this state of things, and declared that France was on the verge of a revolution.

The crisis came at last, and the Constituent Assembly met, under the pressure of national bankruptcy staring it in the face, under the influence of a public opinion distorted by irreligion, and pervaded by shallow and ridiculous speculation, and in view of an outraged and misgoverned people, whose complaints had already sounded with an ominous echo. That their debates were marked with much absurd theorizing, and with little of the sober and practical experience of an English Parliament—that several of their measures, as the confiscation of the Church lands, and the issuing of an inconvertible currency, were violent and revolutionary in their tendency—that the changes they wrought in the civil constitution of France, in the law of inheritance, and in the organization of the army, were fraught with peril to the State as it existed—are facts which may be generally admitted. It is true, also, that its meeting was the signal of the Revolution, that it synchronized with the capture of the Bastille, with the formation of the Jacobin Club, with the uprising, in part, of the peasantry of France against the noblesse, with the first emigration of the aristocracy, with the first appearance of the hideous swarms of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and with the first attack upon Louis XVI. at Versailles. But it is also true that many of its labours for France—its abolition of barbarous

forms of punishment, its mitigation of the unjust criminal code, its extinction of feudal exactions and privileges, its assertion of the natural equality of Frenchmen, its founding a real representative system, and its proposed consolidation of the municipal law, were wise, salutary, and noble measures; and when we reflect on the difficulties which surrounded it, and on the perils which it encountered, we shall, perhaps, think that in 1789 it was not an unworthy image of the French nation. It is at least certain, that, although it has been covered with the disgrace which attaches to the Legislative Assembly, to the massacres of August and September, to the death of Louis XVI., and to the reign of terror, the wisest and most sober statesmen of France still recur to the work done by the Constituent Assembly as a monument worthy of national gratitude, and a triumph of justice and right, upon the whole, over oppression and misrule.

With these views the Liberal party in England generally coincided until the year 1790; and Mr. Fox in particular, as leader of that party, rejoiced at the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, and approved of many of their measures of reform. Burke, however, took an opposite course from the first, and even in 1789 looked with horror at the French Revolution. Several years before he had paid a visit to Paris, and his ardent and susceptible imagination had been fired at the spectacle of that stately Court—then bright with the royal youth of Marie Antoinette—of that proud and exclusive “aristocracy of the sword”—of the quaint and venerable judicial Parliaments—of a Church that wore the honours of a thousand years—of a political system that recalled the mind to the days of Charlemagne. Even then he had lamented the irreligion and profligacy that swarmed in all high places; and he had conceived an extreme dislike to the “Philosophers” and the disciples of the “Contrat Social,” who were the intellectual pioneers of the Revolution. Accordingly, when he saw the Constituent Assembly filled with this class of Reformers—when, one by one, the great establishments which had filled him with admiration, crushed down, or were transformed and mutilated—when he beheld old distinc-

tions and orders swept away in France, and institutions mapped out by a new political geometry—and when these changes were being accompanied with symptoms of anarchy, of the destruction of property, and of the subversion of dignities—the whole force of his intellect and imagination was at once directed to condemn every part of the great movement. As Lord Macaulay observes, though his reason was strong, his imagination was stronger, and as this had a complete mastery on this subject, it urged him on in a wild crusade against the whole scheme of the Revolution.

That this conduct was violent and grossly exaggerated, admits, we think, of scarcely a question. In 1790 Burke published his “*Reflections on the French Revolution*,” perhaps the most studied of any of his works, but, in our judgment, one of the least really valuable. This work is a masterly party pamphlet against the authors of the French Revolution, but it is absurd to claim for it the “profound wisdom” which some of his later eulogists ascribe to it. It points out with great ability and learning how different were the principles of the English Whigs in 1688, and those which guided the enthusiasts of the French Revolution; defends the perishing system of society in France with more eloquence than justice; and charges upon the Constituent Assembly all the evils then commencing to break forth. This work is admirable, as a piece of advocacy in the interest of Louis XVI.; it abounds with Burke’s excellencies of narrative and description, and with fine declamation, irony, and satire; but it is not a great philosophic treatise, and subsequent events have falsified almost all its predictions. Still, coming as it did from such a politician as Burke, it made an immense sensation in England, and it was studied with the greatest eagerness and eulogy. George III., forgetting old causes of enmity, declared that it should be read by every gentleman. The Tories extolled it to the skies, and Wilberforce stated that its author “had stood between the living and the dead until the plague was stayed.” Many of the English aristocracy now welcomed Burke as their champion, and even several of his own party gave in their adhesion to his doctrines, although

this was not the case with the majority of them.

At first, however, Burke showed no inclination to break with the Whigs, and it was not until 1791 that Mr. Fox and he finally separated. Tears were shed by both, as in the presence of the House of Commons, each of the great orators declared that their principles were irreconcilable. From this time, until his death, Burke was an ally of Mr. Pitt, and directed his great powers to combating the French Revolution, and to denouncing all persons in England supposed to be tainted with its doctrines. Mr. Fox hurried off to an opposite extreme, and too long contended in favour of a cause, which eventually became that of murder, anarchy, and rapine. The schism between the two great leaders of the Whigs produced a corresponding division in the ranks, and for a time reduced the party to nothingness. The Duke of Portland and Mr. Grenville, led away by the eloquence of Burke, and appalled at the earthquake of the French Revolution, went over to the side of Mr. Pitt, and denounced Jacobinism, and advocated the war with the adherents of the government. Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey, with a small following, continued a fruitless and unwise opposition, and incurred a great deal of unpopularity for supporting a peace with France, and a negotiation with the republic, when all the nation was bent on warfare. In the House of Commons it was felt that Burke was the real author of the division which had given such strength to Mr. Pitt, and had shattered to fragments the old Whig party. And, accordingly, while he was flattered, yet not received into office by Mr. Pitt, he was execrated by many of his former friends, and his influence as a politician materially declined. His speeches, usually philippics in favour of the war, or against the popular party in England, whom he characterized as Jacobins, showed, indeed, his splendid and varied powers; but they were frequently disfigured by coarseness and acrimony, and they had lost the weight belonging to a defined political position. There was indeed something incongruous and offensive at the sight of the Great Defender of America and of popular rights, denouncing in old age the cause of his manhood, and libel-

ling the principles he once had advocated. Add to this, that Burke's manner and voice became very unpleasant at last; that in 1794 his great services were almost forgotten; that his conduct, as regards Warren Hastings, made him as unpopular with many of the Tories, as his course with respect to the French Revolution alienated him from the Whigs, and we can comprehend how in these later years he was neglected as an orator, and held cheaply as a politician.

But he was destined not to survive his political ostracism for a long period. Even in its private relations, the latter years of his life were unfortunate. He saw his favourite brother and son die one after another, and the hearth at Beaconsfield became desolate. Most of the friends of his youth passed away before him; those of his manhood had separated themselves from his side; and his old age was unblest by any consolation save that of his fond and devoted wife. Embarrassments also accumulated upon him; and these apparently were not much alleviated by a pension which ultimately he received from the Crown. Wherever he went he was met by the chill courtesy of new allies, and by the altered looks of old friends converted into enemies. His temper became soured, irritable, and morose; and although he spoke and wrote to the last, and his letters on a Regicide Peace, and his appeal from the new to the old Whigs, are full of his peculiar genius, they are also marked with exaggeration and vehemence. As Lord John Russell observes, his sentiments as regards France and the war, were now almost grotesque in their virulence, and outran the bounds of all sense and moderation; and in social life he displayed much of the same waywardness and acerbity. At length in 1796 he fell ill; and having tried in vain the Bath waters, he died at Beaconsfield in 1797, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Mr. Fox, with his wonted nobleness and warmth of disposition, sought a reconciliation with him before his death, but it was declined by Mrs. Burke at his dictation; and the great orator, statesman, and author, passed away with few only to regret his fate. No monument was raised to him in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; his statue is not in the streets or squares of the cities of Eng-

land; and even in the country of his birth, for which he toiled nobly to the last, and of whose rights he was the first, the greatest, and the wisest advocate, the name of Edmund Burke is not often mentioned. And yet, in the phrase of Thucydides, "he has not died without a witness." His abandonment of his party is now forgotten; his prophecies about France have not been fulfilled; but a monument remains for him in the Independence of America, in the sympathy felt for India, in the development of the Press, and in the security of the Rights of Election.

"At non in gelidâ manes jacuere favillâ
Nec cinis exiguus tantam compescuit um-
bram;
Prosiluit busto, semiustaque membra re-
linquens
Degeneremque rogam, sequitur convexa
Tonantia."

The career of Burke was in parts devious, but, as a whole, it was marked by nobleness as well as genius. His conduct with regard to Gerard Hamilton, his disinterestedness as Paymaster-General, and his long opposition to Lord North, enable us to reject the small calumniators who represent him as a corrupt and hireling politician. It is no discredit to him that he changed his views respecting India; and although we do not defend his opinions on the French Revolution, they were prompted, not by any selfish motive, but by an overwrought and too sensitive an imagination. His chief moral characteristics were magnanimity, a detestation of wrong wherever it showed itself, an extreme love of justice in the affairs of life, and a noble liberality of disposition. His failings were a certain solitariness of disposition, the result of early training and study, which kept him somewhat in isolation in the business of life; a want of art in conducting public affairs; a deficiency of judgment in availing himself of opportunities, and a tendency to vehemence, obstinacy, and exaggeration. These failings made him inferior as a party leader to Mr. Fox, and lessened his popularity among his associates, transcendent as were the powers of his intellect, and fine as was the nature of his disposition. In private life he was generous and affectionate; and he showed a peculiar nobleness and delicacy of feeling in befriending

struggling men of ability, or when he was in contact with his dependents. In an age of singular and immoderate profligacy he lived unstained by any private scandal; he was beloved and esteemed as a husband, a father, and a relation; and it is easy to perceive from his works and his correspondence that he had a deep practical reverence for religion. On the whole his moral nature made him rather a philosopher than a man of the world, a good and great man rather than a successful one, a statesman destined to leave behind him a splendid reputation, not a politician fitted to rise in the corrupt currents of public life.

Intellectually, his characteristics were a vivid imagination, a wonderful power of generalizing on political subjects, the faculty of massing together any amount of details, and of ranging them in order under definite principles, a perseverance which never failed, and could gather together the stores of an enormous knowledge, a memory singularly clear and retentive, a perfect command over a diction affluent and magnificent, and a wit ornate and rich, not caustic or striking. He was in some degree deficient in close and accurate logic, although this deficiency has been exaggerated; his discretion in choosing his topics, and in adapting them to his audience, was certainly open to comment; and his method of dealing with any subject was rather that of a philosophic thinker than of a ready and trenchant debater. We have noticed his inability to treat metaphysical questions; and his taste, though in general lofty and correct, is sometimes exaggerated and affected. The main excellence of all his works, is clear, rich, and suggestive exposition. He has beyond any other prose writer in the language, the art of bringing before the mind the past and the absent; and here his diction equals the easy flow of Livy, and approaches the picturesque of Lord Macaulay. He has also a singular felicity in laying down luminous principles, and in accumulating facts in reference to them; and he lights up this severe and often obscure work with the rays of bright allusions, collected together by a glowing imagination. There are many passages, especially in his earlier speeches, which show that he was not without the faculty of homely but

telling argument, of keen, nervous, and pregnant debate; but in this he was certainly inferior to Mr. Fox, and probably to Lord Plunket, or Lord Derby. Lord Brougham, in a well known essay, has brought together several of the blemishes of his style; and it cannot be denied that, like Turner's later pictures, it is sometimes grotesque, distracted, and wanting in purity; but, on the whole, it is one of the noblest specimens of a thorough command of the English language,

enriched with all the treasures of intellect and imagination. There have been statesmen who have done more for the empire; politicians who have been better party leaders, and orators who have been more uniformly popular, but we may justly claim for Edmund Burke the reputation of being the deepest thinker, the most philosophic speaker, and one of the most noble-minded men who ever adorned the Parliamentary Annals of England.

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WADY NATROON. A REVELATION.

THERE is in perfumes a singular power to bring reminiscences. Even though they be borne faint and delicate upon the conveying air, they can sometimes no less forcibly—nay, more so—than sights and sounds recall at once a whole train of associations, and tint the retina of the fancy with vivid images of distant places and days bygone. It was, however, no faint and delicately perfumed air which was wafted up the Nile banks into the wooden hut where Mark Brandling was sitting in the hot Egyptian noon-day; but the breeze was heavy scented with the delicious odour of the flowering bean-fields. Egyptian sights, and sounds, and smells, are rarely suggestive of old England; but this breath of the bean-flowers is ever so.

The dairy farm, and its garden astir with summer bees, and the white bunches of the gueldre-rose snow-balls lolloping against the lattice windows, and the wondrous emerald velvet of the water meadows, and the sleepy green of the thick-leaved woodlands at Wymerton; how the perfume of the bean-fields wafted that picture in upon his mind!

Then the sound of hammers came in along with that sweet heavy scent—of hammers, whose noisy blows ring hollow and metallic, struck upon iron cylinders in riveting. So had he heard them, hundreds of times, on his way down to the workshops at Newton-forge.

He looks out at the open window,

and first of all an English sight greets him—the rugged, red-whiskered, but honest and pleasant face of the Yorkshireman, Joe Tanner.

He is leaning his broad back against the low, wooden pillar which props the verandah. His shirt-sleeves are above his elbows as of old; he wears stout corduroys still, and thick-ribbed, gray, woollen stockings; his highlows are tight laced as ever, and the soles of them a miracle of thickness in leather, of ingenious distribution in little horse-shoes, and barn-door nails, and tips of iron.

There is a black-brown man, with a wolfish eye and a scrubby pretence of beard upon his chin, squatted cross-legged at Tanner's feet. He wears a rough, serge haik, or Arab cloak, about his shoulders, as black-brown as his own skin. On his head, round which it is bound by a bit of rope twisted of camel's hair, is a thick kerchief of cotton, which might once have been white; the longer folds of it hang down upon his neck and shoulders, which they shade from the blaze of the sun, and from under the shorter folds in front those wolfish eyes regard Joe Tanner. Their admiration is seemingly divided between the strapping proportions of that herculean "ganger" and the marvellous construction of his boots. He looks up into the broad, bronzed face, ruddy for all the bronzing, and the wolfish eyes travel slowly down the big frame till the boots are reached.

He nudges another black-brown

man squatted down also near him, as are some five or six others; but they with no haïks or handkerchiefs; with poor cotton shirts for all clothing, and on their heads skull-caps of a felt indescribably coarse. These are a petty sheik of Bedoweens, from the Natroon desert, and some fellaheen or settled Arabs from its bordering villages, his kinsmen.

"Shooft," quoth the sheik to his next neighbour, in an under-tone, "Shooft el Râghil (look at the man); Râghil keteer hoo! (a big bit of a man that!)"

"Keteer! ya beebie!—Big, I believe you," chanted the fellaheen in chorus.

"Shooft el Baboosh," resumed the pure-blooded, wandering son of Ishmael, "look at the boot. Kôl hadeed!—Iron every bit of it."

"Ya Umhammed! hadeed keteer!—Iron, and lots of it, in the prophet's name!" echoed the chorus.

"Had it? old feller," said Yorkshire Joe, with a gravity as imperturbable as the Arab's own. "Had it?—oh! ah! where I had the pair of boots you mean? Why, them's Lancasheere make, them is; and I bought 'em at Blackburn."

"Tayib!" replied the sheik, as if he understood every word.

"Ah, Tar-yeeb! Yes, mon, I know what that's boun'to mean. Tar-yeeb is good in your crack; an' ye're just upo' raight there. Main tidy clogs them is, tidy clogs."

"Tai-tee glogs!" repeated the Arab, with the wondrous imitative faculty of sound possessed by his race.

"Just so," said Tanner, without a vestige of a smile. "An' I'll tell ee whot, Muster Alley, or Hassan, or What's-ye-name, if ye could getten yer men to tak oop wi' sich for their feet, and spades instead o' them kittlesome hoe things, and barrers for moving muck wi' instead o' them baskets, there'd be a chance of making navvies oot o' 'em sich as I canna see noo."

"Eywa! Tayib!" said the sheik, much edified.

But the colloquy was interrupted by a whistle and scream that not only might have been, but was, pure "Lancasheere," as Joe had it. They came from the lungs of a brazen monster, with "Bolton-le-Moors" in brass upon its flanks, and the up-

train from Alexandria was at its fiery heels.

"Station-master here, Joe?" inquired Mark, as he came out of his room, the black-brown men rising, sheik and all, and shuffling out of his way with a respectful "Salaam Hawajee!"

"No, sir! Master Mackenzie's o' t'other side to see about some troocks as was injured last night, I reckon."

"Well, then, some one must see to this train, for the assistant's ill, and there's always a good deal of confusion on the outward mail-days. I suppose I must go myself." And Mark went out, followed by the Yorkshireman.

"Kafr el Ais! Kafr el Ais!" cried Italian guards, Swiss waiters at the refreshment-room, Arab ticket-porters and others, upon the opposite Nile bank to that on which were Brandling and Joe Tanner.

Out poured the passengers, to get their dinner and to cross the river; for the grand bridge, with its massive piers of stone and huge spandrils of iron, which Mark was come to put across the old mysterious flood of Misraim, according to the designs of one of the great engineers of the age, was incomplete, and a steam-boat with the silver-crescented flag was puffing and blowing on the water, ready to ferry them over.

"Look alive there, Bottlegreen, you've not half wire enough in your boot-heels for a rifleman. Beg your pardon, though, forgot the leg. Holloa you, Ali, Ali, dragoman, look sharp after the gun-cases; see they don't go on with the heavy luggage. And, Bottlegreen, do you think that soldier-servant of yours knows the name of the hotel at Alexandria? Tell him your heavy chests may go on board the "P. and O." boat at once, if they'll take 'em; and he can keep the portmanteaus and bags for us with him at Zech's—Zech's hotel mind, on the square. We shall be down in six days, or a week at the furthest."

The youngman addressed as Bottlegreen, a well-set-up soldierly figure, who had a stout oak sapling in his hand, and walked with a slight limp, went down the platform, in compliance with these directions, until he came upon his servant, whose straight back, smart bearing, and military salute to his master, told sufficiently

what was his calling in life also, though he, too, wore plain clothes. He repeated the injunctions as they had been given him; his man standing at "attention" during their delivery, and saluting again at his final "Yes, sir."

In the meanwhile the first speaker had inquired for the station-master, and had learned that he was now gone across again to see to the transfer of the mail-boxes.

"His house am over oder side, Hawajee," said Ali, the dragoman. "He stay dere all this aftnoon maybe. We better take little boat, go over and see."

"Come along, Billy," said the civilian, a much bigger, burlier man than his military brother, and who wore a portentous beard, an ornament not conceded in those days to the visage of the British warrior; "come along, old fellow; we'll look up the station-master. Bob Snapper told me he could put us in the way to those salt lakes or soda water lakes, where the ducks are. No, no, Ali, you bring over the gun-cases and saddle-bags by-and-by; we shan't want you to interpret, though I believe the station-master is a Scotchman! Shove away, you Markabee, you boatman there, and let's see how the Nile ferrymen handle an oar."

When they reach the opposite side they scuffle up the steep sandy bank, the big man insisting upon his brother's leaning on his arm, and helping him up tenderly.

"It won't do to play tricks with that game leg of yours, my boy. To tell the truth, I've half a mind you shan't go duck shooting with it."

"Nonsense, Chet. I should be glad enough to go duck shooting *without* it; but as I can't manage that, I must go, game leg and all."

"Well, there's one comfort, we shall ride there, and you can skulk in a reed hut, or behind a bank, or somewhere, whilst I and the 'waleds,' as boys are called here, put up the quack-quacks, and send 'em over in your direction."

"I dare say I shall do first-chop somehow."

By this time they were near the station, and the first man upon whom they lighted was Joe Tanner.

"A man and a-half, that navy-looking chap!" said the burly brother,

admiringly; thus endorsing the opinion expressed by the sheik half an hour ago.

"Make a fine grenadier," quoth the officer; "too tall and square for the Rifles."

"I say, my good fellow, can we see the station-master? Is that he on the other side, with the white muslin round his wide-awake?"

"No, sir. I dunno where Muster Mackenzie may be just noo. He's put about a bit, I reckon, till train's gone oot."

"Who is that gentleman, then: only a passenger or a railway official?"

"Yon's Muster Brandling, sir; the chief engineer o'th' works," answered Joe Tanner, with something of dignified reserve in his manner.

"Brandling! Brandling! Let me see. Brandling? No, surely, it can't be: yet its the cut of him." And as they crossed over the rails and came near enough to make out his features, Digby turned round to his brother and exclaimed: "It's he, though, for a thousand pounds; its the rascally Radical, as the Cornishman said."

He walked up quickly to him, and held out his hand.

"Well, we are in luck to stumble upon you. I don't know when I've been so pleased to come across a fellow."

It was not in nature to refuse to grasp a fellow-countryman's hand so cordially held out, at such a distance from home; but Mark stared as he did so, and it was evident that he did not recognise the man who hailed him so heartily.

"You don't seem to know me," he said, still holding the hand in his. "The first time we shook hands was just inside the gates at Verona," and he gave a grip therewith, which, perhaps better than any other token, brought back the time and place and speaker into Mark's mind, who then vigorously returned it.

"Mr. Digby, I know you now. It is the beard, I suppose, which alters you. Mr. Digby, I am"—

"Oh, bother the Mister. Havn't we pulled in a four together, and put out a street on fire together? My name's Digby, man—Chetwynde Digby: late profession, boating-man of St. Sylvester's, Oxford; present occupation, tourist and sportsman; future prospects, country squire and county

magistrate. And this," he said, turning to his brother, "is Lieutenant William Digby, of Her Majesty's Rifles, my brother, the first man"—he said this with affectionate pride—"the first man of the whole British army who was into the Sikh batteries in India, the other day, where he got a game leg for his pains by a cut of a tulwar, and I believe is to get his captain's commission also for it in the next brevet. But, these necessary formalities at an end, you will find it shorter and pleasanter to call him Bottlegreen, as I do. No soldier should be ashamed of his regimental colour. Stop a minute, though; I have not introduced you. Billy, this is an old friend of mine—Mark Brandling, blacksmith, man of the people, mechanical genius, Radical, chief engineer of these works, I'm told, and I believe chief leader of the Chartists. Now let's get into the bungalow, as these Indians call it, and, though it's taking a liberty, I would suggest pale ale."

That favourite Egyptian, as well as Indian, beverage, making its appearance, together with all the procurable provision for "tiffin," mutual inquiries and explanations followed.

It appears that Digby, senior, had "been up the Nile," in the usual way, with Bob Snapper, of Brasenose, and another. There had been the inevitable crocodile adventure below Kenh, and the wonderful "bag" of pelican and spoonbill between Thebes and Assouân. That, however, was little.

"We've been ever so far up, some days above Chartoom, up in a country where there's trees and monkeys in 'em, as well as downright 'niggers,' under the shade. Bob Snapper and the other man are up there still, with two-ounce rifles and conical balls with steel tips. They've no notion of coming back till they've seen an elephant and shot him, and perhaps a giraffe into the bargain. Heigho," sighed the big man, with a suspiration from the lower depths of his capacious chest, "this is the sort of thing that comes of having brotherly feelings."

"Brotherly feelings?" re-echoed Mark, with a puzzled stare.

"To be sure," said Digby; "I've sacrificed my elephant and immolated my giraffe upon that family altar, you know. I got a letter in Chartoom,

which spoke of Bottlegreen coming home invalided, *via* Suez, this month, so I started down in country boats for Cairo to meet him."

"Well," said the rifleman, with the kindest light of gratitude in his eye; "I've had a trouncing or two from you before now, Chet., but we never *were* quite like the two murdering brothers, with the hard names, in the Greek play."

"Bottlegreen, I am swindled, and hate you worse than they did one another. If I'd known your leg was well enough to go duck-shooting, do you think I'd ever have"—

"Yes, you would, old fellow. But never mind; you shall go back to Bengal with me, when my leave is up, and I'll tender compensation in the way of tiger; there now."

"Ah, well, tiger, perhaps, as you say; and Ceylon's not far from India for elephant. But if Bob brings down a giraffe, the brute will lie heavy on my stomach for many a year."

"Ha, ha! There's room enough for it, legs and all, in that barrel of yours, Chet.!"

"Come, none of your broad mess-room jokes upon me, Bottlegreen," retorted the wide-girthed.

As for starting for the salt lakes that day, the thing was out of the question. There must be beasts got, mules or camels, or something, and some provisions cooked, and a guide found, and so forth.

"By the way, talking of a guide, there was the very man you want hanging about here this morning. He came in about our hiring some half dozen of his camels for carrying rubble to the masons here."

"Tanner! Joe Tanner! What's become of that Hassan Abou Habseh, that sheik fellow that was handling the tips of your boots just now? Send him up this way, if you can come across him, will you?"

"Ay, sir."

"The man lives in the Wady Natroon," said Mark, "when he lives anywhere: and I believe his tribe are down that way now with their few cattle, to pasture them on the young rushes where your ducks hide."

The sheik made his appearance, and, with Mark's scrupulous respect for other men's feelings, was invited to sit upon the divan and take a thimble-full of coffee Eastern-wise.

But he preferred to squat upon the carpeted floor, and, Bedoween as he might be, suggested "pale ale," as the boating-man had done.

"Booza!" said he, "it is beer!" not forbidden, therefore, to a Mussulman.

"Booza, indeed!" cried Digby; "I dare say you've tasted that booza they brew here, Brandling. I did once, at Siout; it's like sweet wort turned sour, with an infusion of soap-suds and a handful of fuller's earth in it. Ugh!"

Mark's acquisitions in Arabic, though not extensive, were sufficient to make the sheik understand that the English "Hawajees" desired his guidance on a shooting party to the Wady, and that there was a hopeful prospect of "backsheesh." The Ishmaelite professed his perfect readiness to conduct the party, and spoke cheerfully of the sporting prospects.

"Fee batt, fee wuzz, keteer keteer."

"I can't quite stand their calling a duck a 'bat,'" said Digby; "but that word 'wuzz,' for goose, is fine; and they've a way of doubling the 'w' as well as the 'z' in pronouncing it, that's capital."

"Fee haloof!" continued the sheik, "fee gazal!"

"Haloof, what's that?" inquired the rifleman.

"Wild boar," said his brother.

"Oh, for my pet nag, Selim, and an Indian hog spear!"

"Pigsticking, eh? Can't quite be done on a camel, young man. And if Selim *was* here, there is that leg of yours."

"Never mind, I must have it out of the ducks and the wuzz I suppose."

For farther details and preliminaries the sheik was referred to Ali, the dragoman.

"I'll tell you what, Brandling," said Digby, all at once, "you'd better come duck-shooting with us, my boy; the bridge won't tumble into the Nile meanwhile. One don't like parting on the spot with a fellow one's met in this way; and we could talk over old times in Venice as we rode along."

Little recked he of the strange medley of feeling stirred by the proposal in the breast of the man to whom he spoke. "Old times in Venice! Memories so sweet, so sad! Perhaps the talk would light on her—talk how painful, yet how delicious!"

He hesitated.

"Now don't let those tons of girders weigh upon your mind, man, as you're half inclined to do. Why they'd be worse than Bob's giraffe on mine, horns and hoofs and all. You come along duck-shooting. The shareholders can wait a week for their bridge, I'll warrant."

"It's all right about the girders, as it happens," said the other with a smile: it had a queer twitch about it that smile, as when a man is fearing he may cry. "We happen to be short of them, and the fresh supply is on board a Liverpool screw yet, in the harbour at Alexandria."

"Hooray! then, you're the man for us! Bottlegreen! the Radical's coming duck-shooting."

"Hardly that I think; I don't know the butt end from the muzzle of a fowling-piece for sporting purposes; but if your locks want oiling or picking to pieces, my old smithcraft may stand us in some stead. But, besides the pleasure of your company, I should be glad to visit the Coptic monasteries by the Natroon lakes. I should like to pick up a manuscript."

"A Coptic manuscript! Are you keeper of the Bodleian library as well as engineer of the works and Chartist-in-chief?"

"No; but a dear friend of mine, a friend of yours too, would prize one as a treasure, if I could light on it—and you should take it home with you."

"Take any thing home for you, by all means; but I can't think who the friend is. I don't know many fellows that can construe Coptic anyhow."

"One, at all events, the Rev. Frederick Ingram."

"Fred Ingram, to be sure! So you've kept up your Venetian acquaintance with him?"

"Yes; and improved it too. I have no friend like him in the world."

"An out-and-out good fellow, Fred, true as steel, with a conscience like a polished mirror of it;" said Digby, earnestly. "If he hasn't made a real first-rate parson of the right sort, the Bishops will have a long way to look for such another bit of raw material. Working-men and parsons don't always hit it off together as well as one could wish; but I wouldn't give much

for one that couldn't find out he was in good hands with Fred Ingram."

"Well, the working-men at Newton-forge have found out something like it, I can promise you."

The next morning they were off—riding along the causeway on the top of the dykes which intersect the fat plains of the Delta. The heavy-scented bean-fields were on one hand, the bright green basseem or Egyptian clover fields on the other. The golden-crested hoopoes, with short dancing flight kept with them, and out of the bushes of the nebk and the tamarisk, doves, with shot-silk breasts, threw themselves suddenly upon the wing. Long lines of palm trees rose against the low horizon, and a white telegraph tower gleamed from space to space in the hot light. Overhead, the sky was intensely blue, "as blue as the waters of Garda or *her* deep eyes," thought Mark. But out on the left hand, down nearer to the earth line, hung a mist or haze; it was the sand-cloud over the great desert of the Wâdy raised by the same wind which fanned them as they went, and made the palm feathers wave.

"A good deal of the Deccan in all this," said the rifleman. "I know these trees here by the village very well; that is the peepul, and that a sort of sycamore, common enough in India over the little Santon's tomb, on which the passers by have left fluttering rags of cloth and linen. Indeed the whole turn-out, tree, tomb, rags, and all, might be within five hundred yards of the Ganges as well as of the Nile. What do they call those white birds with the long legs in the field there to the left?"

"Abou, something, I forget," said Mark.

"Ah, well, they're just the Indian paddy-birds, and quite familiar to me. And look at that wretched earth-scratcher of a wooden plough left in the furrow there, Hindoo to the backbone."

"Hold hard, you fellows!" and a roar of laughter from the elder Digby interrupted his brother's reminiscences.

"What's wrong in front, my boy?" calls out the soldier.

It was Joe Tanner was the matter. Mark had brought him as a personal

retainer and henchman, partly at the suggestion of Digby, and partly at that of his Arab admirer, Hassan Abou Habseh.

Joe was by no means an equestrian. Mules were too like horses for him, and he refused to mount one. He tried one of his friend Hassan's camels; but the mere operation of the brute's action in rising from its knees, which first pitched him forward, almost impaling him on the wooden peak of the pack saddle; then backward, almost perforating his spine with a similar instrument in the contrary direction, warned him to desist forthwith from the attempt. This was an unexpected difficulty, and had nearly put a stop to the Yorkshireman's expedition. Abou Habseh, however, unwilling to forego the company of such a "râghil keteer," had undertaken to overrule the objection, and, at the last moment, had produced, as the solution of the enigma, an undersized, one-eyed, whity-brown donkey, with a limp in the off foreleg and a scarlet amulet round its neck. Amidst laughter and indignation Mark and the Digbys had rejected the offer; but Hassan, with unmoved gravity, had protested that for speed no less than for endurance on this desert-journey, the unpromising whity-brown would be found equal, if not superior, to the more showy quadrupeds; and the question had been practically settled by Joe Tanner himself, who, perched upon the creature's extreme hind-quarters, ambled off in front of the procession, his long legs only kept from ploughing the ground by keeping them stiff in front, with the high-logs at a rigid right angle.

But in descending a precipitous bank at a place where some cross canal of irrigation cut the causeway, the posterior accumulation of weight had proved too much for the maintenance of equilibrium, and whity-brown's unshodden hoofs slipping in the steep sand, the luckless Joe, with his long-eared steed, had rolled to the bottom and fallen plump into a procession of closely-veiled fellaheen women, who, with earthen pot on head or shoulder, were returning from the watering-place. Great was the confusion, loud the screaming, and terrible the scolding, when it was ascertained that besides the affront to their

womanly dignity, and the spilling of the water, a great "bellass," or water-jar, was utterly smashed.

The grave explanations, however, of Abou Habsch, the more voluble objurgations of the dragoman—and still more, a handful of piastres tendered by Mark, appeased the female storm, and, without further adventure, the cavalcade at last reached the ferry, where they were to recross the Nile.

As for the anticipated talk about old times in Venice, as yet there had been none of it. For the elder Digby had ridden on in front, cracking jokes in a strange compound of English and Arabic with Hassan and Joe. Mark had ridden with the young officer, and very pleasant company he had found him. If I have not wholly failed in giving indications of the character of Brandling, my readers will have felt that though he neither was, nor wished to be, a fighting-man, there was no little of the true soldier-spirit in him. William Digby was no unfavourable specimen of what a young British officer should be, and happily, not seldom is. With all the generous temper of his brother Chetwynde, he had less full a share of the boating-man's rollicking habit and slang. With an intellect, which he had, in boyhood, cultivated more assiduously than his elder, the sense of responsibility laid on him by the habit of alternate obedience and command was considerably stronger and more lively in him than in the other. Chetwynde was as brave as his father, the old Peninsular soldier, had been. William could not beat him there; but the necessity of husbanding other men's lives as well as of exposing his own, on principle, not by mere impulse, had wrought in the younger brother that nobleness of a chastened valour, which is so admirable in soldiers. He had seen enough of war, too, to have gained earnestness in facing its tremendous realities, without having seen so much of it as to have contracted the callousness of some old campaigners. In his conversation, as they rode along, he had passed from the casual and superficial reminiscences excited by the natural objects they met with, or the common oriental customs, to larger and deeper considerations.

He did not take a politician's view of conquest and dominion. That, per-

haps, was hardly to be expected. But he was not one of those who could be satisfied with no other result of conquest and dominion than collection of revenue, or even the bare administration of an experimental justice.

"India wants two conquests," he said; "one by the sword, another by the hammer."

He might have added, "another by the Book." I do not suppose he would have denied this had it been propounded; but, perhaps, considering the school of thought in which he had been trained, it would be too much to expect that he should say so of himself.

"I have had a feeling many times that I should be better satisfied at our fellows going first, if there were a greater certainty of your fellows following close after."

And then he told Mark of the great things which might be done, not only by large public works in India, but by the wider diffusion of sounder knowledge and readier skill in what concerns the commoner arts and conveniences of life.

This was a point at which the conversation truly became a dialogue, for the soldier gave such hints of what was wanted as his own intelligent observation had made him surmise, and the mechanic filled up the outline from the ampler and exacter resources of his own practical knowledge of what might be done to meet these wants. So they came to the ferry, and there they slept that night. The next night overtook them in the desert, the round red disc of the sun going down suddenly behind the sandy, gravelly waves of that dry sea. They gathered armfuls of the withered thorny scrub, and lit a fire to boil their coffee and to roast a couple of ducks, which Digby had brought down, right and left, before they had turned their backs upon the cultivated land.

When the cooking was over, Hassan stamped the fire out, being a cautious man, as the wolfish eye seemed to tell, and preferring to lie about in the dark in desolate wadies and other such places, where a Bedoween is not always sure of his company.

The boating-man was indignant at the proceeding.

"Why, there's nine or ten yards of

big Englishmen here, inclusive of our friend the navvy, to say nothing of Hassan Cut-throat himself, Ali dragoman, and the light brigade of donkey-boys. Under Bottlegreen's skilful professional handling there's more than enough of us to fight a whole tribe of Beni Raganuffin, or whatever their names may be!"

But the deed was done, the fire out, and the company in general too tired to gather more scrub for another. There was nothing left for it but to grumble a bit, light cigars and chibouques, converse a little in the dark, and then, rolled up in plaids, capotes, or haïks, to lie at full length on driftsand, and get off to sleep.

When the moon was up the march was resumed under pleasanter auspices than when the fierce heat was overhead and the mirage all round. Eldritch and ghastly was the sheen upon the chain of pools and lakes, when discerned at last, far off, in that terrible wilderness. The waxing daylight brought little more cheerfulness than the waning moon. Rocky crests, toothed and jagged, rose up everywhere from shifting beds of the finest sand. The hoofs of the beasts found no hold in this lightest yet heaviest of soils to tread on. Their riders dismounted. Abou Habseh, with his old pair of shuffling papooshes, and the "waleds" or driver-boys, with their bare, brown toes, had singular advantage here over Joe Tanner with those formidable Lancashire high-lows. By-and-by the lie of the land slopes down for good and all towards the lakes. Their green skirting of rushes and of leafy shrubs here and there, now relieves the weariness of the eye with its charitable hue. They are close down amongst the rushes now, the salt in flakes crackling under their feet as they pick their way through the outside edges of the lesser pools. And soon they are plashing at the dull, heavy water's edge through a thicket of tall bulrushes; and—quack, quack, quack, whirr, go the ducks—and bang, bang from the ready double-barrel of Digby, with bang, bang again from the rifleman's, and the day's sport is begun.

Mark, who is no shot, as he had truly said, turns aside with Abou Habseh; and emerging from the vegetation, they make their way to a wide, rounded knoll, of no great

eminence, from which, however, there is an extended view over the chain of lakes, which really now begin almost to smile under the increasing sunshine. In front of them, at some two miles distance from the opposite border of the lakes, gleam the white walls of the twin monasteries, Amba Bishoi and Dayr Sooriani; some four miles to the left, those of Dayr Baramoos; behind all, glaring with hot, yellow, and scorching brown tints, stretches away and away, until lost in the horizon, the great pathless desert of Lybia.

On the mound itself stood the spring mansion of that small chieftain and ruler of men, Hassan Abou Habseh—not a tent nor a collection of them—for this is his pleasant season of "villegiatura;" and what with burrowing in the mound itself, and raising parapets of mud from the pool's edges, and weaving screens of reed and sticks, and keeping down, with a stone or two, a clumsy thatch of rushes, he has contrived to hut himself and family as commodiously and, all things considered, as coolly as could be expected.

Under any circumstances there is something pleasant and winsome about a pastoral scene, a semblance of primitive richness and abundance. Here were lowing cows and oxen; here buffalo calves and their ungraceful mothers; here, two or three camel mares with their newly-dropped foals. Cocks and hens, too, were fluttering, and scratching, and cackling announcement of succulent fresh eggs. Here were earthen pans of new milk, both from the common and the buffalo cow; here skins of haleeb, the sour curds so prized by every Bedoween palate; and here a wooden platter with soft, white zibdeh, or saltless butter; just such produce and platter of an Arab dairy were in the hand of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, when to weary, fainting Sisera she "brought forth butter in a lordly dish."

Fatmeh and Aissa were bidden to bestir themselves, as also the wondrous withered grandmother or two. The little half-clad girlies ran off to hide themselves; but their brisker brothers, "the waleds," soon got reconciled to Mark, and were busy in helping Ali dragoman and the donkey boys unpacking the canteen.

After three hours or so, returned the sportsmen, half-dead with heat; but well pleased with their "bag." There were "batt keteer," as the sheik declared, "a power o' doock, sir," as Joe, who had stuck to them throughout, announced to the engineer.

What a breakfast the whole party made of it! Joe took down one whole kid-skin of the sour curds to himself alone.

"Well, it's mighty pleasant lying about here," quoth Digby, some hour or two and several cigars after the repast was ended.

"A trifle sunny, fastidious critics might object. The ducks are prime sport and in plenty, and we met a 'waled' in the thicket, who deposed to 'wuzz' on the upper lake. It's plain we can make out two or three days of it. But we can't keep intruding upon the hospitality of an Arab country gentleman, nor disturbing his Mussulman domestic happiness in this way much longer. So, perhaps, we had better take it easy till the afternoon, and then ride over to the monasteries and settle down there, if the Copts will have us."

The walls of Amba Bishoi are lofty, massive, and unbroken by any architectural incident, plastered with white plaster outside, which reminded the rifleman of "Indian chunam," he said. A big, square tower frowns over one part of them, being a place of last refuge for the poor monks in very troublous times, and having in successive stories chapels for a sanctuary, when all in the courts below must be forsaken. Under frown of this tower, down partly buried in the sand, which surges right up to the foot of these huge walls, there is a doorway flanked by tremendous granite millstones, which, wheeled into the narrow doorway, would preclude all passage effectually. From a rudely-shaped archway of great height dangles a palm-rope, attached to a bell upon the upper parapet. Hereat the boating-man pulled vigorously, until a black-turbaned brother, appearing above, demanded of him thence who the party might be, and what was their will of the monks?

"Christians, Englishmen, travellers, in want of hospitality!"

And presently the cumbrous gate is opened, and, creeping through the narrow doorway, they find themselves

within the monastery walls; the gommosorruler (a corruption of the Greek hegoumenos), advancing with several of his brethren to welcome them. Delighted enough seemed he to greet these rare visitants from the outer—and from so distant an outer world. Before night was fully come Digby declared that he felt quite as much at home here as if he were back in the old "library-quad" at St. Sylvester's.

The next day's dawn saw him and his brother off to the lakes again, with Tanner and the dragoman, Mark being left to cultivate, by himself, the acquaintance of the kindly Copts, and to endeavour to compass the acquisition of a manuscript. In both objects he was successful, and owed, singularly enough, his success in the latter to his mechanical skill and handicraft.

There was but one manuscript of any value in the hands of the fraternity, a "Kittab-e-Sellimeh," or Copto-Arabic glossary, and with this, even for very liberal backsheesh, the old gommos was unwilling to part. But the draw-well in the first court-yard, an object of the first necessity and interest to his community, whose very existence often depends upon its condition, had an apparatus for raising water, which the crass stupidity of an Abyssinian lay-brother had, some few days back, injured seriously. The repair of it was beyond the rude carpentering powers of any man within those walls; and to fetch a skilled workman all the way from Teraneh to mend it, would be a matter of great trouble and expense. Judge of the incredulous delight of the poor gommos, when Mark announced that he could not only repair the apparatus, but improve upon and simplify the construction.

"Do this, oh marvellous English Hawajee," he cried in the exuberance of his feelings, "and without paying a piastre, the 'Kittab-e-Sellimeh' is thine!"

Mark set to work with a will, and told his friends not to hurry the duck shooting.

Inside the massive, enclosing wall of Amba Bishoi there runs all round what in military parlance William Digby called a high banquette. It is a narrow stone terrace or walk, reached at different points from the garden by rude flights of steps.

Thence looking outwards you can let your eye rest upon the neighbouring pile of Dayr Sooriani, or wander over the immensity of the sand-sea on every side. Looking inwards, you take a bird's-eye view of the monastery itself; you count the domes of its chapel, and trace the outline of the nave and aisles; you mark its white-washed belfry of rude construction; you follow the intricacies of the little water rills in and out of the garden beds, where a few onions and cucumbers grow; you raise your sight up along the tall stems of the few palm trees, and take pleasure to see the burnished gold of the sun setting, inlaid with the delicate tracery of the spiky frondlets, dark against the evening sky.

Here it befell that, pacing to and fro, there came from Digby's lips to Mark's ear the dreaded but desired mention of Clara's name.

"Have you ever seen any thing, since those old Venetian days, of Miss Jerningham!" Then, happily, without pausing for an answer—"She was a glorious girl, that! Straightforward, and of a generous mind. Upon my word, I believe she was as good as she was handsome—no small thing to say of her. She was too good for an opera singer—I've often thought it since. Not but what singers would be respectable out and out, if they were all of a piece with her. But she was artist to the backbone, or else, I suppose, she might have been a parson's wife?"

"A parson's wife!" re-echoed Mark, in utter amazement.

"Ah! to be sure. Mrs. Ingram—Mrs. Frederick Ingram. That poor fellow was over head and ears in love with her at Venice. Didn't you know that?"

Mark was speechless. Presently he contrived to mutter—

"I really wasn't aware."

"Why, what a blind buzzard you must have been, man! That cunning chap, Win—you remember Windlesham?—detected the symptoms within three days of our arrival."

But Mark's agitation was increasing; he could not answer by any sound. He turned upon his heel, and walked rapidly to the nearest flight of steps,

down which he strode, and disappeared under the palm and nebk trees.

"What's up?" said Digby, aloud. "I do believe and declare the Radical's gone mad! A case of sun-stroke tinkering that draw-well!"

"Ingram! Ingram!" Mark was thinking. "I had placed my thought of you very high. Far too low for what you are, however!"

He called to mind after what delicate fashion his friend had first given him to understand that he knew and sympathized with his own love for Clara. He reviewed his constant and unfailing brotherliness during their life in common at Newton-forge. He dwelt upon the tenderness of respectful consolation with which, when his loving hopes were broken, Ingram had sought to pour balm into the heart's gaping wound.

"And Ingram himself had loved her. I have been his accepted rival, and he to me more than a brother! Oh, heart of hearts! man of men! Oh, true liver of that gospel of self-denying brotherhood, of which the Lord hath called thee to be a preacher!"

"Chet," said the younger Digby that same night to his brother, as they were preparing to lie down upon their carpets in the best cell, which the gommos himself had given up to them; "I take to that man, Brandling! What a colonel it would make, with its engineering brain, for a regiment of sappers and miners!"—

"Why, Billy, I've heard you say a thousand times no man is fit to command soldiers who isn't a gentleman born. Now, Brandling was born a blacksmith!"

"Well—a—yes. I may have said so; but I've lost some of my old, exclusive notions since I've knocked more about the world. And, then, when one meets men of this Brandling stamp, it seems to me that one needn't contradict oneself upon the matter after all. For men of that sort, after all, you know, are"—

"Well, what are they?"

"It's the same notion upside down; they are neither more nor less than born gentlemen."

"Something in that, Bottlegreen, my boy! Good night; I'm turning in. Now for the Coptic fleas!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BUNCH OF KEYS AGAIN.

OLD English archers, shooting at a willow wand, would cleave it, sometimes by an arrow, which stuck in the slender butt. More rarely, a second, from the same matchless bow, would even split the notch of the successful first; but both shafts, then, fell out upon the ground.

Pia was wiser than to run this risk.

She had said her say, and said no more.

In Clara's conscience and resolve no sudden change took place; but happily not good causes alone are "lost" whose defender but "deliberates."

Few similes go on all fours. Clara's broad heart was, after all, no finger-thick target of willow to shoot at. The shaft of the old cottage dame at Wymerton was in it: and so was Mark's: and Pia's now.

It is a terrible question, that of mixed motives. It is good not to judge others, because of our total ignorance of what moves them; but what if we had as much knowledge of their springs of action as even, after searching, we can gain of our own?

Must not the imperfection of that knowledge, could we have it, utter again the warning, "thou shalt not judge?"

Gradually Clara found herself drawing onwards to that determination which she felt would meet with the approbation of those who loved her best: of all such, at least, except the dear old fanatical musician, the Maestro.

Of her increasing willingness she could have no doubt. She was in some doubt as to what it might be within her that was working upon her will.

Sometimes she would say inwardly:

"This old enthusiasm for a dramatic life, whether of questionable worth or no, has lost me my heart's love already, shall I likewise let it lose me my heart's friend?"

Then she would object:

"That is a selfish and mean way to debate the question; and raises a false issue, too. Pia's charity will not cast off even a rebel against her wisdom!"

Strange to say, there was no suggestion that Mark might be won back by her at cost of the sacrifice of her artist career. He had accepted her decision with such manful calm that she conceived him to have taken their parting to his stricken heart as a decree of fate unquestioned, for good and all, when once proclaimed. She did not do him the petty injury of supposing that he had ceased, or would cease, to love her; but she conceived that her own hardness and unreason in the manner of the breach between them had made it irreparable. The living tendon had not only been cut; but cut by a caustic knife, which left not even bleeding fibres to unite, perhaps, again.

So far then her soul would act unbribed, were she indeed to do that now, for the very suggestion of which she had spurned him. There was pure satisfaction in that thought. There was a satisfaction also, surely of no very impure alloy, in thinking that, though Mark would not know now, nor soon, how she had yielded;—if indeed she should yield, that was not fully determined yet,—still, that after long years, when it should be evident, even from the negative evidence of her non-appearance on any public stage, that she had renounced her career, Mark would know at last that she had done what his loving judgment had declared to be alone worthy of herself. She knew that his heart was noble enough to rejoice at knowledge that she had done right, let it come when it would, and with whatever emptiness of personal advantage to himself.

Knowledge that she had done right!

That was, of course, according to his standard. She had not yet agreed to fix her own at the same height.

Pia was careful not only to speak no more upon the general question of principle involved in that one conversation so full of varied episodes of tenderness and wrath; but she abstained now, as much as possible, from any talk concerning her friend's affections. She had a presentiment that whatever struggle was in its throes at

this time in Clara's being would end in the sacrifice she longed to see her make: and she, too, desired that the offering should be pure. Clara was no weakling, who must be coaxed to drink the bitter health-draught, and Pia jealously kept herself from flavouring the cup rim with the honey of what might prove deceitful, and certainly would act as seductive hope. Yet one thing she had firmly settled in her sisterly mind, which was, to seek out Mark, and when Clara's victory should be won, to make his hand, if the Lord would so allow it, hold out at least one crown. Amongst other steps which she took for gaining, unknown to Clara, some clue to his whereabouts, she wrote to her humble countrywoman, Rosina, in the service still of Beatrice Trelawney, and enjoining upon her to keep her having done so a strict secret, requested her to communicate with herself at once if she should hear any information in England respecting the gentleman whom she called the Marzocco, and whose real English name was Brandling.

One morning, in the very early spring, before the fashionable London season had in any way begun, Clara received a letter from home. It came from the manager, offering a sort of compromise. Indeed so far as Clara's own solitary stipulation went it was no compromise, but an absolute surrender on his part. It was a compromise only in respect of what the old Maestro had been insisting on: that there should be no other artist engaged, concurrently with Clara, who might be supposed to be disputing with her on the same stage the sceptre of the Queenship of song. Now, the manager wrote to say that Madame Solano, "a well-tryed and incontestible favourite of the musical public," was about to conclude an engagement with him under peculiar circumstances. From causes which had affected her health, and yet had left her voice untouched, she had been two years in retirement from the stage. Even now, though he had succeeded in prevailing upon her to appear again for this one season, at Her Majesty's theatre, she could only do so on every third opera-night, and thus a fair field was open to Miss Jerningham's talents and genius, of which he trusted she would avail herself; and although he deplored

the eccentric resolution she had adopted, to exclude herself from many pieces in the "Repertoire," so admirably adapted to her peculiar powers, yet he was happy to have the opportunity of thus securing the invaluable co-operation of Miss Jerningham without offence to any of her own prejudices, as he must still venture to designate them. He might add, that independently of Madame Solano's amiable character, so well known to himself, as offering every guarantee against intrigue or professional jealousies, that lady had determined, reluctantly, upon ceasing to struggle against her malady in respect of stage effort; and he made little doubt but that she would be the first to applaud and encourage the onward steps of a worthy successor to herself in the career she was abandoning with regret.

Clara felt, upon reading this letter, that no such occasion as this would arise again for deciding upon pursuit or relinquishment of her artistic profession.

I will pry no farther into such conflict as arose for the last time within her; this only will I say, she took no further counsel of any being on earth. But on the third day from her first reading of it, Clara came into Pia's room and said quietly,

"Here is a letter I have received; and here a copy of the answer I have sent. You have conquered, Pia!"

Without looking at either, the sick girl understood; she pressed her thin hands fervently together, and looked upwards, and gave utterance to thanks.

June came. Town was full. The Trelawneys were there, in a little house facing the Park. Chetwynde Digby was also there, on his return from Egypt; and so was his brother William, whose "gazette" was out, and who was "Captain, for distinguished service in the field." Both those gentlemen were often in Charley's house, of whose good-natured little Beatrice both were very fond.

"It's a marvel to me, Mrs. Trelawney, how you ever came to promotion under that title," said the big man, one afternoon. Rosina was in the room with baby in her arms.

"It's a defection of which Charley should have been the last man guilty, for him to have married a lady neither 'Pol,' 'Tre,' nor 'Pen.'"

"Well, I think he has 'pentimenti' sometimes now concerning it," she answered, laughingly; "but what can't be cured, you know?"

"How dare you, Beatrice? 'Tis a very remarkable coincidence, however," said her husband, with ludicrous gravity, "that Madame Vantini, her mother, you know she is an Englishwoman, comes of a Devonshire family, who have twice intermarried with good Cornish names."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Digby. "So there's a vein of copper in Mrs. Trelawney's arteries after all; and when you succumbed to her charms, my Cornish lad, you knew the reason why? Eh?"

Trelawney looked as if there was more in it than his boisterous friend acknowledged, after all. But the other resumed,

"With whom do you think, by-the-way, we fell in, and went aducking together in Egypt, t'other day? An old acquaintance of ours in Venice, though I don't think Mrs. Trelawney knew him there."

"What! Bob Snapper? Let me see. No! Snapper wasn't at Venice at all, was he?"

"No, not the Honourable Bob. I was up the Nile with him, though. You'll never guess. It was the 'rascally Radical!'"

"Ingram's great friend, Mark Brandling, do you mean?"

Rosina started at the name, and nearly let the baby fall. She listened attentively.

"Yes! Mark Brandling. It was you that said he was a rascally Radical, don't you remember? He's come to all sorts of honour and glory in the engineering way, and is building a bridge over the Nile, which created fits of admiration in Bottlegreen here, who wants to make Brandling Chief Commissioner of Works in India, I believe. Bottlegreen is monstrous scientific for a rifleman, I can tell you."

"Well! I do remember I said something about his being a 'rascally Radical' when we met him first; but I also said he was the sort of looking man that's 'awful in mathematics,' and I was right, you see."

Rosina wrote that night, with profound secrecy, and considerable difficulty, being a poor penwoman, to the *Illustrissima Nobilissima Signora*

Contessa Pia dei Guari. Her letter was to the effect that the Marzocco was become a great lord; was Viceroy-Radical of the Indies; General-in-Chief of all English engineers; was in Egypt, where Moses had been, and wicked King Pharaoh, and was building a bridge there over the Red Sea.

Some abatements were certainly necessary from this statement; but Pia's shrewdness easily made them, and she had henceforth a sufficient clue to guide her.

Three or four months were gone. The summer had been spent by them all at the baths of Lucca. Cousin Martha's health was completely restored. Sir Jeffrey's delight at the dispelling of his favourite's great delusion was unbounded. He was continually complaining of the dulness of Wymerton without her, and was beginning to press it upon her that she and her cousin should return to England, and pass the winter at the old place again. If the Contessa Pia and her mother would but do him the distinguished honour of accepting also the awkward hospitalities of an old bachelor's house, he should be more gratified than he could hope to express. One only addition to the pleasure he could think of was, that Count Orazio should join them there. His political opinions, which kept him in exile from fair Florence, would be but an additional title in England to the respect and esteem of liberal-minded men. Miss Clara could inform him, through his sister, of the probable attractions of the coverts at Wymerton, to a gentleman of his age.

"What a delightful scheme! But my poor spine, you know, Carissima, would never stand the journey there. I have loved that old baronet these years for your sake though, and now for my own, because of his kind thought for poor Orazio. My brother shall accept his invitation. Some talk with the wiser liberal sort of Englishmen is just what his political education has always wanted, and some personal contact with the living work of English liberty. I shall write myself to your dear Sir Jeffrey, and ask him to receive Orazio without my mother and me."

The Cascine were still beautiful. The foliage of their trees burnt red and brown by the hot kisses of the Florentine summer sun; but the grass

carpet of their meadows had freshened into green again ; early autumn showers from the Apennines had once more quickened their parched herbage. The vintage at the "vigna" of the Dei Guari villa was over ; and they were back in their town palazzo : Clara and Cousin Martha with them still ; but the time of their return to England was near.

It was not too cool to make it still very pleasant, late after noon, to draw up, after the Florentine custom, near the Grand Duke's dairy, to hear the military band.

"It was just here, Clara, opposite that identical white post, and under this very tree, that the Milordo came and reined up at the carriage door and saluted you. Do you remember it?"

"As yesterday."

"I am so glad the Milordo never was, as I fancied and fancy still he wished to be, the hero of your romance."

Clara smiled, but rather feebly. Her romance had been too sad and chastening a reality for her to hear mention of it in playful talk. She rather wondered at Pia's careless word. Pia smiled too, with a curious expression, unnoticed by her friend.

"Supposing now that shallow-hearted lord had offered you the coronet of an English Peeress, I wonder whether it had won you more easily than we have done from the stage."

A red spot came angrily on Clara's white forehead. She was very much hurt.

"How can you say so, Pia? Do you think me, then, after all, so base? Do you think I should have done for rank or wealth what I refused to do for such a heart as—as—as I have lost?"

"You think he was a man worth loving then, that Mr. Brandling?"

"So well worth loving," she answered proudly, "that though I spoke of myself, Pia, the offence in what

you just said lies in the indignity your question does to him."

Pia smiled again with the same curious smile, and when the piece was finished, which the band was playing, ordered the carriage home.

"We are leaving early, are we not?" said Clara.

"No!" said Pia, looking at her watch, "we shall be just in time."

Clara wondered at her still.

There was a "cortile" with a colonnade, of course, inside the massive walls of the old house of the Dei Guari, and two main staircases. Pia's own rooms were nearer that which was on their left as they drove in. The carriage drew up at it, and two servants were to carry her up upon a swinging chair. Clara was following and had her hand on Pia's shoulder behind.

"No! no! Carissima; I want you to go up the other staircase and through the music room, because—because, if you see my maid in the little room to the right, you could tell her to come at once to me."

But Pia spoke as if at random, and Clara obeyed, still wondering at her.

The maid was not in the little room to the right. Clara passed through the music room into the library—

And when she saw Mark there her heart was hushed from its quick beat. At last she said:

"I am ashamed to say 'forgive me'—ashamed only, do not think otherwise, because I have such reason to say forgive!"

But Mark said nothing of forgiveness. He also smiled, the tender smile which is so touching on the features of a strong, grave man: and he took out from his breast a little bunch of common household keys; the tinkle of them, as he did so, rang joy in Clara's heart. And he held them out towards her, and then spoke:

"Dearer than dearest! will you not take them still?"

CHAPTER XXX.

VOCATION DECIDED.

VISCOUNT WINDLESHAM was taking to politics at last, much to the satisfaction of the noble Earl, his father. Two considerations dashed, perhaps, that satisfaction a little. The one, a suspicion, not ill-founded, that his

son and heir was taking to that noble pursuit rather as a "pis-aller" than otherwise. The second, a misgiving as to the soundness of the Viscount's party creed. Of a truth, that self-indulgent young nobleman was rather

making an experiment to discover some object of new interest, than seriously addressing himself to the fulfilment of a recognised duty in entering upon public life. It would have been better had the reverse been the fact; but I cannot think it wholly bad that matters were even what they were in this respect.

There was in the young man no kind of intellectual deficiency; but powers of shrewd observation, a varied experience of life considering his age, and a certain versatile faculty of entering into the feelings of other men, which might prove a stepping-stone out of the slough of selfishness, and was not, as it is in some, a weakener of his force of will. Taints of evil there be beyond a doubt in the atmosphere of politics. How not? since policy is of things human. And these, it is true, may fasten on the weak points of the Viscount's character and poison all with the corruption of deadly disease. But there be likewise in that same atmosphere, infections—if the word be not itself invidious—of healthful and generous thought and feeling, such as may help to cleanse the plague spots, and, interpenetrating the whole character, may give it some new worth. I will hope it may prove so with Viscount Windlesham.

And I think, which the noble Earl his father did not, that the creed to which the Viscount was inclining, might in this same respect be salutary. This is no place for a political treatise. I shall not say whether the Earl himself were Whig or Tory, whether he took his seat and gave his vote in the Upper House amongst the immemorial preservers of all things old, or the magnates of Great Revolution families. But in one thing I applaud Lord Windlesham. He thought it best not to be cramped by the traditionary pledges of his family, and still refused to offer himself to the constituency of that county in which its influence was strong. He was a candidate for a middle-sized manufacturing borough, and was canvassing it now on conciliatory principles. I know the magnificent denunciations which, from above, are thundered sometimes upon such an attempt. I know the mud with which it will be sometimes bespattered from below. I do not think I am quite blind to the

temptations it may bring with it to double-facedness and insincerity. But for all that, I cannot help herein sympathizing with the Viscount. And I think that so long as there is no base and mean personal end in view, no unworthy pursuit of place or popularity, there is no fear whatever of aristocratic patent-leather boots being soiled in any way by a turn through democratic puddles; nor any on the other hand, that the purity of those popular pools will be poisoned by the wading in them of those high-born feet.

"Who says 'election,' says 'attorney,'" to give an English fact a French face.

Lord Windlesham's attorney and confidential agent was not one of the great London undertakers of Parliamentary commissions; but a local authority: a man of no great intellectual power nor refined education, but acute enough, knowing his fellow-townsmen well, and in such fair repute among them as an attorney may be. His name was far from distinctive, being simply Mr. Smith. Under his guidance Lord Windlesham had begun an active personal canvass of the borough; a process through which, I fear, the reader would never forgive me for carrying him or her even in summary; else might I be tempted to tell of his Lordship's earnest debate with that staunch old Conservative gentleman, who loudly professed his personal attachment to a free Constitution, whilst desiring the Viscount to pledge himself, under awful imprecations, to resist unto death the repeal of some enactment, which eighteenth-twentieths of the free people of this country heartily detested, one other twentieth entirely despised, and only the most headstrong and obtuse of the remaining portion ever ventured in public to defend. And, as a set-off, I might venture to give the details of his subtle discussion with that thorough-going Radical shoemaker, who, keenly alive to the necessity of increasing the direct responsibility of the ministers of the Crown to the people, insisted upon their exclusion from a seat in either House of Parliament; and who, by way of safeguard to the "religious liberty of the subject," was anxious for the passing of a Bill to make the celebration of public worship penal. But I pass on,

as, in course of time, the Viscount was forced to do, whether leaving his eager disputants convinced or unconvinced.

Upon the outskirts of the town one day, Mr. Smith and his Lordship came to a large factory. I need not describe it, nor its huge sheds, nor its tall chimneys, nor its black water-courses, nor its confused noise. It was a workshop of Vulcan. The resistless weight of steam-hammers was there, and the flying power of tremendous lathes, cutting steel like ivory, but ivory itself, if necessary, with more than the nicety of a watch-maker's hand. Its peculiarity was in the wide expanse of open field around it, in the well-ordered grouping of the well-built cottages, detached, and each surrounded by a plot of garden ground. There was a sort of playing ground at one side and gymnastic apparatus in it. The schools, and apparently a chapel, were on the opposite side of the road. Standing back beyond them, in a shrubbery, which seemed to make a brave but not entirely successful struggle for healthy life in the uncongenial neighbourhood, stood a well-proportioned house of fair size. The lawn in front was rather dingy, but the flower-beds a miracle of gardening skill and of artistic effect in colour. A conservatory of fine height and width stood on the left wing.

"Branch establishment of a very great firm, my lord," said Mr. Smith, pointing to the works, "almost their chief branch in the mechanical way, by this time, I believe. Manchester firm, my lord, 'Brassy, Bright, and Brandling.'"

His lordship was busy entering certain notes and promises in his canvassing-book, and did not appear to notice the name particularly.

"Junior partner resides here, my lord, and superintends every thing himself. The seniors admirable men of business for years, and very successful in contracts and so forth; but they say this junior has brains beyond them all. Wonderful mechanical genius, I've heard say. Patentee of several important improvements in the higher sort of machinery. This way, my lord;" and he turned in at a side-gate, and they both went towards the house. His lordship now looked up from the canvassing-book with an indistinct apprehension of

what Mr. Smith had said. But he gave one of his quick intuitive glances at the house and its surroundings and the great workshops opposite, and took it all in and inquired:—

"Rights of capital the tack to go upon here, Mr. Smith? Unshackled liberty of commerce; but salutary restrictions upon pernicious combinations, I suppose? Advantages of competition and folly of strikes, eh?"

Mr. Smith smiled, appreciatively, but answered:

"Well, not absolutely and entirely, my lord. The fact is, I've heard as much of the claims of labour in this house as of the rights of capital. Our master-manufacturers are shy about some doctrines broached here. And, to tell you the truth, Brassy and Bright, themselves, though reckoned liberal-minded men, were a little uneasy, at first, I heard. Our last strike, though, has reassured them a great deal, if not altogether."

"How so, sir?" asked the Viscount.

"Their hands turned out with the rest, though there was some doubt, at first, whether they would do so; the chief here being so much trusted by the men. But, instead of joining the masters' counter-combination—for which he was roundly abused by-the-by—he called a conference with the 'hands' or their delegates."

"Well, and what did he do with them?"

"Told them, first of all, that it was absurd to treat the matter in a lump; but that he would go through the departments, one by one, with the heads of all of them?"

"Did the hands agree?"

"After a while, my lord."

"And the result?"

"That he admitted certain claims, upon examination, fully; others partially; and forced the men to see that, in respect of others, he could not give way, in justice to the whole concern, my lord."

"Were the men reasonable, or did they try coercion?"

"Coerce him, my lord? You might as well coerce one of his steam hammers with your little finger."

"And did the hands take on again?"

"All but about a score or two out of five hundred, my lord; and the works thus were not stopped three days; whilst the combination masters didn't

patch up a peace with their men for nearly seven weeks."

"An interesting man, Mr. Smith, apparently. I hope we may find him at home."

When the door was opened, however, the servant opined that "Master was not at home;" but suggested that he might be somewhere on the works at this hour. If the gentlemen would walk in and sit down, some one should go over and see.

The gentlemen walked in and sat down.

"There's a wife here, for certain;" began the Viscount, after a cursory inspection of the sitting room, into which they had been shown.

"Oh, yes, my lord; certainly."

"Only a wife? Or a manufacturess, like the master?"

"I beg your pardon, my lord?" inquired Mr. Smith, not exactly seizing the drift of the Viscount's question.

"I mean has she any of her husband's influence or ability, or is she merely an exemplary housekeeper?"

"Oh, ah! yes, my lord, I understand you now. She's very good-looking and stately to begin with, that I can answer for; and I'm told a remarkable woman in her way, very."

"And is that her husband's way at all? How does she like those big workshops and their turbulent hands so close upon her domestic territories?"

"Why, they *do* say that her presence here goes for something considerable in his influence over them. The wives and mothers are her sworn friends; but, what's more singular, they say the 'hands' themselves think even more of her than their 'womin-folk,' as they call them, do."

"Indeed! Then it seems she's just the wife for the man: 'the right woman in the right place,' in point of fact. Any notion who or what she was, Mr. Smith?"

"Well, I've heard many conjectures," answered the attorney, "nothing one could put in as evidence though, my lord, as I may say. He married her abroad, I believe, though she's an Englishwoman, somewhere in Egypt, I think. He was out there on engineering business, two or three years before Bright and Brassy started the concern here under him."

It was a warm day, and the windows were all open. The prattle of a child

was heard. Presently it began to cry. Then a sweet rich woman's voice began a crooning song to still it, which passed insensibly into a more regular, sustained melody. The music seemed to gain upon the unseen singer; and, at last, was poured forth in the most thrilling and impassioned strain.

Mr. Smith was amazed to see the effect upon the rather listless Viscount.

"Ah, yes! that's her voice, my lord. I've not much ear for music myself; but it's very much admired, I know. My daughter, Sophia-Ann, a tasty performer herself, my lord, was at a concert, got up in the factory school here, by their people, where Mrs. Brandling sung; and she tells me that in all her life she never heard the like of it; and yet she's been to the three last Birmingham Musical Festivals, and heard the crack singers. I have heard a rumour somewhere that Mrs. Brandling had been a professional."

Lord Windlesham had caught the name now, and his agitation visibly increased. All manner of reminiscence and conjecture came crowding upon his mind. He looked round the room eagerly in search of something which might make all clear.

Upon a side-table he saw a morocco case, somewhat like one in which a larger miniature is kept, only a trifle deeper. He ventured to press the spring and open it. There was no miniature, but a gold filigree crown of exquisite workmanship.

He looked at it more narrowly: and on the burnished ribbon of the garland read, "Italia, Claræ, ob civem servatum."

"Vocation manquée!" he said, aloud, almost involuntarily.

"I beg your pardon, my lord?" again inquired Mr. Smith.

"A mistake in life, I meant;" he answered, scarcely knowing what he said; "that's to say, no! nothing in particular, my dear sir."

Mr. Smith stared outright.

The Viscount closed the case with a snap.

"Do you know, really, Mr. Smith, this canvassing fatigues one more than I had expected; and with such a man as you represent Mr. Brandling to be, one should come fresh to a serious political conversation. I think, with your kind permission, I will leave

you to make formal application for his vote and interest to-day, and I will take some other opportunity myself of paying my personal respects."

With that he went right out, leaving his agent dumbfounded.

A mistake in life! Yes! Clara had committed one; in the contrary sense from what the Viscount meant. But the Lord's goodness had permitted her to repair it.

If Viscount Windlesham had chanced to take in hand a Bible which lay on the table close by the morocco case that held her crown, I verily believe it would have opened of itself at a page, to which, times without number, Clara Brandling delighted to turn. He might have read on it her answer to his exclamation. There was a pencil mark to these words:—

"I will, therefore, that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully."

* * * * *

Poor Rosina, the girl with the heart of gold, had many weary years to wait for her share in household happiness. No money offer could buy off her Tonietto from the hated service of the "Tedesco." They kept for years his

once open bronzed throat cramped in the Austrian military stock, his active bronzed legs tight in the blue breeches of the Austrian uniform. Mosquitoes on the Moldavian line of the Danube attacked him with a fury unknown even to those lively stingers the "zenzale" of his own dear Venice: and the miasma of the border-marshes fevered his blood as had never done the exhalations of the hottest summer from his native Venetian canals.

But worst of all—or best of all—they marched him out to fight for that Kaiser's rule which, in the deep of his Venetian heart, he hated unto the death. And in that quarrel, upon a wide Hungarian plain, the sabre of a light hussar, swarthier than even he, laid him prostrate with a gash which actually shivered the collar-bone.

"Just there it was," he thought with bitterness, as he lay on his poor camp-hospital bed; "just there, that my cruel, treacherous knife, was mercifully turned aside from the heart of that kind Englishman."

Rosina preached to him in after years the doctrine of retribution, when that old wound would ache. She thought it wholesome doctrine for her poor, jealous, passionate Tonietto. And so, my good readers, do I.

MACLISE'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS."

MR. MACLISE has been so long celebrated for his selection of chivalric and legendary themes as the subjects of his pictures, that one is on tiptoe to see how he has performed the task so aptly allotted to him, of furnishing designs for the new edition of the "Princess." It is hardly possible that a better choice could have been made amongst our artists. When the last traces of feudality are being swept away, there arises a designer whose very soul seems penetrated with chivalry and all the dignified and dramatic elements that fit a painter to preserve some of its best manifestations. The very look of the artist himself marks him out for the task; for with the dignified presence of a modern gentleman he unites the lofty frame of one of those knights of the Middle Ages, whom people delight to fancy were models of manhood in

its most heroic aspect. Maclise is eminently a romantic painter; chivalry is his great theme, wrought in a way which should be carefully discriminated from the Gothic embodiment of the feudal spirit, of which last probably Albert Dürer was the most complete example: the one deals with gallant and courageous deeds, pays homage to fair ladies, and fights for justice and mercy; the other is graver, and seldom without a dark cloud of thought, although that may sometimes break into thunder-laughes of grim humour like the laughter of the fabled German Kobolds, Rubezahl, and the rest of the earth-spirits. But chivalry is brighter and gayer, delights in the long streams of gold-embroidered banners flying before the wind, the gleam of armour, the weight of the ponderous sword, the tragic accidents of battle, or the happiness of stolen

lovers' meetings. In fact, these specialties are the peculiar characteristics of two races of men in their thoughtful mood. The romantic is the Celt, with his gallant hardihood and frank gaiety, whose heart leaps at the blast of a trumpet; while the Gothic is the spirit of the graver Saxon, who cares less for the appearance of an act than for its tendency.

To show that Maclise is the romantic and chivalric enunciator we describe, it is only needful to particularize a few of his works; for instance, "The Vow before the Ladies and the Peacock" (1835), "Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn," "Robin Hood and Richard Cœur de Leon," "The Knight's Farewell to his Lady," "The Return of the Knight," "Francis I. and Diana of Poitiers," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Chivalry—Time of Henry VIII.," "Spirit of Chivalry" (in the House of Lords), "The Marriage of Strongbow," "The Ordeal by Touch," "The Spirit of Justice," all chivalric by method of treatment, as were also some of the illustrations to Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," "Moore's Melodies," "The Story of the Conquest," and lastly, and perhaps most chivalric in thought and feeling, the great cartoon of the Battle of Waterloo, dealt with in a recent number. "Caxton in his Printing-office," and "Orlando and Charles," recently exhibited, are, moreover, highly dramatic.

The illustration of chivalry, in short, is Maclise's idiosyncrasy; and there could not have been a fitter theme for him than that which the "Princess" supplies, containing, as it does, so much of the dramatic element, and what seems even more necessary to the fulfilment of the artist's ideal, a vein of thoughtful fancy, and of motive, running through a work which is really a most successful union of mediæval and modern modes of thought, being directed to the ends of self-abnegation and devotion to the good of others. In noticing the designs appended to this new edition, we shall take it for granted that the reader is acquainted with the text, and only quote the passages immediately required.

The drawings are twenty-six in number, executed with extreme care on wood by the artist himself, and engraved by Messrs. Dalziel, Thomas,

Green, and Williams. The latter have accomplished their task with considerable ability and undeniable care. Although we can detect faults in their department, these are comparatively few, and not more than occur in book-engravings generally—even those of the highest pretensions.

If these gentlemen, however, have done fair justice to the artist, he has certainly not been so fortunate in one other and most important element of the result, upon which the general effect is greatly dependent—we mean the printing. It has seldom been our misfortune to see so much admirable work thrown away by the process it has gone through. In many places the lines of the drawings have been almost crushed, and more frequently rendered so blackly, that much of the artist's care has been sacrificed. In saying this, which may seem harsh, it is our conviction that the artist himself has erred in expending so much minute finish upon blocks which had to undergo the ordeal of the steam-press. Mr. Maclise's previous practice having been mainly in producing designs to be engraved on copper or steel, has proved a false light to him in this novel task; the wood-block will obviously not bear to have such delicate work on its surface as metal receives with impunity and transmits with certainty. What renders this more unfortunate is the fact that hitherto Maclise has dealt only in simple outlines of great clearness and purity, omitting both tone and *chiaroscuro*, to which so many of our modern artists have devoted so great attention. This was always the case with his works on copper or steel, but now by an unfortunate perversity of judgment we have upon the comparatively feeble surface of a wood-block the most elaborate detail and profound consideration of tone, "colour"—as it is called—and *chiaroscuro*. The result, as presented to us by the steam-press, is blurred, and sometimes what is technically called "rotten." It would be a great injustice to the artist if we did not point out the misfortune under which his work is produced; and our remarks are the more necessary, because these faults of production are too common.

In our notice of the cartoon of the Battle of Waterloo, we commented with satisfaction upon a change that

is taking place in Maclise's style, by the adoption of a more real, and therefore beautiful, physical type for his characters. We said that those high-cheek-boned youths of the Celtic race, with their puffy faces and rounded forms, that were half-feminine, with none of the grace and flexibility of woman, their dimpled hands and pointed fingers, which are neither conventional nor beautiful, were disappearing from his designs where they had held place so many years; we observed that the eyes of his faces were fast gaining earnestness, and that the half-vacant contemplative look, that said nothing of the brain behind them, was departed from for a nobler, more thoughtful, and graceful type of manhood. To a certain extent these remarks are supported by the drawings in the book before us, which really appear to be the signal of a transition state of taste. Here is one of the old fashion, immediately followed by another which displays the singular improvement of which the cartoon gave earnest. Still we regret to see so many of those still-life figures which so long stood, like the walking gentlemen of a theatre, by the side of the principal characters in several designs, balancing themselves on one leg, holding their heads down, when if they had any interest in the incident at which they were supposed to be present, they should have looked as if they were alive, instead of being, as they almost invariably are, mere figures put into a design to fill the corners—figures "to let," as the phrase is. The reader knows them well, doubtless, with their slanting eyes or purposeless stare at nothing, and the melo-dramatic attitudinizing of their *posé*. These are the besetting sins of the otherwise great artist's designs. That they are about to depart for ever is no small matter of congratulation. The ugly, semi-steeple-shaped hats so frequent in his works, are few in this series; and although that unfortunate arrangement of hair in which he often indulges is too common, a marked diminution may be found in that defect also. We refer to a method of arranging a side "wisp" of hair in the faces of his women that in profile is peculiarly unpleasing, and which, being drawn to a thin point, and looped into the mass of hair be-

hind the head, hangs in a manner that at once imparts vulgarity to a face. There is an example of this in the drawing at page 76, which illustrates the Princess's geological excursion, where one of the "sweet girl-graduates with the golden hair" looks more like a coarse servant-girl than a young lady, an effect mainly due to a faulty arrangement of the hair. The same design will afford an illustration of our remarks as to the printing of the book. The face of the Prince, who stands half behind a rock, looks like that of a black man, so crushed are the lines of the shadow covering it.

The series commences with the scene in the ruined chapel, where the poet himself is reading the history of Sir Ralph. The company are gathered within the ivied ruin round the viands, and are, of course, dressed in modern costume, or, rather, according to the fashion of ten years back. We think Mr. Maclise would have found that of the present day more elegant, even if he despised its conventionality. The tone and colour of this design are full of brilliancy, the contrast of light and shade well given, and much of the drawing is exquisitely delicate and elaborate. Some of the accessorial parts show profound study of *real* nature, very distinct from the metallic and moulded forms in which we find so much of the artist's drawing of foliage to be cast. The design, nevertheless, lacks animation and variety of attitude; we should have liked to have seen some of the personages lying at length on the sward, as people ever do at picnics. Here they are all as upright as a line of school-girls under the teacher's eye. The subject of the design which follows is the reception of King Gama's ambassador by the father of the Prince, when the wrath of the latter breaks out, and

———"he started on his feet,
Tore the king's letter, sow'd it down, and
rent
The wonder of the loom through warp and
woof,
From skirt to skirt."

We have the King seated on one of those thrones of Norman design in which the artist rejoices, the background formed by open arches of the same character. The King has seized the robe; and, on his knee, holding it with one hand, tears it through and

through, bending his head down and breathing through set teeth, an action admirably expressive of wrath and great muscular effort. Over the back of the throne gracefully leans the Prince himself, with one hand on the wrist of the other, one foot advanced, intently regarding the passionate outbreak of his father. The ambassador stands a little astonished at the scene, and another attendant inclines forward, amazed. But here we come to the fault of the design: no one else seems to be in the least concerned at the occurrence. There is Cyril, one of the walking gentlemen, resting on one leg, the other bent at the knee. A cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulders, one hand on hip, the other on the pommel of his sword; behind him is Florian, also, but neither these, nor the Prince, the two guards behind, nor the courtiers who look on, appear moved by the incident any more than if they saw a wrathful king tear "wonders of the loom" every morning after breakfast. The same excellence of tone is to be observed in this design as in the last.

We pass on to the fourth design: the interview between the Prince's father and Gama, who is dispensing his "oily courtesies" to the somewhat dismayed youth. This design is amongst the very best. It has a power of humour that was hardly to be expected from MacIise's recent practice. The spindling king has risen from his throne-chair, and with profuse action of hand, and arm, and head, deprecates the proposed expedition to his daughter's retreat. The way in which he waves his hand is really perfect; it is supine, with the fingers half apart, and he waves it like a man waves scent from off his hand; thus he waves the scent of his insignificant courtesies. He is a bald, lean-faced, scanty-bearded little man, supple of back and hip. The walking gentlemen appear again, but with no more concern in the subject than that action has we so commonly see in the theatre, the whispered aside of two lay-figures of actors put to fill up a space. The fifth drawing shows the robing of the Prince and his companions at the hostelry; it is remarkable for tone, careful drawing, unsuccessful printing, and a very mistaken, or at least insufficient, character given

to the face of the Prince. Be the artist or the engraver at fault we are bound to say, that throughout the book, with one exception, the faces of both Ida and the Prince are not dignified nor beautiful enough. The Prince here, like a large chubby girl, his mouth is set so deeply back under the eyes that the face is, beyond denial, out of drawing; and surely no man with that little, childish, retreating jaw would have had the courage for the expedition or the poetry for the theme.

Two panthers near the feet of Ida, in another subject, are by far the best parts of that design, which shows the first interview between the Prince and the Princess. They have evidently been studied from nature, and are exquisitely faithful. There is nothing noticeable in the ninth or tenth subject, except it be the figure of Melissa, in the latter, who flutters, dove-like, into the room where the Lady Pschye and Florian are met: truly a beautiful figure. The ladies in the garden: that description, which is more than worthy of Boccaccio, and almost equal to Spenser, furnished an opportunity for such an artist as MacIise. In the foreground is the lady smoothing the petted peacock down, both bird and damsel admirably drawn. The long sweep of the gold-bronze and eyed tail of the bird is a triumph of execution. A pretty group of four girls behind is charming, and beyond, a girlish race gives spirit and life to the work. Then follows an illustration of the second lyric—

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon."

The mother putting her child into the cradle: this is truly most exquisite, not only in feeling, but in the graces and subtleties of composition. The arrangement of the varied angles of the limbs of the mother and child is perfect; she bends over him, kneeling on one knee, and clasps his limbs with her hand in a most maternally-beautiful action.

To the next drawing, which represents the rescue of the Princess from the river, we feel it a duty to apply principles of criticism that may be called prosaic, but which, as not even Mr. MacIise has a right to dispense with the laws of nature, cannot be

considered uncalled for or unjust. That this design is obnoxious to such common-sense objections is the more to be regretted as, for our part, we cannot see that there is more poetry in ignoring the laws that rule natural elements than in giving in one's adhesion to that which is inevitable. In short, no artist, whatever his reputation, has the right to deal in such follies, and to put before the public such an example of utter thoughtlessness as this drawing displays. The Prince has plunged into the rapid river and rescued his betrothed. The poet says—

"A glance I gave,
No more; but woman vested as I was
Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I caught
her; then
Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left
The weight of all the hopes of half the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain. A tree
Was half-disrooted from his place, and stooped
To drench his dark locks in the gurgling wave
'Mid channel. Right on this we drove and
caught,
And grasping down the boughs I gained the
shore."

Now here we have the Prince and his burthen in a narrow streamlet. The whole of her body, as far as her knees, is out of the water; she lies across his shoulders, in a way that any swimmer or spectator acquainted with the laws of gravitation and motion in water will at once pronounce impossible. Any one sustaining such a weight so placed, could not swim with one arm, nor with six, if he had them. If he stands on the ground, at bottom of the brooklet, we have done not only with the heroism of the act, but with the text itself, which plainly says he swam and bore her weight. It is true he has his hand on the bough of the tree, but is by no means grasping it with the deadly clutch of one struggling for two lives; not at all so, for his wrist is merely hooked over the branch in a certainly elegant, but far from powerful manner. He could not bear her weight in that way. Mr. Maclise's contempt of the laws of gravitation is palpable, when he places the long hair of the Princess in a graceful horizontal wave down her shoulders, when it should have hung backwards and downwards from her head. Nothing redeems this drawing from the charges we make against the works of such a master, except the

face of the Prince, which is full of expression. Of Melissa found in the tent, the design is good, the figure of the "follower of the camp, a charred and wrinkled piece of womanhood," is Michel Angelesque; that of Florian, graceful as he stoops over his grief-stricken sister, and she herself, is beautifully designed, and would be more so still if the artist had adhered to the text with ordinary fidelity; for although it says, "she was wrapped in a soldier's cloak, like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot," the poet certainly did not mean that the lady had nothing else on for garment,—as Mr. Maclise has shown her here, taking the metaphor too literally, for a figure in the questionable taste of the famous "Veiled Vestal." Gravitation is again ignored in the design of the Battle, where the "genial giant," Arac, is shown, flourishing a huge lance, fifteen feet long if an inch, in one hand, in a way, too, that not only no human being but no hero could. The artist is out in costume in this lance, for he has forgotten the vamplate and put a coronel, or blunt tilting point, instead of a sharp head to the weapon. The drawing of this point is so out of perspective as to contradict the idea of its receding from the eye, hence it looks bent and half as long again as it is really meant to be.

The illustration of "Home they brought her warrior dead," is one of the happiest, and might make a charming picture. The Princess tending the Prince on the battle-field is probably best of all. Indeed no other fulfils our idea of the characters, in nobility of look, elegance, or beauty. The Prince lies back in the arms of his father, in a dead swoon; his face grand in the half death, the eyelids down, the mouth composed. The lady kneels beside, deeply compassionate, and parts the hair from his face with a tender hand. The baby lies on the grass behind, and babbles to its mother, who is stealing round the prostrate bodies of the wounded knights, with a cautious anxiety of action that is triumphant proof of the genius of the artist. The spindling King Gama, and the giant Arac, who leans on a tall lance behind, complete a design as excellent and truthfully moving as some of them

we have before described are theatrical and untrue. *O! si sic omnia!*

This book appears in some degree in competition with other illustrated works of a high class, and we should be very unjust to omit notice of the best of them. A new edition of "The Merchant of Venice," published under the superintendence of Mr. Cundall, by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., is admirably illustrated with designs by G. Thomas, Brandling, Foster, and H. Rogers. No artist has yet seized with more perfect success the character of Shylock than Mr. Thomas, in his interview of Shylock and Tubal. The old usurer lays his hand on the shoulder of his fellow with a pathos that is almost humorous, as he relates the escape of his daughter; and their faces, with the heavy lower lips, the drooping eyelids, the ragged frowsy hair, as well as the cringing habit of their limbs, at once false and malevolent, tell the tale of the subject admirably. The architectural views supplied by Mr. Brandling are perfectly full of air, brilliancy, and light. Mr. B. Foster's moonlight scene in the garden is delicious, only needing depth of tone in parts to be perfect.

"The Book of Favourite Ballads," Kent and Co., is a tastefully chosen series of high class poems, illustrated with very unequal powers by J. C. Horsely, A.R.A.; C. W. Cope, R.A. (whose drawings respectively of "Cumnor Hall" and "The May Queen," are, emphatically to speak, discreditable); G. Thomas, wherein he is far behind those in the previously noticed book. Harrison Weir, who is true to his old skill in animal character, with a beautiful drawing of a Redbreast, appended to Allingham's charming verses—"Robin Redbreast" and, last of those we need notice, Samuel Palmer, who contributes a few exquisite landscapes, one to Hood's lines—

"I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky,"

is really worth a journey of twenty miles to see, it is so true to nature, and therefore so poetic in the deep effect of the evening shades, the lofty, black fir-tree heads against the lighted sky, where sinks the radiant

sun behind a hill, breaking the skyline of its crest with his effulgence of rays that lance across it, dazzling the eye, and hiding the distant woods in a mist of light. Nor less charming is one to Beattie's "Hermit," when

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half-extinct, a dim crescent displays."

In a dim sky, with one star, the dying luminary lingers, faintly lighting a long line of night cloud, not dispelling the darkness of the mid distance, but only revealing from point to point, with solemn silver, a mysteriously shaded valley, with buildings and trees, and glimmering ghostlike in a broken shimmer that lends to the foreground a softened track, spiritual, dreamy, and sad.

Messrs. Longmans have published an edition of "The Pilgrims' Progress," illustrated by C. Bennett, on the novel and judicious plan of assimilating the style of the engravings to that of the text, by adoption of a Düreresque manner, the bold, simple style of which is in keeping with the theme. These consist of heads of the characters, some of which reach high art in expressiveness and feeling. A head of "Help," with iron and resolute features, is admirable. Mr. Worldly Wiseman, peering superciliously out of a pair of spectacles is capital, with its fleshy underlip weakly protruding, telling of selfish sensuality. "Interpreter" cleverly suggests a resemblance to Bunyan himself, a little purified from his fat sectarianism of look. "Mistrust" has an eager, listening face and half-open mouth, with an heart-ache in the lips. The three daughters of "Old Adam" are excellent. The panther-like eyes of "Lust of the Flesh," the head like that of a "vain adder," pinched features, and thin mouth of "Lust of the Eyes," both tell well. That of "Discontent" is a ludicrous caricature, and many others are marred by a preposterous drawing of the nose half the length of the face. The Preface, by the Rev. C. Kingsley, speaks patronizingly of the style of Albert Dürer, stating that Mr. Bennett has adopted it in the breadth and decision of line. This is certainly true of Dürer; but he has far more, which neither the critic nor

artist seem to recognise, in finish and deep knowledge of form, the attempt at which is, at least, in every one's power. If we look into the work of the old German it is astonishing how profoundly expressive is every line he has put upon the paper. The breadth

of line, although Mr. Kingsley seems to think to the contrary, has nothing whatever to do with the amount of beauty or truth expressed, both of which may be as well given in a line the twelfth of an inch broad as with a hair-stroke.

VICTOR HUGO—LA LEGENDE DES SIECLES.

TOME II.

WE have already attempted a general criticism of M. Hugo's poetry, illustrated by some specimens from the first volume of his "*Légende des Siècles*." We proceed to the conclusion of our task in reference to the second volume.

That volume contains, we are inclined to think, two pieces, at least, which, in unity of thought and finish of execution, excel every other poem in the present work. But we must confess that the general admiration which every reader cannot but feel at the outset of his journey, is severely tried before its termination. There is a grand chaotic confusion about the picture of the Morning of Creation, which reconciles one to the truly French description of Eve. The remorse of Cain is full of fearful power. But as the landscape of history is unrolled by M. Hugo, the spectator at last becomes wearied, if not shocked and disgusted. "You show me," he says to the illustrious poet, "a pallid and fearful phantasmagoria, rather than the genuine legend of the Progress of Humanity. My flesh creeps: I am sick with horror, and stupefied with the fume of blood. You exhibit to me the City of Rome. I recognise the power of the representation; but I see no other shapes than those of murderers and wantons. With a wave of your magic wand, you raise up Spain and her chivalry. I see the siena and the orange grove. I hear the rustling of the underwood in the savage pass. The stately castle rises before me. The good knight rides mailed through the valley to some deed of high endeavour. But you blast all the scene with your terrible imagination. A band of ruffians sweeps through the country with crowned blackguards at their head.

The land that lies like Eden before them is a howling wilderness behind. A shriek, unutterable, unimaginable, rings out from that nunnery. The villages send up a thick black smoke that blots the radiant lines of the sunset-sky. So is it with every landscape which your genius spreads out. From that Italian palace glide forth two figures: a sweet and sunny child is leaning upon a chivalrous old man. The maidens come and deck the little damsel to do honour to the Emperor whom she is to receive that day. The hall is garlanded with flowers, and glimmers with gold and silver plate. Why must I never think of that child without the associations of perfidy, and blood, and imperial treachery? You show me again the mountains of Switzerland. You make me hear the eagle barking in the air. But it is the same unceasing denunciation of tyranny. The same sombre repetition of mean and brutal deeds. I want something more wholesome. In the work of a great poet, I am entitled to look for delight. As I read your poems, I feel wild and savage indignation. I utter a curse. I clench my fist. I have a tear for Isora of Final; but the sum of my sentiments is not delight—it is unmitigated disgust. History, according to you, is a reeking pool in a slaughter-house. Humanity is summed up in two figures: a gigantic bully, with a golden circlet on his ruffian-brow, cunning, cruel, sensual; and a gigantic sneak, sobbing and whimpering at his feet. Our race, made in the image of God, is divided in two portions: a few drivers, called kings, with strong lashes, and a myriad of donkeys. Is the progress of man nothing better than this? O poet, you make humanity a compound of the strong scroun-

drel, and the weak lick-spittle. You exhibit him at last emancipated from the law of gravitation, and living in balloons somewhere near the stars. I have no great faith in him after all. A donkey will not cease to be a donkey, nor a scoundrel a scoundrel, because he is lifted up higher than Mont Blanc. The ear of a slave may tingle not less from the blow of a kingly fist considerably above the mountains of the moon than in Austria. Your humanity is not humanity. Your progress is not progress. And your legend is very like a lie. You libel history and its God."

And, together with such a failure in general purpose, smaller defects, which are overlooked in one's first delight with extraordinary genius, become more obtrusive. The versification is, no doubt, strong; but, then, it is rugged in its strength. The Alexandrines are like large rocks in some of our northern Irish districts—grey, heavy, and massive—majestic at first sight, but continued, mile after mile, with rather wearisome monotony. A tuft of wax-belled heather, a trail of wild ivy, a clump of primroses, even a yellow stain of crusting lichen, much more a wild holly, a hazel, or a briar, afford a positive relief to the strong, stern, grey stone. The exaggeration of tone throughout becomes more and more annoying. In England, where all educated men are percolated, so to speak, with classical influences, such exaggeration in a poet of M. Hugo's experience and genius would be perfectly impossible. But in France it is mistaken for power. Mr. Tennyson is said to be weak and passionless just because he is so strong and self-restrained. The constant predilection for war and murder we have before noticed. Hideous, bloody shapes holding sceptres shadow every page. There is little repose. Except in *Les Pauvres Gens* there is not much that comes home to us as human—that speaks of those ordinary virtues which beautify the life of man. If a paragon of chivalry is introduced, it is probably to be betrayed and murdered by an emperor. If a banquet is spread on the dais, it is that one may see red fingers grasping the bowl, and feel a heavy reek of death mingling with the festal odours. The melodramatic turn of the playwright and novelist is too often substituted for

the gentler development of the poet. It appears, too, as if M. Hugo possessed, on the whole, rather a fancy which exaggerates tremendously than an imagination of the highest order, in the truest sense of the word. Thus of the steamer in "Pleine Mer"—

"Du dôme de Saint Paul son mât passait le faite."

How poor is this compared with Milton's description of the state of Satan! Milton's comparison tends to the Infinite; M. Hugo's is simply a thumping lie of the Kentucky stamp. And with the exaggerating he also sometimes exhibits the diminishing effects of mere fancy. We will not have the *dura ilia* to object to—

"Arcturus, oiseau d'or, scintille dans son nid"—

It is so exquisitely pretty. But what shall we say to—

"—La lueur lactée,
La fourmière des abîmes!"

It is rather a fancy, naturally affluent, swelled out by the physiological effects of a supper upon under-done pork cutlets, than an imagination inspired by its native grandeur. The greatness of the shapes in the primeval world in *Eve* is not without poetic grandeur; but what shall we say of the "Trump of Judgment," with which the second volume closes? Judæa, Archia, Spain, Turkey, Italy, are traversed. Two perpetual shadows haunt them—wickedness and justice; but wickedness much vaster and more developed than justice;—wickedness how outrageous—justice, when done, how outrageous also! It is the justice of a popular tract, in which the Sabbath-breaker is always drowned, and the swearer always drops down dead. Thus the wicked Ratbert's head is chopped off by an invisible arm, and a sword is said to have been seen drawn through a cloud to wipe away its stain. A critic of the first rank in France may well complain of M. Hugo's rapid transformations of moral facts into phantasmagoric terms.

We must close our list of complaints against M. Hugo by noticing one peculiarity of his style, which to an English ear at least is most unpleasant. This is the iteration of favourite words. The words *sombre*, *ombre*, *haillon*, *hydre*, *sinistre*, and several others catch the eye on every page.

This ungracious portion of our task need not lead to the supposition that our appreciation of M. Hugo's genius has, in any degree, diminished upon a more detailed study of the "Legend of the Ages." In proportion to one's appreciation of those wonderful powers must be his irritation at so often finding them distorted and disfigured by simple caprice and affectation.

Once or twice, however, M. Hugo is worthy of himself. Charmed by his genius, and bound by the spell which he weaves, we surrender ourselves to a great master. In contemplating his work we feel dwarfed in our own eyes, and ashamed to criticise. We stand, as a tyro in painting would stand before a Claude or a Rubens—not to judge, but to study and to learn.

The Pantheistic raptures of "Le Satyre" are beyond our appreciation, and we confess beyond our understanding. "Ratbert" is, we believe, considered, in France, the gem of the whole; and truly that picture of the child Isora, and her knightly grand-sire, in their castle—evening by evening coming forth from the chapel, under corridors and pillars peopled with angels mingled with knights, of which the warriors seem to salute the old man, and the spirits the child—is beautiful exceedingly. Pitiful, too,—most pitiful,—trembling with tears, and darkened with shadows of death, that passage where the brave and unsuspecting soldier looks with love and pride upon the *toilette* of his little darling, preparing to receive the emperor, who murders her, and holds hideous revel in the castle-hall which had been decked to receive him. Yet the horror and atrocity are too much for English tastes. But to our thought "*La Rose de L'Enfante*" is the most admirable thing in these volumes. The character of Philip, that stern and dangerous monarch, is drawn in a few lines of marvellous power. His slow and cautious nature, veiling its hatred for so many years, and now, at last, sending forth the great Armada, is painted and embodied rather than described. The conception which links and yet contrasts the father and the child; the strokes which bring out the Infanta's beauty and haughtiness; above all, the poetic art which unites the child's

rose with the father's fleet, and the stern moral grouping together the leaves scattered on the pond, and the ships driven on the shores of Scotland and Ireland, are nothing short of marvellous. The piece is not like one of those cathedral windows, its panes cramped together with heavy lines of lead, to which M. Emile Montégut compares Victor Hugo's poetic workmanship: it is cast at a single jet, without speck or flaw. We have attempted to render a considerable portion of it into verse; but we are sensible how much our English heroics want the *verve* and vigour of the splendid original.

"She is so little—in her hand a rose:
A stern duenna watches where she goes.
What sees she? Ah, she knows not—the
clear shine
Of waters shadow'd by the birch and pine.
What lies before? A swan with silver wing,
The wave that murmurs to the branch's swing,
Or the deep garden flowering below?
Fair as an angel frozen into snow,
The child looks on, and hardly seems to know.

"As in a depth of glory far away,
Down the green park, a lofty palace lay,
There, drank the deer from many a crystal
pond,
And the starr'd peacock gemm'd the shade
beyond.
Around that child all nature shone more
bright;
Her innocence was as an added light.
Rubies and diamonds strew'd the grass she
trode,
And jets of sapphire from the dolphins
flow'd.

"Still at the water's side she holds her place,
Her bodice slight is set with Genoa lace;
O'er her rich robe, through every satin fold,
Wanders an arabesque in threads of gold.
From its green urn the rose unfolding grand
Weighs down the exquisite smallness of her
hand.

And when the child bends to the red leaf's tip,
Her laughing nostril, and her carmine lip,
The royal flower purpleal, kissing there,
Hides more than half that young face bright
and fair,

So that the eye deceived can scarcely speak
Where shows the rose, or where the rose-red
cheek.

Her eyes look bluer from their dark brow
frame:

Sweet eyes, sweet form, and Mary's sweeter
name.

All joy, enchantment, perfume, waits she there,
Heaven in her glance, her very name a prayer.

"Yet 'neath the sky, and before life and fate,
Poor child she feels herself so vaguely great.
With stately grace she gives her presence high
To dawn, to spring, to shadows fitting by,
To the dark sunset glories of the Heaven,
And all the wild magnificence of even;

On nature waits, eternal and serene,
With all the graveness of a little queen.
She never sees a man but on his knee,
She Dacheess of Brabant one day will be,
Or rule Sardinia, or the Flemish crowd :
She is the Infanta, five years old, and proud.

"Thus is it with king's children, for they wear
A shadowy circlet on their forehead fair ;
Their tottering steps are towards a kingly
chair.

Calmly she waits, and breathes her gathered
flower

Till one shall cull for her imperial power.
Already her eye saith, 'It is my right ;'
Even love flows from her, mingled with
affright.

If some one seeing her, so fragile stand,
Were it to save her, should put forth his hand,
Ere he had made a step, or breath'd a vow,
The scaffold's shadow were upon his brow.

"While the child laughs, beyond the bastion
thick

Of that vast palace, Roman Catholic,
Whose every turret, like a mitre, shows,
Behind the lattice something fearful goes.
Men shake to see a shadow from beneath
Passing from pane, to pane, like vapoury
wreath,

Pale, black, and still, it glides from room to
room,

Or stands a whole day, motionless in its
gloom,

In the same spot, like ghost upon a tomb,
Or glues its dark brow to the casement wan,
Dim shade that lengthens as the night draws on.
Its step funereal lingers like the swing
Of passing bell—'tis death, or else the king.

" 'Tis he, the man, by whom men live and die ;
But could one look beyond that phantom eye,
As by the wall he leans a little space,
And see what shadows fill his soul's dark
place.

Not the fair child, the waters clear, the flowers
Golden with sunset—not the birds, the
bowers—

No ; 'neath that eye, those fatal brows that
keep

The fathomless brain, like ocean, dark and deep.
There, as in moving mirage, should one find
A fleet of ships that go before the wind :

On the foam'd wave, and 'neath the starlight
pale,

The strain and rattle of a fleet in sail,
And through the fog an isle on her white
rock

Hearkening from far the thunder's coming
shock.

"Still by the water's edge doth silent stand
The Infanta, with the rose flower in her hand,
Caresses it with eyes as blue as heaven ;
Sudden a breeze, such breeze as panting even
From her full heart flings out to field and
brake,

Ruffles the waters, bids the rushes shake,
And makes through all their green recesses
swell

The massive myrtle and the asphodel.
To the fair child it comes, and tears away
On its strong wing the rose flower from the
spray.

On the wild waters casts it bruis'd and torn,
And the Infanta only holds a thorn.
Frighten'd, perplex'd, she follows with her
eyes

Into the basin where her ruin lies,
Looks up to heaven, and questions of the
breeze

That had not fear'd her highness to displease ;
But all the pond is changed, anon so clear,
Now black it swells, as though with rage and
fear ;

A mimic sea its small waves rise and fall,
And the poor rose is broken by them all.
Its hundred leaves toss'd wildly round and
round

Beneath a thousand waves are whelm'd and
drown'd ;

It was a foundering fleet you might have said ;
And the duenna with her face of shade,—
'Madam,' for she had mark'd her ruff'd
mind,

'All things belong to princes—but the
wind.'

Another piece which we cannot re-
sist the pleasure of citing, is "*Les
Pauvres Gens.*" We heartily wish
that M. Hugo may be tempted to give
us more of this gentle and wholesome
vein in the volumes which he promises.

THE POOR.

'Tis night—within the close shut cabin door,
The room is wrapp'd in gloom, save where
there fall

Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest
A few white dishes glimmer ; through the
shade

Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dress'd,
And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on that long low mattress lie—
A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams ;
In the high chimney the last embers die,
And redden the dark roof with crimson
gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and pale with
fear,

She prays alone, hearing the billows shout :
While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight
drear,

The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Poor wives of fishers ! Ah 'tis sad to say,
Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,
Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves
away,
Those ravening wolves that know nor ruth,
nor rest.

Think how they sport with those beloved
forms ;

And how the clarion-blowing wind unties
Above their heads the tresses of the storms :
Perchance even now the child, the husband
dies.

For we can never tell where they may be
Who, to make head against the tide and gale,
Between them and the starless, soundless sea
Have but one bit of plank, with one poor sail.

Terrible fear! We seek the pebbly shore,
Cry to the rising billows, "Bring them home."
Alas! what answer gives their troubled roar,
To the dark thought that haunts us as we roam.

Janet is sad: her husband is alone,
Wrapp'd in the black shroud of this bitter
night:
His children are so little, there is none
To give him aid. "Were they but old they
might."
Ah, mother, when they too are on the main,
How wilt thou weep: "Would they were
young again."

She takes her lantern—'tis his hour at last:
She will go forth, and see if the day breaks,
And if his signal-fire be at the mast;
Ah, no—not yet—no breath of morning wakes.

No line of light o'er the dark waters lies;
It rains, it rains, how black is rain at morn:
The day comes trembling, and the young dawn
cries—
Cries like a baby fearing to be born.

Sudden her human eyes that peer and watch
Through the deep shade, a mouldering dwell-
ing find,
No light within—the thin door shakes—the
thatch
O'er the green walls is twisted of the wind,

Yellow, and dirty, as a swollen rill.
"Ah, me," she saith, "Here doth that widow
dwell;
Few days ago my good man left her ill:
I will go in, and see if all be well."

She strikes the door, she listens, none replies,
And Janet shudders. "Husbandless, alone,
And with two children—they have scant sup-
plies,
Good neighbour! She sleeps heavy as a stone."

She calls again, she knocks, 'tis silence still;
No sound, no answer—suddenly the door,
As if the senseless creature felt some thrill
Of pity, turn'd—and open lay before.

She enter'd, and her lantern lighted all
The house so silent; by the rude waves din.
Through the thin roof the plashing rain-drops
fall.
But something terrible is couched within.

Half-cloth'd, dark-featured, motionless lay she,
The once strong mother, now devoid of life;
Dishevelled spectre of dead misery,
All that the poor leaves after his long strife.

The cold and livid arm already stiff,
Hung o'er the soak'd straw of her wretched
bed.
The mouth lay open horribly, as if
The parting soul with a great cry had fled.

That cry of death that startles the dim ear
Of vast eternity. And all the while,
Two little children in one cradle near,
Slept face to face, on each sweet face a smile.

The dying mother o'er them, as they lay,
Had cast her gown, and wrapp'd her mantle's
fold,
Feeling chill death creep up, she will'd that
they
Should yet be warm while she was lying cold.

Rocked by their own weight, sweetly sleep the
twain,
With even breath, and foreheads calm and
clear;
So sound that the last trump might call in vain,
For being innocent they have no fear.

Still howls the wind, and ever a drop slides
Through the old rafters, where the thatch is
weak,
On the dead woman's face it falls, and glides
Like living tears along her hollow cheek.

And the dull wave sounds ever like a bell,
The dead lies still, and listens to the strain;
For when the radiant spirit leaves its shell,
The poor corpse seems to call it back again.

It seeks the soul through the air's dim expanse,
And the pale lip saith to the sunken eye,
Where is the beauty of thy kindling glance?
And where thy balmy breath? It makes reply:

Alas! live, love, find primroses in spring,
Fate hath one end for festival and tear;
Bid your hearts vibrate, let your glasses ring;
But as dark ocean drinks each streamlet clear.

So, for the kisses that delight the flesh,
For mother's worship, and for children's bloom,
For song, for smile, for love, so fair and fresh,
For laugh, for dance, there is one goal—the
tomb.

And why does Janet pass so fast away?
What hath she done within that house of dread?
What foldeth she beneath her mantle grey?
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed:
With half-averted face, and nervous tread,
What hath she stolen from the awful dead?

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge
As she sat pensive. Touching broken chords
Of half remorseful thought, while the hoarse
surge
Howl'd a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah, my poor husband! we had five before,
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise? His step! Ah no, the
wind.

"That I should be afraid of him I love!
I have done ill. If he should beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not the door
move?
Not yet, poor man." She sits with careful brow
Wrapp'd in her inward grief; nor hears the
roar
Of winds and waves that dash against his prow,
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noisily in, the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher dragging his damp nets,
Stands on the threshold, with a joyous cheer.

"'Tis thou," she cries, and eager as a lover,
Leaps up and holds her husband to her breast;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover;
"'Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face ex-
prest

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light;
"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your
fishing?" "Bad.

The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night;
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew,
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,
And once I thought the bark was broken too;
What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I;
O nought, I saw'd, I watched, I was afraid,
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky,
But it is over." Shyly then, she said—

"Our neighbour died last night, it must have
been
When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So small, so frail, William and Madeline;
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man look'd grave, and in the corner cast
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,
Mutter'd awhile, and scratch'd his head,—at
last;

"We have five children, this makes seven,"
said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep
Sometimes without our supper. Now. Ah
well—

'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep;
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

"Why did He take the mother from those
scraps,
No bigger than my fist? 'Tis hard to read;
A learned man might understand perhaps—
So little, they can neither work nor need.

"Go fetch them, wife, they will be frightened
sore,
If with the dead alone they waken thus.
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

"Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they will learn to climb my knee at even;
When He shall see these strangers in our
bowers,
More fish, more food, will give the God of
Heaven.

"I will work harder; I will drink no wine—
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger,
dear?

Not thus were wont to move those feet of
thine."

She drew the curtain, saying, "They are here."

Le Régiment du Baron Madruce con-
tains some superb invectives against
those Swiss mercenaries who sold
themselves to do the work of tyrants.
The pictures of Alpine scenery inter-
woven with the declamation are very
noble:—

"When the regiment of the Halberdiers is
proudly marching by,

The eagle of the mountains screams from out
his stormy sky;

Who speaketh to the precipice, and to the
chasm sheer;

Who hovers o'er the thrones of kings, and
bids the caitiffs fear.

King of the peak and glacier; king of the
cold, white scalps—

He lifts his head, at that close tread, the eagle
of the Alps.

O, shame! those men that march below. O,
ignominy dire;

Are the sons of my free mountains sold for
imperial hire.

Ah, the vilest in the dungeon!—ah, the slave
upon the seas—

Is great, is pure, is glorious, is grand compared
with these,

Who, born amid my holy rocks, in solemn
places high,

Where the tall pines bend like rushes when
the storm goes sweeping by;

Yet give the strength of foot they learn'd by
perilous path and flood,

And from their blue-eyed mothers won, the
old, mysterious blood;

The daring that the good south wind into
their nostrils blew,

And the proud swelling of the heart with each
pure breath they drew;

The graces of the mountain glens, with flowers
in summer gay;

And all the glory of the hills, to earn a lackey's
pay.

Their country free and joyous—she of the
rugged sides—

She of the rough peaks arrogant, whereon
the tempest rides:

Mother of the unconquer'd thought and of the
savage form,

Who brings out of her sturdy heart the hero
and the storm;

Who giveth freedom unto man and life unto
the beast;

Who hears her silver torrents ring like joy-
bells at a feast;

Who hath her caves for palaces, and where
her chalets stand—

The proud, old archer of Altorf, with his good
bow in his hand.

Is she to suckle jailers? shall shame and glory
rest,

Amid her lakes and mountains, like twins
upon her breast?

Shall the two-headed eagle, marked with her
double blow,

Drink of her milk through all those hearts
whose blood he bids to flow?

Say was it pomp ye needed, and all the proud
array

Of courtly joust and high parade upon a gala
day?

Look up; have not my valleys their torrents
white with foam—
Their lines of silver bullion on the blue hills
of home?
Doth not sweet May embroider my rocks with
pearls and flowers?
Her fingers trace a richer lace than yours in
all my bowers.
Are not my old peaks gilded when the sun
rises proud,
And each one shakes a white mist plume out
of the thunder-cloud?
O, neighbours of the golden sky—sons of the
mountain sod—
Why wear a base king's colours for the livery
of God?

O, shame! despair! to see my Alps their giant
shadows fling
Into the very waiting-room of tyrant and of
king!
O, thou deep heaven, unsullied yet, into thy
gulfs sublime—
Up azure tracks of flaming light—let my free
pinion climb;
Till from my sight, in that clear light, earth
and her crimes be gone—
The men who act the evil deeds—the caitiffs
who look on.
Far, far into that space immense, beyond the
vast white veil,
Where distant stars come out and shine, and
the great sun grows pale."

M. Hugo's critics in France consider that he possesses one faculty in a pre-eminent degree—the faculty of Homer and of Milton—which enables them to select those names of persons and of places that, by some subtle affinity, are most proper for poetry, and to invest them with brief but expressive predicates, full of picturesque or historical meaning. We quote some lines in French that this praise may be fairly tested:—

"L'exarque Sapaudus que le saint siège envoie
Sénèque Marquis d'Ast, Bos Comte de Savoie
Le Tyran de Nassau, le sombre Albert Cibo
Que le marbre aujourd'hui fait blanc sur son
tombeau.

Ranuce Corporal de la ville d'Anduze
Foulque ayant pour cimier la tête de Meduse
Marc ayant pour devise Imperium fit jus.
Entourent Afranus Evêque de Fréjus
La sont Farnèse, Ursin, Cosme à l'âme avilie
Puis les quatres Marquis souverains d'Italie.
L'Archeveque d'Urbain, Jean Bâtard de Rodez
Abruze de Silva, ce Duc dont les cadets
Sont rois ayant conquis l'Algarve Portugaise
Et Visconti seigneur de Milan, et Borghèse
Et l'homme entre tous faux, glissant, habile,
ingrat

Avellan Duc de Tyr, et Sieur de Montferrat.
Près d'eux Prendiparte Capitaine de Sienné
Pic fils d'un astrologue et d'une Egyptienne
Alde Aldobrandini Guiscard Sieur de Beaujeu
Et la gonfalonier du saint-siège, et de Dieu.
Gandolfe à qui plus tard le Pape Urbain fit
faire

Une statue equestre en l'église Saint Pierre

Complimentant Martin de la Scala le roi
De Vérone, et le roi de Tarente Geoffroy
A quelques pas se tient Falco Comte d'Athènes
Fils du vieux Muzzufer le rude Capitaine.
Dont les clairons semblaient des bouches
d'Aquilon
De plus deux petits rois, Agrippin et Gilon."

We cannot conclude without again giving expression to the same sentiment with which we closed the first volume. The poet of Humanity *must* fail who kneels not at the feet of Christ. Who does not feel that this work is truncated and extravagant—a splendid dream of inspired madness rather than an earnest effort of true moral and intellectual greatness. This Legend of History closes with a glimpse into the future. The "Twentieth Century" is its fourteenth section. It is taken up with "Pleine Mer," and "Pleine Ciel." Then comes an *extravaganza*, "Hors des Temps. La Trompette du Jugement." The nations, after all their battles and turmoil, at last find repose. How does the reader suppose? Why, by being emancipated *from the law of gravitation!*

"Défaite brusquement par l'invisible main,
La pesanteur, liée au pied du genre humain,
Se brisa, cette chaîne était toutes les chaînes!
Tout s'envola dans l'homme les fureurs, les
haines,
L'ignorance et l'erreur, la misère et la faim,
Le droit divin des rois, les faux dieux Juifs ou
guèbres."

And again—

"Hors de la pesanteur, c'est l'avenir fondé."

Taking advantage, we suspect, of Madame de Stael's fine saying, that "there is a point at which the genius of Newton and that of Homer meet," the poet observes of this ballooning of the twentieth century in its intellectual results,

"On voit s'envoler le calcul de Newton,
Monté sur l'ode de Pindare."

As to its spiritual effect—

"Il mêle presque à Dieu l'âme du genre humain."

We do not know whether any of this strange rhapsody is derived from those mentioned by Cicero in his Tusculan Questions, who held that the soul, disengaged from the body by death, must rise to the higher regions of the air on account of its extreme tenuity. The rarity and pureness of its nature, these dreamers maintained,

must cause it to soar above the grosser atmosphere of the earth, until it comes to a height where it finds the density and temperature congenial to itself. M. Hugo tells us that our race in this aeronaut condition will be emancipated from hunger. These philosophers added, that the soul, in its elevated position, will want nothing, "being nourished and sustained by the same things wherewith the stars are nourished and sustained." Had the muse of this great poet been baptized in Christianity it would have exchanged its wild and puerile affectations for eternal truths. For perpetual murders and battles we should have had themes more consonant with the heart of man. St. Bernard and St. Louis would have filled the place occupied by Ratbert and his favourite prelate. The Past would have had less terror; the Future, how much more hope! Standing on the altars of Calvary, in the Personal victim expiring on the Cross, the poet would have seen at once the exhibition of perfect virtue, and the Reconciliation, which is the hope of our fallen race. Taught by the first, he would have known and recognised the genuine aspect of moral beauty from its likeness to that archetype. Bowed down in gratitude before the second, his anticipations of the recovery and glory of our humanity—crowned, emancipated, and "enskied"—would

have had a more solid basis than this vision of impossible balloons. For a vague philosophy of the Absolute and Infinite, for a God—if God he can be called—who is a dreadful Immensity, we should have had one, who indeed

"Full of himself, Almighty sate, his own
Palace, and without solitude alone"—

yet leans down His ear to all His children's prayers, and manifests to them His eternal love by the sacrifice of His Son. He would have gained, we venture to think, in power over the heart of man, and in poetical beauty, not less than in truth. Would that from this land of an open Bible these words of a poet no less illustrious than himself might reach M. Hugo:—"It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence on the confused dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of God, there is none that he so universally and so long usurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands and to restore it to the Kingdom of God, who is the Father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the waters of Damascus."*

* Cowley.

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. XII.

NO WIGS.

THE Senator having expressed a wish to see the several law courts which are now sitting, we spent the morning in visiting them. He was more anxious, he said, to observe their arrangements and general appearance, the demeanour of the judges, lawyers, and officials, and the mode in which they discharged their respective duties, than to study the practical working of the machinery, for with that he was sufficiently familiar. He appeared to be much struck with the small dimensions of the apartments in which the courts were held ; with the limited accommodation afforded to the public ; the number of the lawyers in attendance when compared to the audience ; and the little interest the proceedings seemed to excite among the people at large. Nothing, however, appeared to surprise him so much as the concise and lucid manner in which points of law were argued.

"Ah," he said, "I see your lawyers *do* give the court credit for knowing something ; I wish ours would imitate their example. I do not mean to say that the bar in the United States undervalues the legal attainments of the judges, for that would be doing injustice to the common sense of the one, and the great learning and ability of the other ; but their arguments assume the form of dissertations. They begin at the beginning with fundamental principles that everybody knows and can dispense with hearing, and then trace the law, through all its branches, down to the point at issue, where they ought to have commenced. It is a very tedious and wearisome practice, and much to be lamented. But it is partly the fault of the judges, in not having the moral courage to check it, and partly of the clients, who never think their advocates do them justice, unless they exhaust the subject. A pressure of business and a long arrear of causes will ultimately convince the former that patience has its limits, which, when exceeded, it ceases to be a virtue ; and the latter, that long speeches are expensive superfluities that can

easily be dispensed with. Lawyers are also much to blame themselves, in being too pertinacious. I observe that when a judge here interferes in an argument, and expresses a decided opinion, counsel at once bow to his decision, and cease to press him farther.

"There is more state and ceremony observed here than with us, though not more order and decorum. We have different modes of manifesting our respect for the administration of justice. Our people testify it by erecting suitable buildings for the courts ; you, by robing your judges and lawyers. We might, perhaps, receive mutual advantage by uniting the practice of both countries."

"Well, I don't think so," said Peabody. "I call all that sort of thing tomfoolery. What is the airtly use of those nasty wigs, that are nothin' but a compound of grease and horse-hair ? Do you think there is any wisdom hid away in those curls that a judge can fetch out by scratching, as an Irishman does an evasive answer out of his shaggy, oncombed head ? They look like Chicktaw Indians in council, sittin' with their hair powdered with cotton fluff. It's a wonder to me they haven't pipes in their mouths to make them look more solemncholy. It can't be possible that they want to resemble venerable, old, grey-headed men, for *they* are bald in a general way, and their hair is like the rim of a dish—all round the edge. What awful things those wigs must be in hot weather ; why, the pomatum must run, like tallow from new-made candles, and hang about their cheeks, like the glass icicles of a chandelier ! How a wise man can put his head into a thing that's fit only for a door-mat, and wear it in public, passes my understanding !

"It puts me in mind of my brother Peter, when he went to Canton as United States Consul. He was major of a regiment of volunteers at home, and he had a most a splendid suit of regimentals, all covered over with

gold lace, and sot off with an immense pair of epaulettes, each as big as a ship's swob. When he arrived at Canton, he thought he'd astonish the natives by wearing it as an official dress. Well, whenever he strutted about the streets in this rig, John Chinaman used to laugh, ready to split his sides, and call out, '*too much foolo—too much goldo*;' and he went by the nick-name ever after of 'too much foolo.' Now, that's just the case with them ere judges—there is 'too much wigo and too much foolo.' And, as for the lawyers, their noddles look, for all the world, like ram's heads. I have heard tell of wolves in sheep's clothing afore now, but I never knew what it meant till to-day. If them horse-hair hoods is out of place for judges, who are called Big Wigs, they are wus for lawyers; for, what's the use of making a joker look solemn, unless it's to take people by surprise, set 'em a haw-hawing right out, and then get 'em fined for contempt of court? A lawyer is chock-full of fun, like a clown at a circus; it fairly biles up and runs over; and when he cocks his eye and looks comical, you can't help laughing—no how you can fix it. He can make a witness say any thing he likes; he can put words into his mouth or draw 'em out just as he pleases; and keep the whole court in a roar. I never see one on 'em at that game, that I don't think of what I saw Signor Blitz, the great conjuror, do at Boston. He was a showing off his tricks one night at the Necromantic Hall, when he seed a countryman starin' at him with all his eyes and mouth, both of which was wide open. So he stopped short in the midst of his pranks and made a face at him, exactly like his, that set every one off into hystrikes a'most, it was so droll. When they had done laughing, he invited the feller to come upon the stage, and told him he'd teach him how the tricks was done. So up goes young Ploughshare, as innocent as you please. When he got him on the boards, he patted him on the back with one hand and put the other to his mouth, and, sais he, 'You had potatoes for dinner to-day.' 'Yes, I had,' said the goney. 'What makes you swaller them whole?' said Blitz, and he pulled ever so many potatoes out of his mouth and threw them on

the floor. At last he picked one up, with a sprout on it six inches long. 'Why, my good friend,' said he, 'looker here; they have begun to grow already. Do, for goodness' sake, chew your food; and, instead of swallowing it *holus bolus*, use your knife and fork to cut up your vittles,' and he pulled *them* out of his mouth, too. Then he began to punch away at his stomach till he nearly doubled him up. 'Hallo,' sais Ploughshare, 'what, in natur, is all that for?' 'Nothin,' sais Blitz; 'I am only trying to break the dinner plates, for fear I should cut your throat in bringin' of them up.' The feller thought he was in the hands of the Devil, and he turned and took a flying leap clear over the orchestra into the pit, and nearly broke his unquestionable ugly neck. The shouting that followed beat election cheers all to chips, I tell you. Now, lawyers can bring any answer out of a witness's mouth as easy as Blitz fetched potatoes, and knives, and forks out of that countryman's, and set folks a-roarin' as loud, too; for, in a general way, it don't take much to make a crowd laugh—*mobs like rotten eggs better nor sound ones.*

"What's the use of puttin' wigs on lawyers, when all the horse-hair of a dragoon regiment, and all the grease of all the bears in the world would never make 'em look like sedate men. Why, they are as full of tricks as Blitz, have just as much sleight of hand, and are quite as much in league with the Devil as he or any other conjuror ever was. It don't convene to common sense, that's a fact. And then if the judges must put on them outlandish wigs, what in the world is the reason they keep on their red dressing gowns? Have they any clothes under them, or do they wear them to hide the naked truth? As for them white bands under their chins, as they represent beards, why don't they wear real or artificial ones? They would look a sight better, and more nateral too. Them sort of things do well enough in a play-house, but it kinder strikes me, it's out of place in a court of justice. If it's to awe common folks, and frighten them out of their seven senses, why there's better ways of doin' it by a long chalk. I should like to tell them a story—that is, what they call a 'case in point,' or

garments aside for ever—in short, until the events in which he had been concerned, or on which he commented, have been finally bequeathed to history by the testaments of those who had been the actors in them, it is, as a general rule, unwise as regards his own fame, and cruel as regards others, to withdraw a veil which the very fact of the privacy of the communications proves the writer never would have himself removed as long as there were friends or enemies in existence to take a personal interest in the matter. This objection stays the hand of many an editor. On the other hand, there are few literary executors of deceased celebrities who feel themselves called upon to transmit the materials at their disposal to a generation in whose hands they will have become fossil specimens of an unknown period; the majority of well-judging conservators of such property confine themselves to the task of watching for the first opportunity on which they can decently permit the defunct owner to speak for himself. And there can be no doubt, for recent examples prove it, that in their eagerness, some administrators to effects of the nature we allude to, have evinced but small regard for the sensitiveness of those surviving individuals, or of those surviving friends of individuals, who are brought, against their will, and without the power of resistance, before the world. There is strong temptation to be premature. What is fresh is racy; what is personally felt will induce remark and discussion; what is remarked and discussed will command public attention. Exactly in proportion as the sting is removed, the interest is lessened. More credit, therefore, to the self-restraining discretion which has withheld the memoirs before us from publicity as long as there was a chance of any thing they contained wounding the most morbid sensibility of any living person.

The era which Malone's biography illustrates may be appropriately termed the transition one, when the Johnsonian style of thought, diction, and life was lapsing into that of the present century. In the earlier part of the critic's career he was the associate of the group who stand before us in the life-like colouring of Bos-

well's portraiture. In the latter years of his life we find those come about him who figured upon a stage to which the dim recollections of some of the older members of existing society can stretch.

In tone of thought, in literary predilections, in views of life, in habits and manners, Malone undoubtedly belonged to the earlier period. He was Johnsonian, when the world was beginning to enter upon the era of Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott. His coat retained the cut, and his hair the powder, of the eighteenth century, down to the conclusion of the Peninsular war. And whereas there were spirits, during the remoter stages of his social march, which forestalled the supervening mental crisis, as prophetic intellects were found to foretell the political convulsions out of which the present of Europe has been projected, he presented in himself a tolerably conspicuous instance of the man of letters who could afford to remain behind his day, and content himself with bringing up the rear, as it were, in the intellectual procession out of one century into another. Thus he and a few others of a similar stamp in politics, letters, and religion, kept the change in England from exhibiting the abruptness of a paroxysm, as it did elsewhere. Such men reach back their hands to those behind them, while others are stretching forward theirs to what is before, and keep the chain unbroken along which the minds of men slide, as it were, from one level of conventional development to another. It is not necessary that these should be great men—indeed, it seldom happens that they are. But, in however secondary a rank they may be classed, they serve the purpose of connecting leading minds and leading men together equally well, and at last are suffered to assume the place, in a new era, of celebrities which belonged to an older one, occupying, in their representative capacity, a position to which personally they could scarcely lay valid claim.

And thus it has happened in the instance before us. For a certain number of years at the commencement of the present century, Edmond Malone survived, with a few others, like the spirit of the Johnsonian epoch. At his table, still furnished with the old-fashioned dainties, gastronomic and

intellectual, that had tickled the fastidious palates of defunct celebrities, Windham, the younger Boswell, John Kemble, Courtenay, Canning, recognised in their host the embodiment of the mighty past, and dreamed—or drank—themselves back amidst the carousals of the “Literary Club;” while at the very same time the entertainer, thus glorified in his representative capacity, was in the flesh maintaining a correspondence with Gifford, Dr. Barrett (our “*Jackey*”), and other mere mortals of the less mythological period with which elderly men can at this day tax their memories.

We hold it, therefore, to have been a judicious thing of Sir James Prior to have undertaken the biography of this half-ancient, half-modern, half-classic, half-contemporary man of letters; and to have illustrated in him a period which had scarcely been kept in sufficiently full a light previously. To us, of course, it must be a special recommendation that his hero was an Irishman; though if any countryman of ours has deserved to be classed as broadly British, and could lay claim to stand clear of a distinctive nationality, having merged minor characteristics in imperial tastes, habits, and sympathies, it is surely Malone. Among the celebrities of another era we find him linking himself with Shakspeare,—out of the eminent men of his day he chose for his associates the thoroughly English Johnson, as well as the thoroughly Scottish Boswell, and the thoroughly Irish Goldsmith;—and owned as much sympathy with the native genius of a Garrick and a Reynolds, as with the lofty talents of his own countrymen, Burke and Lord Charlemont. Perhaps, indeed, he might more properly be termed a Londoner than an Englishman. The metropolis was to him the world. People lived, for him, while they remained within reach of Foley place; they died, to his grief and sorrow, when they went to their homes, if those homes were beyond the sound of Bow-bells;—to be restored, however, to their old vitality, should they once more appear on the horizon of London life. Artificial were the man's ways, tastes, habits, thoughts, style, every thing but his heart. That was natural, and imbued with all an Irishman's honesty and warmth.

Edmond Malone, so well known as

the commentator on Shakspeare, was born in Dublin, in the year 1741. He was sent to a school in that city kept by Dr. Ford, where he reckoned amongst his schoolfellows his brother Richard (afterwards Lord Sunderlin), Lord Lansdowne, Lord Sheffield, and Captain Jephson. At this school plays were performed by the boys, and it is very naturally believed that to these performances was due, in the case of Malone as well as in that of at least one other of the youthful *corps*, that taste for theatrical literature which a future time so thoroughly developed. Malone's habits, however, were those of a steady reader. He was, to use the words of Sir James Prior, “a remorseless inquirer.” His family seemed to consider him endowed with such qualities as cut him out by nature for the bench. His grandfather, his father, and his uncle, had all attained celebrity at the bar, and it was reasonably expected that qualities such as he thus early displayed might, in such a family, be considered the earnest of a tolerably sure and speedy success in that profession. Accordingly, in 1763 he was entered of the Inner Temple, and commenced what were conventionally called legal studies; confined in too many instances to the consumption of a certain amount of provisions in one or other of the Inns of Court. But he seems to have early found, as others had done before him, that the “Grecian” in the Strand presented superior attractions even to the Inner Temple Hall; and became before very long so perfectly satisfied as to the justice of his choice, that he did not scruple to sound the praises of the coffee-house in question in the ears of his own father.

At the age of about twenty-five Malone formed the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson. The Shakspearean rage naturally drew them together. We learn from a letter addressed to the former by Mr. Chetwood, a friend of his, that he failed, with all his acuteness, to discover under the external semblance of indolence with which “the great lexicographer” was cloaked, that indefatigable and indomitable energy of application which had produced one of the greatest marvels of individual industry the world had ever seen. Johnson he considered a lazy man. He spoke of him as such. Nobody who under-

as they say in lawyer's slang, that goes on *all fours* with it. There was a squatter in Tennessee, when I was on a visit to my uncle Reuben, who was a perfect outlaw of a fellow, and a terror to the whole *vi-cinity*. He had always lived on the borders of civilization, and hung on its skirts, as a burr does to a horse's tail. He was on the rear, where he could not be seen, nor rubbed off, nor pulled off, nor kicked off. He was a trapper that robbed traps instead of setting of them himself, a dealer in horses he neether raised nor bought, and always went armed with loaded dice, marked cards, and a capital rifle. He was an ugly customer, I tell you. He could outrun, outride, outswim, outshoot, and outlie any white man or Indian in all Tennessee; he could out-Herod Herod if he'd a been there. He used to say he was the only gentleman in the country, for he was the only man that never worked. Though he didn't raise none, he had a large stock that he taught to forage for themselves. He used to turn his cattle arter night into other folk's meadow lands to eat up their grass, and his pigs into their fenced patches, to yaffle up their potatoes, until they larned the way to go right in of their own accord and help themselves; and if the neighbours went to him and talked of law, he'd point to his rifle, and threaten to sarve them with notice to quit, till they were skeered out of their lives a'most. Well, one poor fellow, who had his crops destroyed time and again, and could get no satisfaction, and was tired out watchin' night arter night, chasing the hogs out of his diggins, thought he'd set a bear on 'em. So what does he do but catch the longest-legged pig in the herd and sew him up in the skin of a bear, coverin' him all over, head, body, and legs with it, and then, towards daylight, he lets the drove out first, and the dressed one arter them. When they got sight of him, off they set as hard as they could lay legs to the ground, took up the road that led through the woods, and he arter them, and away they went like all possessed. Well, the squatter, when he got up in the mornin', went over to his neighbour's potato patch, to bring his pigs home as usual; but lo and behold they were not there; and more than that, the fence was whole and

standing as if they had never been in at all. While he was starin' about and kinder puzzled, the stage-coach came up, and he hailed the driver, who told him he had seen them runnin' for dear life, chased by a bear; two of them was dead on the road, and the rest had taken to the woods, as soon as they saw the coach and the bear arter them. 'Waal,' says he, quite cool, 'the bears owe me a grudge, for many a one of their family I have killed in my day. And what surprises me is, that they should venture so near me, for I haven't been mislested by them these three years. I'm glad my psalm singing neighbour had no hand in it, for if he had, I'd a sent him in search of that constable that came here last summer to sarve a writ on me, and has never found his way back yet. The bears and I will balance accounts some day, see if we don't,' and he went into the house as cool as if nothin' had happened.

"Now, if these judges are dressed to scare the crows, it appears to me bearskin would answer the purpose better nor horse-hair and powder. What do you think, Lyman?"

"I think," replied the Senator, "you don't know what you are talking about. It is the judicial dress, adopted ages ago, and preserved to the present day. It is well suited to an aristocratic country, in which there are various orders and ranks with their peculiar robes and dresses, that are worn on state occasions. They may not be so appropriate to a republican form of government like ours, but there is no reason why they should not be worn even with us. Although, in theory, all men are equal in the United States, we do not pretend that all officers are, and of these the judges are the highest in public estimation, and the most exalted in rank. Why should they not wear a distinctive costume? Their duties are grave and important, and some of them, especially in criminal courts, of a solemn and awful character, affecting the lives of those who are tried before them. As they are not the everyday duties of life, and judges are set apart to discharge them, the paraphernalia of the court ought to be in keeping with the sanctity of the law, and the importance of its due administration. Dress is an arbitrary matter; but everywhere, on public

occasions, propriety dictates, and custom sanctions the practice of suiting our habiliments to the occasion. In a court of law, as in a church, every thing should be done decently and in order. We have not this particular costume in our country, but we have adopted others of a similar nature for various officers of the public service. The military have a dress peculiar to themselves, and so have the navy, whilst many Christian sects, especially the Episcopalians and Romanists, have their own distinctive vestments. Collegiate, municipal, masonic, and other institutions have also their prescribed robes and badges, and they occasion no animadversion, because we are accustomed to them; but they are as open to remark as those of the English judges which you have just been ridiculing. A gold epaulet and a cocked hat and feathers, which I have seen your brother sport when at the head of his regiment of volunteers, are adopted, and approved, on the same ground as the wig and the ermine of these judicial officers."

"I assure you, Mr. Shegog," he continued, "that I regard the English bench with great veneration, we owe to it a deep debt of gratitude. Although I have not the honour of knowing those gentlemen we have just seen, my studies have made me tolerably familiar with their predecessors, and I have no doubt they display as much talent, learning, and impartiality as those to whom they have succeeded. When we dissolved the connexion with Great Britain, it was not because we disapproved of, or quarrelled with its form of government, but with those who administered it at that time, and when we had to frame one for ourselves, we retained as much of yours as was at all applicable to a country in which there was no royal family, no nobility, and no established church; and I think I may add, without exposing myself to the charge of national vanity, that the constitution we finally adopted, was, under all the circumstances, the best that could be devised. Monarchy was out of the question. In the absence of the three great institutions I have just named, it was wholly inapplicable to the people, or the country. Necessity, therefore, gave us no option; a republic was the only alternative we could adopt. The

office of chief magistrate became elective as a matter of course. The difficulty (and a very great one it proved) was how to construct an upper branch of the legislature, where there was no class in any way corresponding to the peers, or even the landed aristocracy of England, that could operate as a check on the House of Representatives. The manner in which this was effected reflects infinite credit on the framers of the constitution. If both senators and representatives were chosen by the people at large, though nominally divided into two separate chambers, they would in effect be but one body, for they would have the same feelings, be clothed with similar powers, and responsible to the same constituency. They, therefore, arranged that the members of the House of Representatives should be elected by the people; but those of the upper branch, by the legislatures of the several states, and to secure a careful and judicious exercise of the important functions of the Senate, they established the age of thirty years, as the earliest period at which a member could be eligible for election, while that of a representative was fixed at twenty-five years. To increase the respectability of the body, it was made more select by restricting its numbers, and making its basis State Sovereignty; while that of the lower branch was regulated by population; thus, New York furnishes but two senators, while it sends to the lower branch more than forty representatives. To invest it with dignity it was constituted an Executive Council of the nation, no treaty being valid without its ratification, and no appointment legal without its approval. To insure its independence, and qualify it for these important duties, the term for which senators are elected was extended to six, while that of the representatives was limited to two years. Where the supreme power rests in the people, who are theoretically and politically equal, perhaps no better or wiser provision could be made for the construction of this body.

"Having thus established the three branches of the legislature, it became necessary to erect a judiciary, a very delicate and difficult task, considering that every state possessed its own courts, and was jealous of any authority that should over-ride them. They

accordingly created a tribunal, called the 'Supreme Court,' and invested it with the sole power over all cases, whether in law or in equity, accruing under the enactments of Congress, and also with an extensive appellate jurisdiction. It possesses powers far beyond those of the English courts or, indeed, of any other country in the world, for it controls not only the local legislatures, but the President, and the Congress itself. In England, Parliament is politically omnipotent; in America, the people are the source of all power, and by a constitution of their own making, have created a Chief Magistrate, a Senate, and a House of Representatives. By that written instrument certain powers are severally delegated to them, which they cannot extend or diminish. It is an organic law, and, like every other law, must be interpreted by the judges. If Congress passes an act in contravention of it, the Court declares it to be unconstitutional and void, and will not enforce it.

"In England, Parliament can alter the succession, limit or enlarge its own jurisdiction, and change even the form of government. In America, Congress cannot make the slightest alteration of the kind. This is a novel and immense, but salutary power, that is lodged in the Supreme Court. It curbs the impetuosity and arbitrary will of a party, and forms a safeguard for the liberty of the people. To render the Constitution as permanent as possible, the people, while they reserved to themselves the power to amend it, very wisely guarded it against their own interference, except in cases of great urgency, by surrounding its exercise with restrictions of a most conservative character. They precluded themselves from taking the initiative in altering it, by enacting that appeal must be made to them either by two-thirds of the members of the Congress, or by a vote of two-thirds of the assemblies of the several States. Without this preliminary sanction, they have left themselves no power to meddle with this sacred document. If they were to attempt to do so, the Court would decide their action to be illegal, as it would in the same manner, if Congress were to undertake to exceed its constitutional limits.

"Thus, the Supreme Court absorbs

the whole judicial authority of the nation, for the Senate, unlike your House of Lords, has no appellate jurisdiction. It can indeed try an impeachment preferred by the House of Representatives, deprive the accused of his office, and declare him ineligible to serve the public again, but it belongs to the legal tribunal alone, to convict and punish him criminally. The judiciary takes cognizance of all offences on the high seas, and of all matters of international law, as well as of the relations of one State to the other, or to Congress. It is the sheet-anchor of the State, and we are mainly indebted to it, under God, for the stability of our institutions. In no country is the avenue to the Bench so well guarded as with us. The chief magistrate has not the power of appointment to it, he can only nominate, and the Senate, composed, as I have said, of members from each State, indiscriminately brought together from every part of the Union (for one of the qualifications of a Senator is residence within his own State), must approve of the recommendation before the commission can issue. All parties, without distinction, however much they may differ on other points, concur in the importance of upholding the authority, and maintaining the respectability and efficiency of the Bench, and, although there, as elsewhere, political feeling pervades and influences public patronage, it has never been known to operate in the selection of a judge, unless, perhaps, where the choice lay between two candidates of equal pretensions, when congeniality of opinion has turned the scale. More than this can scarcely be expected from the infirmities of human nature. From the first establishment of this tribunal, to the present time, the selection of the judges has been such as to satisfy the just expectations of the public. They have all been able, learned, upright, and impartial men, and have discharged their duties in a manner alike honourable to themselves and their country. They had great and good models before them in the judges of England, and a never-failing source of instruction in their recorded decisions. When they commenced their judicial labours, the principles of law, civil, criminal, and maritime, were well established, and they may both

be said to have started at that time from the same point. It is impossible for us to conceive how much our two countries owe to their respective judiciaries. You must, however, excuse me for saying that I think our government defer with more respect to the decision of the judges, and are more ready than yours to uphold their authority. The Whigs, who are expert at removing landmarks, to enlarge the sphere of their own action, have more than once shown a disposition to take the law into their own hands. Lord John Russell was prepared on a recent occasion, to admit the Jews to the legislature, in defiance of the law, by a mere resolution of the House, to which he wished to give the effect of an Act of Parliament, utterly regardless of the collision that it would produce between the House of Commons and the judges; and, in the late case of Dr. Smethurst, Government have set aside, upon grounds altogether unsatisfactory, the decision of a Court, solemnly pronounced after a patient investigation of a most painful nature. Nothing could be better devised to weaken the authority of a judge, or to destroy the confidence of the public in the verdict of a jury, than such a course of procedure. In ordinary cases, when an application is made to the Court for a rule to set aside a verdict, the grounds of the application are distinctly stated, and before it is made absolute, it is fully argued in public. In this case, the application was made in private, the parties consulted were not sworn, nor subjected to cross-examination, nor any opportunity given to the prosecuting officer to rebut their evidence, either by argument or the production of other persons equally competent to form an opinion on the subject. If there must be an appeal in criminal cases, (I do not mean a new trial, for that is out of the question), it should be heard before a competent tribunal, in a formal and legal manner, and the proceedings conducted in as public a way as the original trial. There are cases in which the prerogative of the Crown to pardon, may be exercised with great propriety, but, in general, it ought to be confined to those instances in which the law, under which the trial takes place, is involved in doubt, or where additional evidence

has been discovered, which, had it been known at the trial, might have produced an acquittal, or where the verdict was not in accordance with the charge of the Court, or was influenced by party, personal, or religious feeling. But where both the judge and the jury who tried it arrived at the same conclusion, and the former has subsequently, on mature reflection, seen no cause to change his opinion, and more especially when the jury, as in this instance, have declared that their decision was formed from the evidence, even before they heard the charge, which confirmed, but did not influence, their verdict, I can see nothing to justify the Secretary in interfering to prevent the course of justice, especially as he is an unprofessional man, and *was not present at the trial*.

"Mr. Justice Story, one of the most eminent lawyers among us, was an intimate friend of mine, and he told me that a judge's notes or a shorthand writer's report of the trial of a cause, although verbally accurate, could not be depended on in a review of the case for a new trial, on the ground of the verdict being against evidence, because it was necessary to *see and hear* a witness examined in order to know what weight to attach to his testimony. The jury, in considering the witness's evidence, estimate also his credibility. They alone can judge from the manner in which he gives his testimony, whether he understands the subject, is cautious in his replies, and free from personal or professional bias. Facts positively attested, and opinions distinctly given (where they are admissible), are all that appear in a written report; but there is no record of the hesitation, the flippancy, the indifference, or the manifest ignorance of the witnesses, and yet they have perhaps left an impression on the minds of the jury, that such witnesses were not worthy of credence.

This was a case of murder effected by poison. After the verdict was given, and the sentence passed, the Home Secretary refers the whole subject to a *surgeon*, who was not present at the trial (and therefore incompetent to estimate the value of the testimony), nor under oath, nor cross examined, nor confronted with those upon whose evidence he was called

to judge. Nor was his report submitted to the prosecuting officer, for his remarks thereon, but it was adopted as conclusive, not because the Secretary of State was more competent to judge of a question of medical science than a question of law, but on the extraordinary ground, that as the only man he had consulted, differed in opinion from those witnesses that were examined for the Crown, there must be a doubt, and that consequently it was his duty to set aside the decision of the Court, and to pardon the convict. If the conclusion that he has thus arrived at, is correct, it should form a precedent to be followed in other cases ; and if it be so regarded, there will be an end of executions for murder by poisoning, where there is a difference of opinion between medical witnesses and the reviewer ; for in no case, will there be any difficulty in finding a doctor of sufficient scepticism, or conceit, to doubt the infallibility of medical science, or the accuracy of the opinions of his brother practitioners. There is an immunity in confidential communications, that makes the exercise of humanity an agreeable duty ; and the offer of an appellate jurisdiction over the professions of law and medicine, is too great a temptation to a man to elevate himself at the expense of both, to be successfully resisted."

"Ah, now you are talking 'Dic,'" exclaimed Peabody, "and I can't follow you. When I talk"—

"You use the *vulgar tongue*, retorted the Senator."

"You may take my hat," replied the other ; "I cave in, I owe you one, but you needn't chalk it up, for I'll be sure to pay you back before long. What I was going to say was, I wouldn't mind Smethurst gettin' off, if they had only hanged one of them tarnation onfackilized goneys of doctors. I never see a case yet, in which they were called as witnesses, that they didn't make super superior fools of themselves. Nothen they love so dearly as to differ, and they never give a positive straight up and down opinion, except when they get a chance to contradict each other. There is no brotherhood atween them, as there is among lawyers : thieves have too much honour to peach on each other : doctors convict one another always.

They are like moles, each critter burrows in his own hole in the dark, and as they can't see no track but their own, they swear there ain't any other. They dabble so much in chemistry, they treat truth like a compound substance ; and they get so bothered with their analyses and tests, that it has neither cohesion, nor unity, nor colour, when they have done with it. They may be very good doctors, 's far as I know, but they are the worst witnesses under the sun ; they swear that every thing *may be*, but that nothen *is* ; that you can judge of a disease by its symptoms, but that the symptoms of any given number are so much alike, you can't tell what ailment a person died of. That's the way Smethurst got off. Sir Brodie, who was made a judge of the Appeal Court in criminal cases, and sat for the first time in this case, rapped his snuff-box before he opened the lid, (the way Pat knocks a feller down, to have the pleasure of pickin' of him up, for one good turn deserves another), sat down in his arm-chair, put one leg over the other, laid his head back, looking wondrous wise, took out a pinch of rappee, and said, 'this is a law case, and it's very odd I am the rappor and the snuff is rap-pee,' and then he sniffed it up, and felt good all over. 'It's the first legal opinion I ever gave—who shall decide when doctors disagree ?—I won't pronounce judgment at all.' So he took up his pen, and wrote 'Medical science is in its infancy' (which means there was none when he was in practice), 'and you can't expect wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings. Therefore whether Smethurst was, or was not guilty of poisoning, not knowing, can't say.'

"Now, if that ain't a farce, then the murder of that poor gal warn't an awful tragedy, that's all. They are gettin' on here, Lyman, that's a fact, when an old retired doctor upsets judge and juries, and sais there is no dependence on medical science ; what in the world have the halt, the lame, and the blind been dependin' on for 1860 years ? If he has pretended to cure all his life 'secundem artem,' and there is no art, couldn't folks recover back their fees from him, on his own confession ? Yes, they are gettin' on here ; they'll soon appeal to

the wise woman, old Liddy Lonas, that tells fortunes by cards, and the lines in the hands, and the vein in the forehead, and the stars, and so on. Let them ask her if a verdict is right or not, and people will credit her, though they won't a doctor. They darn't doubt her, and if they did, she'd soon find a way to make 'em believe, as Titus Cobb's ghost did his son Eber. Eber Cobb, who got a great fortune from his father, went to a spirit rapper at Albany, to have a talk with the old gentleman, just out of a lark, for he no more believed in it than you do. Well, he was soon put into communication, as they call it, with the old bill broker, who answered all his questions quite satisfactory, and then gave him some advice he didn't quite like, when he broke out into a loud laugh, and said it was allarnation nonsense; that they couldn't take him in that way, and that he warn't born in the woods to be skeered by an owl, and so forth. Well, he had hardly said this, when the table began to turn slowly, and then to spin round like a teetotum, when it ran right up agin him like a mad bull, and fairly kicked him out of the room. 'Hold on, for marcy's sake,' cried Eber, lookin' as white as a sheet, and most awfully terrified, 'hold on, I believe it now, that's 'xactly like the old man, he's as violent as ever, oh, that's him to a dead sartinty; he never could bear contradiction at no time, without gettin' into a' most an all-fired passion. From this day forth, I believe in spirit rapping.'

"Yes, let Cornwall Lewis consult old Liddy Lonas in the next case of a man that's convicted of murder, and he'll satisfy the public a nation sight better than by referring it to Sir Brodie. Liddy knows as much of life, as ar' a doctor in creation does of death, and twice as much of women as he does; and she'd have told Secretary, if he'd asked her, whether that onfortunate, beguiled, and simple gal died from nateral causes, or by the hand of a murderer.

"I'll tell you what I've observed here in England. The people never forget what they are taught at school; they larn that the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and they act on that through life. If

a man murders his wife, they say, 'sarved her right.' But if she does for her husband, she may as well go to work to knit a large stocking to put both her feet in, to die decent—for hanged she'll be, as sure as income-tax! They may laugh here at Judge Lynch, as much as they like; he never hanged an innocent man, or let a guilty one escape, as far as ever I could hear; and it's my opinion, if he had visited Richmond, when this Smethurst affair happened, he'd a given universal satisfaction. He is a man that never eats his own words, as some English folk do, though he has often made others gulp them.

"And talkin' of that puts me in mind of Sir Brodie. I met him the other evening to dinner, and sais I, 'how do you do, Judge Brodie.' 'I am not a judge, sir,' said he, looking all abroad, 'but a medical man.' 'Beg your pardon,' sais I, 'they told me Chief Baron and jury tried Smethurst for murder, pronounced him guilty, and sentenced him to death, and that you turned the tables on them, tried *them*, and found them all guilty of a conspiracy to murder an innocent man! It's the best joke I ever heard since I was raised. Well! I never in all my born days!' sais I, 'it takes the rag off the bush quite, that, if you didn't row them all up Salt River, it's a pity!' He didn't know whether to take it up or not, but steered between both pints, looked comical in his eye, but grave in the face. Sais he, 'Mr. Peabody, I have a great respect for a judge, and if it were a matter of law, I should bow to his decision; but this, sir, was a question for our profession, and "*medical science is in its infancy*.'" Sais I, 'If it is in its infancy, there are some whopping big sucking babies of students in it—that's a fact, and no mistake.' 'What a droll man you be,' sais he; 'I admire the Americans uncommonly. They not only take a commonsense view of every thing, but they catch its ridiculous points too; and sometimes I am puzzled to know whether they are in earnest or in jest. But let us drop the subject of the trial, for here comes a Q.C.' 'Does that mean "Queer Cove,"' sais I, 'for it's like what I used to call my brother. I gave him the title of Q.C.F., and always put it on his

letters arter his name, for he was for everlastin' a talking of trespass, and *quare clausum fregit*, as he called it.'

"Well, up comes Q.C., and shakes hands with Doctor. Sais he, 'So Gladstone has put off his budget till Friday. What's the matter with his throat?—is it influenza?' 'No,' sais Doctor, 'it is a sort of Parliamentary diptheria. He has had to eat so many of his own words, in leaving Derby, to join Palmerston, that his swallow was affected, and sore throat supervened. Several members of the Government are affected more or less by the same complaint.' 'Well,' sais I, 'one's own words are hard to gulp—that's a fact, especially when swallowed dry; but when they are taken with the *sweets* of office they go down as slick as mint julep.'

"But to get back to Judge Lynch, as I was a sayin'. *He* never eats his own words. What he says he means, and there is no appeal from him. Execution follows his sentence as thunder does lightning. He ain't a military man, that declares martial law, holds a drum-head court, is as savage as a meat axe, and don't valy life more nor a fig of tobacco, but a plain, homespun citizen, that declares commonsense, holds a neighbourly court, and, though starnly just, is a marcifful man, and never leaves a feller in suspense a minute longer than can be helped. There is no pomp, nor toggery, nor tomfoolery about him. No one can point to him as they did to my brother, and say, 'too much goldo, too much foolo.' He wears neether wig, nor gown, nor white-choker; he don't sit with closed doors, in some hole or corner, like those English Big Wigs, as if he was afeard people would see or hear what he sais or does. But he holds his court under the broad canopy of Heaven. He don't sit on a bench, and give the Russia leather cushion the meek and lowly title of '*the wool sack*,' that hypocrites might think him humble. Nor has he a figure of Justice stuck up behind him, with a bandage over its eyes and a pair of scales in its hands, to show that it is so blind it can't see whether it weighs even-handed or not. But Judge Lynch sits on a stump, like a patriarch of old, in all the native dignity of a patriot judge, with a simple wide-awake hat

on his head, a halter in one hand, and a revolver in the other—emblems and implements of justice—lays down the law of natur to the jury, and if they convict a feller, strings him up to a nateral gallus—the first tree near hand—whistles 'Possum up a gum tree,' and then says, 'Come, boys, this here court is adjourned, let's liquor.' A doctor would think it a nation sight better for his precious hide to save his breath to cool his broth, than to meddle with *him*, I can tell you. If Judge Lynch had been at St. George's-in-the-East, the other day, he'd a saved the Bishop the trouble of suspendin that ar' on-fackalized"—

"Don't let us enter upon that subject," said the Senator, "it is a most painful one; both parties are very much to blame—extremes meet. Too much form and ceremony naturally breaks down with its own weight, and produces a revulsion that ends in total destruction of both. But this is not a matter that should be treated with levity."

To assist him in changing the conversation I asked him what he thought of the new Divorce Court we had just visited.

"I have heard and read a good deal about it," he replied, "and am bound to say I do not think it open to the objections that have been raised against it. You must recollect that it is regarded from very opposite points of view, according to the peculiar notions of people on the subject of divorce. These opinions it is not necessary to discuss, it would lead us into too wide a field for mere conversation; but assuming that the principle upon which it is founded is correct (upon which I do not wish to offer an opinion), the court appears to me to work well in practice. I do not wonder that the public are alarmed when they see the great number of cases that are brought before it for adjudication; but it must be recollected, that when the House of Lords was the sole tribunal that could decide upon them, redress was confined to the rich man and the mere pauper, as a divorce could only be obtained by the expenditure of a very large sum of money, or by the gratuitous services of lawyers. The consequence was, that a vast deal of obloquy was

thrown upon the aristocracy, as they were, with very few exceptions, the only parties who figured in these trials; and an impression prevailed not only among the people of this country, but among foreigners, that the upper classes were distinguished from the middle and lower orders as much by their profligacy as their wealth and social rank.

"It would now appear, that so far from this being the case, they furnish fewer instances of depravity than those in an inferior station, which, considering their great wealth, their leisure, and other circumstances, does them infinite honour. Indeed it is said, and I believe with some truth, that while a better and sounder tone of morals prevails in the higher ranks, there is by no means a corresponding decrease in the rest of society of those offences that are the special objects of adjudication in this court. Since I have been in England, I have perused with great attention the reports of cases tried before this tribunal, and I have met with no instance in which a divorce has been decreed on insufficient grounds, or where there was any reason to suspect collusion between the parties.

"The House of Lords was a very objectionable tribunal. No man, however high in station or eminent for ability, is fit to try a cause unless he is professionally trained for the exercise of judicial functions. A judge is naturally cold and impassive; his prejudices and his imagination are carefully eliminated from his mind; he is accustomed to deal with testimony, to analyze, weigh it, and estimate its real value. An unprofessional judge, such as a member of the House of Peers, is a man of feeling as well as honour, his impulses are good, but they are not chastened like those of a lawyer. He does not very readily perceive the difference between an equitable and a legal claim, or between what is expedient and what is strictly lawful. He relies more on the purity of his intentions than on his knowledge of principles, or the rules of evidence, and frequently decides more in reference to what he thinks ought to be, than what can be done. The absence of a jury lessened the value of their decisions in the eyes of the public—not that jurymen were more intelligent or more honest than the Peers—

but because the popular element was wanting in the tribunal. The fiat of the court was the judgment of an order of men far above them in station, for which they alone were responsible who pronounced it; it was open to criticism and often condemned, because, though the members of that house were, from their high station and character, above the suspicion of partiality, they were not exempted from the imputation of unconscious bias, in consequence of their not possessing those attributes of judges which I have just named. The present Court of Divorce will be more satisfactory to the public, because its decrees are founded upon verdicts; and as the decisions of juries are those of the people, the judge derives a support from their concurrence far beyond the intrinsic value of their opinions. Suspicion is apt to attach to irremovable functionaries, from the natural tendency of established authority to become arbitrary. Juries are fluctuating bodies, and cannot be easily acted upon. If a verdict be unsatisfactory, the certainty that the same jury will never again be assembled together, reconciles us to the evil, and induces us to hope for more intelligence and superior discretion from the next. Their chief value is to make the people bear their own share of the responsibility of administering justice, and to elevate the judge in public estimation, by placing him beyond the reach of those imputations, that ignorance and vulgarity are so prone to fasten upon their superiors. I differ, therefore, *toto cælo* from Mr. Justice Cresswell, as to the expediency of sitting with closed doors. Nothing can be more disagreeable than to have to listen to the disgusting details usually given in evidence in suits for divorce, more especially as they attract the lowest and most depraved audiences. Of this, however, he has no right to complain, for when he accepted the commission, he knew the nature and incidents of his duties. It is essential that these causes should be heard in public for reasons similar to those I have already assigned; the evil does not consist in open trials, but in the publicity given to these offensive matters by the daily press. It is to be hoped that the good sense of its conductors may induce them to omit all details unsuited for general

perusal, and that the reprobation of the public will punish any infraction of propriety in this respect."

"Zactly," said Peabody, "there ought to be an Aunt Debby in every family, as there was to our house to hum, to act as a reader, and see if there was any thing improper in the newspapers, or in the new books we took in from the circulatin' library. Lor! how prim and precise she was. I think I see her now a standin' afore me as neat and nice as if she was just taken out of a bandbox that was brought home from the milliner, with her black silk dress fittin' as tight as her skin, her white, clear-starched, stiff kerchief crossed over her breast, and tied behind, and her little, beautiful, crimped muslin cap, that was edged with short, stiff, hair curls, like tassels on a fringe. When she stood up to receive a stranger, in the second position (as dancin' masters call it), with one little tiny foot out, just far enough to show her ankle that she was so proud of, crossed her hands in front, and half-bowed, half-curtisied, she was a pictur worth framin', I tell you. Every thing about her seemed new except her face, and that looked as if it had been took good care of, and had wore well, too. She was as formal and perlite as you please, and really looked as good natured as an aunt can that has to govern other folk's children, for no woman knows how to bring up juveniles except one that has none of her own. But when she put her spectacles on it was time to close reef and keep an eye to windward for squalls, that's a fact. They made her look old and feel old; they told tales of eyes that was once bright, and bygone days when she was young, and she scolded every one that came near hand to her, as if it was their fault she warn't young still. I don't think she had an idee that there was any thing good onder the sun except herself and her presarves; she saw evil in every thing. This warn't proper, and that warn't delicate; this wasn't decent, and that was downright wicked. Whenever she read any thing funny in a paper she'd look as black as thunder, and 'jaculate, 'Well, I want to know!!! If this don't beat general trainin'!!' and so on; and then go and hide away the paper, and say nobody but father was to read it. Well, in course, the

moment she turned her back, the gals raced off, ransacked the desk, pulled it right out, and read it, for it set their curiosity agoin', and when a woman gets that up, nothin in natur will stop her. Eve couldn't, no how she could fix it. If she hadn't a been ordered not to eat the apple, it's as like as not she'd never so much as seen it, there were so many more temptin' lookin' fruits in Paradise. But no, there was a secret, and if she was to die for it nothin would stop her from tryin' to find it out. Well, any thing that Aunt Debby forbid was sure to be read. One day father sent home a book called 'Peregrine Pickle.' I dare say you have heard tell of it, it's one of the greatest and funniest books ever written, it is so full of human natur. Sister Phemy picked it up and began to read it, when Aunt Debby came in and snatched it right away from her. 'What in natur is this?' sais she. 'What! reading a novel,' and she turned up the whites of her eyes, and fairly groaned. 'I never saw any thing so shocking in all my born days,' sais she, and out of the room she flounced, like any thing, crying, 'oh, oh, oh! what is this wicked world a-comin' to? I will go upstairs and pray for you!' Well, hour followed arter hour, and they waited and waited for ever so long, and still no Aunty came back. At last Phemy grew awful skeered, and she crept upstairs to old Debby's room, and as the door was ajar, she pushed it gently open, and peeped in, and there sat Aunty by the window in her rockin' chair, a readin' of the very identical horrible book, and a-shakin' all over with laughter, the tears of fun actilly a-runnin' down her cheeks, till she was most off in hystrikes. Arter a while Phemy slips in a tip-toe, taps her on the shoulder, and says, 'Aunty, dear, what a protracted time you've had of it, haven't you, and all on account of my sins, too! But, dear Aunt, what in natur is the matter of you? Ain't you well? What makes you weep so?' 'Weep,' sais she, pulling a face as long as the Moral Law. 'Weep, is it? I guess I am weepin', this wicked book would make anybody shed tears. Oh, to think that your father should send such an awful work as this home!!' Well, in course, Phemy stole it away the first chance

she got, and all the gals read it. Now, which do you think did most mischief in our house, Peregrine Pickle or Aunt Debby? Tell you what, delicacy is one thing and squeamishness another, but they ain't commonly found travellin' arm and arm together, for there never was a squeamish woman that had a delicate mind, that's a fact."

"It is not necessary," said the Senator, "to settle their relative demerits; but it is quite clear that Miss Peabody was but an indifferent instructress for young ladies, and 'Peregrine Pickle' an unsuitable book for them to read. But, be that as it may, no newspaper ought ever to be admitted into a house, the columns of which are defiled by the recitals of these disgusting trials."

"Well, I am glad I have seen this Divorce Court, too," said Peabody, "not on account of the philosophy of the thing, because I don't understand that, but because Britishers are for everlastingly a-tauntin' us, and sayin' we tie the nuptial knot so loose that half the time it comes undone of itself. Well, if they fix it tighter here, there are them that know how to loose it, at any rate. Parsons think they can tie the fisherman's knot, but lawyers are up to the dodge, and can undo it as quick as they can fix it. There is nothin in natur equal to *them* except a parrot, and he (no, I won't say he, for there is no such thing as a male parrot, they are all Pollys)—and she can loosen a link as quick as you can put the chain on her. Now, I'll tell you the difference between our divorces and yours: we dissolve matrimonial partnership sometimes because it don't convene to the parties to continue it. It's a matter of what they call incompatibility—a long word that means when two natures don't assimilate or mix pleasantly, like ile and water. Here it is a matter of crime. Our folks try to perform what they promise; and when they find it onpossible, they give it up as a bad job. A woman vows to love, honour, and obey, and, praps, she finds she has been most awfully taken in; she can't either love or honour, and when that's the case, in course she can't obey. Well, when all these combine, what's the use of goin on snarlin, bitin, and scratchin for everlasten? When you

match a pair of hosses, if one is honest in draught, goes well up to the collar, and has spirit and bottom; and t'other is tricky, won't do its share of work, has no go in it, and gives in arter a few miles—what do you do? Why, get rid of the bad one, and get a better mate in its place. Or, if one stays quiet in its pasture, comes to its oats when called, and lets you put the bridle on easy; and the other, the moment it is loose, jumps the fence, races over the country, gets into your neighbour's field, and when, arter a thunderin long chase, you pen it up in a corner, turns tail to you, lays down its ears, and kicks like all possessed, so that it is as much as your life is worth to get up to it, and, when you do, holds its head so high, you can't reach up to put the bridle on, or won't loosen its jaws to take the bit, or, if it does open its mouth, bites like a pair of blacksmith's pincers—what do you do? Why, just send it to vandue, or swop it away for a better one, for it don't convene to keep it always tied up in its stall. Well, it's more difficult to choose a human mate than a hoss match by a long chalk. A hoss don't pretend to be better than it is; it is no hypocrite—once a devil, always a devil. They never look amiable; but a woman ain't so easy judged of, I can tell you. She can look like an angel, be as gentle as a lamb, and talk as sweet as honey; her face can be as sunny as the heavens on a summer's day, and if you ain't up to tropical skies, you wouldn't believe it could ever cloud right up, be as black as ink in a minute, and thunder and lightenin come out of it, hard and sharp enough to stun and blind you. Well, you put to sea with this confidence, the storm comes, she won't answer her helm, and you are stranded in no time; there ain't no insurance office to make up the matrimonial loss to you, and what are you to do? Are you to repair damage, launch the wreck again, and be drove ashore a second time; or, are you to abandon the ship, leave it there, and have nothin more to do with it?"

"Then, do you mean to say," asked the Senator, "that it is always the fault of the female?"

"No, I don't," said Peabody. "It's oftener the fault of a man, in my opinion, than of a woman. It ain't

the lady that proposes, but the gentleman. 'Caveat emptor,' as my brother Gad, the lawyer, said, in a suit I had with a feller about the soundness of a hoss I sold. (Father called him Gad, because, like Jacob, he see'd there was a troop of us a-coming.) Well, that law phrase means the buyer must cave in if he ain't wide awake. If a lovier can read faces—which is as necessary for a man to study when he goes a-courtin as any book that is taught at school—he will see the marks of the temper there. A company face, like a go-to-meetin' dress, ain't got the right sit; it's too stiff and too bright, and you can see it ain't put on every day; there is an oneasiness about her that wears it; it don't seem nateral. The eyebrows are lifted arch-like—they don't stay upspontanaciously; the smiles are set,—they don't come and go with the rise and fall of the tide of the spirits. The mouth is kinder lengthened to take the droop out of the corners, and that pushes up the cheek, and makes a dimple in it. And the upper lip, instead of curling up sarcy, swells ripe and plump at the mouth. A gall with a face of that kind, looks as if she had come into the world singing, instead of cryin' like a young kitten. Courtin is bad for the eyesight; you may depend a feller is apt to get par-blinded by it; if he didn't stare so much he'd see better. Let him get a look at her when she don't know it, and then he'll see the nateral expression; he'll find the brow puckered close, the mouth curved short at the small eend, the eye contracted, and the lips half their former size, and puckered in tight. And if he can't get a chance to see her that way, if she has a rival, set her a talkin about her; or if she has ever tried it on to a feller, and got the cold shoulder, steboy her at him, and he'll soon find the set smile has set like the sun—gone out of sight till next time, and the angel mask has dropped off, and the shrew face left, looking as large as life, and twice as nateral. Now, if he ain't a judge himself, let him do as he does when he buys at an auction—ask the advice of them that are, and if his friends have as much of the fool about 'em as he has, let him remember every gall, like every other created critter, has a character, good, bad, or indifferent. Every

body is known among their neighbours for exactly what their valy is. This one is a termagant, that one a flirt, that's imprudent, and that discreet, while t'other is as good-hearted, good-natured a gall, as ever lived. Well, if a man won't make use of his commonsense—if he is took in, all I can say is, it sarves him right."

"No," said the Senator, "that's not what I mean. Do you think a man is oftener taken in, in matrimony, than a woman?"

"No," he replied, "I don't. I think it's the other way. As I said before, recollect it's him that proposes—in a general way, he gets spooney, goes right up to her head, and marries. Sometimes it's the gall he admires, and sometimes her money or rank; but he commonly plays the first card, and leads off for her to follow suit. I say commonly, for women know how to put it into a man's head, and make him think it's all his own doings. Well, havin' made up his mind, nothin ever stops him; he flatters, not with homœopathic doses, but draughts that would choke a camel; he swears as false as the feller did who deposed to knowing a fusee ever since it was a pistol, when he heard it was called a 'son of a gun.' He vows eternal love, and takes his davy he'll die of a broken heart, or drown himself, if he's refused. Men know what liars men are, but women don't; and how should a poor gall tell, who ain't permitted to look at men's faces, to see if they are stamped with deceit or not. How can she study physiognomy? She is all truth herself (if properly brought up), and confides in others. She knows she was made to be loved; and when a man vows he does adore her to distraction, and she knows that the word adoration is only applied to angels, why shouldn't she think she is one, and believe the man who adores her. No! poor critter, she is oftener took in than the false lover is. Now, when the fraud is found out, whichever it was that cheated (sometimes both are let in for a bad bargain), and when contempt, and then hatred, and then squabblin and fightin comes, ain't it better for both to cry quits?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Ephraim," said the Senator, "you know better than that. Matrimony is not a partnership to be dissolved by mutual

consent. *'Whom God has joined let not man put asunder.'*"

"Yes," replied the other, "but those that the world, the flesh, or the devil has united"——

"We'll drop the subject, if you please, Mr. Peabody," rejoined the Senator, with some warmth.

"Now, don't fly off at the handle arter that fashion," said Peabody, with provoking coolness, and a comical expression of countenance; "it ain't safe. When I was chopping at our wood pile onct, the axe flew right off that way, as quick as wink, and took the ear off old Jabez Snow, our black nigger help, as slick as a knife. The varmint thought when he felt the blood runnin' down his cheek, that his skull was split, and his brains oozing out, and he gave a yell so loud, they heer'd him clean across the river, which was more nor the matter of a mile wide there, and then he fell down in a conniption fit. It spoilt his beauty, I can tell you, for nothin looks so bad as a half cropt nigger; it gave his head a lop-sided look ever arter. So don't fly off at the handle that way, it's dangerous, that's a fact."

"Well," said the Senator, "we ought not to be angry with you, for men eminent for their ability and station in the British Parliament have talked as loosely and absurdly as you do. It is grievous to hear a man like Lord Campbell dispose of the arguments derived from Scripture against the remarriage of divorced parties, and the scruples of learned and pious men on the subject, with a flippancy that betokens either ignorance, or indifference, or both. As I said before, I will not enter into that wide field of controversy, although I entertain a very strong opinion upon the subject, founded, not like that of his lordship, on a superficial view of it, but after mature consideration and anxious investigation.

"Leaving untouched, therefore, the interpretation, Mr. Shegog, which

your legislature has put on those passages of Scripture, on the subject of divorce, I will content myself with saying, that I cannot approve of the enactments of the recent law. Nothing can be worse than that portion of it which makes a marked distinction between the rights of husband and wife. The former can procure a divorce 'a vinculo,' upon the proof of adultery, the latter can only obtain a similar relief, when that offence is coupled with bigamy, or incest, or cruelty, or desertion for a period of two years. How a Christian legislature like yours, composed of a body of English gentlemen, of peers spiritual and temporal, and above all with a Queen, constituting its first and highest branch, could thus degrade woman below the level she has held for centuries, in this and every other civilized country, is to me altogether unintelligible. If their rights are thus rendered unequal, so are their respective punishments. The husband may be mulct in damages for his offence, but the wife, by the usages of the world, is for ever banished from society, and her punishment terminates only with her life. It is deeply to be regretted that the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to restrain the guilty party from remarriage, and that of the Bishop of Oxford, to visit the offence with imprisonment, were not adopted. As the law now stands, it is unscriptural, impolitic, and unjust."

Here our conversation terminated, and I was compelled to hurry to the station to be in time for the train.

The term of my "pass" on the South Western line expires to-night. Whether I shall renew it, or accept the invitation of my American friends, from whom I have derived so much amusement and instruction, to accompany them on a short tour into the country, I have not yet decided, but this sheet completes the memorabilia of my present "Season Ticket."

TWENTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH.

MR. PYCROFT'S book is, in one sense, an undeniable success: two months sufficed to exhaust its first edition. Thirty reviewers—says the preface to the second—have assisted it by a notice more or less favourable. We will not venture, as critics, to fly in the face of so many of the brotherhood; but at once admit that the success has not been undeserved.

The book is easy, natural, good-humoured, yet shrewd: tells of common things in a familiar way; and pleases, partly from telling of what everybody knows, partly from telling what is not always known concerning well-known things.

Its writer specially disclaims in his first preface the insidious design of administering "powders" to the public in his currant jelly. They are in it, for all the disclaimer; and a fair sort of "family medicines" they seem to be.

Medicines of mild energies, as doubtless their compounder meant, which will by no means harm the public intestines if assimilated; but which, like drugs from a country chemist's drawer, taste, perhaps, a little close, and are not, perhaps, as drastic as the practitioner intended who prescribed them. There is a great deal of mediocrity in this book: a remark at which its writer would probably not be much offended. Neither his sentiment nor his style crawl; and, we take it, he never meant either to fly. This mediocrity gives the work much of that "life-like reality," which five out of six of its reviewers have agreed to praise, and of which the manifest existence goes far to explain the prompt popularity it has won. But we have subtracted one epithet, that of "intense" reality, since it appears to us that the likeness to life, unquestionably present in the performance, is hardly of that kind to which the notion of intensity by right belongs.

It is not the inner life of the man

who has been "twenty years" in Orders into which Mr. Pycroft professes to give much insight; neither is it the outer effect of the man's work upon his fellows which he portrays. The changes and chances of the professional and domestic life of an average Church clergyman form the subjects of the slides which in his stereoscopic chapters our author exhibits to our mental eyes.

"Twenty years in the Church," by the way, is almost a misnomer; for, though the Rev. Henry Austin, the fictitious autobiographer, is supposed to make his retrospect from the "stand-point" of his twentieth year in the ministry, the catastrophe of his life-drama takes place at a much earlier period, and the experience of one-third of this whole space is compressed,—ten pages before the volume closes,—into this single sentence: "seven years had now passed at Elkerton." Mr. Pycroft himself has apparently seen this, for he announces a "second part of his book to be published in spring under the title of 'Elkerton Rectory.'" Let us, in the meanwhile, give a summary of what befel his hero during the first thirteen years of his ministerial life.

School and college having wrought upon the material which the home of a country gentleman in narrow circumstances had submitted to their influence, the question has to be faced, how shall Henry Austin, Esq., B.A., relieve the paternal purse from the obligation of his personal support until fitted by age and by acquirements to submit to the ordeal of examination by the Bishop's chaplain? His acceptance of the post of tutor in Lord Oxton's family is the practical answer. Lady Oxton is the Lady Bountiful of the book; or, if we may venture to pen it, the fairy Beneficent of Austin's life-pantomime, at touch of whose wand, at the critical moment, the cheap, mean lodgings of Pumpstreet, Lachford, change to the snug

rectory of Elkerton, with sunny greenhouse and summery garden-beds, whilst the pale town incumbent of the District Church expands into the prosperous and portly country parson.

As drawn by Mr. Pycroft, this Lady Oxton is a very charming personage: and if drawn without much "intensity" of expression, the portrait, we rejoice to know, is "life-like," and no one charm of it exaggerated in the drawing. Noble ladies, thank God, the peerage numbers not a few, whose nobleness has its fresh patent, unquestionably granted from higher than human authority; women who live with simple souls amidst all the tangled web of a complex, refined, luxurious society, the true salt of that portion of earth. These be they, the shining of whose quiet grace has more lustre than the brilliancy and glare of that fashionable life "in which" they live, though they be not "of it:" whose exquisite delicacy of taste and feeling has nothing in common with fastidious affectation: who reconcile inferiors to social inequalities, by the joyous loyalty which follows on the sense of having social superiors such as these. Ladies Bountiful indeed they are, whose looks and tones and gestures are all almsdeeds, for which other hearts than those of village poor folk bless them: almsdeeds to be prized not for their number only, but for the fragrance of their generous tenderness. Let British aristocrats pray heartily that Heaven send the peerage a House full of such ladies, and they need not fear that British democrats will work heavy mischief to their House of Lords.

We have no quarrel with Mr. Pycroft for his Lady Oxton, had he painted her yet more love-worthy and lovable we should have recognised in her a type. But for counterfoil—a needless one—to Lady Oxton, we have Mrs. Marchmont, in whose family one Mr. Bailey, Austin's college friend, holds also a tutor's post.

If meant as a mere individual portrait we suppose we have but scanty right to quarrel with our author on her account, or on that of her hard-headed and successful spouse. But if, as other indications in the book lead us to suspect, those worthies, or unworthies, be set up as class-specimens in countertype, we join issue with our author at once.

A magazine writer need not, perhaps, affect so strict an impersonality as the critic who discusses books in a formal journal of review. Perhaps, therefore, we who write these lines may seek to secure, by a half confidence, the trust of our readers, and yet be counted blameless. *Ἐιδότες ἁγιομεν:* we, too, have many years' experience "in the Church," as Mr. Pycroft has it; and, singularly enough, have personal experience of that precise transition from a town district into a country neighbourhood, which our writer feigns for the Rev. Henry Austin. We have a velvet lawn before our windows now, and a peep of emerald meadows beyond the break in the trees which bound our garden. Beyond them lie breezy downs, over which the pure, warm, south-west wind comes free this evening. We are not indebted to aristocratic patronage, conferred with that nameless grace which seems to hold its debtor for a favour, creditor. But:—

We came straight hither from a mean-sized house in a dull, small street, in a smoky quarter of a grimy, manufacturing town. And there our experience of life was such that we should reckon the narrowness of our house-room to have cramped our heart—the dulness of our district to have deadened our brain—the smoke of the city to have begrimed our very soul—did we not indignantly disclaim the insinuation, that, for generous, delicate, large-hearted, brotherly kindness, the manufacturing men who condescended to call the clergyman their friend, may be righteously put in invidious contrast to any class of their fellow-citizens in the realm of Britain.

We wish Mr. Pycroft had made it plain that individual, not class, portraiture was intended when he wrote those passages of his book which begin thus inauspiciously—

"Insignia of gentility were all correct in the mansion of the rich Mr. Marchmont, to whom my friend Bailey was private tutor; but, as the retired manufacturer entered the church—*quite the private chapel of Norlands*—the family monument, with old Lord and Lady Oxton sleeping uncomfortably upon their backs, and two little Oxtons, in marble chemises, kneeling for everlasting at their sides, seemed every Sunday to say to the pretentious Mrs. Marchmont, 'Live up to that, ma'am; if you can.'"

We have ventured to underline the touch concerning the church on Lord Oxton's estate. It is in feeling and expression a perfect gem of flunkysim, and might have dropped from the pen of Punch's own "Jeames." We take it, if the two little Oxtons had tendered such insufferable insolence to Mrs. Marchmont as the whole family is here supposed to utter, it would have provoked the old lord and lady, no doubt well-bred people in their day, to rise from "uncomfortable" sleep upon their own backs, and administer to those of the saucy brats such allowance of the great corrective of the good old times as would have made the coolness of "marble chemises" inexpressibly consoling to the tingling of the parts afflicted. The quality of manufacturer, "retired" or otherwise, is no disqualification for the title of church builder, as Mr. Pycroft must surely know. Who has not seen noble temples arise for God's public worship—"quite the private chapel"—of some vulgar factory within these last "twenty years in the Church?" Your Salts at Bradford, your Marshalls at Leeds, your Ackroyds at Halifax, have long since learnt to "live up to that," at all events.

Henry Austin's friend, Mr. Bailey, finds his footing as tutor at the Marchmonts unsatisfactory, his treatment almost insufferable. Perhaps he was himself to blame in part, even on his own showing. Let the reader judge:—

"'Now, do you know,' said Bailey, 'I was not aware of all this when I came here; and, at the first party, I forgot I was asked to dine in the room only for the style of the thing, and "as our tutor and part of the establishment;" so I had the unconscionable presumption to sit up at table and to look around me as if I were still Bailey of Oriel.'

"'Why, that is just what I do at Norlands,' I replied, 'allowing for some natural deference and reserve.'

"'Yes, you lucky fellow! you are safe enough. Lord Oxton has no part to play but his own, so you would have yourself only to blame if you did not feel quite at your ease. However, on the occasion in question, the consequence of my mistake was, that the guests paid off Mrs. Marchmont by performing feats of undivided attention to me whenever I opened my lips. College stories came forth to their great amusement—for they kept on drawing me out—till at last

they told Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, as plainly as inuendo impertinence could speak, that they could not rival their own tutor, in spite of their plate, glass, china, made dishes, and all.

"I have seen many Baileys and many Marchmonts throughout life. I have seen many young men commit the great mistake of being too brilliant, and thus throwing their rich friend's dinner and all into the shade."

We confess, that at this choice dinner-party we are for the Marchmonts,—“plate, glass, china, made dishes, and all,”—as against those delightful sprigs of county-family gentility, who eat their host's made dishes off his china, drink his wine out of his cut-glass, and repay his hospitality by “inuendo impertinence,” in “drawing out” the conceited puppy, or silly greenhorn, we scarcely know which to call him, who begins by assuming, gratuitously, that the heads of the family invite him to dinner “only for the style of the thing,”—what would he have said if left that day to the one o'clock dinner of his pupil?—and who winds up with retailing a string of stories which must be “caviare” to the master and mistress of the house.

Mr. Bailey, of Oriel, can scarcely have studied with the attention it deserves that chapter of Mr. Titmarsh's celebrated book which treats of “Snobs Academical:” and the “retired manufacturer from Sheffield” might fairly retort that Alma Mater had not done much more for the tutor's manners than the city of grindstones for his own.

We will submit in exchange a fragment from our own life-story, to illustrate the mind and manners of manufacturers who had not yet attained to the honour of “retirement” from their lowering occupations:—At the close of one sultry summer, one of these vulgar men, whose ignoble workshop bordered, but did not actually infringe upon our own peculiar district, had insisted that for a few nights at least, he should drive us in his own carriage—possibly with a view to humiliate the pedestrian parson—to breathe the fresh air of his garden-girt villa, a mile distant on the hill-side above the smoky town. The day's work done,—there was a “full stint” of work for both of us most days, as the rough language of the “hands”

is,—we took our seat with him accordingly,—“for the style of the thing” perhaps,—and drove out to pass the night in purer air. He had two little children, not in “marble chemises,” but in tunics of cloth, possibly woven in the looms of their unaristocratic parent. These little fellows would run to meet us, and soon making friends with the stranger in black, would insist upon taking turns round the garden-walk on our back, or on riding “a cock-horse” upon our knee, to the world-renowned cross which adorns, or ought to, the market place of Banbury. To such servile uses may the imprudent and unsuspecting parson come, who neglects to follow the maxim propounded by Mr. Pycroft:—“Be kind and accessible during the hours of duty; but beware of visiting *out of your proper circle!*”

By-and-by there appeared a few typhoid cases in the district of our daily duties. Rapidly the number thickened in all parts of the town; suddenly, sporadic cases turned to epidemic; it was all but a pestilence.

Some persons, not perhaps unjustifiably, left their residences in and near the town. Our friend went to his work as usual, as having option; we to ours, as having none. But the arms of his children thrown round our neck at evening, when the miasma of sick-rooms and fever-wards might be clinging about us still, seemed to give warning that we should “remove our foot,” as Solomon saith, “from our neighbour’s house,” lest infection should touch his little ones. We packed our carpet-bag; which observing, our manufacturer, with the low brusquerie” to be expected from his class, demanded “whether we were going, and why?” Being told, he delivered himself to this effect:—

“I am sorry you are going, for, of course, we shall never see you here again. Then it was only to please me you did me the honour to come; now it may be matter of life or death to you, you go. Should you insist upon leaving, I shall take it you judge me unworthy to play a friend’s part in earnest, or unbelieving in the protection of Him among whose sick you spend a part of your working-day.”

The carpet-bag was unpacked: that is soon told; but what cannot be told, sooner or later, is with what minute

forethought and ingenuity, with what generous constancy, with what delicate kindness, all things were ordered for us in that household during the fever-stricken time; what cannot be so much as reckoned up is, in what measure we stand indebted for health and life itself to that noble-hearted man. “Oh! but,” objects a captious reader, “that also is but an individual instance.” Very true. Steel of such temper is rare. Rare amidst the blades which hang in armouries upon the ancestral walls of mylords of Oxton at Norlands; rare amidst the files and chisels which Mr. Marchmont left behind him in his workshop at Sheffield. Even a life’s memories have not such incidents by dozens in store. But we can honestly say, that if here be something beyond, here is nothing in discord with the tenor of our reminiscences of intercourse with that class of which we will not allow the “pretentious” Marchmonts to be types.

We allow with Mr. Pycroft, that Henry Austin was, on the whole, no loser, in true preparation for the ministry, by spending his interval of time between college and a curacy elsewhere and otherwise than in a diocesan training institution.

The shrewd common sense which pervades the book, shows in the passage underneath:—

“We have but a partial view of human nature while at College, and there is on the part of society a general conspiracy to blind our eyes to things as they are from the hour we enter the Church; for it is almost conventional to address the clergy in a falsetto tone, and with an affected Puritanism of topics and of sentiments; but as to that world of which the clergy are proverbially ignorant, the only truthful glimpse—the only honest view—by daylight we can ever hope to see, is in general society, between College and Holy Orders. Believing that in this brief twilight of my existence I had the faculty of observation, I cannot regret that I was not doomed to study that Bowdler edition of man, too often to be found in a collegiate institution or in a cathedral city.”

Usefully no less than acutely observed. But he was a lucid thinker who wrote that “it is not wise to tell one truth to men till you can tell them two.” So it may not be amiss to add that we are certain our author, with

his twenty-years' experience, would not wish such a passage to be construed always absolutely. The candidate for Holy Orders is sometimes an "edition of man" who would be none the worse himself for a process of Bowdlerizing.

Not that any man is likely to be the better for a mere sham process of lacquering or "japanning," as it is sometimes irreverently called. We do not even mean that diocesan colleges are the fittest "*loci penitentiae*," wherein wild spirits reclaimed may wrestle and struggle with irregular impulses, till victory be won and the tamed temper submit to training. But we suggest that many men whose genial hearty spirit, capable of self-sacrifice and devotion, promises good material for the ministry, need not only such period of probation, but also such opportunity for contracting a sober studiousness, as a few terms well spent in a diocesan institution may supply, albeit their academic Alma Mater failed to do so.

We speak of mental framework rather than of spiritual; we would not have even heedless readers imagine that we forget the deeper innermost matters of the spirit, which depend but little, if at all, upon any surrounding circumstances.

Neither must Mr. Pycroft be supposed to do so, when he passes lightly, for very reverence sake, over mention of them, as he brings his candidate to the tremendous crisis of first ordination. One bishop at least of the Church of England, as we see by one of the notices which preface the second edition, has thanked the writer for pleasure and profit derived from his book. He does not mention its sixth chapter as one of the specially profitable passages; but we think it may so be reckoned by any one who should take thought for the outward circumstances surrounding the candidate at ordination time, no less than for his personal fitness to receive its imprint. The chapter opens thus:—

"Some thirty young men reached C— on the Wednesday evening, and made in two divisions, common cause and table d'hôte at the inns till the following Monday."

Farther on in the same chapter we have:

"Even so the solemn morning broke

at last. Time and place, 7 a.m. inn bedroom, No. 11. 'Boots,' with clothes on his arm, is standing at the door, and so I awake. Is it a dream? No."

And yet once more farther on:

"On all exciting occasions our feelings seem so important to ourselves, that we naturally expect every one around will sympathize and feel the same. But who is there that has not found at such moments the indifference of others jar upon his own excited feelings? So at the anxious moment in question, the boots and the waiter bustled in and out the room as we were putting on our bands and preparing for the Cathedral; and the waiter asked, 'What the gentlemen would have to take after the Ordination?' And even told us authoritatively what time we 'should be out,' explaining that it was likely *he* should know a little about it, for 'hundreds of gents had been ordained out of the King's Head.'"

The realism of this must not be blamed in the writer, though we may fairly blame the reality which he thus stereotypes. The unseemly and the grotesque will and do mingle but too often in what is most grave, and solemn, and awe-inspiring. This truth the designers and decorators of our glorious Gothic cathedrals, embodied in quaint and monstrous forms haunting their graceful garlands of carven stone or wood, as toads haunt flower-beds. But though they embodied a truth, we are not sure they did right in so embodying it. They might have dispensed with the toadish imps and not have injured their work thereby. We don't mean to apply this, in this instance, to our author: he was right,—not to put toads in the cathedral flower-bed;—but to show them, since there they are, and are thence removable.

Quite numerous enough are the trivial and vulgar accidents which may force themselves upon the attention of the candidate for ordination, in that last eventful week, to distract—or to relieve perhaps—his strained mind: there is no need to secure such crop of them as the soil of the King's Head, and the thrift of its "boots" and "waiter," are likely to mature.

Not a few bishops, we believe, have long since understood this, and have endeavoured to secure some better housing and entertainment of their candidates, than "Inn bedroom, No.

11," and a "table d'hôte" for the clerical, opposite to the dining-parlour of the commercial "gents." In summoning to mind, the "use" of four different dioceses, with which we are acquainted, we are glad to testify that, in three, such things are not only altered but admirably ordered; perhaps they may be so by this time in the offending fourth.

For happily many such things, in many places, have mended much, and are mending of late; Henry Austin's reminiscences carry us back full twenty years. Nevertheless, we will not spare one more quotation from the chapter: if there be no cathedral, there may be a remote church or chapel whose authorities may take a hint.

"If this little touch of earth served to break the spell which entranced my mind; if some of those precious moments, attending Holy Orders, were thus squandered on one of those mere six-and-eight-penny officials, who are generally thought to take a pretty strict tithe of holy things, the next minute I was so far secularised as to find myself almost scrambling in my eagerness for an early pick amongst those dirty surplices.

"'Dirty indeed! you don't say dirty?' All I mean is, that, judged by the standard of a decent parlour-maid's apron, there wasn't one clean. The Tractarians go sometimes too far, I allow, in their anxiety lest in our churches what meets the eye should break the charm which fills the ear; still it was high time some party made a stand against dirty linen at the communion-table, greasy altar-cloths, hassocks half-disembowelled, and a race of clerks and other attendants on solemn services who had become a very by-word for all that is ignorant and grotesque."

Ordained and licensed, the Reverend Henry Austin, after certain essays at elocution in the parish church of his own home, entitled "a curate's adventures in quest of a proper tone of voice;" not unworthy the consideration of all new-made deacons or priests,—betakes himself to the village of Yatton, in which parish his new work lies. There under an old rector of the old dry school, he comes to think that Southey must have had a Yatton parishioner in mind when he related the following story:—"This is a blessed day, this day of rest, to

you, John!" said a country rector to one of the sons of the soil.

"Yes, zur, this be a blessed day. I goes to church; I sits me down; I lays my legs up; and I thinks o' nothin."

Which sets the new-fledged curate "a thinkin' o' somethin'"; indeed of divers things, neither inaccurately conceived, nor inaptly expressed, up and down the book, concerning matter and manner of such discourse as shall penetrate into the brain and heart through that rustic ear which "is used to bleating of sheep and cawing of rooks, and to a few short sentences shouted across the field;" but which "is quite unused to the language of books or to connected sentences."

Chapter the eighth tells its own story by its heading—"The curate in his lonely lodging.—Forced to marry in self-defence." This promises little for romance, and performs what it promises. Reproached with "not making enough of Ellen" in the artistic point of view, Ellen, of course, being the tower of refuge whither from his solitude the lonely curate fled, Mr. Pycroft makes answer, in the preface to his second edition:—

"I reply that two sources of interest are available to a writer: the one dramatic effect, the other truth and nature: and I determined that I would not sacrifice truth by drawing characters I had never known, and in positions in which I had never seen them."

It must be confessed there is truth and nature enough about much of what is depicted as consequent in Austin's after-career, upon his marriage with Miss Ellen Horley. After an unsuccessful attempt at joint housekeeping with a certain affectionate Aunt Charlotte, a good maiden lady, whose favourite nephew Henry Austin had been since childhood; after extrusion from their first settlement in the rectory-house at Green-side, Dorset, by the death of worthy Mr. Griffin, absent by ill-health from his incumbency; after the death of the good old aunt, and loss of the rate-in-aid from her charitable purse to the young couple; and after the birth of the first-born among several young Austins to come in due time thereafter; our clerical friend finds himself, his Ellen, and their baby, in-

habitants of lodgings over a shoemaker's shop in the pretty country town of Lachford. Mr. Austin went thither as incumbent of one of the so-called Peel districts. He had been at some trouble to eschew the general run of such incumbencies, the new parishes of that description being, as his biographer informs us truly, carved out of the streets of his great bugbears, "manufacturing towns."

"Ellen shuddered at the thought of those stacks of dark chimneys and high brick shafts gurgling forth volumes of dense smoke. She had once travelled through the manufacturing districts, whose rivers looked strong of the blue-bag, and whose population was hideous, with their bare purple arms and smutty faces; and she naturally dreaded the thoughts of living there. Talk of the pleasures of matrimony! It has often gone to my very heart to propose to Ellen what would never have troubled me as a single man. However, *most happily* I heard of a Peel district in the pretty town of Lachford, a place that promised economical housekeeping and a quiet picturesque home. I was not long in applying in person to the Bishop of L."

Our readers will have anticipated that we demur to that "*most happily*." "*Omne ignotum pro horridico*" seems to be Mr. Pycroft's leading maxim when places or persons have the manufacturing taint upon them.

It is not for the sake of intruding impertinently personal reminiscences upon Maga's kind perusers that we venture to return to them once more. We do so because we think this opportunity of acknowledging personal debts of gratitude, even under a veil, may help to do some slight public service in dispelling such mists of class-prejudice as often brood too thickly over otherwise candid minds. We have nothing to say against such towns as Lachford. Mindful of our author's admonition, we "would not sacrifice truth by drawing characters we have never known, and in positions in which we have never seen them." But this we will say, that if Lachford folk and Lachford ways, as Mr. Austin and his Ellen found them, be fair specimens of the folk and ways of the larger country towns, then he and his Ellen never made any greater mistake than when, in picking out a Peel dis-

trict, they fled from the canopy of coal smoke which overhangs a manufacturing town. A great eagle's wing is brown, a great raven's black; but under their dusky feathers they can hatch tenderly their callow brood.

We know this well, for we have proved it, and from our heart's deep we acknowledge it. For we found a bride brave enough to build a nest with us under the tall reeking factory chimney's eaves. Oh, golden days! We might write almost word for word with Austin—

"We said we had a snug little house, and so it was, snug and compact enough, with two sitting-rooms and three bedrooms, all very small. They did not take carpets much bigger than a full-sized tablecloth. The house was a brick and a-half thick, and we could hear rather more than we liked of our neighbours on either side."

Then, our neighbours must themselves have heard the cry of our own first-born; and though we are heartily thankful that in a purer air the roses have blown into that bright maid's cheek, yet the kindest thoughts and feelings hover still about remembrance of the humble home where her dear eyes first opened on us. That remembrance contradicts even to minute corresponding particulars, the less happy experiences of our brother clergyman who fled the coal-smoke. There is scarce a line in which we might not insert a negative as we copy the words which follow:—

"This veil soon began to drop off after once we were in Pump-street: though for some time we looked, as it were, naturally for the kind attentions of old. Trifling presents of fruit or flowers would now have been doubly acceptable. Presents of game used to come as regularly as the shooting season; but now, save my dear mother's basket, all was stopped; though any thing for a change, to say nothing of the economy, would have been far more than a compliment in our humble state. But few people feel much interest in showing their taste in putting pretty bouquets in pretty papers, to send with such a direction as 'Pump-street.' Hares and pheasants are creatures of aristocratic breed; and after their patrician woods would quite disdain so low and mean a destination. And so, even the little accidents of gentility, one by one,

dropped off. Our table had no scented notes, no basket of cards, not a scrap, but a plain kind of "post letters" was to be seen. We had no friends to direct notes very often, still less to pay visits. Our neighbourhood, it is very evident, was a very unfashionable one."

So likewise ours, let the reader judge. When we were to leave it, more kindly and sincere expressions of regret were uttered than we had done ought to deserve. One man spoke so feelingly, that *our* "Ellen," not recognising in him one of our own congregation, ventured to inquire wherefore he was so deeply moved. "Fact is, mum, I'm the rate-collector, mum, as takes the water-rate, the lightin' and the pavin' rates, and sich, mum. And I do assure ye, parties one never 'as to call on twice for rates, mum, is a exception in this neighbourhood, and makes a street respectable; and I shall feel the loss of sich."

But in our grateful zeal for the honour of grimy districts we have somewhat wandered.

The mention of the consequences of that marriage with Ellen Horley, into which the unbearable solitude of his country curate's lodgings drove, unromantically, the Rev. Henry Austin, made themselves felt in due time in the "life-like and intense reality" of very straitened circumstances, and the gnawing anxieties which these bring on the father of a family. Of such consequences many will say peremptorily, "they should have been foreseen and might have been avoided." The fanciful miseries of the curate's solitude should not have been allowed to drag down a wife and children into the substantial and almost inevitable woes of that clerical poverty which all along had stared Mr. Austin in the face.

There is a general and there is a special matrimonial question here involved. The echoes of the great battle fought under the banners of the 'marriage' or 'no marriage on £300 a-year' partisans, still haunt the compositor's rooms at Printinghouse-square, and are loud yet in the memories of "constant readers" of the *Times*. We have no wish to rouse their clatter again just now. But we read with a curious interest in the *Saturday Review* of January the 21st,

an article upon that special branch of the poor-marriage question which relates to the poverty of the married clergy. The justice of its conclusions in their main drift we are not prepared to controvert, taking that drift to drive hither: that whatsoever prudence and self-restraint are duties of the layman in this matter should bind the man in orders as tightly: nay, somewhat more; from hisself-imposed obligation to set in all things a good example. Pure milk this for moral babes. But there be morsels of strong meat in that same article, the digestion of which may concern other than clerical stomachs a good deal.

"A young man proposing to take orders, and having no family connexion with patrons, and no private means, knows or at least ought to know that he will enter a profession in which there are ten thousand posts (we are told there are five thousand curates with incomes under £80 a-year, and five thousand incumbents with incomes under £150 a-year), of which if he holds any one he has no business to think of marrying; and he may also reckon with tolerable certainty, that one of these posts, and no better one, will fall to his lot. *If, therefore, he wishes to do his duty as a clergyman, he must remain a bachelor unless he can find a wife with some little money of her own.*

"This is one of the facts he has got to face—it is one of the conditions of his profession. Of course all men have not the gift of celibacy. But what is meant by a clergyman having a call? The very notion of a call to the ministry seems to have died out in English society. . . . A call has come to mean merely this: that if a young man has protracted his education so that most avenues in life are closed to him; and if he has no intellectual doubts as to the teaching of the Church of England, he is at once entitled and obliged to take a curacy. A very great deal more than this ought to be understood by a call to the ministry; and one of the very first requisites is a capacity for celibacy.

"We always come back to the point that no clergyman ought to take Orders unless he has such a constitution of body and mind as will enable him to live unmarried until he has obtained one of the posts that exceeds in value the ten thousand lowest posts of his profession. Practically, a friendless moneyless man, whether clergyman or layman, ought to set before himself the prospect of a perpetual celibacy."

Now, for this long extract we make no apology, for the effect of those "powders," which, spite of disclaimer, exist, as we have said, in Mr. Pycroft's "currant jelly," will depend upon the reader's agreement or disagreement with the judgment of this *Saturday* reviewer.

To "*intending*" clergymen, as they say of emigrants, there is, perhaps, much that is sound in the advice thus given. It is that great philosopher *Punch's* "Advice to persons"—why not to "parsons"—"about to marry"—"Don't!"

In all sober, serious earnest, it may be just and wise and merciful withal to remind a youthful aspirant for Orders that circumstances exist,—and may surround himself,—under which it is not wholly untrue to say, that "if he would do his duty as a clergyman he must remain a bachelor."

For a certain class of readers, it may be true that Mr. Pycroft has even overlaid his powder too thickly with the jelly; one of his critics gives a fair caution thus:—"It will hardly be wise for candidates for Holy Orders to expect such a gracious and opportune patroness as Lady Oxton, or even a 'small estate' worth £500 a-year from their future father-in-law." But what are the public generally to learn from the fictitious,—in this case thoroughly life-like and intensely real—description of Henry and Ellen Austin's struggles and heart-weariness in the desperate attempt to maintain life and social decency upon the income of one of those five thousand incumbencies which hardly yield £150 a-year?

Does the *Saturday* reviewer speak the public mind when he would have it laid down as an axiom, that "*one of the very first requisites of a call to the ministry is a capacity for celibacy?*" Has the onward march of things—has the needful, and still needed, multiplication of unendowed and ill-endowed churches and chapels for the service of the United Communion of England and Ireland driven matters to such a pass? We neither affirm nor deny it: we merely say that "the facts"—if they be facts—must be "faced," sooner or later, and the sooner the better, by others than candidates for Holy Orders. The nature

of the sacred office which these young men are seeking is such, that the conditions under which they shall exercise it are, if any thing, of more importance to others than to themselves. You cannot, indeed, skin the shepherd of his individual interest in himself and what concerns him; but the spiritual flock has a wider, if not a closer, interest in him and in things pertaining to him than almost he himself.

The *Saturday* reviewer says of young clergymen, that "all the good women of their acquaintance hunt them into matrimony, either *because they accept the general principle that clergymen ought to marry*, or because personally they rather affect a curate."

Now, we submit that, rightly or wrongly, the general principle glanced at above is accepted, upon rather serious grounds, by other folk than even the "good women" of the curate's acquaintance, undoubted as is their right also to a voice in such matters. History has told us more than once or twice how, under a system where "a capacity for celibacy" is strictly held to be a first requisite for the priesthood, fathers, husbands, and brothers have "hunted" the priest into something less honourable than matrimony: not for his good or security; but for their own. Even the vow of celibacy will not secure the capacity, as is but too well known by Christendom, though the reviewer assert so confidently that "at three-and-twenty a man has some notion whether he can lead a godly and useful life as a bachelor." Perhaps in respect of self-restraint on the more passionate part of his nature he may; but we believe that the pressure of solitude, and the longing for escape therefrom into the sweet companionship of married life, exercise most sorely the heart of the solitary man at a much later period, generally speaking, of his life. The tinted glow of youthful energy and enthusiasm fades, and the heart takes fright at the creeping grey tone which succeeds: the sunshine of a wife's smile is its dearest desire then. When a vow binds, the struggle is often keen; when there is none to bind—and we presume the reviewer does not go the length of recom-

mending its imposition—what then? Is it quite satisfactory to think that for want of a decent maintenance from the calling in which, perhaps, he has toiled for years devotedly, and not inefficiently, the man “must remain a bachelor, unless he can find a wife with some little money of her own?” Fortune-hunting in the matrimonial market, in ever so small a way, strikes us as a singularly undesirable occupation for the leisure hours of the clergy. It may be true that “the amount of money that is constantly flowing into their pockets through the very natural wish of ladies of property to become the wives of clergymen is scarcely credible.” It may be that some colourable verisimilitude tinges the statement that “there was not long ago a curacy in a well-known suburb where the curate was thought to have done badly unless he married his £40,000.” But the mere statement is sufficient to establish the repugnancy of the bare notion to any true sense of clerical manliness and dignity. The reviewer very justly, if not very delicately, says of poor married clergymen, that “to address as a gentleman and to treat as an equal a person who you are aware would like to have the first refusal of the trousers in which you stand talking to him, is not a very easy matter.” Perhaps, however, social intercourse with the curate of your parish would be none the easier, safer, or pleasanter, from the conviction that if your daughter happen to have a few hundred pounds in prospect, the odds are in favour of her being wooed for her money’s sake by the needy clerical celibate, who, if the truth were told, would rather, could he support her, make an offer to her penniless cousin.

Yet, it must be acknowledged, there is some force in the further declaration of the article whence we have quoted so much already, that—

“It is idle to think that existing incumbencies or curacies will receive any considerable addition to their present income. What the church has to do in this generation is to carry its ministration into localities where at present there is no provision for its ministers at all. *The most that can be done* is to provide such a stipend for the incumbents of new churches as will enable them to live in decency as bachelors.”

If, truly, this be the “most that can be done,” then one result may be foreseen, to which the eyes of niggardly providers for clerical sustenance should be open in good time. These decent clerical bachelors will be driven—symptoms are not wanting to show that such a movement has begun—to adopt a collegiate or conventual life. We say this advisedly, not as blaming or approving, but as pointing out a contingency by no means improbable, and deserving of the most careful and thoughtful consideration. The monk’s cell gathers cells around it, and becomes a monastery. Celibates are driven perforce to cluster. Clubs prove the fact no less directly than convents: mess-rooms no less than refectories.

Clerical solitude especially has its own peculiar disadvantages: has wrought special theological as well as special moral evils. That is by no means so unreasonable or unwise a rule as it may be reckoned at first sight, which prevails concerning married priests in certain branches of the Eastern Church. So long as the wife lives, the good man may keep a parochial cure: no sooner is she dead—remarriage being forbidden—than he must return into residence and under rule at the monastery whence he came out.

Those 5,000 curacies under £80, and 5,000 incumbencies under £150, are certainly portentous appearances upon the ecclesiastical horizon. Not indeed novel, but increasing at a novel and significant rate. It is not church-building only, but all vigorous extension and multiplication of church work whatsoever, which adds so rapidly day by day to the number of underpaid and sometimes unpaid clerical functionaries.

And the increase of demand for the services of candidates for Holy Orders suggests another reflection.

There is by no means an overflow of supply to meet this growing demand. All men acquainted with diocesan statistics know it well. Now it may be worth considering how far, under these circumstances, it is wise to deter a possible candidate from the ranks of a laity, which assigns no merit or pre-eminence to celibacy in its ordinary religious theory, by the strenuous assertion that he labours under serious disqualification for the

ministry, if he be not possessed "of such a constitution of body and mind as will enable him to live unmarried until he has obtained"—in the teeth of the fair calculation of chances—"one of the posts that exceed in value the ten thousand lowest posts of his profession."

The true call to the ministry is, we grant, from within; but the tests of the genuineness of the inward summons belong in part to things without.

We thought the Reformation had given a decided opinion on the unwisdom of imposing from without disabilities of the kind we are discussing. Now, there is no very wide difference between exacting a vow from the candidate, and so ordering his after-circumstances as to make it incumbent on him to live as if indeed the vow had been exacted.

The reviewer, whose whole article we commend to the attention of our readers, estimates that for what he calls the "bagatelle of three millions," "the rich might have the comfort of creating a *unique profession*, every member of which would be enabled to marry respectably, and be paid extra in proportion to the number of children he was kind enough to bring into the world." We by no means assert that the rich ought so to do; but we think it ought not to be overlooked that the true question is, whether in respect of *public advantage* it be not

desirable that this "profession" should be "unique" in affording to the great majority of its "professors" the opportunity of marriage under fair pecuniary circumstances. It should not be forgotten that the profession is already "unique," or nearly so, in this respect, that having once entered it, the man has foregone almost all those means of improving his material position which industry, ability, or the fixed rise by mere seniority give to men in other callings. Other professions are rendered "unique" in certain respects at cost of many millions to rich and poor alike. The life-long half-pay of the fever-stricken officer, the compensation to soldier or to sailor for amputated limbs: these are special privileges, created for individuals, it is true; but upon considerations of purely public advantage.

All this time, however, we have left the Rev. Henry Austin, wife and family, in the difficulties and troubles of Pump-street. We have done it with the less compunction, because our readers must have gathered that they were not doomed to linger there for ever. An appeal to Lady Oxton's kind remembrance, and the magic of her influence with the Lord Chancellor, removed them in happy time to the rectory of Elkerton. Whence, we can assure Mr. Pycroft, we shall welcome news of them again.

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF MR. TENNYSON'S POETRY.

BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

IN a recent analysis of the first volume of M. Hugo's *Legend of the Ages*, in this Magazine, its writer commenced by some outlines of a comparison between the French poet and the illustrious author of the "Idylls." One of the most elegant critics of France has lately produced an elaborate poetic portrait of Mr. Tennyson, whose features suggest a conclusion very different from that which was drawn in the article just mentioned. M. Emile Montégut's article upon Alfred Tennyson, read in conjunction with his *étude* upon Victor Hugo, would unquestionably imply that Mr. Tennyson is but the clever and elegant versifier of the extremest English dandyism, while the author of the *Légende* is the poet of passion, of thought, and of humanity.

To M. Emile Montégut we are certainly indebted for one or two extremely fine and judicious remarks. That Mr. Tennyson's genius on its epic side has a predilection not so much for heroism in action as for heroism in *reverie*, is a just and luminous observation. It throws light upon the superb fragment of *Ulysses*, soliloquizing by the glimmering sea. It explains Arthur, wounded to death, philosophizing upon the future; and Arthur, with his fair ideal shattered to pieces, like a vase, in the halls of Camelot, standing in his proud, serene sorrow over his guilty queen, Arthur ever represented as having acted, or being about to act, never in action. Less profound, but even more subtle and original, is the criticism upon those well-known poems which stand nearly at the commencement of Mr. Tennyson's first volume. Tennyson, M. Montégut observes, paints woman not as a whole, but in details. He seizes some delicate play of expression, some passing glance, some evanescent work of light and shadow upon a golden curl, some bend of the neck, some attitude of beauty. This merit he owes in some degree to his models. English beauty is the least classical and most romantic in the world, and therefore that which

owes the most to these fugitive details. These ladies, the French critic elegantly says, are "all smiles, all melancholy, or all caprice; Claribel is a shadow; Lilian, a peal of laughter; Mariana, a melancholy look; Isabel, an attitude."

With these exceptions, M. Emile Montégut's essay is but one long and eloquent fallacy. He places Tennyson upon a level with Byron, Keats, and Shelley, in that *unreality* of tone and sentiment which puts the mind in a painful collision with the *factual* world around it, akin to the impression produced by the first draught of the Kantian philosophy, which proves to us that all our knowledge is relative, not absolute; of the phenomenal, not of the real. Yet the very juxtaposition of names implies a fundamental oversight. What has Tennyson in common with those characteristics of the other three, which leave a morbid intoxication, delicious while it lasts, as the fantastic dreams of opium, but as painful in its after effects? Shelley simply pours forth a flood of beauty. The "light of laughing flowers" (to use his own beautiful expression), which he "spreads along the grass," is purposeless as the blaze of crocuses, or soft clouds of anemones, in the woods of spring. He has only three moods. He is absorbed into nature, floating with the cloud, soaring with the skylark, blowing with the flower, drinking in at every pore the silent influences around. Presently this works in his veins like wine, and a wild and desperate love—running up the gamut from sensuality to anguish—wails out in despair, and a great black cloud called Death muffles up all the stars, and the song sobs away endlessly into the darkness. And at times a third string is struck. The eagle and the serpent wrestle in the air. The sea swarms with fleets. Armies tramp along the land. Prometheus is nailed to the rock by an unjust though almighty decree. Dark, hideous forms steal forth, incest, murder, tyranny, superstition, wrong. And a wild song hustles

through the darkness, against laws, priests, judges, kings, God Himself. Keats, too, is the idolater of beauty, or rather enjoyment for its own sake. How he revels over those fruits and cates in "St. Agnes' Eve." Read his letters. Observe how in one he dwells upon that peach, "like a great beautified strawberry," and analyzes every shade of gratified sensation. It is in a small way the spirit of his poetry.

Beauty for beauty's sake—not moral beauty—is his motto. Finally, Byron, with his narrow, one-stringed violin of passion. He is the very promulgator of that fatal ethical lie, that the intensity of emotion sanctifies its object. Incest then becomes poetical. The fetid stench of passion's expiring embers must be fed with the most precious gems of the imagination. Sunsets must glorify, and oceans sing to, an elderly scamp in "Childe Harold." The summer nights of Italy, and the blue depths of the Grecian waves are defiled up to their host of stars, and down to their golden sands, by the triumphant young blackguard who is the hero of Don Juan. Here, then, we have Shelley the idolater of nature; Keats, the idolater of beauty; Byron, the idolater of passion; Byron, immoral; Keats, *unmoral*; Shelley, *antimoral*; or, if we had some other prefix, like a Greek derivative, to express the absolute negative of the received moral principles that govern the world. When a man breathes the same air with any of the three he is intoxicated with scents and colours. When he reels outside the chamber he feels with a sigh at first that he has been under a delusion. Their world and their heaven are not as God's world and as God's heaven. But why are these poets (from one of whom, however, he may have imbibed that luxury of beauty which he occasionally exhibits) working

"Without a conscience or an aim,"

to be compared to Tennyson? Some "wild and wandering cries"—some "confessions of a wasted youth" may, no doubt, be heard in that stately temple. Possibly, in earlier years, the poet's voice may have sounded nonchalant and dreamy. We can picture him to ourselves wrapped in indolent musings, while

"Heavily droops the hollyhock—
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

But his increasing years have run with an increasing purpose. The spirit of modern philosophy, both physical and psychological, has passed into his mind. He has learned to catch the passionate expression on the face of all science. He has felt the pulse of the ages. He has sorrowed and examined his own heart. Above all, the circle of morality has found its centre in Christ, our Lord. Yet the impression produced by the most deliberately and deeply moral of all our poets is (M. Montégut being judge) precisely similar to that which is left by those three, who are most destitute of all moral purpose.

But the French critic is not content with this general and sweeping assertion. He descends to particulars. Mr. Tennyson, it seems, is too mild and too ethereal for him. He represents the world too much as the Donatists represented the visible Church—a rose without a thorn, a robe without a stain, an ark without a Ham, wheat without tares. "It is not he," exclaims M. Montégut, "who will ever make you dream that there are liars and fools in the world." Inconceivable criticism! More than most even of his sensitive tribe has Mr. Tennyson hated the wolf's black jaw and the dull hoof of the ass. There is a perfect museum of the *genus* fool in Mr. Tennyson's writings. There is the fool critic, who vexes the enchanted garden of the poet's mind with his shallow wit, and withers its green leaves. There is the fool metaphysician, with dead, lacklustre eye, clenching rounded periods, who "keeps aloof in impotence of fancied power." There is the fool preacher pounding the pulpit on God's good Sabbath, and shrieking out "Anti-Babylonianisms." There is the fool lordling in Maude. There are the knaves whom, the Dirge seems to tell us, it will be one of the blessings of resting under the eglantine to be troubled with no more. There is the false Vivian. There is the treacherous-eyed lady in the Princess. There is the canting knave in *Sea Dreams*, who drops

"The too rough H in hell and heaven."

The "Idylls" form a chamber strewn with broken ideals. What is its very consummation but the bursting in of reality upon Arthur's fancy of a per-

fect world within the world? Knavery and folly have smeared the cloth upon the round table with their vile fingers—that is Arthur's sorrow. Once more—when a poet has been, if any thing, excessive in his delineations of the worse side of our humanity—when the point and purpose of his greatest work is to prove that human frailty and sinfulness will ever mar the vision of perfect moral beauty here—is it not strange that this accusation should be recorded against him?

M. Montégut finds Mr. Tennyson's mind tinctured with dandyism. Its most characteristic productions are too like the irreproachable Sir Charles Grandison. His language is a sort of "familiar lyricism" (though what that expression may convey in reference to blank verse we know not). And, finally, and worst of all—there is little of passionate sentiment in his placid pages.

This last accusation is, no doubt, in some measure, true. *Fatima*, however, and *Enone* are amply sufficient to prove that the absence of such passages is, in no degree, to be accounted for by want of power. It is upon principle that Mr. Tennyson is sparing in such delineations. When such "passionate sentiments" are exhibited it is with the purpose of a lofty morality—not to be clapped, like a strong situation in a melo-drama—but to be exposed as the accompaniments of an ill-balanced mind in the poem of *Maude*, or of a guilty and polluted nature in *Guinevere*.

But M. Montégut's summing up is inexorably severe. The poet has neglected all the great aspects of his subject. His pieces look like diamonds, but their fantastic brilliance is only in the distance. Breathe upon them and they drop from the spray; touch them and they dissolve. *Guinevere* is a long lamentation; *Elaine*, a *reverie* of impossible love; *Vivian*, a subtle conversation; *Enid*, the expression of a love, suspicion, of a torrent of jealousy.

I will not pause to examine the justice of this kind of criticism; I will only add a few words upon the climax of these accusations.

"Mr. Tennyson," continues M. Montégut, "has neglected the religious character of the history of Arthur and of his companions." Is this true?

If the question is to be answered from the French point of view, which makes religion consist of passionate, pantheistic apostrophes, and of tawdry representations, which resemble the severe and sublime genius of real Christianity rather less than a sugar ornament on a Twelfth cake resembles a Gothic cathedral, Mr. Tennyson is not a religious poet.

Or if the question is to be answered from the point of view of particular schools among ourselves; if it is to be settled by finding out in what number of places the author of the "Idylls" testifies for or against the "Tracts for the Times" on the one hand, or Mr. Spurgeon's sermons on the other; Mr. Tennyson may not be a religious poet.

But if the problem is to be envisaged (as the French would say), from a higher position than that of our contemporary squabbles, the conclusion that the author of the "Idylls" is a religious poet cannot be gainsayed.

An interesting theological *excursus* on Tennyson's theology might easily be written. One might trace first the poet singing in the careless strength of youth to intoxicate himself with music. Then doubt begins to do its work. The analogies of natural science, as it is taught in our great modern schools, terrify and perplex him. The immeasurable antiquity of the earth below, the "silence of the infinite spaces" above, appal, perplex, and abase him. But in the moral law, in the world of thought within, he soon finds something which the world without cannot give. The silver chime of the church bells soothes him like a cradle-song. The Divine wisdom of Him who speaks in the Gospels comes home to his heart and mind. In sorrow, he finds the need of that living, personal, eternal friend. Loving Him, he loves all His. Mary and Martha are equally dear. One may cling to Him with more personal, spiritual, direct insight; the other may rather pierce through a transparent veil of forms to that which lies beyond. But the poet can love both. That which is clumsily, but expressively termed *unreality*, he cannot indeed abide. I think he does not much care to hear

"The snowy-handed,
Dilettante,
Delicate-handed Priest intone,"

unless that gentleman is to be found working for his Master against the world and the devil, and then the poet will fence him round with his song. On the other side, I suspect that Cumæan and Etruscan interpretations of the Apocalypse, *warlocking* out of 1867, by aid of more algebra than Apostles wot of, are still more distasteful to him. If you put him to it, he will say things quite other from the sentiments which are applauded upon popular platforms. He realizes intensely the presence of the spiritual world round us. He thinks of heaven, not as a place of monotonous rapture, but as a sphere for the development of character, acquired here in toil and effort. Character is in his view, like the precious amber found by the Baltic sea, after the conifers from which it exuded are gone for ever.

"We doubt not, that for one so true,
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And victor he must ever be.
Gone, but nothing can bereave him of the
force he made his own
Being here."

But I must return to the religion of the "Idylls."

To me, at least, the "Idylls" as a whole, give a profoundly religious impression, founded, I think, upon three circumstances.

M. Montégut has observed, with dissatisfaction, the shipwreck of noble projects and of holy aspirations in the "Idylls." Enid is the type of wedded purity and domestic love; but a worm is at the root; a snail slimes the rich leaves; distrust enters in; the blossom will never be what it was before. Elaine, the type of passion yearning after an ideal, the lily maid, lies pale and shattered upon the barge. Merlin, the type of philosophic wisdom, is deceived by a false woman. Arthur, the type of majesty, is deceived, dishonoured, and betrayed. All are "like light vapours," says the

critic. And if the world be shadowed forth by the round table, is not this indeed the triumph of a religious poet? It is not always terror that converts a soul. When we find that all is vanity; that our fair ideals are to be broken; that jealousy and peevishness intrude into the sanctuary of home, as with Geraint; that our Merlins are but men after all; that the Launcelots whom we wildly worship are not for us; when we make such discoveries as these, all these shattered dreams are as "schoolmasters to bring us unto Christ."

Arthur's painful experience of human nature is also, I think, profoundly religious. Many high and noble natures do not sufficiently believe in the New Testament teaching about the human heart; they expect to regenerate it by their pet scheme, their Round Table; they are disappointed. The poet's line is monotonous, the sculptor's statue is poor, compared with the perfect ideal which floated before them. They could not represent it perfectly, because they were weak in their materials, in the crumbling stone of human speech, in the hard white marble. So man cannot carve out the high ideal of the moral law into action, because he is "weak through the flesh." Not in the pride of triumphant virtue, but sinful, humbled, weeping, shall he attain to holiness. Is not this the teaching which Arthur receives?

And thirdly, is not (as Bishop Butler teaches us) the "efficacy of repentance," one of the special lessons which nature cannot give us, and which is peculiar to the Gospel? Is not the entire legend, as traced by Mr. Tennyson, a series of altar-stairs leading up to the Cross? It is no random line, it is a deep solemn purpose which makes Arthur tell Guinevere of "leaning upon our fair father Christ," and so entering into a home where all things are pure.

A PEEP INTO TANGIER.

THE weather had been unusually sultry, even for Gibraltar, and both the officers and men were not a little pleased at having completed their day's performance on the *Alamada*, where the regiment had undergone its half-yearly inspection by our venerable Governor.

We had been drilled incessantly during the preceding fortnight; and what with the usual round of guards, regimental duty, and courts martial, together with a fair sprinkling of balls and private theatricals, winding up with three hours' grill in a tight fitting tunic and stock, I felt fairly done up, and was glad to substitute a loose flannel costume for my uniform, and seek repose in the garrison library.

I had been reading a little of the history of the adjoining country, from the old times when Taric and his bands swept through its plains, forests, and mountains, down to the period when Boabdil abandoned the cause of the Crescent in the fair kingdom of Granada, and the last remnant of his followers had perished miserably in the *Sierra Vermeja*. Washington Irving had, to a certain extent, been my study in these matters; and the magic charm of his style, and the veil of romance which he has cast about the whole story of the Moors of Granada, had excited my imagination, and caused me to indulge in half-dreamy reveries as I lay in the darkened reading-room. Visions came to me of those days when the swarthy Moor kept watch and ward over this fortress, portions of which still attest the skill of the once mighty conquerors of Spain. I fancied the streets filled with turbaned warriors, returning from some bloody foray through the Christian villages, welcomed home by dark-eyed houris, and followed by trains of Christian captives. *Allah-il-Allah* seemed to sound from minarets which have long since mouldered away; and troops of wild horsemen, with lance and pennon and gleaming scimitar, seemed to flash in mimic combat across the "neutral ground."

I was not long left to the enjoyment of such fancies, being roused through the untiring energy of a long

speckled-leg sandfly, who, having squatted himself upon my forehead, was busily engaged in procuring a repast from my already fevered blood. Breathing an anathema against the insect creation, I rose and passing through groups of Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, proceeded to my quarters, to dress for mess.

I need not weary my readers with the details of an inspection dinner. Suffice it to say, that when the band burst out into "God save the Queen," I could not restrain an involuntary sigh of relief. With the cloth vanished all appearance of restraint amongst the youngsters; the older hands steadily sipped their port and claret; and all fell gradually into conversation. Pic-nics to the "Corkwood," and to the "Falls;" boating parties, and rides into the interior of Andalusia, were planned and discussed, and all seemed anxious to secure a holiday after their late confinement and hard work.

We adjourned to the anteroom, where two whist-tables were established, at one of which the Governor was seated, supported by solemn old colonels, who, intent upon their game, every now and then darted terrific glances at the second table, which was occupied by a more juvenile party, whose half suppressed merriment showed how lightly gains and losses weighed upon young and joyous hearts. I sat at an open window watching the scene, when a bright-cheeked, dark-haired youth joined me, and alluding to the after-dinner conversation, informed me that he and another officer intended to start in his little boat, *La Senorita*, the following morning, for Tangier, and asked me if I would join them.

I was delighted at the opportunity which presented itself of accomplishing one of the long-desired wishes of my life at Gibraltar—that of seeing the Moor in his own country.

On the following day we passed through the crowded market-place in the Waterport ditch of the fortress; and after purchasing a large quantity of luscious grapes, locally known as "Ladies' fingers," for a small amount

of money, we proceeded to join our boatman on the quay, from whence we pushed off to where *La Senorita* lay most appropriately moored off the ladies' bathing-place. She was a small half-decked boat, of about five tons; and being five souls in all on board, we were of course prepared to rough it most thoroughly—cooking, eating, and sleeping on the same boards. Our crew consisted of a man and a youth, the former of whom, a swarthy Gibraltarian or "Scorpion," could, I fancy, tell mysterious tales of engagements with, and escapes from, *guarda costa*, when employed, as most of his class frequently are at Gibraltar, in the contraband coasting trade. We were not unmindful to lay in a sufficient stock of provisions for our voyage, comprising hams, pies, sausages, eggs, and a few minor commodities, not forgetting a few bottles of wine. To these Pedro, our boatman, added a bag of charcoal, some onions, tomatoes, and oil, and we strongly suspected him of having smuggled a little garlic and *aguadiente* for his own special use.

To hoist our sails and weigh our anchor was the work of but a few moments; and shortly before noon we were standing out for the quarantine hulk through the maze of small shipping which crowded the harbour. Beyond was the man-of-war anchorage, in those days untenanted by a single pendant, but where now a fleet of line-of-battle ships, of which England may well be proud, floats majestically, their huge, black sides, bristling with cannon, looking as grim and as wicked as the frowning batteries which command them, and their tall masts pointed into the clear blue sky, seeming to rival the pinnacles of the rock of Gibraltar itself.

The wind was due north, but there was little of it, and we stood straight across for Apes hill on the Barbary coast, the Mons Abyla of the ancients—the second pillar of Hercules. From thence we hoped to catch the inshore current, which would assist us in reaching Tangier bay, avoiding the strong and ceaseless stream which flows through the centre of the gut in the opposite direction. Almost becalmed, and carried more to the east than we had anticipated by the stream, we did not approach the opposite coast till later than we had calculated upon. Keeping at a prudent distance

from the base of the rocky hills, we coasted slowly along, endeavouring with our glasses to find a trace, among the caverns or clefts of the rocks, of human habitations, if such those can be classed in which dwell the wild and ferocious tribes inhabiting the country between Ceuta and Tangier. These people are probably of the same race as the once far-famed Barbary pirates; if such be the case, they have fallen from their former greatness, but they are not the less cruel to those whom chance throws in their way; and setting their Emperor at defiance, they plunder whatever vessel falls into their hands, being perfectly indifferent as to the flag under which she may be sailing. It is not till night that one is aware that the wild shore is inhabited; then the numerous fires gleaming from the rocks and in the valleys denote the existence of men in a tract apparently fit only for the wild boar and jackall.

It was near midnight when the lights of Tangier warned us that we were approaching our destination. We had for nearly four hours been guided on our way by the stars only, and a breeze having sprung up, our little boat shot rapidly through the mimic waves, tossing flakes of phosphoric light upon its deck. At length, hearing the sound of the surf breaking on the sandy beach, we cast anchor, and one in the stern under an awning, another in the little cabin in the fore-castle, all were soon asleep, I preferring the solitude of the half-deck, wrapped in a large cloak as a protection against the heavy dews.

The intense heat of the morning sun upon my face awoke me early; and rousing my companions, we looked about us, and found that we had anchored a little distance from the water-port, where we landed after breakfast.

The town has a pretty appearance when viewed from the sea, being nestled in between two hills, the highest of which is crowned by the citadel; lines of fortifications and batteries descend to the shore, where they overhang the remains of a fine mole existing when Tangier was in our possession, but which we wantonly destroyed on resigning it. Along the sea wall are further ranges of batteries, the appearance of which is much injured by their being white-

washed. Like most eastern towns, its houses are generally flat roofed, the streets built without any pretence to regularity, and as the ground rises from the shore, the irregular jumble of roofs and walls rising one over the other, interspersed with the towers of the mosques, is, on the whole, pleasing. On this day, being Sunday, the town had a peculiarly animated appearance, owing to the standards of the various nations being hoisted over their respective consulates, whilst high above all the white flag of Islam floated from the mosque tower, calling the faithful to prayer. No bell tolled forth its summons to Christian worship, however; and of the cathedral and seven churches which, by old plans, appear to have existed in former days, all have doubtless since been converted into temples for "true believers."

Notwithstanding the antipathy with which all Christians are regarded by the Moors, I landed for the first time on their own territory with feelings of a far different nature towards them. Indeed I cannot help admiring their character in some points. Their devotion to their religion, their truthfulness, their former greatness and proficiency in all the arts and sciences, and their high state of civilization, when the rest of Europe was savage and barbarous, cannot fail to awaken feelings of interest, if not of sympathy, whilst the dignity of their demeanour, and the orderly nature and conduct of those of their nation who reside among us at Gibraltar, cannot fail to command respect.* Though constantly in the habit of seeing them I was wholly unprepared for the variety of features as well as costume which is to be met with at Tangier. Some are fair skinned as ourselves, with noble-looking, delicately-formed features, others, on the contrary, are black as jet, whilst among the wild and ferocious looking inhabitants of the Riff coast are found rich, deep, brown skins, black, gleaming eyes, and curly black hair, cut close, except at the back of the head, where it is allowed to grow into a long, curly lock, falling down along the back. The latter tribe seem indifferent about wearing the turban,

and generally have that impoverished and wild appearance which indicates their unsettled mode of life.

In the market place and in the bazaar the most motley assemblage is, of course, to be met with. There are to be found huddled together, Jews, Moors, high and low, rich and poor, Arabs from the Desert, and Riflians, ugly women, asses, horses, and camels—a perfect Babel. Except amongst the Jews, we could not fail being struck with the stateliness and gravity of demeanour of nearly every man that we met with, and in some this was coupled with a wild freedom and activity, the result of their wandering habits.

The city of Tangier covers but a small extent of ground, being about 700 yards long by 450 yards in breadth, but from the narrowness and tortuous course of the lanes (streets there are none) it appears considerably larger than it really is, and its geography is more difficult to learn than that of an English town of five times its extent. We, of course, had a guide, a Moor, who was well acquainted with English, and who undertook to show us the sights of this most filthy town. Our first visit was to the Vice-Consul, who, in the absence of his chief, Mr. Drummond Hay, was busily engaged in preparing a mail for England to forward by us to Gibraltar. We then followed our cicerone to a Jew's shop, where the crafty old cheat, having heard of our arrival, and being no doubt in league with our guide, Hamet, took care to spread out his most tempting commodities. On every article a price double its worth is placed. This the purchaser must beat down to what the guide, or his own knowledge, tells him is the proper one. Terrific, in our case, was the bargaining between Hamet and the Jew; the former saying between whiles in a knowing manner, "I know the price—never mind—him blackguard Jew," adding, with a shake of his head, and a look of pious horror, "dam blackguard;" the latter, of course, expostulating in the energetic manner of his race, earnestly pleaded the excellence of his goods, their cheapness and curio-

* During the whole period that I was quartered at Gibraltar I never heard of an instance of a Moor being charged at the police court of any offence.

sity, and our great want of them. He threw his body into all manner of contortions, while his face assumed a comical look expressive of the utter ruin it would be to him to dispose of his goods at the price we offered. At length when, with perfect unconcern, we prepared to leave the shop, he frantically besought that the articles should be taken at the price we named, and hastened to produce fresh boxes to tempt us with their contents. Cushions embroidered in gold, in velvet, or leather, pocket-books and cigar cases of similar workmanship, scarfs, shawls, haiks, burnouses, coral bracelets, swords, guns and daggers, silver mounted and inlaid, together with beautiful brass trays, engraved and painted in arabesque patterns, and hosts of other articles, were displayed upon the counter, and were so tempting, that it required no small amount of self-control to avoid spending all our money when we thought of those at home to whom a present of such things would give pleasure.

At length, having completed our purchases, Hamet thought the next best thing to exhibit to us would be a rich Jew's house (the old sinner took good care not to take us to a Moorish one), and accordingly he conducted us to one belonging to a wealthy merchant, where we saw nothing worth relating as far as architecture is concerned. The inmates were, however, rather more interesting. Going up stairs we reached a large room, and were taken aside into a small closet off one end of it, where were three venerable-looking men. A more picturesque group it would be difficult to imagine. The principal and oldest of the trio reclined on a richly covered couch, wrapped in a flowing robe, listening with apparent earnestness to the words which fell from one of his companions, who, seated on a carpet, was reading from a huge folio lying open upon his knees. At a little distance, sitting upon the floor, was the third, apparently of inferior rank or position from the other two. All were dressed differently from those of their nation whom we had met with in the streets and shops, and wore large, coloured turbans, from which their gray locks escaped, flowing down upon their shoulders, and mingling with their beards. They looked up for an in-

stant at our entrance, but did not move, nor did the reading, which was conducted in a low, monotonous tone, cease. Not wishing to interrupt them, we relieved them of what must have been our disagreeable presence, much to the surprise of our guide, who, shaking his head ominously, declared that they were "three shocking big blackguards." It was altogether very evident that the unfortunate Israelites held no very high place in Master Hamet's estimation. Our next introduction was to the lady of the house, who, on being sent for, soon made her appearance, and was led forward by the officious Hamet pretty much as he would have shown off a horse. She was apparently very young, her complexion was exquisitely clear and transparent, all her features were fine and regular, her mouth at once expressive of sweetness and archness, and when her lips were parted to speak to us in Spanish, which she did in the most musical and softest of tones, she displayed a set of teeth white as ivory, and of perfect regularity. Her forehead struck me as being low; but her large, lustrous eyes, ever varying in expression, and delicately arched eyebrows made up for any deficiency in the upper part of her face. Being married, her head was shaved, but she wore bands of black hair, probably her own, on each side of her face. I was so struck with her radiant beauty that I scarcely had time to remark her dress, further than that it was of rich material, profusely embroidered in or interwoven with gold, and altogether extremely magnificent. We supposed that she was the show beauty of the place, as she seemed in no way disconcerted by the intrusion of which we were guilty through Hamet's instrumentality. I much envied my companion's volubility as he chatted away in Spanish with the fair Jewess, but time pressed upon us, and we were compelled to take our leave, and follow our guide to the next lion with a sight of which he had arranged to favour us. What a contrast it was to that we had left!

Passing through a series of narrow streets, we arrived at the castle and citadel; the former name applying to the ancient Moorish walls and towers which crown the highest portion of the city, and the latter to the more modern, but equally ruined, fortifica-

tions which surround them. Within these are the prison, the palace of the Bashaw, and the ruins of the residence of the Portuguese Governor; besides many other buildings and courts in a similar state of decay. I had heard and read of human habitations so foul and filthy, and so miserable as to make one shudder to think that any creatures, moulded after God's own image, should dwell within them; but it was not till I had seen the interior of a Moorish prison, that I could realize the descriptions of such places, or was aware of the amount of suffering that could be endured by the human frame. The only comfort which is allowed to the poor wretches confined within the walls of this den of misery, is the light of heaven, as they are permitted to make use of the courts which are open to the sky. But what does it avail them, further than to reveal the wan and wasted features of their companions, whose emaciated bodies and discoloured skins are but partially concealed by the filthy rags which hang around them? It reminds them that they have no bed save the hard stones on which to rest their weary aching limbs, aching for want of that freedom with which they have been accustomed to traverse their deserts and mountains: it shows likewise the filth of the floors and of the walls. Their release they know not when to expect, depending as it does upon the caprice of the governor, or upon death, who, attended by all the horrors of a prolonged starvation, is not an unfrequent visitor in this dismal abode. The state (if such it can be called) does not support its prisoners; and happy, or rather less miserable are those who have friends, or, as Hamet expressed it, "Papa and Mama," to bring them their daily food, for in no other way can they procure it, unless charity comes to their aid, or they are fortunate enough to earn a trifle by working in straw. We distributed through a hole in the great iron-bound gate, a couple of baskets full of loaves, to a squalid and hungry crowd, who gathered around the opening. It was a horrible sight to see the famished wretches who rushed with outstretched hands to the door, their cheeks pale and sunken, their eyeballs glaring, their features distorted by want, and their persons covered

with filth, by which the whole atmosphere was infected. Most of the prisoners appeared to be mountaineers of the wildest class; poor wretches who probably had never heard that it was a crime to rob, or to commit deeds of violence, till they are caught, brought up to judgment, and cast into prison, where they find little to impress them with any respect for law or government. At times, when a crime has been committed, and the suspected and often guilty person cannot be found, some of his relations are seized and incarcerated, until the real culprit comes forward and surrenders himself. We saw, at the time of our visit, two handsome youths who were confined in the guard-room of the prison for no crime of their own, but because their brother, who was known to have robbed a traveller a few days previously, was not forthcoming.

We were glad to turn away from this sad and sickening sight, and to follow our guide to the Palace. Like its rivals, the Alhambra of Granada, and the Alcazar of Seville, its exterior is gloomy enough; but within are sunny courts, gardens, and fountains, into which open small, yet well proportioned chambers, in a good state of preservation. All were tenantless and unfurnished; and we were informed that the last time they were inhabited was on the occasion of a visit of inspection to the town being paid by one of the then Emperor's sons. The decoration of these rooms was exceedingly rich; the curious stucco on the walls, and the carved wooden ceilings, in both of which the arabesque pattern abounded, were brilliantly painted, and were untouched by the Christians of former days, who were wont to conceal the heathenish symbols and moral precepts with which their ancient conquerors delighted to adorn their abodes, by hideous coatings of whitewash. The floors of the various courts and chambers were either of marble or of coloured tiles, arranged in various patterns. That portion of the building set apart for the harem, was by far the most gorgeous in ornamentation; but its doors, thickly studded with huge nails, and furnished with bolts, and the few but closely barred and latticed windows, reminded us of the jealous care with which the fair inmates were guarded from the outside world. From the wo-

men's apartments we passed through a court paved with marble, and surrounded by pillars of the same material, in the centre of which was a large but silent fountain, to the Hall of Justice. There, seated on an elevated bench in a corner of the room, the Oadi sits in judgment, and pronounces sentence upon the miserable culprit brought before him. Along the walls were stone seats for the officers of the court, and at the foot of a few marble steps at the further end, the criminal receives on his bare back the number of stripes awarded to him by his arbitrary judge. On the morning of our visit, one fellow had got 700 blows from a thick cane, which he bore without a murmur till the moment of his release, when he fell to the ground uttering fearful curses against his accusers and his judge, and was conveyed away to prison—a dismal hospital for a bruised and bleeding body.

Returning from the castle, we surprised a Moorish damsel rushing into the quiet street after a child. Not expecting to see any one, she had neglected the precaution of covering her face; but on perceiving us she supplied the want with the skirt of her only article of dress, an act of modesty on her part which seemed quite uncalled for, and which certainly would have been open to very grave doubts in a more civilized country.

Hamet was particularly anxious that we should see the manufacture of the copper coinage of the country, and we were accordingly conducted into dismal underground cellars, where Israelites, nearly naked, and covered with filth and perspiration, busily plied their trade, guarded by Moorish soldiers. It was stiflingly hot, and offensive to a degree neither easy to conceive, nor pleasant to describe; and as there was nothing very remarkable to be seen, we were not sorry to emerge into a purer atmosphere.

Passing through the bazaar, having experienced some little difficulty in making our way through the crowd of men, old women, donkeys, and camels who thronged the square, we left the walls of the town and walked through some of the western environs, where we saw, in the market gardens, oxen employed in treading out the corn in the most primitive fashion.

Many of the consuls have gardens outside the walls, but we were unable to visit any except those belonging to the Swedish Consul, which, though pretty, were wholly wanting in neatness of keeping, and, at the season of our visit, were not remarkably gay. The grounds were laid out in walks and grass plots, planted with acacias, plantains, oleanders, and a few other flowering shrubs, together with some rows of cypress, which gave them rather a funereal character.

In the evening we dined with the Vice-Consul, where we were waited upon by a Moorish servant in a snow-white turban, who, for cleanliness, dignity, general attention, and, above all, quietness, surpassed any English servant it had ever been my fortune to meet. Dinner over and our pipes smoked, we bade adieu to our host, and started on our return to our little vessel, which all the day had been left to the tender mercies of Pedro. To leave the town, however, was not so easy a matter as we had anticipated, for, owing to the gates being shut, and no one being permitted to pass through without an order from the Governor, which it was then too late to procure, there remained nothing to be done but to scale the wall. This we accomplished without any interruption on the part of the garrison, and we reached the shore in safety, where a boat was waiting to carry us on board. Of course we could not have made our exit so easily had the sentinels been very watchful, or the fortifications been in a good state of repair, or of a very formidable nature; but, such as they were, a few words describing them may not be amiss.

The town is situated on the west side of the bay of Tangier, and has but little elevation above the sea, its greatest being at the north-western angle, on which is situated the ancient Moorish castle and more modern citadel. It is surrounded by a high wall of great antiquity, about a mile and a-half in circuit, a portion of which is said to be Roman, but, as far as we could judge, the whole had the appearance of being of Moorish construction; and its numerous flanking towers and high battlements must have given it a character for strength in former days. Now, however—though, doubtless, the masonry is of considerable toughness—it would soon

crumble away before a few cannon placed in position at 1,000 yards' distance, being exposed to view to the foundations. The approaches to it from the land are unflanked, and, indeed, the whole of the land defences of the town, consisting of a continuous wall 800 yards long to the west, and another of about 400 yards long to the north, may be said to be entirely useless against the modern system of attack. In the western front are two sally ports, one of which was formerly called the Catherine port, probably after Catherine of Braganza, of whose dowry Tangier formed a portion. On the sea-face a few old guns and mortars were mounted, some of English manufacture, but their carriages were in a wretched condition, and the guns themselves appeared to be in that state when they are more dangerous to friend than to foe. The parapets of the batteries are thin, and the gun platforms rude and uneven. The citadel and the remains of a fort overhanging the mole alone give any evidence of the school of modern engineering, and there, bastions and curtains had been erected, cutting it off from the lower portion of the town. These works were, in all probability, constructed during the occupation of the place by the Portuguese, but were abandoned and, to a certain extent, destroyed by the English, whose coffers were too much impoverished in the days of the merry monarch to afford keeping a garrison within its walls for any length of time. Report also states (though such tales must be slander) that the colonels of certain regiments—fast men of their day, no doubt, and fond of good living and of gay society—represented so strongly at Court the dulness of being shut up within the scanty precincts of the fortress, with the certainty of being shot if a head were raised above the rampart, that the decision to withdraw the troops was not a little hastened thereby. In those days the harbour was formed by two moles running out for a distance of about 750 yards into the sea; the outer mole was flanked by the guns of the fort, and started from beneath its walls. It was of considerable width, with a return at the further end containing some powerful batteries. The ruins of these works are now covered at high water, making the approach to

the water gate of the town, called in the old maps "the Sandwich Port," rather dangerous. We counted altogether nearly 150 embrasures from our boat, all bearing upon the harbour; and, no doubt, were they filled with cannon well served, they would prove formidable to shipping in case of an attack by sea.

We had arranged to follow the Spanish coast in returning to Gibraltar; and the wind being fair and the current in our favour, we stood across for the lighthouse of Tarifa, where we anchored at about four o'clock in the afternoon, La Senorita conducting herself in a most satisfactory manner, and keeping us perfectly dry, notwithstanding that the wind was fresh and the sea rather inclined to be chopping. Taking up our position in a sheltered nook behind the island, we placed Pedro in charge, and having satisfied the officials that we were not Moors in disguise come over to assert their rights and resume possession of their ancient lordships, we were permitted to land. One of our party was acquainted with an officer quartered in the town, who conducted us over the principal lion of the place, the castle of the once powerful family of the Guzmans. Like Tangier, the town is surrounded by walls of Moorish construction, and the horse-shoe arch and traces of Mosaic work in coloured tiles are not unfrequently met with. Tarifa is, perhaps, the most essentially Moorish town of all those of Andalusia, not so much from possessing palaces or mosques, such as those of Seville, Granada, and Cordova, but from the fact of the original tortuous streets and battlemented walls still existing, and, above all, from some of the women still retaining the custom of partially concealing their faces, a proceeding which, as far as we could judge in our short stay, would not be likely ever to cause a serious outbreak on the part of the male population of the town. We had not time to hunt up the traces of the siege of Tarifa, where, as all my readers, no doubt, know, that brave old Irishman, Gough, won his first laurels at the head of his heroic Irish Fusiliers, aided by the skill and determination of Major C. Felix Smith, of the Engineers, who, if report speaks truly, withstood a whisper of surrender in no measured terms. Be

that as it may, however, the defence of Tarifa, ill-garrisoned, ill-supplied, unprovided with any modern fortifications, and with breaches in its old ruinous walls, was one of the most brilliant episodes of the Peninsular war.

We had observed during the day heavy clouds of smoke hanging over the hills behind the town, and as night closed in, their summits became capped with flame, and a lurid glare spread over their sides. Presently the moon rose to seaward, and, unobscured by a single cloud, shed a stream of silvery light upon the rippling waters. The waves broke with a soft murmuring upon the shore and gurgled around the hull of our boat; all else was silent, and we dropped off to sleep, lulled by those sounds and by the gentle rocking of our little vessel.

Before sunrise the following morning we were again under weigh, and soon after rounding the point and lighthouse of Tarifa, we caught the faint outline of the rock of Gibraltar, waking in the misty morning like some gigantic monster who had risen up out of the deep to see how things

were going on in the upper world. Soon the sound of the morning gun came booming over the waters, the well-known features of the rock were gradually unfolded to our view, and in a couple of hours after gunfire we again found ourselves at anchor off the bathing-place. Numbers of women and children were issuing from the land-port gate, and directed their steps towards a couple of mysterious houses, built upon piles in the water, within whose walls strange transformations were effected by those who entered in graceful matillas and profuse petticoats, and were seen to emerge, some with queer little caps on their heads and some without, and all clad in a long, dingy garment, more like the Noah's ark costume of an ultra-Tractarian divine of the present day than any which a daughter of Eve ought willingly select to envelope her fair person in.

So ended our expedition, only one of many which enlivened the monotony of garrison life, and caused me to look back with pleasure to the period spent in the far-famed fortress of Gibraltar.

ART-UNIONS.

ART-UNIONS are becoming recognised institutions—their value as important aids towards the progress of art is well understood—and their interests and management are guarded by legislative enactment. The aggregate amount of money which they are the means of circulating amongst artists is very large; and if by any mischance they should cease from their operations, it would be a serious blow to a vast number of those who now derive an honourable, though often a precarious, income from the practice of art. Before the advent of these associations, art, except possibly in London, was in a miserable position. Tuition and portrait painting formed the occupations that afforded most remuneration. To follow landscape painting, or the higher and more ambitious walk of historical delineation, was to be a beggar, and to be sneered at as an idiot by all the comfortable, well-to-do class who think man's

only mission is to make money, and who deride genius.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the progress of art that the people should of themselves have hit upon the most effectual means of advancing it. For many years exhortations on the necessity of cultivating the fine arts had been reiterated, and the example of ancient and contemporary nations cited to prove the utility of such pursuits as contributing to national greatness. From time to time much valuable effort had been expended in endeavouring to arouse the public from apathy. Parliament voted money to import antique remains and establish national galleries—Royalty founded academies—the aristocracy patronised artists—but it seemed that the people would be neither tempted nor lectured into a taste for art. The enlightened and cultivated few almost gave up further efforts in despair; when, at length,

the people seized upon the Art-Union idea. Led by men of thought and taste in various localities, they combined small sums, in the hope that a few amongst them would obtain works beyond their individual means of acquiring. Art has in consequence been more advanced within the last twenty years than the entire century which preceded.

Art-Unions have, in fact, done for the artist what modern periodical literature has for the author. Neither has now to fawn and cringe before capricious patrons; no longer need they sponge for dinners. Authors do not at present live in garrets, or undergo the vicissitudes graphically described by Johnson in his "Life of Savage," and which the great lexicographer himself had to contend against, in common with the majority of the distinguished writers of his day. If Art-Unions had existed in the time of Wilson, that English Claude, as he has been called, would not have had to battle through a long life of indigence and poverty; no necessity then would he have had to carry his paintings to the pawn-office. Moreland might not, in such a case, have had to seek a refuge in dissipation; nor, possibly, might Barry have been the disappointed eccentric he became. The courtly Sir Joshua Reynolds, if pinched by poverty, might have been a very different personage from the prosperous, bland, and smiling President of the Royal Academy. Had there been Art-Unions would Wilkie's "Village Politicians" have brought him but thirty guineas? and the "Blind Fiddler," fifty? Or if our own Irish Maga had existed in those times, Oliver Goldsmith might have got something very different for the "Vicar of Wakefield" than twenty guineas.

It would be curious to speculate upon what might be the present position of art in these countries if we never had Art-Unions. Portrait painting was the sheet-anchor of the British artist. Photography has appeared and nearly annihilated that help to his income. Such a furor has possessed the public for these unceasing and monotonous repetitions—likenesses, unquestionably, but utterly destitute of artistic feeling or treatment, and rarely evincing the slightest perception of the principles of art—that the portrait-painter's occupation

is well-nigh gone. Without artists there can be no art; and unless it afford, at least, a living, who would follow it as a profession. The only great artists that would remain when the present race becomes extinct would be the sign-painter and the decorator. Art is a noble profession. Ten thousand pities would it be if a race of chemico-machinists, with their three-legged cameras, their solutions, their nitrates and hypo-sulphites, their baths and wash-houses, should usurp its place. Photography, as an hand-maid of art, would prove of vast service to the student in studying nature; but her ambition soars above that humble station: she aspires to displace that respectable matron, Fine Art, from the legitimate position long and worthily occupied; and it is not her fault if she does not flaunt in the vacated place, like Miss Horrocks, at old Sir Pitt Crawley's piano, making believe to sing Italian sonatas, arrayed in the cast-off finery of the defunct Lady of Castle Crawley.

Before Art-Unions were established collectors would have nothing but Old Masters. The truth was, they were but few in their collections; most of the works were modern enough. Sketches and studies made by young artists in foreign galleries were eagerly purchased by picture dealers; and having been vamped-up by inferior hands, were lined, browned, cracked, and *restored*, finally appearing as chef d'œuvres, in various instances to the astonishment of the artists who had originally produced them. In some cases men of talent were forced by dire necessity to supply Old Masters to the dealers, who readily sold these at large prices. Very small portions of the sums which even these pictures realized, found their way into the poor artists' pockets. Happily, however, all this is changed. The manufacture of Old Masters no longer pays. Our nobility and gentry have acquired a true and genuine taste for art. Numbers of fine collections of modern works now grace their mansions, like the magnificent gift to the nation of the Vernon Gallery; and genuine specimens of the old masters replace the pseudo ones; which latter have found congenial admirers in a somewhat lower sphere of society.

Before Art-Unions were established so little patronage existed, that art

necessarily languished, and public taste was at a low ebb. The first of these societies formed in Great Britain—the Royal Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland—may be said to have created a school of Scottish art, and to the encouragement which it afforded, the present high position of the Royal Scottish Academy is principally owing. It found the artists divided and dispirited, the Academy threatening to become extinct, and an universal apathy prevailing amongst the public as to its fate, or that of the art it was founded to promote. Now, after twenty-five years of the Association's existence, how different is the prospect. Scottish art stands deservedly high, and the Academy, no longer a struggling body, announces in its last annual report that it has invested a sum of nearly £10,000, as a fund for contingencies, and retiring allowances to decayed or infirm artists, or their families. This Association at its starting judiciously confined its operations strictly to the encouragement of Scottish art. We say judiciously, although not favourable to exclusiveness or protection: when that which did not exist before has to be encouraged to develop itself, unless some protective courses are adopted, the early efforts become blighted, and competition chokes them. After a certain point has been reached, and a tolerable amount of development has manifested itself, then protection ought to cease; if that which have been planted cannot sustain itself amid the healthy and invigorating breezes of legitimate competition, it deserves to perish. This course exactly has been pursued by the Edinburgh Association, which for many years made no purchases except from native artists; but when the progress of Scottish art became sufficiently obvious to warrant free competition, the restrictive rule was abrogated, and the Art-Union became open to the purchase of the works of all artists.

It is to be regretted that at the establishing of the Royal Irish Art-Union in 1840 a similar procedure was not adopted. The noblemen and gentlemen who formed its committee allowed themselves to be carried away by specious declamation upon free trade in art. They opened their association to the works of all artists

irrespective of country; but this, however admirable in theory, proved unfortunate in practice, for that Art-Union ultimately fell to the ground. No undertaking in Ireland was ever more enthusiastically supported by the public. The subscribers amounted to over 5,000 in some years; and there is every reason to suppose that the number would eventually have been even doubled, had a more satisfactory system of management been pursued; but the artists became discouraged, and ultimately hostile at seeing so many hundreds of pounds spent on English and Scottish works while their own were returned to their studies out of the exhibitions unpurchased.

The public was dissatisfied at delays and disappointments respecting the issue of the yearly prints, as well as at the selections made by the committee; and from those causes of complaint resulted the extinction of the society in 1847. This was a great blow to art in Ireland; and although there is no reason to suppose that the committee were actuated by any but the most conscientious motives, it is not the less to be deplored that they took the course they did. The society effected no permanent good. It brought no young artists forward, although it deviated from its proper function by offering premiums to artists, and trying to establish the nucleus of a National Gallery. Premiums to artists are not the most judicious means of encouraging art. The proper reward for industry and talent is to make it remunerative. This the Art-Union could have done, and neglected to do; but it attempted what there was no necessity for doing, and eventually left the arts in Ireland in even a worse position than at its foundation; and what that position was may be gleaned from the fact stated at a public meeting in Dublin by a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, that in the exhibition of the year before the formation of the Royal Irish Art-Union, thirty shillings represented the amount of the sales effected. It was another unhappy consequence of this failure, that it became almost a matter of impossibility to engage public confidence in any Art-Union in Dublin; and although several attempts, attended with more or less success, were made, they all alike

gradually ceased to exist. Even the Royal Hibernian Academy was on the point of dissolution in 1855.

In the Art-Union Societies of Edinburgh and Dublin, and also of Glasgow, the works were selected from the public exhibitions by a committee, and afterwards distributed as prizes by lot among the subscribers; but in the Art-Union of London, formed in 1837, the system of money prizes was adopted, by which each prize-holder pleased himself in the choice of a work from some one of the London Exhibitions; and this latter plan has been found to work admirably. It would appear that this system is the most pleasing to the public at large as well as to artists. The Committee of Selection plan has also its advantages; but it is always open to the charge of favouritism, and may have a bias towards this or that particular style of art, whereas the money-prize is so like ordinary public patronage as to be almost identical with it in its practical bearing upon art.

It was in Germany that Art-Union Societies took rise. They were some years in operation there before being introduced into this country. No prints were given to the subscribers. These German societies simply intended the purchase of pictures by small individual contributions. The first year of the London Art-Union there were no prints issued, and the number of subscribers was only 465. In all subsequent years, however, the new principle was introduced of publishing an engraving from a work selected by the committee, a copy of which was delivered to every subscriber; and the Art-Union of Scotland, and all the Art-Unions since formed, have followed a similar course, the engravings becoming larger and more expensive each succeeding year, until at last Art-Unions seem to be more like societies for the distribution of engravings, than the distribution of pictures and statuary, which was their original object.

There is much difference of opinion as to whether the introduction of engravings was judicious. The art of engraving did not require any assistance from Art-Unions. The English school of engraving already stood very high. Engravers were well paid, and the print-publishing trade had proved a remunerative one. Publishers com-

plain, too, that the distribution of prints by Art-Union Societies has materially injured them; and when the Act legalizing those associations was about being passed by Parliament, the print-publishers gave it great opposition. It is certain that the print trade has greatly suffered of late years, to whatever cause this may be owing. No publisher will now think of engaging in any important work without a large subscription in the first instance, and comparatively but few prints of any kind published. On the other hand, it is contended that the giving of a print is an inducement to join Art-Union Societies, and that without the print the subscriptions would be few. A large subscription list, however, is not the best test of the efficiency of an Art-Union. It is the judicious expenditure of the fund, not its aggregate amount, which must be considered. As a mercantile test the latter, of course, is an excellent criterion, but it was not as mercantile speculations that Parliament sanctioned these organizations; the infringement of the Lottery Act was permitted because of the useful purpose those associations would serve in promoting a taste for the arts.

The London Art-Union is now twenty-three years established. It has collected £254,143; the engravings cost £64,623; and the prizes distributed amounted to £138,662. Those two last items, however, do not correctly give an idea of the relative expenditure upon prints and pictures, because amongst the prizes are included line and mezzotint engravings, large-sized lithographs, numerous etchings, and books of woodcuts, besides several series of outline engravings, all of which were given as minor prizes. It may also be questioned if the engravings issued by Art-Unions are as much valued as others published in the ordinary course of trade. No matter how excellent a thing may be, if it becomes too general it ceases to be held in estimation. Art-Union prints are sent out in thousands—sometimes in tens of thousands. One sees them everywhere; the eye gets fatigued with the constant recurrence of the same print, and at last it palls. It is now a sign of mediocre taste to see Art-Union prints hanging up amongst the Lares and Penates. The man who frames them is supposed to be not difficult

to please, nor gifted with many things to frame.

Last year there was some dissatisfaction expressed by a portion of the London artists, at the large amount expended by the Art-Union upon engravings, and the comparatively small sum upon pictures out of the large fund subscribed; a meeting was held, but nothing came of it. We question the propriety of much, if indeed of any, alteration being made in the excellent management of the London Art-Union, which has already worked so well and given such general satisfaction to the subscribers; it becomes, however, a widely different matter when the establishing of new Art-Unions is in question; and when the idea was entertained of reviving Art-Unions in Dublin, considerations somewhat akin to those we have stated induced the formation of "the Art-Union of Ireland." It was to rest upon the money-prize system, but to distribute no annual engravings—although the subscription, similar to the Art-Unions heretofore established, was to be a guinea. The idea is not altogether new, for in the year 1851 an article appeared in the *Irish Quarterly Review* treating upon Irish art, in which it is said:—

"Indeed from the little favour in which all Art-Union prints are held, it is questionable but that if established on the original German system of having no prints, it might succeed better; for, even with the most flourishing Art-Union in the kingdom, the proportion of prizes to subscribers is as one to fifty."

In London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, Art-Unions have been eminently successful; in Dublin, on the contrary, they have hitherto failed to establish themselves; but this failure cannot be ascribed to any disinclination upon the part of the public of Ireland to support such institutions, for there is an admiration of art and a natural aptitude to appreciate it, deeply implanted in almost all classes in this country; but it results from the distrust engendered by the management of the first of those societies formed in Dublin, and therefore it has happened, that of the five different Art-Unions which have successively appeared, one only now remains—the Art-Union of Ireland—and even that one is of very recent formation. The following tabular view will show, that in sustaining the Royal Irish Art-

Union when first established, the people of Ireland were not behind the sister countries:—

	London.	Scotland.	Ireland.
	£	£	£
First Year, .	489	728	1,235
Second Year, .	757	1,278	2,329
Third Year, .	1,295	2,072	3,903
Fourth Year, .	2,244	3,248	5,063
Total, .	4,785	7,326	12,530

When we consider that the London Art-Union has in some years reached as high an annual income as £17,000, and that the Glasgow has even reached £20,300, it must be a source of profound regret that the career of the Royal Irish Art-Union should have been arrested.

The Art-Union of Ireland, established last year, has started under better auspices than most of the others which have successively arisen and subsided. It has a highly influential committee, and has been well managed, with the single exception of the exceedingly small amounts of some of the prizes. One, three, and five pounds are too trifling; what work of art could be had for such sums? The London Art-Union do not go lower with their money-prizes than £10, and the Scottish Art-Unions give but a few as low as £5. A guinea is subscribed in the hope of getting a respectable prize, and a feeling of disappointment is engendered when only a trifling sum is awarded. We really are at a loss to see how art in Ireland can possibly be advanced, by prizeholders purchasing chromo-lithographs and porcelain statuettes, from print and china shops as the committee have recommended. We have heard that more than one recipient of a guinea prize has thrown it indignantly back to the committee; and by the published report it appears that fifty-six recipients of small prizes have not thought it worth while to make any selections.

As this is the only Art-Union in the three kingdoms established upon the principle of not distributing engravings, but giving instead increased chances to the subscribers, we have watched its progress with some interest. Compared with other Art-Unions, it is, on the whole, satisfactory, although not much superior in its results to the Dublin Art-Union established in 1856, which has already, we believe, come to an end.

The expenses of management strike

us as rather high—nearly 35 per cent. on the receipts. This is much beyond the expenses of any Art-Union hitherto established, as the accompanying table will show ; but no doubt

some allowance must be made for a first year's operations, which is of necessity more expensive than the succeeding ones :—

—	Year.	Pictures.	Statuettes, Litho- graphs, &c.	Engravings.	Expenses of Manage- ment.	Total Receipts.	Expense of Manage- ment per Cent.
		£	£	£	£	£	£
Royal Irish Art-Union,	1844	2,020	88	1,090	631	3,900	16
London Art-Union, .	1859	2,700	2,006	6,980	3,480	15,210	23
Edinburgh Art-Union,	1859	2,260	None.	1,339	1,115	4,476	25
Glasgow Art-Union,	1855	6,864	2,492	2,375	3,927	20,336	20
Dublin Art-Union, .	1857	340	19	264	244	904	25
Art-Union of Ireland,	1859	476	104	None.	304	888	35
Shilling Art-Union, Liverpool, . . .	1859	1,290	None.	None.	139	1,429	10

It is evident from the above that the sum expended by Art-Unions upon pictures is, compared with the total sums subscribed, very small ; and yet the acquisition of pictures forms the fundamental principle of Art-Unions. The expenses of the annual engravings are also very large, and their distribution amongst the subscribers adds very considerably to the cost of management ; it is because there are no prints issued by the Art-Union of Ireland that the expenses appear to us so excessive.

The Liverpool Shilling Art-Union is a remarkable exception, for not only is the management more economical than in any of the other Art-Unions, but in proportion to its funds it has apportioned by far the largest amount for the purchase of pictures. Such results are no less extraordinary than unexpected, for it naturally occurs that where such a number as 31,106 subscriptions have to be collected the expenses of the management would be greatly increased.

The principle of Shilling Art-Unions is new, and comes upon us by surprise. Whether it was in Belgium or in France that they were first started we have not ascertained ; but it is certain that last year a Franc Art-Union sprang up in Paris under the auspices of the French Government, which had an extraordinary success ; we also believe that it was the first introduction of Art-Unions into France. A few Liverpool gentlemen subsequently conceived the idea of starting in that city a Shilling Art-Union : for it is a singular fact, that in wealthy Liverpool the Art-Union

at a guinea subscription could never be got beyond £350. A committee was formed and the society commenced its arduous operations. We have heard that the originator of this experiment was Mr. Baruchson, the eminent and wealthy merchant ; and we are certain that it must have required a good deal of perseverance to overcome the objections that would, as a matter of course, be raised. To many minds the idea of a Shilling Art-Union would seem low and vulgar. For such objectors it is vain to quote the eloquent words of the Rev. Principal Macfarlan, when presiding at a late Annual Meeting of the Glasgow Art-Union. He said :

“ It was a difficult matter to calculate the innumerable advantages which would arise from the cultivation of a taste for the Fine Arts. Such a taste softened the manners, refined the intellect, and raised up a delight and admiration for all that was beautiful and attractive in the glorious works of the Almighty. If they could succeed in disseminating this taste even amongst the working classes, they would render them an unspeakable benefit ; and by the cultivation of their finer feelings in the works of art, they would be drawn away from the degrading pursuits or enjoyments which many of the working classes at present indulged in, and thus exalt them in the scale of society, and elevate them to a higher position in mental health than has hitherto been assigned to them.”

Shilling Art-Unions seem admirably calculated to promote the desirable results alluded to by the Rev. Principal. Coming as they do within the means of nearly all classes, few will withhold a shilling for such a purpose, and the taste for art must

through the darkness, against laws, priests, judges, kings, God Himself. Keats, too, is the idolater of beauty, or rather enjoyment for its own sake. How he revels over those fruits and cates in "St. Agnes' Eve." Read his letters. Observe how in one he dwells upon that peach, "like a great beautified strawberry," and analyzes every shade of gratified sensation. It is in a small way the spirit of his poetry.

Beauty for beauty's sake—not moral beauty—is his motto. Finally, Byron, with his narrow, one-stringed violin of passion. He is the very promulgator of that fatal ethical lie, that the intensity of emotion sanctifies its object. Incest then becomes poetical. The fetid stench of passion's expiring embers must be fed with the most precious gems of the imagination. Sunsets must glorify, and oceans sing to, an elderly scamp in "Childe Harold." The summer nights of Italy, and the blue depths of the Grecian waves are defiled up to their host of stars, and down to their golden sands, by the triumphant young blackguard who is the hero of Don Juan. Here, then, we have Shelley the idolater of nature; Keats, the idolater of beauty; Byron, the idolater of passion; Byron, immoral; Keats, *unmoral*; Shelley, *antimoral*; or, if we had some other prefix, like a Greek derivative, to express the absolute negative of the received moral principles that govern the world. When a man breathes the same air with any of the three he is intoxicated with scents and colours. When he reels outside the chamber he feels with a sigh at first that he has been under a delusion. Their world and their heaven are not as God's world and as God's heaven. But why are these poets (from one of whom, however, he may have imbibed that luxury of beauty which he occasionally exhibits) working

"Without a conscience or an aim,"
to be compared to Tennyson? Some "wild and wandering cries"—some "confessions of a wasted youth" may, no doubt, be heard in that stately temple. Possibly, in earlier years, the poet's voice may have sounded nonchalant and dreamy. We can picture him to ourselves wrapped in indolent musings, while

"Heavily droops the hollyhock—
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

But his increasing years have run with an increasing purpose. The spirit of modern philosophy, both physical and psychological, has passed into his mind. He has learned to catch the passionate expression on the face of all science. He has felt the pulse of the ages. He has sorrowed and examined his own heart. Above all, the circle of morality has found its centre in Christ, our Lord. Yet the impression produced by the most deliberately and deeply moral of all our poets is (M. Montégut being judge) precisely similar to that which is left by those three, who are most destitute of all moral purpose.

But the French critic is not content with this general and sweeping assertion. He descends to particulars. Mr. Tennyson, it seems, is too mild and too etherial for him. He represents the world too much as the Donatists represented the visible Church—a rose without a thorn, a robe without a stain, an ark without a Ham, wheat without tares. "It is not he," exclaims M. Montégut, "who will ever make you dream that there are liars and fools in the world." Inconceivable criticism! More than most even of his sensitive tribe has Mr. Tennyson hated the wolf's black jaw and the dull hoof of the ass. There is a perfect museum of the *genus* fool in Mr. Tennyson's writings. There is the fool critic, who vexes the enchanted garden of the poet's mind with his shallow wit, and withers its green leaves. There is the fool metaphysician, with dead, lacklustre eye, clenching rounded periods, who "keeps aloof in impotence of fancied power." There is the fool preacher pounding the pulpit on God's good Sabbath, and shrieking out "Anti-Babylonianisms." There is the fool lordling in Maude. There are the knaves whom, the Dirge seems to tell us, it will be one of the blessings of resting under the eglantine to be troubled with no more. There is the false Vivian. There is the treacherous-eyed lady in the Princess. There is the canting knave in *Sea Dreams*, who drops

"The too rough H in hell and heaven."

The "Idylls" form a chamber strewn with broken ideals. What is its very consummation but the bursting in of reality upon Arthur's fancy of a per-

THE RIVER TURNED TO BLOOD.

SLOWLY, at length,
As loth to strike, Aaron stretched out the rod :
With large bright eyes upturned, and quivering lips,
On Heaven a moment gazed ; then, downward looked,
And smote the water.

As when fire breaks out
In a thick-peopled dwelling, cry and shriek
From all within are heard ; and hurrying feet,
Pressings, and strugglings, who shall first escape,—
Even so, when on the river fell the rod,
Burst forth, from king, and priests, and all alike,
A howl of frenzied terror : wild-eyed, sick,
Astounded nigh to madness, back they ran,
Thrusting and stumbling ; covering each his eyes,
And the gorge heaving, as from sight and stench
Of a foul grave-pit flying. For, behold !
To meet the rod, in a great wave arose
The water, as from fountain underneath
With violence bursting ;—but the wave was blood !
Had the great earth been living thing, even thus
From her pierced heart the torrent might have gushed.
Rolling and writhing like a dying snake,
Water 'gainst blood made battle,—but soon sank,
O'ermastered ; and one vast vermilion stream,
Like liquid fire, tossing and boiling, went
To affright the peaceful sea.

With death-spasm struck,
High from the gory flood great fish leaped up ;
And smaller fry in shoals, all quivering ;
Their gleaming sides, silver, and pearl, and gold,
In red slime quenched. The unwieldy river-horse,
Like a huge jelly of gore, came floundering out,
Blinded and fearful ; snorting hideously.
The crocodile, beside the bank asleep,
Or, with half opened eye, awaiting prey,
By the great wave o'erwhelmed, upstarted quick ;
And, belly to the ground, in wild affright,
Like a huge fiery lizard, open jawed,
Fled the unnatural stream.

But, with calm soul,—all conscious that of God
The humble servants they,—beside the bank
Moses and Aaron stood ; in wonder fixed,
And awe ; yet fearing not ; nay, with strong hope
Uplifted, that now speedily must come
The day of Israel's freedom ! The great hand
Of God thus visibly outstretched to save,
Nor earth, nor hell, the mighty work could stay.
Silent then stood they, marking how the flood,
Far as the eye could reach, both tow'rd the sea,
And upward toward its source,—as though the springs,
Whence from the earth it burst, themselves had felt
The potency of the rod,—all blood rolled on,
Gurgling and frothing.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE

unless that gentleman is to be found working for his Master against the world and the devil, and then the poet will fence him round with his song. On the other side, I suspect that Cumæan and Etruscan interpretations of the Apocalypse, *warlocking* out of 1867, by aid of more algebra than Apostles wot of, are still more distasteful to him. If you put him to it, he will say things quite other from the sentiments which are applauded upon popular platforms. He realizes intensely the presence of the spiritual world round us. He thinks of heaven, not as a place of monotonous rapture, but as a sphere for the development of character, acquired here in toil and effort. Character is in his view, like the precious amber found by the Baltic sea, after the conifers from which it exuded are gone for ever.

"We doubt not, that for one so true,
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And victor he must ever be.
Gone, but nothing can bereave him of the
force he made his own
Being here."

But I must return to the religion of the "Idylls."

To me, at least, the "Idylls" as a whole, give a profoundly religious impression, founded, I think, upon three circumstances.

M. Montégut has observed, with dissatisfaction, the shipwreck of noble projects and of holy aspirations in the "Idylls." Enid is the type of wedded purity and domestic love; but a worm is at the root; a snail slimes the rich leaves; distrust enters in; the blossom will never be what it was before. Elaine, the type of passion yearning after an ideal, the lily maid, lies pale and shattered upon the barge. Merlin, the type of philosophic wisdom, is deceived by a false woman. Arthur, the type of majesty, is deceived, dishonoured, and betrayed. All are "like light vapours," says the

critic. And if the world be shadowed forth by the round table, is not this indeed the triumph of a religious poet? It is not always terror that converts a soul. When we find that all is vanity; that our fair ideals are to be broken; that jealousy and peevishness intrude into the sanctuary of home, as with Geraint; that our Merlins are but men after all; that the Launcelots whom we wildly worship are not for us; when we make such discoveries as these, all these shattered dreams are as "schoolmasters to bring us unto Christ."

Arthur's painful experience of human nature is also, I think, profoundly religious. Many high and noble natures do not sufficiently believe in the New Testament teaching about the human heart; they expect to regenerate it by their pet scheme, their Round Table; they are disappointed. The poet's line is monotonous, the sculptor's statue is poor, compared with the perfect ideal which floated before them. They could not represent it perfectly, because they were weak in their materials, in the crumbling stone of human speech, in the hard white marble. So man cannot carve out the high ideal of the moral law into action, because he is "weak through the flesh." Not in the pride of triumphant virtue, but sinful, humbled, weeping, shall he attain to holiness. Is not this the teaching which Arthur receives?

And thirdly, is not (as Bishop Butler teaches us) the "efficacy of repentance," one of the special lessons which nature cannot give us, and which is peculiar to the Gospel? Is not the entire legend, as traced by Mr. Tennyson, a series of altar-stairs leading up to the Cross? It is no random line, it is a deep solemn purpose which makes Arthur tell Guinevere of "leaning upon our fair father Christ," and so entering into a home where all things are pure.

clearly marked against the rushing white and green underneath.

There was no time to think or pause. With rapid strides I came on. I could hear her praying now. But I saw also she was fast losing her consciousness, her courage and strength had given way under the reaction of hope; she was about to faint. I measured the terrible vacancy into which she was about to fall headlong. I was prepared to abide the desperate plunge the bridge would give the moment she dropped.

In the last extremity of fear and hope, I shouted in a voice that stirred my own heart too :

"Courage, brave girl ; courage one moment more."

Just then I was within six feet of her, standing on six inches wide of a deal plank that bent like whalebone, my only hold the loose swinging cord from rock to rock across the gulph, below a black walled chasm of rugged rocks, with a dizzy whirl of roaring foam between them. Judge, then, my dismay and astonishment, when I saw this girl, as I spoke, leave hold of the hand-rope, and walk unassisted towards me along that narrow shaking path hung out in air. I could not credit my senses ; it was unheard of ; it was too daring ; it was impossible for any human being. Before I could recover or decide how to act, *she had flung herself upon me*, her arms about my neck, her whole weight resting upon me like lead ; I could scarcely retain my balance, and I could not attempt to relieve myself. I felt she was about to faint ; I felt, for, from her position, I could not see ; I knew no human power could save us if she did. Moved, then, for my own life, as well as hers, I whispered in that stern, strange, inward tone which arises in the extreme of anxiety or peril :

"If you faint or give way, we are both lost !"

The effect was wonderful. Bravely the poor young frail creature fought with her weakness, beating back the faintness there on that thin quaking plank, with the fierce eddies rushing far below, and their hoarse voices filling the wide air about us ; only my arm round her waist to stay her against the swaying ropes beneath.

"Now, are you ready to try it ?"

"I am ready," said the brave girl.

Gently and gradually I loosed her hold of my neck and arms ; I put the hand-rope into her grasp, with directions to let it slip through her hand, merely resting on it as she walked, and with her left hand clasped tightly in my left, which was stretched out behind for her hold, inch by inch, and foot by foot, without a single sigh or flutter, she reached the platform, where her friends stood, like statues, waiting us in breathless awe.

I had only time to lift her from the bridge when she gave way in sad earnest, and for a long time she lay, pale and rigid as a drowned corpse, on the black rocks.

Whenever symptoms of recovery began to appear, her friends were profuse in their acknowledgments : one old gentleman—the Paterfamilias, I suspected,—eyeing my rough shooting coat and worn leggings, began something about "any remuneration I could fairly ask," fumbling, at the same time, in his pocket. I fear I consigned him rather abruptly to the tender care of a certain unmentionable personage, and in great dudgeon with what I conceived much too large a party of heartless cravens, I called old Tasso from admiring and nosing about the young girl I had assisted, and stumping up the ladder with him in my arms (he could never climb up it, though he always got down splendidly, poor old fellow), I reached the top. A very sweet faint voice followed me :—"Oh, sir, I wish to thank you." This sounded soothingly and real ; but stay my hot bashful young blood would not. I remember dimly taking off my hat and replying, with many blushes, "Not at all ; don't mention it, I beg," and I moved away.

I suppose you think the above-named young lady is now Mrs. ——. It should have been so, perhaps, but it never was, or is likely to be, unless she turns up and rewards me after this long delay. I never heard her name or any thing of her beyond this adventure at the swinging bridge ; and as I am far out of the world's notice it is improbable we will ever know more of each other now.

But let no one disbelieve on this account the simple truth of our strange meeting on Carrick-a-rede, to which I have added nothing.

of money, we proceeded to join our boatman on the quay, from whence we pushed off to where *La Senorita* lay most appropriately moored off the ladies' bathing-place. She was a small half-decked boat, of about five tons; and being five souls in all on board, we were of course prepared to rough it most thoroughly—cooking, eating, and sleeping on the same boards. Our crew consisted of a man and a youth, the former of whom, a swarthy Gibraltarian or "Scorpion," could, I fancy, tell mysterious tales of engagements with, and escapes from, *guarda costa*, when employed, as most of his class frequently are at Gibraltar, in the contraband coasting trade. We were not unmindful to lay in a sufficient stock of provisions for our voyage, comprising hams, pies, sausages, eggs, and a few minor commodities, not forgetting a few bottles of wine. To these Pedro, our boatman, added a bag of charcoal, some onions, tomatos, and oil, and we strongly suspected him of having smuggled a little garlic and *aguadiente* for his own special use.

To hoist our sails and weigh our anchor was the work of but a few moments; and shortly before noon we were standing out for the quarantine hulk through the maze of small shipping which crowded the harbour. Beyond was the man-of-war anchorage, in those days untenanted by a single pendant, but where now a fleet of line-of-battle ships, of which England may well be proud, floats majestically, their huge, black sides, bristling with cannon, looking as grim and as wicked as the frowning batteries which command them, and their tall masts pointed into the clear blue sky, seeming to rival the pinnacles of the rock of Gibraltar itself.

The wind was due north, but there was little of it, and we stood straight across for Apes hill on the Barbary coast, the Mons Abyla of the ancients—the second pillar of Hercules. From thence we hoped to catch the inshore current, which would assist us in reaching Tangier bay, avoiding the strong and ceaseless stream which flows through the centre of the gut in the opposite direction. Almost becalmed, and carried more to the east than we had anticipated by the stream, we did not approach the opposite coast till later than we had calculated.

Keeping at a prudent distance

from the base of the rocky hills, we coasted slowly along, endeavouring with our glasses to find a trace, among the caverns or clefts of the rocks, of human habitations, if such those can be classed in which dwell the wild and ferocious tribes inhabiting the country between Ceuta and Tangier. These people are probably of the same race as the once far-famed Barbary pirates; if such be the case, they have fallen from their former greatness, but they are not the less cruel to those whom chance throws in their way; and setting their Emperor at defiance, they plunder whatever vessel falls into their hands, being perfectly indifferent as to the flag under which she may be sailing. It is not till night that one is aware that the wild shore is inhabited; then the numerous fires gleaming from the rocks and in the valleys denote the existence of men in a tract apparently fit only for the wild boar and jackall.

It was near midnight when the lights of Tangier warned us that we were approaching our destination. We had for nearly four hours been guided on our way by the stars only, and a breeze having sprung up, our little boat shot rapidly through the mimic waves, tossing flakes of phosphoric light upon its deck. At length, hearing the sound of the surf breaking on the sandy beach, we cast anchor, and one in the stern under an awning, another in the little cabin in the forecastle, all were soon asleep, I preferring the solitude of the half-deck, wrapped in a large cloak as a protection against the heavy dews.

The intense heat of the morning sun upon my face awoke me early; and rousing my companions, we looked about us, and found that we had anchored a little distance from the water-port, where we landed after breakfast.

The town has a pretty appearance when viewed from the sea, being nestled in between two hills, the highest of which is crowned by the citadel; lines of fortifications and batteries descend to the shore, where they overhang the remains of a fine mole existing when Tangier was in our possession, but which we wantonly destroyed on resigning it. Along the sea wall are further ranges of batteries, the appearance of which is much injured by their being white-

which there is an evident leaning), national safety. The true fortification of England is, always to be in a position to strike the first blow at sea the moment it may become necessary. To wait for it would under any circumstances be folly—to be unprepared for it national suicide.” Among the many gallant acts recorded in this autobiography, the capture of the *Gamo* occupies a notable place. The *Gamo* was a Spanish frigate of 32 guns, 22 long 12-pounders, 8 nines, and 2 heavy carronades, manned by 319 officers, seamen, and marines. To cope with this force Lord Cochrane’s sloop, the *Speedy*, had nothing but 14 4-pounders, and 54 officers, men, and boys. After a mutual chase and warm action, the gallant captain boarded the Spanish frigate and forced the enemy to surrender. In this heroic act of daring the lieutenant of the *Speedy* was sadly cut up, and Lord Cochrane wrote to Lord St. Vincent, requesting, in consequence, Lieutenant Parker’s promotion. I would here observe in passing, that nothing has given me so high an impression of the author of this volume, as the honourable pertinacity with which he fought the battles of the officers under his command. In the present instance his remonstrances had such an effect as to get his name *placed on the black list of the Admiralty, never again to be erased*. For to Lord St. Vincent’s heartless reply, that the small number of men killed on board the *Speedy* did not warrant the application(!), Lord Cochrane incautiously retorted, that such reasons “were in opposition to *his lordship’s own promotion to an earldom*, as well as that of his flag-captain to a knighthood, and his other officers to increased rank and honours; for that in the battle from which his lordship derived his name there was only one man killed on board his own flag-ship, so that there were more casualties in my sloop than in his line-of-battle-ship.” After the receipt of that letter Lord St. Vincent became his bitter enemy; and if you want a faithful record of the base depth to which the meanness of human nature can descend, on the one hand, and of the glorious heights to which all that is most gallant and chivalrous in that nature can ascend, on the other, you

cannot do better than follow throughout the sequel of this volume the dirty and the daring conduct of Lord St. Vincent and of Lord Cochrane respectively.

I could go on for ever quoting from and referring to the stirring pages of this noble book, but I must not forget that my business is merely to jot down a few memoranda in a letter, and not to write a review. The five last chapters, I may just mention, contain the history of the Basque Roads affair, and present a picture of perfidy on the part of the Admiralty, and of faintheartedness on the part of Lord Gambier, which form any thing but a pleasing page in our naval annals. I can only pray that, if ever the navy of Great Britain be called upon again to cope with France or any other enemy, God may raise up to us men such as Lord Cochrane proved himself to be, men who think of nothing but the demands of duty and of honour, and who scruple not to make shipwreck of their own fortunes, so that they keep their conscience void of offence and their country free from shame.

Confound those fellows! I wish they would not snore so. I think there ought to be a rule in every club, that when men go to sleep they should not monopolize books. I suppose it would be retorted, that without the assistance of the great bulk of modern literature, sleep would never reach the eyelids of many of the sons of men; a severity of sarcasm to which Christopher Grim, in his most bilious moods, could never attain. Be this as it may, the fact remains, that three of the “Benighted Fogies” who are now snoring in my immediate vicinity are in the useless possession of five volumes which I particularly want. The consequence is, that I am driven to reading the “Life of the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India,” written by his son-in-law and first chaplain, the Rev. Josiah Bateman. There are many things in it which High Church reviewers will, I daresay, make game of; much good may it do them. Mr. Bateman shows, it must be owned, marvellous powers of indiscretion in the selection of his materials, putting in as he does things so utterly trifling and twaddly,

that it is difficult to repress a smile. At the same time, it is manifestly unfair that this want of judgment in the biographer should operate to the prejudice of Bishop Wilson, whom I sincerely believe to have been as honest and sincere a man as ever donned a surplice or lawn.

The early portion of the first volume is connected with his life as a boy at the silk warehouse of his uncle in Cheapside, and his career as student at Oxford, and as a minister at St. John's Chapel, and at Islington. The remainder of the first and whole of the second volume, are filled with details of his episcopal life in India, and of what he did during his sick-leave in England. There can be no doubt whatever, that Wilson was a man of very remarkable powers and of great strength of character and tenacity of purpose. It was his misfortune, however, as a lad to be thrown into the hands of persons who narrowed his judgment. The astounding part of the business is, that he should ever have been appointed Bishop of Calcutta. The responsibility of the appointment (made in 1832) rests with Lord Grey's Government in general, and with Mr. Grant, President of the Board of Control, in particular. It is curious to see on what the appointment turned. An extract from Mr. Wilson's journal informs us, that the only circumstance which had given rise to consideration on the subject was "the pamphlet about Bellingham." Bellingham it will be remembered was the assassin of Spencer Percival. Mr. Wilson managed to effect an interview with him on the Sunday evening previous to the execution. "It was attended," says the Bishop's biographer, "with no good results." But the occasion was to be improved, though the criminal was not. So Mr. Wilson published a narrative of what passed, which the same biographer states was deficient in "simplicity and individuality." More than twenty years elapse and a vacancy occurs in the principal See of our Indian Empire. Mr. Wilson's name is brought—indeed he brings it himself—before the Government, and the only hitch in the business is "about Bellingham." A people unequalled in any age or country for extreme subtlety of intellect, and power of argument, and

hoarded wealth of metaphysical lore, have to be met and mastered on the ground of Christian truth—"but what about Bellingham"—is the only embarrassment in the mind of the President of the Board of Control, in dealing with the exigencies of the case. I have read the account of the Bishop's labours in India, and I cannot find a vestige of the idea having occurred to him of the kind of machinery which should be brought to bear against Hinduism—quite the reverse—as may be judged from the following fact:—Shortly before the good old man died he receives the Bishop of Llandaff's charge. He is delighted to find that Mr. Rowland Williams, of Lampeter, gets thoroughly pummelled in it. He adds: "This Mr. Williams obtained Mr. Muir's prize of £500 offered through me, to the University of Cambridge in 1845. How the judges could ever have awarded the prize to such a book I cannot understand. The Oxford prize, given by the same Mr. Muir, was an equal monster of error and secret infidelity, and yet gained the prize" (vol. ii. p. 408). Now I know nothing about the Oxford prize—though the Bishop's remarks make me very anxious to see it—but Mr. Williams' book I do know, and far abler men than myself—to say nothing of the judges themselves—have pronounced it to be one of the most masterly and most learned endeavours to place not only the English but the Christian mind, in the proper *attitude*, as it were, for coping with Hinduism.

I am almost ashamed of saying anything which may savour of censure on a man whose life was one long labour in the cause of Christian truth and good, and to whose unceasing exertions and princely generosity it is mainly owing that a Metropolitan Cathedral now rears its head above Calcutta. I sincerely trust that this biography—execrably though it be written—may teach even those who differ the widest from the opinions of the great Islington Light, to emulate the sterling virtue of the man, his untiring zeal, and unflinching perseverance in every thing he put his hand to. I ought perhaps to mention—for the fact is one which I consider remarkable, not to say unique—that during Mr. Wilson's incumbency

of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, we are told, "the sermons were often long, *but that was deemed no grievance*." Truth, however, compels me to add, that although the length of the sermons which usage had rendered familiar in St. John's Chapel, failed to exhaust the powers of endurance (or of slumber) on the part of the congregation, the building itself refused to stand it any longer, and, in 1856, fell in, or threatened to fall in, the very stones—it would seem—crying out against and resenting so grave a misappreciation of the proper value of time.

I went the other evening to hear the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Whewell, preach a sermon at one of the Sunday evening services at St. Paul's. In the course of it he indulged in some very severe strictures on the tone of thought and of conduct which the British subjects of Queen Victoria thought proper to adopt towards their fellow-subjects of a different hue in our Indian Empire. It is quite beside my purpose to offer any criticism on the most unjust censures which the preacher subjoined with regard to alleged cruelties in our public schools. All I am now concerned with is, the savage spirit of cruel and vindictive retaliation which the preacher maintained had been so painfully forced upon our notice during the Indian mutiny. Let me say, in parenthesis, that I am guilty of no impropriety in noticing this sermon, as it has been published, I believe, in the *Clerical Journal*. At the time I heard it, my mind was full of what I had been reading in Mr. Russell's "Diary in India," which is now before me, and I am sorry to say that the pages of these most interesting volumes furnish ample corroboration of the justice of the preacher's strictures. I am not now speaking of acts committed in the frenzy caused by the loss of near and dear relatives, who fell victims to the unequalled barbarity of the natives; acts, which assuredly admit of palliation, though not of course of absolute approval. I have before my mind the general tenor of Mr. Russell's evidence as to the aggravating spirit in which we uniformly treat the natives as an inferior race. I did not read the "Diary," it should be

remembered, for the sake of supporting Dr. Whewell's indictment against his fellow-countrymen; I only wish it to be understood that the impression, the dominant impression, which the book left upon my mind, made me altogether insensible to those charges of gross exaggeration with which the preacher has in my hearing been assailed.

It is somewhat curious, let me observe in passing, that the *Times*, contrary to its uniform practice up to that Sunday, took no notice of a sermon which so ably drew the moral of the tale told by its Special Correspondent. The aspect in which the great mass of the autochthons regard us is thus described by a native gentleman in a conversation which he had with Mr. Russell:—"Does the Sahib see those monkeys? They are playing very pleasantly. But the Sahib cannot say why they play, nor what they are going to do next. Well, then, our poor people look upon you very much as they would on those monkeys, but that they know you are very fierce and strong, and would be angry if you were laughed at. They are afraid to laugh. But they do regard you as some great powerful creatures sent to plague them, of whose motives and actions they can comprehend nothing whatever." In another passage Mr. Russell speaks of the mocking, unsympathizing spirit shown by us towards the natives, who are often regarded as nothing more than a *set of d—d niggers*. I might quote numerous other passages in which the author gives not merely his individual opinions in reprobation of such a tone of mind, but also states definite acts of wanton savagery which were perpetrated either before his own eyes or to his certain knowledge. As this letter, you know, is going out to Peshawur, you must excuse my calling special attention to the impression produced on an intelligent newcomer by the overbearing demeanour of the "services" towards those whose sympathies and affections it should be their highest object to win and to retain. Not for this alone, however, should the "Diary" be read. There is scarcely a page in the two volumes of which it is composed which is not rife either with amusement or instruction, or both. I had no par-

ticular attachment to Mr. Russell when he was out in the Crimea—judging of him, I mean, as a correspondent to the *Times*—for, I think, he did much to impair the prestige of Great Britain; but in India he comes out, to my eye, under far brighter colours. His patriotism never fails, and his endeavours at least to be accurate in his statements never flag. His own personal adventures are in the highest degree interesting, and do great credit to that race of Potophagi—as he calls them—to which he belongs.

Hurrah! Those two octavo volumes I have been coveting for the last two hours have just dropped from the lap on to the corns of the snoring "Benighted Fogie," number one aforesaid. Said Fogie jumps up, looking furious and apoplectic, stares about to see if any one be smiling at his discomforture, and then leaves the room. I am thus left in undisputed possession of the "Diaries and Correspondence of the Right Honourable George Rose," one of the most entertaining, or, at least, one of the most instructive, and decidedly one of the worst edited books which I have met with for some time. The editor is the Rev. Leveson Vernon Harcourt, and the letters and papers he here edits, by the desire of Sir George Rose's grandsons, constitute "a selection" from the whole mass. I call attention to this circumstance because I think the reader ought to be on his guard against the editor. Mr. Harcourt is evidently a thorough-going partisan (as was Sir G. Rose), of Mr. Pitt, "the pens of whose opponents," he tells us, "have been dipped in gall, overflowing in ebullitions of ill-will, misrepresentations, unfounded conclusions, and false reports." He here alludes to Lord Holland, and more especially to Lord John Russell; and he is anxious to remove the impressions which the writings of these biographers of Charles Fox have left on the mind of the public respecting Mr. Pitt. "To this task," he says, "I have addressed myself with no wish to provoke hostility, but with a strong desire that the truth should be known." "With no wish to provoke hostility"—a very good resolution, indeed, eschewing, of course, "the pens dipped in gall, and

overflowing," &c., &c., as above. Not a bit of it! The first thing which opened my eyes to the strong partisanship of the editor was the fashion in which he has drawn up the table of contents. For example, on turning over the first page, my eye lighted upon the following *item* in these "contents:" "Surliness of Lord Thurlow, 14." I at once looked at page 14, and found that Miss Rose, in a sketch of her father's life, writes of Lord Thurlow in one of his sulky moods, &c., &c. The editor immediately fastened on the expression to fix a lasting stain of disparagement upon the Chancellor. This served as a straw to show the direction of the wind. No doubt as to its violence can be left on the mind of any one who reads from p. 133 to p. 192 of the first volume, where Mr. Harcourt enters upon an elaborate vindication of Mr. Pitt's pacific policy towards France.

I am not going to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of the case, though I urge every one to withhold his judgment till he can confront the pages of Mr. Harcourt with those of Lord Holland and Lord John Russell. All I want now to call attention to is the peculiar suavity of Mr. Harcourt's language towards his opponents, a suavity which acquires a double grace when proceeding from one who has denounced gall and ebullitions, as aforesaid, and has repudiated all intention of "provoking hostility." I forgot to add Lord Brougham's name to those of Lord John and of Lord Holland. All three, "we are told," "are so blinded by party prejudices as to lose the perception of truth in their narrative of facts." This is stated *in limine*, as the standard by which all their narratives should be measured. He then comes to the "groundless calumnies" of Lord Brougham, "the lies of whose Whig education have not so wholly subsided as to leave it calm and pure;" and, therefore, the fermenting spirit will sometimes explode in vehement vituperation without sufficient regard to truth.

As he approaches Lord John Russell, we read as follows:—"How any man, looking at the facts of history, can impute want of foresight to that Minister, would be quite incompre-

hensible, were there not proofs enough that writers who are affected with Whiggery, labour under an incapability of discerning truth." I hope you will not fail to mark how guarded Mr. Harcourt is not "to provoke hostility."

If the reader will turn, my dear Maga, to an article in your December number, entitled "France, England, and Italy," he will find, if I mistake not, a very glaring instance of Mr. Pitt's singular want of foresight; and if the extract there given from Mr. Pitt's speeches should fail to drive him to a conclusion which Mr. Harcourt denounces as incomprehensible, except in cases of persons afflicted with Whiggery, that gentleman will himself help to remove his doubts and difficulties. For strange to say, the same Reverend Leveson Vernon Harcourt, who, at p. 145, vol. i., blaturates so bitterly against the "Whiggery" which made Lord John Russell call in question the foresight of Mr. Pitt, unfortunately forgot, that at p. 84 of the same volume, he had delivered himself of the following comment on a letter of Mr. Pitt's to Lord Stafford:—"It is a remarkable proof how much the sagacity of even the most experienced statesmen may be at fault, when we find that within a year of the time when the revolutionary volcano exploded in France, Mr. Pitt viewed with so much complacency, as the next letter to Lord Stafford expresses, the state of our foreign relations, and the little apprehension he had of any danger from the seething materials of that aggressive spirit which was so soon to boil over in a violent eruption."

I might quote some more of this gentleman's amenities; as, for example, the passage where, after apostrophizing Mr. Fox with the *Quousque tandem* of Cicero, he adds, in a parenthesis, "Catiline was a Whig;" but I think I have said enough to put the reader on his guard. This done, I can only repeat, that he will find these volumes full of instruction; provided always, he be well read in other like collections of political memoirs and correspondence, otherwise he will find them somewhat uninteresting. I hope that in a subsequent edition every thing Mr. Harcourt has written may be omitted. Charity and truth can only be the gainers, his

pent-up rancour the only loser by such a wholesome expurgation. I suppose, by the way, that none of my readers are so ignorant as to need to be told who Sir George Rose was. At any rate, I have no space to answer the question, for the places he held were so numerous, that their enumeration would occupy the remainder of *My Club-Table*.

Down go two more volumes! hurrah! I shall have them all presently. What have we here? "Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan"—two octavo volumes, comprising about 1,000 pages. The author is Lawrence Oliphant, private secretary to Lord Elgin. I wish I dared speak my mind. I want to insinuate as delicately as I can that, although these 1,000 pages—which I have read, by the way; I have, I assure you—are filled with a large amount of most entertaining, novel, attractive, thrilling, &c., à la penny-liner incidents, yet I lay them down with a great deal more knowledge of Japan certainly, but with no more knowledge of Mr. Oliphant than I had at the commencement. Mr. Oliphant will, probably, retort that he does not care whether I know him or not, any more than whether he knows me. But I do. I maintain that it is a crying evil with books of this nature—books of travels got up in pretty bindings, adorned with pretty illustrations, filled with pretty stories, and sold at a pretty price—that, from the first page to the last, you see no more of the man, his feelings, character, likings, and dislikings, than if you had never opened the volume.

There are exceptions, I know, to this as to every rule. As, for example, Mr. Clark's "Peloponnesus," a book which it is impossible to read without feeling a strong and affectionate sympathy for the character of its genial author. Of another exception I shall presently have occasion to speak, for it is lying on *My Club-Table*, whereas "Peloponnesus" is on My Club-Shelves. Still the great mass of these books which flutter through a season are totally destitute of any impress of the living, breathing man who walked, like a camera obscura, on castors—for all the reader can know to the contrary—through the scenes described.

I suppose the defect of which I

complain is, in part, owing to the natural reaction against the offensive style of those vulgar travellers who are perpetually obtruding themselves on the attention of the reader, and describing feelings which have no existence but on paper. But still, I should think, some mean might be struck between the cold impassibility of Mr. Oliphant and the noisy guffaws of inferior travellers. I suppose I shall be considered churlish for making these comments on a work which must have cost the author a great amount of labour, and which, for many a year, will be resorted to as the great repertory of information about China and Japan. It is the account of this latter country which I have found the most interesting, probably because it is the most novel.

I observe that in discussing the probable effects of the treaty recently concluded between Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Tycoon of Japan, Mr. Oliphant so far agrees with Mr. Russell, as quoted above, that he anticipates the Japanese will "be roused into antagonism to us by the overbearing and insolent behaviour common, unhappily, to a certain class of our countrymen when brought into contact with semi-civilized races."

The book is very sumptuously got up, with coloured lithographs and wood-engravings, and, I have no doubt, will be perpetually asked for at circulating libraries, though I question whether a tithe of those who order it will read it through.

Far different is the impression you gather from Mr. Anthony Trollope's "West Indies and the Spanish Main." So great is the freshness with which it is written, that as you read you get on thoroughly intimate terms with the author, and by the time you are at the end of the volume you feel as if you had known him all your life. Every touch is instinct with hearty, genial sentiments. A few pages only suffice to show you that he is a man whom you like to have for a fellow-traveller. He is looking over his passport, and wondering what the deuce may be the meaning of the Spanish words which denote his *signalment*. He finds that his "Talla" is "Alta," which puts him into very good humour; never before had he

obtained in a passport any more dignified description of his body than robust. "But then comes the mystery. If I have any personal vanity, it is wrapped up in my beard. It is a fine manly article of dandyism, that wears well in all climates, and does not cost much even when new. Well, what has the Don said of my beard? It is *poblada*. I would give five shillings for the loan of a Spanish dictionary at this moment. *Poblada*! Well! my first effort, if ever I do reach Cuba, shall be made with reference to that word." This, however, is but some of the garnish on the dish—the dish itself bears as solid matter and as valuable information as any thing M. Oliphant has to offer in his heavy diplomatic line.

Again and again does Mr. Trollope recur to the imperative necessity of allowing the immigration of Coolies to Jamaica. The negro, he says, will never work as long as he can eat and sleep without it. Place the Coolie or Chinaman alongside of him, and he must work in his own defence. As it is at present in Jamaica, these negro gentlemen will not work more than three days a week on an average, nor above six hours a day. And yet the Anti-Slavery Society keeps croaking about the necessity of protecting the poor negro from the effects of competition. "I maintain," says Mr. Trollope, "that these men are going beyond their mark—that they are minding other than their own business, in attempting to interfere with the labour of the West Indian colonies." Gentlemen in the West Indies see at once that "the Society is discussing matters which it has not studied, and that interests of the utmost importance to them are being played with in the dark."

I am very glad that Mr. Trollope has spoken out so strongly upon this matter; that is, I am neither glad nor sorry, only it so happens that my opinion, which was a mere creature of vague notions picked up here and there, is corroborated by his, which is founded on facts and personal observation; and so my vanity is tickled, and I believe that is what I am glad at. The fact is, the Benighted Fogies will keep up such roaring fires, that the room at this moment is insufferably hot, and I begin to agree with

the negro that three days a-week are quite enough.

Meanwhile, mind you read this capital book, the chapters towards the close, on Central America and on the Isthmus of Panama question. I think if Lord Malmesbury consulted his reputation, he would explain the meaning of the extraordinary letter bearing or professing his signature, and which a French adventurer, named Belly, seems to have made good use of to foster the notion that Great Britain supported some insane canal scheme on a gigantic scale about which very little, if any thing, was known in this country till Mr. Trollope's book appeared.

But I am getting tired of these ponderous octavos. Let me see if *My Club-Table* has no lighter matter to keep one awake with. What is this pretty looking green duodecimo, with equine ornaments on back and side. "On the Form of the Horse, as it lies open to the inspection of the ordinary observer." Such is its title; and its author is or ought to be (for I have seen the book before, now I think of it,) Dr. Carson. I have often wondered that a book of this kind has not been previously written. (I daresay there have been thousands, but I am not going to let my phrase be spoiled for all that). It is exactly the realization of what I consider the *beau idéal* of a work on this subject. There is not a line in it which the most simple man cannot understand, or which any but a very profound man could have written. I say profound, for there is no doubt that the unpretending pages which Dr. Carson has here given to the world are the fruit of a vast amount of reading, research, and observation.

I am not speaking altogether in the dark about this book; I flatter myself I am not wholly ignorant about the points of a horse; at any rate I am not so ignorant as not to perceive that Dr. Carson can teach me and many like me a vast number of things which it is very essential every one should know who has any thing to do with a horse. Dr. Carson takes in succession all the *points* of the animal, and shows on rational grounds what is in each case the most perfect development.

The section on the foot is one of

the most interesting of all. Nothing I think is so fruitful of wonder as the study of the different parts of a horse's foot, whether frog, crust, bars, or sole. How often have I blown up my blacksmith for not being more merciful with his paring-knife on the bars; but I am not quite sure that I ever understood the reason why, till I read these pages of Dr. Carson's. I suppose I had picked up somewhere the popular fallacy of the expansion of a horse's heels. If I kept a stud, I should put this little work into the hands of every groom in my stable, having previously taken care to master its contents myself. What a capital book for a regimental library, for example—to teach officers not to be taken in by some knowing dealer. I might have spared myself the trouble of writing all this, for I daresay you know more about it than I do, seeing that it is published in Dublin.

I have been engaged for the last hour or two in comparing with the original a new translation of Goethe's "Faust," or at least of the first part of Goethe's "Faust," by John Galvan. I have been repaid: at least I mean just the reverse. I have *not* been repaid for my trouble. The comparison thus carefully instituted has furnished me with very little matter for censure. Mr. Galvan speaks so very modestly of his performance that even had the result been different, I do not know that I could have been severe with him. But in point of fact, he is in a position to dispense altogether with such appeals for indulgence. The translation is executed with extreme conscientiousness and considerable elegance; far more indeed of the latter than could reasonably have been expected in so literal a translation. Perhaps the best way of giving you an idea of its merits is to open the volume at random, and make an extract. I have stumbled on page 70, and on the famous bit commencing "*Wenn aus dem schrecklichen Gewühle.*" Let us see how Mr. Galvan has rendered it. *Faust loquitur.*

Since o'er my thronging horrors stealing,
A sweet familiar tone once fell,
And stirred the wreck of child-like feeling,
The chords of memory's magic shell—
Curse on the jugglery that mocks us,
And lures with honied words the soul;
Binds with its glittering chain, and locks us,
Poor prisoners, in this gloomy hole!

Curs'd be the power of self-illusion,
 The overweening spirit's dream !
 Curs'd be each dazzling, vain delusion,
 That blinds us with its meteor beam !
 Accurs'd be glory's goal elysian—
 A name to last beyond the grave !
 Accurs'd be each fond flattering vision,
 Of wife and child, of plough and slave !
 Accurs'd be Mammon, when, for treasure,
 In danger's path he bids us tread ;
 And when in soft voluptuous pleasure,
 He smoothes the pillow 'neath our head !
 Curse on the wine-cup, and Love weaving
 Its flowery wreath the heart to thrawl ;
 Curse on all Hoping, all Believing,
 And curse on Patience, above all !

I call that very spirited and good, considering how literal it is in the main. The only positive fault I have detected is in the dedication. Goethe there says, that the friends to whom he sang his early lays are no longer on earth to listen to the "Faust." But perhaps I had better give the original:

Sie hören nicht die folgenden Gesänge,
 Die Seelen denen ich die ersten sang ;

which Mr. Galvan translates—

No more they listen to the following lays,
 To whom I sang them first in times of yore.

According to this the German ought to have run as follows: "denen ich sie *am ersten* sang," which is quite a different meaning altogether. This, however, is a trifle. The only curious point is that a stumble should have been made so early on in the work. Admirable in every way is the translation of Marguerite's song at the spinning wheel: "Meine Ruh' ist hin." I am almost tempted to quote it. I hope Mr. Galvan may be induced to try his hand at the second part. The task is Herculean, but I suspect he would acquit himself with credit.

"Confidences," not by Lamartine ; such is the next book I have laid my hands on. The author is the author of "Rita ;" so I hope you are much the wiser. The first question which arises is, is he a *he* ? I doubt it. I have never read "Rita," but those who have, as far as I can learn, are of the same opinion as myself on the author's sex. I think it would be a good thing if novelists were to draw up a *dramatis personæ* of their characters. It might serve to call their attention to the mistaken but very prevalent practice of sketching out a whole legion of characters, without ever finishing one well. This book I

have in my hand is only a one volume novel, and yet it contains, I should say, about thirty characters, all of which are necessarily of the most flimsy tissue—mere skeletons in short, not covered with the flesh and sinew of feeling and purpose which build up the character of man and woman. Waiving this, the book is certainly well written, and betrays considerable power. It is called "Confidences," because it is composed in the main of letters from a curate to his sister in Germany.

The following is no caricature of the style in which fast young ladies of the present day couch their remarks: "Oh ! do you go in for evangelicals ?" asked the other young lady briskly, turning to me ; "because Kitty has got a sort of hydrophobia lately—negroes and organ boys, and every thing that is most opposed to fresh water and soap. High Church and a clean charity school for me : surplices and flowers, and all that sort of thing, so much more jolly. I was in hopes you were of my way of thinking. Mr. Eadaile" (page 123). On the whole this is a book which may be read without disgust.

For some weeks back I have seen lying on *My Club-Table* a novel, in three volumes, called "The Little Beauty." None of the volumes have ever been missing. They never moved from the same spot on the table. At length I thought I would muster up courage to read them, and I strongly advise you *not* to follow my example. "The Little Beauty" is the daughter of an ex-nurse in a nobleman's family, who does all she can to bring her child into contact with one of the younger sons, Lord Victor Lyle, a thorough blackguard, who ends by marrying "Little Beauty," whom he treats like a brute ; his only act of kindness to her being the gift of widowhood. However, I am not going to waste my time and yours by any analysis of the plot. I should not have mentioned the book at all if it had not been for the purpose of denouncing the slip-slop English in which it is written. I suppose women do consider themselves exempt from the irksome pressure of the rules of grammar ; but I was not prepared to find them claiming an exemption so wide as could admit of the following

sentence meaning any thing in particular: "Nourishment, which before was distasteful to him, from her hand was accepted with relish; and then to sit and gaze upon that face and form which, beautiful as it had ever been, was now so matured in loveliness, to listen with delight to that melodious voice *read* aloud or sing; thus invariably devoting herself as she did to the alleviation of the tediousness of his confinement to the sofa." Here the sentence ends; and if you can tell me what it means, I shall be obliged to you. You need not trouble yourself about the trifling faults of concord in the body of the sentence: such insignificant details are quite beneath the notice of a woman.

A few lines further on we have the following specimen, scarcely less favourable, of a sublime disdain of grammatical construction: "The arm soon gave indications of improvement; the pulse before so feeble and fluttering, to gain strength and firmness." But enough of this. Such trash is not worth powder and shot.

Of far higher quality is Holme Lee's "Against Wind and Tide." In fact it is the best novel I have got on *My Club-Table*. The same writer, it will be remembered, has already done herself considerable credit by her former productions, "Sylvan Holt's Daughter" and "Kathie Brande." In fact both of these are, in my opinion, superior to her new novel. But for all that, "Against Wind and Tide" is much above the average, as I have already told you. It recounts the fate and fortunes of two natural sons, Cyrus and Robert Hawthorne, the former of whom attaches himself to his father, Sir Philip Nugent, while the latter continues in business with his mother's family. Robert is soon the head of the firm of Messrs. Hawthorne & Co., while Cyrus Nugent becomes his father's rival, and turns out a lawless debauchee. Poetical justice requires that Robert should be environed with every thing that makes life happy, and that Cyrus should go to the dogs without taking a return-ticket. But in the novel, Robert is left a widower; left in the common place everyday traffic of middle life, doing his duty in the station to which it pleased God to call him, poetical justice notwithstanding; while Cyrus

is allowed another chance, a wife to guard and guide him, time to redeem his follies, friends to share his fortune, and the good things of life abundantly to enjoy. "And so a truce," says the authoress, "to poetical justice."

I suspect that in the third chapter of Part first, recollections of a novel of Hackländer have spoiled the course of the story. The plot laid by Deborah Eliotson to implicate her master's nephew in the robbery of the money-box seems to be a wanton episode which has no bearing on the subsequent development of the narrative. I have no great liking for making extracts, as you know, but there is one passage at the opening of Part second which I have caught myself reading several times over, so I think you may afford me the indulgence of quoting it. It is prefaced, I may observe, by those beautiful lines from Longfellow's "Ladder of St. Augustine," beginning—"All common things," &c.

"To be going—to be twenty years old—to have no aches, no pains, no regrets worthy of the name. It is a glorious time, few of us know how glorious until we are young no more! We are so like travellers with a long journey before them, setting off at our topmost speed in the bright morning, dashing forward impetuous as if the miles would stretch before us to infinity, wearying over the early ways that must be trodden, disregarding the sunny landscape we are passing through, and the wayside flowers we are trampling down, because our eager eyes are fixed on some distant hill where the midday sun seems to shine with dazzling effulgence. The hill-top gained, we behold sterile spots, parched and shadowless as African deserts: it is no more all beautiful than the country we have traversed already—nay, we think it even less beautiful. Looking wistfully behind us, at last we see distinctly the quiet stretches of scenery, the green fields, and woods, and rivulets, the calm light, the flying showers, that we made of such small account, and confess in our hearts that the morning is the best time of the day, and that we have passed over the loveliest district our way-faring feet had to tread, before we had learnt the wisdom of enjoying and being thankful. Children, we are impatient to grow up; travellers, we long for our journey's end; old, we could fain put back the swift hands on the dial of Time; resting at strange inns, we grow home-

sick and heartsick, and would fain return. But no! Forward is the word, and God's will be done!"

A fine passage is it not, both in conception and in language? There are two or three more I could name of equal beauty, but I must forbear.

It so happens that there are just now two Lives of Thomas à Becket canvassing the suffrages of the public; both of them written by canons: the one a Romish "Canon of Northampton" (so-called); the other, a Protestant Canon of Canterbury. I hope no one will confound the trashy dithyrambs of Mr. Morris with the very learned, calm, and entertaining work of Canon Robertson, a writer so favourably known for his accurate and impartial history of the Christian Church. In the preface, Mr. Robertson expresses a hope that the whole body of the documents relating to the history of Becket may speedily find a place in the series of chronicles now in progress under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls. I, in turn, would venture to hope, that if the Master of the Rolls have such a scheme in contemplation, he may intrust its execution to Mr. Robertson; for sure I am it would be difficult to find a writer more thoroughly competent to undertake a task involving a great amount of learning and considerable subtlety of critical acumen: both of them qualities which every one will acknowledge him to possess in fullest measure.

Becket's life is naturally an interesting subject to Christopher Grim, for it was Edward Grim (no doubt an ancestor of mine), a Cambridge monk, who nearly got his arm cut in two from trying to ward off the blows of the Archbishop's murderers. At the same time I am quite prepared to en-

dorse every word of the very unsentimental but most sound conclusion at which Mr. Robertson arrives respecting Becket's character. I shall not allow this little family connexion to exercise any bias upon my admirably constituted mind.

The biographer wisely remarks that we may be carried too far in our disposition to make allowance for men who lived in times, and under the influence of habits of thought, very different from our own. The question is, whether Becket acted up to what light he had, whether of the opportunities given him he really made the most. Mr. Robertson shows, I think, beyond dispute, that Thomas of Canterbury cannot bear such an inquiry. Perhaps the most successful thing, however, in this volume, is the complete refutation given by Mr. Robertson to the late M. Thierry's theory of Becket's Saxon origin, and of his championship of Saxon wrongs. That whole theory fades away before the searching criticism here directed against it.

It is a real pleasure to meet with a historian who unites in such felicitous proportions sound common sense, a reverent spirit, solid erudition, a genial mind, and a vigorous style. These are the qualities which Mr. Robertson exhibits in his Church History. They do not abandon him in the humbler field of Biography.

Well, I think I have given you about as much as you can swallow at one gulp. If you get through the twenty volumes I have presented to you before the first of next month you are a much more energetic fellow than

Yours truly,
CHRISTOPHER GRIM.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXVIII.

APRIL, 1860.

VOL. LV.

GRAINNE O'MAILLEY, THE SHE-PIRATE.

GRAINNE O'MAILLEY, commonly called Grace O'Malley, has long been famous as an Irish heroine in the traditions of the people. We find her mentioned in an old peerage-book as "much renowned by the natives of Connaught, who relate many adventures and remarkable actions of her courage and undaunted spirit, which she frequently performed on the sea." The writer, a complaisant compiler of pedigrees, omitted to notice that these legends attribute a character to her that is no other than piratic. Her name is also celebrated in various poetical compositions, both English and Irish; and in some of these songs, which are political ballads, Ireland is personified under the designation of "Grana Wail." For ourselves, we object that the popular voice should typify our country as a female pirate, since this association of ideas is as repulsive as if our good brother, John Bull personated himself in song as "Paul Jones." Irish legends, such as Glendalough guides invent over night "to please the quality" next day, find no favour in our minds' eyes. Not only is fiction less strange than truth, but its freaks do not give near so much delight as a simple narrative, warranting belief, which is the *sine quâ non* of our æsthetic sense. For a long time we regarded "Grana Wail," *alias* "Grace O'Malley," on whose misspelled names many pseudo-patriotic songs and silly

stories have been hung, as a mere myth; little foreseeing that we should publish her real history, and ignorant that her father was Lord of O'Mailley's land, or *Uim-haille*, pronounced "Hoole," and "Owle," whence, corruptly, "Wail," a country comprising the present baronies of Murresk and Borrishoole, i.e. the borough of the O'Mailleys. The meaning of her Christian name, too, has been misconceived, for Grainne signifies not "Grace," but Ugly! Deeming this Madam O'Malley, who is represented as so unfeminine as to have been a buccaneer chieftainess, almost imaginary, we classed her in the category of Queens of Amazons, and disbelieved in her existence. Then, being informed that her story is the basis of a novel by the author of "Wild Sports of the West," we purchased "The Dark Lady of Doona," but were no better assured of her reality further than that, as the novel writer asserts, "her existence is well authenticated by historians; and her visit to the Court of Elizabeth, her predatory habits, and perilous exploits, form yet the theme of ballads and the subject of legends among the peasantry." Certainly, she lives in tradition, an airy record by no means to be disrespected; but the page of history is so silent about her, that it is no wonder if the novelist has, in his "Dark Lady," left us still in the dark. But in the name of faith, we protest against such a mongrel romance

as this creature of his imagination, since it is neither good furbished-up fact nor pleasing fable, but a gallimaufry of third-rate romance phrases, caricaturing both in style and speech a jumble of historic personages who were so little contemporary that some of them died before the rest were born. An *Irish* "historic novel" verily! The legends anent "Grana Wail" are not nearly so incoherent, and are even so vivid as to have enabled the following poetic portraiture to be drawn of her personal appearance, mien, and expression, which—

"Restless and dark, its sharp and rapid look,
Show'd a fierce spirit, prone a wrong to feel,
And quicker to revenge it. A book
That sunburnt brow did fearless thoughts reveal;
And in her girdle was a skeyne of steel.
Her crimson mantle her gold brooch did bind;
Her flowing garments reached unto her heel;
Her hair, part fell in tresses unconfined,
And part a silver bodkin fastened up behind."

According to tradition Grainne's father, "Owen" O'Mailley, was a noted leader of piratic expeditions, which she accompanied, and having exhibited unwonted talents for command, on his death this bold woman took the command of his galleys, and surpassed his plunderings by the extent and magnitude of hers. Ever foremost in danger, her courage and conduct ensured success, and the affrighted natives along the entire western coast trembled at her name. Not only can it be said of her indigenous followers—

"Like hungry wolves, these pirates from the shore,
Whole flocks of sheep and ravish'd cattle bore,"

but her fame attracted many hardy and desperate mariners from distant parts; and she was enabled at one period to muster a flotilla formidable to the strongest coast lord in Ireland. Her larger vessels were moored off Clare Island, and her smaller craft she kept at Carrickahowly Castle (in Newport Bay), which was her special stronghold. A hole in the castle wall used to be shown, through which a rope was run from one of her vessels, and kept fastened to her bed, in order to communicate an alarm to her apartment in case of any surprise. It is said that her piracies became so frequent and injurious, and her power so

dangerous, that she was proclaimed an outlaw, that a reward of £500 was offered for her apprehension, and that troops were sent from Galway to take the Castle of Carrickahowly; but after a siege of more than a fortnight they were forced to retire, being repulsed by the valour of Grainne and her men. These exploits are understood to have been performed by her before and after her first marriage; but after her second widowhood, finding that the English power in Connaught was growing too strong for her, she became reconciled to the government; and having with her followers done good service in assisting the Queen's forces, she, it is stated, received a letter from Queen Elizabeth herself, inviting her to come to Court; in consequence of which "Grana Wail," with some of her galleys, set sail for London about the year 1575 (rightly 1593), and was graciously received by the Queen.

So far the legend, which does not, we shall show, err widely from some marks of truth we have recently lit upon regarding this singular lady. In short, we lately fell in with a certain MS. anent this romantic being, this female *Captain Cleveland*, which manuscript is far more worthy of credit than any received from *Jedediah Cleishbotham* by the author of "Waverley," since it is a brief piece of autobiography. This document was penned while she was in London, in the year 1593, and is addressed to the Privy Council, in answer to certain interrogatories concerning her past actions, mode of life, and the political condition of the west of Ireland. Her curious statements authenticate in black and white many of the traditions still afloat about her. We shall, therefore, draw this sketch of our lady-pirate chiefly from her own words, and other state papers of the period.

Our heroine begins by describing herself as daughter of "Doodarro O'Mailly, sometime chieftain of the country called Upper Owle O'Mailly, now called the barony of Murasky." Her mother was of the same clan, so that by both spear and spindle side she was nautically bred. Her father's true name was *Dubhdara*, i.e., "Of the Black Oak," significant, it may be, of the timber, the heart of old Irish oak, of which his galleys were built. Besides being chief of a wide sea-coast territory, he was lord of the

Isles of Arran, then inhabited by a singularly wild people, of whom the men, being trained from boyhood, as fishermen, to dare the ocean waves, were the hardiest mariners in Ireland. From early ages her paternal clan was celebrated for producing expert sailors. A bard of the fourteenth century commemorates their proverbial love of the sea, and warm-hearted, clannish attachment, such as shipmates ever evince:—

“ A good man never was there
Of the O'Malleys, but a mariner;
The prophets of the weather are ye;
A tribe of affection and brotherly love.”

Acquiring by her extraordinary endowments of mind and body complete influence over the Arran Islesmen and other neighbouring seafaring people, she long retained the hereditary sea-king rule that had made the chieftains, her fathers, “strong,” as the viceroy of the day declares, “in galleys and seamen.” The first husband of our heroine was worthy of her, his warlike character being indicated by his agnomen, Donnell, “Iccoghie,” or *an chogaidh*, i.e., “Of the Wars.” He was a distinguished chief of the O'Flahertys, a race deemed the most contentious of all the bellicose clans of old Ireland. Sobriquets similarly suggestive of combative habits were frequent in his time among his tribe. His enemy and superseder in the chieftaincy, Sir Murrough, being named *Na Dtuadha*, i.e., “Of the Battle-Axes,” because he was accustomed to retain a strong force of battle-axe guards, called galloglasses; and another of his surname, being a desperate warrior, was nicknamed *Na Buille*, i.e., the Bully, or Furious. Curious are the duties that were rendered to this lord of Connemara, a country where old manners still obtain in fuller life than elsewhere in this kingdom; for in this respect it is as Spain is to Europe, and Brittany to France, the least changed stronghold of an antique people. As seigneur of his tribe, he was used to receive rent in its original form, viz., certain measures of oatmeal, called *sruhan*, “with sufficient butter,” from every quarter of a townland throughout the barony of Ballynahinch. Besides this regular receipt, which formed the principal support of his household, he was entitled, whenever he gave away a daugh-

ter in marriage, to levy a two-year old heifer from each inhabited quarter of land. As, agreeably with his widow's statement, he was lord over ninety-six such quarters, the maiden thus provided with a portion had a fair one for a chieftain's daughter. Whenever he attended assizes at the county town, his people sent him a butt of sack, probably to console him for submitting to take part in so innovatory a method of administering law as a general sessions; for he and his predecessors, as enforcers of jurisprudence in their own country, were entitled to receive seven cows from any thief that had stolen a cow, and a similar number of any other species of cattle, as a fine for each stolen one. It was, indeed, a chieftain's principal duty to check robbery, and this penalty was more merciful than was enforced by his neighbour, the first Earl of Clanricarde, who used to cause cattle-stealers to be hung, with a quarter of beef about their necks! Should any one under his rule take either ambergrease (that singular substance discharged by spermaceti whales, and frequently found on the Connemara coast), or wreck of the sea, lying on his shores, without giving notice to him or his stewards, a fine of seven cows was due. These duties rendered to the rulers of his race, are indicative of the ancient and peculiar state of his maritime territory, which extended over 100 miles of coast. The “butt of sack,” however, was of recent imposition, for assizes were a novelty in Galway. It seems, also, that the O'Flahertys became too fond, as did many other *tiernas*, of “a carouse of sack,” and over frequently repeated the proverbially favourite expression of the time, “I am going to Galway to marry the King of Spain's daughter,” meaning to drink the Spanish wine then abundant and cheap in the town taverns. But wedlock with this enticing princess, this false Infanta, proved a ruinous alliance, for the pandering vintners obtained, in exchange for the beautiful and exhilarating liquid, large tracts of land, which their posterity, the Martins, Frenches, Bodkins, &c., long enjoyed.

Grainne's husband's residence was the extensive fortress of Bunowen, situated at the mouth of the river Owenmore, as its name implies; and

his country was the barony of *Baile-na-h-insi*, i.e., the town of the island. The shore of this territory, which is still designated as "the wilds of Connemara," is indented by a number of harbours, capable of containing vessels of any burden. At the period under review, Galway (a seaport destined to absorb much of the commerce of Liverpool), was a place of considerable trade. Obviously, then, Grainne O'Flaherty's, *née* O'Mailley's, position was an excellent one for a pirate; and not a she-wolf among the rocks of Connemara was readier in improving her opportunities. It is likely that she took especial care to plunder the galliots that sailed into the bay, laden with wine butts consigned to "Martin Brothers," in those days, when this house had not yet purchased her husband's estate, but was becoming wealthy by exchanging Irish salmon for Peninsular vintages; and that "Wine Island" in the river running through that estate, obtained its name from being the safe receptacle of the sherries, ports, and clarets she became possessed of by lightening barks of their burdens. She doubtless gladdened her sailors' hearts with those generous wines. After the decease of the Lord of Connemara, her husband, his rival for the chieftaincy of the tribe, namely, Sir Murrough of the Battle-axes, resolving to subdue her sept, sent his eldest son to surprise their stronghold, Ballynahinch, where, having driven off the widow and her two sons, he erected a strong castle, and so usurped the estate for many years. The vicissitudes of our heroine's troubled life began with her widowhood; and why so, requires explanation, in justice to her, since her distressed condition formed her plea for the savage mode of living she adopted.

It appears that, on the death of Donnell O'Flaherty, his stout widow actually assumed the "government" (so it is stated) of his country—probably in the name and for the benefit of her children. But she had no right except might; and custom did not entitle widows to levy any jointure off the lands of a clan. Though governor *de facto* of the sept, she was not so *de jure*, because native usage gave neither inheritance nor power to women. She maintained her firm grasp for the sake of her sons, one of

whom aspired to be chief of the entire tribe; and, as a step towards securing acknowledgment, by government, of their title to land, submitted to a novel imposition, a crown-rent of 10s. from every "quarter" containing 120 acres, provided the land were not waste, but bearing, as the phrase ran, either corn or horn. She also, with others in possession who hoped to obtain charter titles, agreed to a commutation by which their power of exacting arbitrary rents and war taxes was compounded for a right to fixed rents. But this "composition," as our heroine calls it, was guilty of a vital omission, which she thus fiercely comments on. Excusing herself (in 1593) to the Government for the course of life she had led, she explains that she enjoyed no provision in the way of dowry, because—

"The countries and territories of the chieftains, her husbands, and generally so among the Irishry, did, after the rude custom of their ancestors, never yield dowries or thirds to the ladies thereof, or to any women surviving the chieftain; the rents, services, and reservations not being certain, but confused and, for the most part, extorted, the people, for fear, yielding to the chieftains whatsoever they would crave, more than, of right, what they ought to have."

Under tanistic tenure of chieftaincy it was impossible to ensure the payment of a dowry to the widow of even the mightiest "king," whose queen might, during his life-time, indeed, levy the customary pin-money; but, directly she became a relict, lost all rights, for the times were those when the sword was the sole remedy. She proceeds to say, that—

"Among the Irishry the custom is, that a wife shall have but her first dowry, without any increase or allowance for the same" (when she becomes a widow).

The endowments given by chieftains to their daughters upon marriage depended, of course, either on the wealth of the father or his customary power to exact dowries from his vassals. The *collop an spreá*, or portion of cattle for the marriage of Gaelic "princesses," therefore, varied, but seems usually to have consisted of a heifer from every dairy, a filly from every stud, and a sheep from every flock. Such was the primitive nature of the provision customary for even

the widow of a "king" among the Irish, that, so lately as the time of Cromwell, the jointure of O'Sullivanmore's relict was a right of grazing a certain number of cows on the mountains in her late husband's country.* To the present day cows and sheep form the principal part of marriage portions of most females in Connemara. Our widow, a well-informed authority, continues:—

"Before any woman delivers up her marriage (portion) to her husband, she receives sureties for its restitution in manner and form as she hath delivered it; in regard that husbands, and especially chieftains, have, through their great expenses, no goods to leave behind them at their death, but are commonly in debt."

Besides this danger, that a widow's chattels, in cows, mares, and sheep would be seized for her late husband's liabilities, there was, she shows, another cogent cause for demanding security:—

"Other times, wives are divorced upon proof of pre-contracts; and the husband now and then, without any lawful or due proceeding, do put his wife from him, and so bringeth in another. So as the wife is to have sureties for her dowry for fear of the worse."

Irish husbands of those days seem to have managed changes of wives without the aid of a divorce court; and, sooth to say, more shame to them, on slighter grounds than the celebrated James Fitzmaurice, who put away his wife "for writing amorous letters to a brother of the Earl of Ormonde."†

Our dowager complainant, who so angrily declares of Irish chieftains, that it was "the rude custom of their ancestors never to yield thirds (of rent) to widows," was ignorant of the legal reason why a Gaelic king could not endow his wife with an annuity, viz., that he himself had less than a life interest in his rent, being merely its recipient in right of his office as king, which, being elective, might not continue in his family.

Following her account of herself, we find her stating, that "during the continued discord among the Irishry, especially of West Connaught, every

chieftain, for his safeguard and defence of his followers and country, took up arms by strong hand to make head against his neighbours." Here, by a masterly stroke of the pen, she describes the need and mode of carrying on the battle for life among kings of the Outer Connaught barbarians. By the strong hand, verily, the *lamh laidhir* war-cry of the O'Briens! So catching, so cogent was the *cacoethes pugnandi* in the west, that, as she in continuance candidly confesses, "she was so" (in similar forcible fashion) "constrained to maintain herself and people by sea and land for the space of forty years." A bold course the gallant widow took, meriting, indeed, our loudest *bravissima*! During no small space of time did this valiant dame hold her own, and help it out by seizing what others owned. Her maritime and longshore exploits began in 1553 and had not ceased when she wrote in 1593. Her forty years' leadership on the Irish seas and in Connaught deserts was by no means Mosaic, if she rebelled and despoiled as energetically as she is stated to have done; for Sir Richard Bingham, governor of the province, protests, in one of his despatches, that she "is a notable traitress, and has been nurse to all the rebellions in the province for forty years." So vigorous a nurse, wet and dry, must have reared a lively succession of insurrections! In one of her petitions to the Queen she styles the mode of life she adopted her "thrade of maintenance," throwing into this phrase a delicious stress of brogue on the word *thrade*, and evidently considering her calling inevitable and venial. Born of a sea-reaving race, and addicted to nautical, military, and domestic command, Lady Grainne, i.e., The Ugly, took naturally to her graceless way of living. She had good English precedents, at least among the unfair sex; and her manly example was followed by some whose names are famous as founders of British naval supremacy, since the brave Sir Francis Drake, the notorious Tom Stuckley, and the gallant Raleigh were, like her, no better than they should have been, piratically considered. In times when the

* Down Survey. Bibl. Imp. Paris.

† S. P. O. 1573.

temptation of robbing a Spanish galleon was irresistible to a Devonshire seaman, what would it have cost a Galway seawoman as spirited as our heroine to abstain from boarding a British bark?

Again, the age was one when naval adventure, as exhibited in Raleigh, and his celebrated half-brother, Sir Humphry Gilbert, was very productive and popular; so that we can account for the merciful manner in which our sea-queen was treated, on her submission and appearance at court, by Elizabeth, who is said, in rhyme, to have declared to her courtiers—

"I protest y^e are not worth a filbert,

Compared with Sir Humphry Gilbert;"

and whose lion heart may have secretly exulted in the regal sway obtained over men by the bold woman she saw kneeling before her.

The clansmen Grainne chiefly commanded formed the sept of O'Flaherty's that owned Connemara. The entire tribe possessed all western Connaught, and bore the character of being the wildest of the wild Irish. Combining the attributes of hardness and adventure peculiar to a semi-maritime race, with the qualities natural to an unsubjugated Celtic clan, they are declared to have surpassed all other clans in barbarous pride. According to the legend, they had stricken such terror into the townsmen of Galway that the western gate of the city bore the following inscription:—"From the ferocious O'Flahertys, good Lord deliver us." The suffering and timid burghers addressing, in 1484, Pope Innocent VIII., represent their country neighbours as "mountainous and savage men, by whom," say they, "the citizens are sometimes robbed and killed;" and other of the town records exhibit the frequent losses, by sea and land, sustained at the hands of this fierce tribe. Such having been the ill character of the clan our heroine commanded, it is no marvel if

"Treason, d'y'e see, was to her a dish of tea,
And murder, bread and butter!"

Her spouse having perished, probably in one of the wars from which he took his sobriquet, she married again; yet forfeited nothing of her independent position, though wedded to a powerful chief, Sir Richard

Bourke, lord of the Mayo sept of the great Norman-Irish clan of this surname. He governed his tribe under the Gaelic title of "Mac William Eughter," i.e. the lower; (the nearer, or upper sept, having the Earl of Clanricarde for its chief,) and he was also known by a warlike sobriquet, viz.: "Richard in Iron," from being constantly encased in plate armour, for so deadly were his fends that he required continual bodily protection. Viceroy Sydney describes this bold knight, our dark lady's second venture, as "a great man, lord of a wide sea-coast territory, wherein are many goodly havens;" and his Excellency makes the following mention of her ladyship in his autobiography, referring to his visit to Galway, in 1576, when, says he,

"There came to me a most famous feminine sea captain, called Grany I-Mallye, and offered her service unto me whosoever I would command her, with three galleys and two hundred fighting men, either in Ireland or Scotland. She brought with her her husband, for she was, as well by sea as by land, more than master's mate with him. He was of the nether Bourkes, and now, as I hear, Mac William Euter, and called by nickname 'Richard in Iron.' This was a notorious woman in all the coasts of Ireland. This woman did Sir Philip see and speak with; he can more at large inform you of her."

This interview between our outlandish Lady Bourke and the illustrious Sir Philip Sydney occurred during his visit to our metropolis. However much Iron Dick, her inferior half, may have been hen-pecked, he was a turbulent fighting-cock, being described by annalists as "a plundering, warlike, unquiet, and rebellious man, who had often forced the gap of danger upon his enemies, and upon whom it was frequently forced." Their son, the first Viscount Mayo, styled Theobald of the Ship, is said to have been so called because his very nautical mother was brought to bed of him on shipboard. She evidently was, matrimonially viewed, the gray mare of the connubial couple formed by her and Ironsided Richard. Yet it must not be supposed that he would have been mastered by every woman, since there are other accounts to show that he was a bold bird of prey, fierce as the black eagle of his native

hills, that used to destroy its food, the red deer, by grappling its horns, tearing out its eyes, and forcing it down a precipice. But then his mate was like the female eagle, bolder, bigger, and blacker than he, in heart, if not in body.

Our maritime Amazon, who rode those unruly sea-horses, the Atlantic billows, could, on an emergency, have brought out a far larger force than she offered the Queen, for, in subsequent years, she commanded a score of galleys. She evidently wished to become a vassal of the crown, and hold her sub-sovereignty of the western Irish seas by naval feudal service; her three ships and their crews of two hundred able seamen, being intended to stand in place of the service of three knights, with their men-at-arms, usually rendered for a barony. In her peculiar way she was as chivalrous as any Norman paladin armed *cap à pied* and *monté à cheval*, and was qualified to march over mountain waves and bivouac on the deep. Let us endeavour to form an idea of the appearance presented by this bold dame, her half-savage crew, and rude flotilla. Of her person there is no description, beyond what tradition suggests to the imagination, depicting her as "the dark lady," tall and swarthy. The costume of her men seems to have been short frieze mantles, red or blue trousers, and brogues, with no head covering, save their matted locks; while their weapons were pikes, skeans, and swords.* It must not be imagined that her galleys were trim-built craft, constructed of oaken beams and pine planks, and fastened with copper nails. On the contrary, some of her puny fleet may have been no more than large coracles, such as may still be seen, formed of frames of wicker work, covered with horse hides, buoyant and bounding on the waves of our western coast. Others may have been strong timber, clinker-built "lymphads," such as figure in the armorial bearings of the Campbells and other Hebridean families; and sometimes on old tombstones in our sea-coast grave-yards, emblematic of the calling of the entombed man that once sailed in that strange-looking vessel, rising at prow and stern, and with a

single mast amidships. According to local legends, it seems that besides the flag that used to float from this mast (which colours were, in our heroine's case, of course, black), it was customary, whenever a favourable wind was sorely wanted, to suspend a he-goat alive! Another observance was in use for the same end, a live cat being occasionally buried in the sand of the sea-shore, with its face turned to the adverse breeze; and there was a still more solemn ceremony, the erection of a pile of stones, bearing a rude resemblance to a house, on the offering of which, with muttered pagan prayers, to an imaginary goblin, a fair wind was expected. Other equally superstitious observances, but not of heathen nature, having been in use upon the launching of a war-galley in the Hebrides, we may conceive that something of the sort was observed whenever Grainne, Lady Bourke, named a new vessel before it was plunged into the deep. The form of blessing a Western Highland ship, when going to sea, is contained in the Gaelic liturgy, composed by a bishop of Argyle, in the year 1566. It was customary, among the Scottish islesmen, for the clan bards to sing an ode on this occasion, to animate the crew, including benedictions such as the ensuing, which we extract from a chaunt sung on board the bark of McDonald of Clan-Ronald. "A blessing on all our armour, offensive and defensive; on our swords, keen, blue, Spanish blades; on our bows, that we bravely bend in the strife; on our birchen arrows, that splinter not, and the seals' rough spoil that contains them; on our light quivering darts, and tough, knotty pikes; on our coats of mail, proof against the edge of an ill-tempered sword; on our targets, thick with triple hides and brazen bars; and on whatever other warlike stores are now on board of this bark." Then, addressing the rowers, the bards chaunted this incitement:—"That you may urge the long, black vessel, keeping time, pulling quickly, making the surges fly! O, bend and stretch ye stoutly, ye sons of ocean islands! Send her swiftly over the waves! Lo! her prow cuts through the rising sea!"

Let us not, however, yield too far

* "O'Flaherty's West Connaught."

to the temptation of drawing upon our imagination, in depicting this corsair, since we may run into the fault of marring that fidelity in describing her; which, since our materials are derived from faithful sources, we wish to adhere to. Her piratic profession was common enough at the time; the narrow seas being infested with amateur freebooters, who preyed on the growing commerce. The Clan O'Driscoll, of Baltimore, were especially notorious for "detestable piracies." The real marvel is, that a woman should have turned to become what the law terms "an enemy of the human race."

Neglecting the natural wealth, the shoals of fish, that lay hid in the ocean, for the artificial products borne on its surface, Lady Bourke recked little, in sooth, of turbot and mackerel, being no more intended by education or nature for a fishwife than for a chronicler of small beer. When at the height of her pride, and, like the shark, she slighted the small prey in the sea to turn on man, we warrant she scorned to pick up the bits of wreck, *ejectamenta maris*, that Atlantic storms, in nights when light-houses were unknown, scattered round the coast of Connemara. The law of flotsam and jetsam, enforced by her late spouse after his fashion, had little value in her eyes, when, piercing through the haze, she descried some argosy bearing in to Galway Bay, laden with freight her galley could take toll from. Such a flying-fish was sure to be pounced on by this human osprey. Yet she was, doubtless, moderate in her demands on the vessels she boarded, prudent not to exasperate the owners, and careful to avoid the shedding of blood. Her qualities were evidently not only of a commanding character, but such as gained her the attachment of her followers; for a mere fierce, reckless woman would never have preserved control over her rough crew. Probably, her piratic habits were like spots in amber, enveloped in a geniality, a sunniness of bearing, that warmed the hearts of her dependents. And doubtless, the daily livelihood, the support of her clansmen, denied them on land by the distracted state of the country, and only to be

obtained at sea by a predatory way of life, were essential and dear to her; and she often, may be, swore by St. Dara, the patron saint of the Arran Isles, that she would live and die with her people; and, if perish she must, die, as her husband lived, with harness on; and, not tamely, but avenged; as fierce in death as the white otter of Connemara, an amphibious animal of prey, like her, and never killed without sacrifice of man or dog. Then besides, she, no doubt, wore a girdle, made of the precious skin of one of those rare beasts, embroidered with cabalistic letters, forming a mystic charm against sudden death, and also ensuring in the minds of her sailors, victory on the side of the wearer. A few words of encouragement and command, to

"Point the guns upon the chase,
And bid the deadly cutlas shine;—"

the oarsmen would cheer, and straining at their work, soon lay her alongside the trader. After rifling the vessel in no outrageous degree, she would hoist sail and let her galley scud athwart the breeze towards her own archipelago, reverently causing her mainsail to be lowered thrice in honour of the Trinity as she passed the island sacred to St. Dara, and religiously rendering a tithe of her plunder to the friars of Tombeola Abbey. Let us also fancy the superstitious talk, such as delights those who go down into the deep and see its wonders, that whiled away many an hour on board her bark; how those singular, semi-human fishes, the seals, that lay basking on the rocks, were originally an indigenous clan, the Mac Coneelys, whom certain magicians, the Druids, had metamorphosed into seals; and how, therefore, it would be cannibalism to eat them; then, how the phantom-ships, sometimes seen in the offing, were no spectral illusions, but demon galleys, sent to seize the souls of seamen that neglected their duties; while the spirits of pious sailors were sure of passing to I-Brazil, that enchanted "Isle of the Blest," a terrestrial elysium, making its appearance to mortal optics but once in seven years.*

Her actions during the first half of

* "O'Flaherty's Weet Connaught," pp. 27, 31, 68.

her marauding life are consigned to oblivion, the earliest record of her freebooting proceedings being, that during a marauding expedition, as it would seem, led by her in the spring of 1577, into the county of Kerry, she was captured by the Earl of Desmond, who, as virtual sovereign of "the Kingdom of Kerry," was sure to resent any such trespass, even though the trespasser were one of the fair sex, and he detained her for some time as his prisoner; but at length, on the demand of the governor of Munster, committed her to his safer custody. On this occasion she is thus characterized by the Governor in a despatch of the day*: "Grany O'Mayle, a woman that hath impudently passed the part of womanhood, and been a great spoiler, and chief commander and director of thieves and murtherers at sea, to spoil this province." The ensuing entry occurs in an interesting diary kept by this officer, when Lord Justice of the kingdom:—

"1578, Oct. 1, Leighlin.—To that place was brought unto me Graine-ny-Maille, a woman of the province of Connaught, governing a country of the O'Flahertys, famous for her stoutness of courage and person, and for sundry exploits done by her at sea. She was taken by the Earl of Desmond, a year and a-half ago, and has remayned ever since partly with him, and partly in her Majesty's gaol at Limerick; and was sent for now by me, to come to Dublyn, where she is yet remayning."

Obtaining her release, she returned home; and so destructive to the trade of Galway were, it would seem, the robberies committed by this pirate extraordinary, that in the spring of 1579 it was found necessary to send a body of troops, under the command of Captain William Martin, to besiege her castle of Carrig-a-hooly (*Carrick-a-h-umhale*). The expedition sailed from the injured seaport on the 8th March, but so spirited was the defence made by this marvellous woman, that the beleaguers were compelled on the 20th to retreat, and narrowly escaped being made prisoners. The names of the men sent on this occasion are recorded in a list made by the governor

of the province.† Her pride rose with this successful repulse of the town garrison; and not long after she bravely ventured to show herself in the discomfited city, as appears by the following paragraph in a letter from the governor of the province, dated October, 1582:—

"There is at present in this town of the country people above four hundred, and most gentlemen; and besides, very many gentlewomen, their wives, among whom Grany O'Mally is one, and thinketh herself to be no small lady."

Her proud ladyship was, however, destined soon to fall by the death, the next year, of Sir Richard Bourke. Taking up her curious scrap of autobiography, we extract the ensuing account of her adventures after she had lost her last husband. Writing, or rather dictating, in the third person, she says:—

"She gathered together all her own followers, and with one thousand head of cows and mares departed, and became a dweller in Borosowle, parcel of the Erle of Ormond's lands."

What a strange picture this stout lady, relict of two great chieftains, must have presented, when, in antique patriarchal fashion, she collected her dependents, and went to dwell in Carrickowly Castle, as nominal tenant to Lord Ormond. Her herd of cattle represented her original dowry, as a chieftain's daughter, with its increase during her wifedom. Yet she seems to have thought little of the pastoral cares connected with cows, foals, and fillies. Her nautical habits were still to her taste, and could be indulged from this old, rock-built, sea-girt eyrie of her children's territory, which is thus graphically described in the ballad:—

"There stands a tower by the Atlantic side,
A gray old tower, by storms and sea-waves
beat,
Perch'd on a cliff; beneath it yawneth wide
A lofty cavern, of yore a fit retreat
For pirates' galleys; altho' now, you'll meet
Nought but the seal and wild gull. From that
cave
A hundred steps doth upwards lead your
feet
Unto a lonely chamber! Bold and brave
Is he who climbs that stair, all slippery from
the wave."

* State Paper Office.

† "Hardiman's History of Galway," p. 86.

This high chamber was henceforth her state-cabin, her watch-tower, where, even at night, she could instantly be informed of any attack. With her second widowhood, her vicissitudinous life recommenced. Not only was the loss of a lordly husband the loss of considerable power to a martial lady like this, but, as she was not entitled to any jointure, she was a dowerless dowager, and liable to lose her flocks and herds at one fell swoop,—her local habitation and resources much resembling those of *Lady Serena* in the *Faerie Queen*, for—

“In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,

There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painfull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventurous merchandize to thrive),
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.”

Our heroine, however, was quite mistress of her position, and knew no more of law than did that predatory lord of Teviotdale whose motto was—
“Thou shall want, ere I want!” Determining to wrest Connemara from its usurping possessor, she instigated her sons, Owen and Morrough, to retake the important island residence of Ballynahinch, which they, with the aid of another faction in the clan, accomplished. In revenge, their cattle were swept off; and a petty warfare was waged for some time between these ferocious O’Flaherties, with mutual destruction; but, finally, the bone of contention remained in the possession of our heroine’s sons.* Of the death of her eldest she gives the following tragical account:—

“Owen, all his life time, remained a true subject to Her Majestie (under the governors of the province), until July, 1586, at which time the Bourkes of M’William’s country, and the sept of the Joyces, began to rebel. Her said son did then, according to (governor) Sir Richard Bingham’s special direction, withdraw himself, his followers, and tenants, with all their goods and cattle into a strong island, for their more and better assurance.”

Our narrator continues to describe the calamitous events of the time:—

“Then were sent against the rebels

(the Bourkes) 500 soldiers, under the leading of Captain John Bingham, who was appointed by his brother (the governor) as his lieutenant in those parts. When they missed both the rebels and their cattle, they came to the main land, right against the said island, calling for victuals. Whereupon my son, Owen, came forth, with a number of boats, and ferried all the soldiers into the island, where they were entertained with the best cheer. That night, the said Owen was apprehended, and tied with a rope, with eighteen of his chief followers. In the morning, the soldiers drew out of the island 4,000 cows, 500 stud mares and horses, and 1,000 sheep, leaving the remainder of the poor men in the island without food; came with the cattle and prisoners to Ballyneheny, where John Bingham staid for their coming, and who, that evening, caused the said eighteen persons, without trial or good cause, to be hanged, among whom was a gentleman of land and living, aged fourscore and ten years. The next night following, a false larum being raised in the camp in the dead of the night, the said Owen, being fast bound in the cabin of Captain Grene O’Mulloy, at that instant was cruelly murdered, having twelve deadlie wounds, and in that miserable sort he ended his years and unfortunate days.”

Those accurate annalists, *The Four Masters*, corroborate her narrative, saying that, in the summer of 1586, great numbers of men joined the Bourkes in rebellion, and, as a preliminary, sent away their women and moveables into the wilds and fastnesses of the country; whereupon Governor Bingham despatched several companies of soldiers in chase of the insurgents, most of whom turned robbers; and that these military plundered two parties of the O’Flaherties, who were, or thought themselves, under the protection of the law. The account further describes the capture and execution of our unhappy lady’s eldest born. She continues to state that in the year, 1586:—

“After the murdering of her son, Owen, rebellion being rife in Conaught, Sir Richard Bingham granted her his letters of protection against all men, and willed her to remove from her dwelling at Borosowle, and to come and dwell under him.”

In an evil hour, the aged widow acted on the invitation of the English

* “O’Donovan’s Annals of the Four Masters.”

satrap, and then, if we are to believe her story :—

"She was encountered, as she travelled, by five bands of soldiers, under the leading of John Bingham, and thereupon she was apprehended, and tied in a rope. Both she and her followers, at that instant, were spoiled of their said cattle, and of all they had; and were brought to Sir Richard, who caused a new pair of gallows to be made for her last funeral, where she thought to end her days."

Our entrapped heroine was, however, born to be neither hanged nor drowned. She was, she continues, "let at liberty upon hostages and pledges being given for her by one Richard Bourk, called the Divil's Hook."

The chieftain who kindly gave security for her good behaviour was her son-in-law, a "notable traitor," styled *An Chorrain*, i.e., "Of the Hook," or, ordinarily, "The Devil's Hook," after the name of his abode, a curved promontorial retreat, where he long defied the English power, but not his satanic majesty and some of his works, for he was a notorious plunderer and insurgent, and was used to boast his special reputation of never having submitted to any Saxon governor. The autobiographist continues, giving the following account of the close of her turbulent manner of life.

"When the Divil's Hook did rebel, fear compelled her to fly by sea into Ulster; and there she stayed three months, with O'Neill and O'Donell, her gallies by a tempest being broken. She then returned to Conaght, and in Dublin received Her Majesty's gracious pardon, six years past, and so was made free. Ever sithence she dwelleth in Conaght, a farmer's life, verie poore, bearing cess, and paying Her Majesty composition rent. *Utterly she did give over her former thrade of maintenance by sea and land.*"

"Her thrade of maintenance!" A delicate phrase for the piratic profession she so long had practised! Perhaps it was policy that led the government to grant her a pardon, the year when the Spanish Armada first menaced our shores, since it was obviously desirable that all minor raisers of sea-storms, even such a wild witch as this, should be pacified. Her brother chiefs, detesting the Queen of England, on both national and religious grounds, were, in general, ready

enough to look to the King of Spain and the Pope to aid them in throwing off the yoke of "the woman Elizabeth," or, as they commonly called her, the *Sassenack Cailleach*, i.e., the Saxon Hag.* But our dark lady, and other insurrectionists, to whom the sceptre of mercy had also been extended, were in a quiescent state in the year 1587, that terrible time when, in the words of the well-known old song—

"Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted their conquests,
Threatening our country with fire and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous,
With all the provision that Spain could afford."

In the year following, the dreaded preparations being complete, the huge men-of-war of the Armada, looming off the southern coast of England, caused a panic, but only a temporary panic; for as the contemporary ballad ran—

"Our Queen was then at Tilbury,
What could we more desire, a?
Sir Francis Drake, for her sweete sake,
Did sett 'em all on fire, a!"

Not *all* on fire, though; for many a hulk of that pseudo-invincible flotilla, tempest struck and shattered, drifted on to our western shores, so many monuments of the wreck of that proud attempt at invasion.

In the year following, the persuasions of such of the Spaniards as had escaped from shipwreck, led some of the native clans to rebel, of which the sole permanent effect was, that part of their lands were confiscated and granted away. Money! and rent!—the loud calls of every grasping courtier of the day, were heard even so far as beyond the shores of Outer Connaught. As has been seen, the Earl of Ormonde, a mighty nobleman, had obtained a grant of Carrickahowly Castle, the nest of our she-pirate, the very perch of this sea-eagle; and his lordship in consideration, probably, of her renderings, extended his powerful protection to her. But when a certain Saxon courtier acquired, subsequently, a hold on her remote rocks, the Isles of Arran, this greedy "stranger," by name Sir Thomas Lestrane, was deemed such a land shark, that Grainne, though she had not dared to impugn the right of the grandee

whale, Ormonde, to swallow large pieces of her territory, determined to try and frighten the cormorant English knight from settling on her islands; and, accordingly, in the Spring of 1590, though peace had been concluded by government with the provincial insurgents, this bold buccaneeress landed, with three galleys "full of knaves," on the Arran Isles, and thoroughly harried the new tenants Lestrangle had established there. In the year following, the governor of the province reports that, a considerable fleet of Hebridean Scots having recently landed in her neighbourhood, and committed much havoc, she is preparing twenty boats for the purpose of pursuing these rival ravagers; but the satrap declares he shall not interfere, because he hopes that all, or the most who are engaging in this expedition, "will," says he, "take their journey towards Heaven." However, in the summer of 1593, our "Dark Lady" undertook a journey in another direction, determining to proceed to London to lay her grievances before the Queen, whose great but woman's heart might, she believed, condone her past conduct, and remedy what had compelled it, her condition of absolute want. The three suits she had to urge were, first, "some reasonable maintenance," which might obviate the necessity of maintaining herself in her peculiar fashion; secondly, pardon for her imprisoned sons; and, thirdly, a grant of lands to them. Accordingly, embarking with some suitable followers, she set sail; and steering towards English shores, landed, and made her way up to the Court of Westminster. Her appearance on this occasion is spiritedly drawn in the ballad:—

"In the wild grandeur of her mien, erect, and high,
Before the English Queen she dauntless stood,
And none her bearing there could scorn as rude;
She seemed well used to power, as one that bath
Dominion over men of savage mood,
And dared the tempest in its midnight wrath,
And thro' opposing billows cleft her fearless path."

At the same time Sir Murrough of the Battleaxes, her son's powerful opponent, also made his appearance at court, and, consequently, Bingham, the Connaught satrap, apprehensive

lest their complaints should expose his cruel severities, wrote frequently to acquaint the Queen of the rebellious characters of the piratic princess and the Celtic Knight of the Battleaxes, now suppliants before the throne. As for the bold lady, besides stigmatizing her as a "notable traitress," and nurse to all the provincial rebellions during the last forty years, Bingham added, "she is mother-in-law to that notorious traitor the Devil's Hook;" and, nettled that Lord Burghley had expressed approbation at the peaceful proceeding of the old knight, in merely complaining instead of "rising into action," declares that the aged chieftain has been a notorious rebel from his childhood; that matter enough could be found to hang him; and that no one doubts but that if he "were able to have risen in arms he would have done so, for," remarks the governor, "so long as Grany Ne Malye and he were of power to make any stir the government were never troubled with their complaints; but now that they are pulled down, and forced, in spite of their hearts, to submit to Her Majesty's laws, they pretend many wrongs and are not ashamed to ask recompense." Bingham proceeds to show that there was falsehood in the entreaty urged by our courtier-buccaneeress, that her sons, still prisoners, should be spared from execution, by explaining that, as regards her son, Morough, he "is held to be the best subject of the Crown in Outer Connaught, although, till of late years, he was a barbarous and wild person." Twelve months back, during an insurrection, this chieftain had joined, with two small galleys of his own, the shipping prepared to act against the rebels, and had behaved very gallantly in the service. Such loyal conduct was, however, so distasteful to his mother, that, says the governor, she fell out of all charity with him, and, having "manned her navy of galleys," and landed at Ballinahinch, where he dwelt, she burned the town, spoiled his people of their cattle and goods, and slew three or four of his men on their resisting this unmotherly onslaught. Bingham continues to say that he could tell of other "notable acts" of hers, but he conceives that he has said enough to prove "her naughty disposition." Then he alludes

bably at this time that she converted any wealth she may have accumulated to the endowment of a religious house in Clare Island, where she is said to have been buried, and where some remains of her tomb are still shown.

Our heroine is no youthful, ordinary one of the spirited class of characters such as Minna Troil, she of the raven tresses and gleaming eyes; or that dashing equestrian, Di Vernon, habited *en Amazone*, and brandishing a horsewhip; but a tall, swarthy virago, like Gulnare, the Corsair's bride—

“At once above, beneath her sex,
Whom blood appall'd not.”

A terrible “dark lady,” whose husband, “Richard in Iron” quailed before her commanding presence; and whose wish, at a time of life when most women are toothless and trembling, was to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of rapine on her enemies. She was leader of wild Irish sea-reavers on our storm-beaten Atlantic coast, where the dangers of the deep were but part of the many she risked, her appellation, pirate, deriving *απο του περιπατεσθαι*,

because incurring many *pericula*. She had acquired an influence that is surprisingly extraordinary, considering it was over men who were not only bold and warlike sailors, but who, as Gaels, did not suffer a woman to inherit, and, far less, to take the leadership of a clan. She was more than a female warrior, she was a sea-queen. We know no other instance of such an anomalous character, nor, indeed, of a bucanereess of any other nation. Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, we believe in; but it was reserved for the age when Elizabeth governed the British people, and Mary tried to rule the Scots, for another and more stirring woman to distinguish herself as commodore of an Irish piratic squadron. Her story, could it be thoroughly known, would be a truly romantic one, for perilous were the times and strange the men when the sceptre of her sway was her galley's helm. History and novel literature may be searched in vain for a personification of character and profession such as those of this maritime chieftainess.

ANCIENT SANSKRIT LITERATURE.

BY THE REV. DR. HINCKS.

A VALUABLE work on the ancient literature of India, which has been long promised, has at length appeared.

Its author, Professor Max Müller, the editor of the Rig-Veda, one of those eminent men whom Oxford has made her own by adoption, must be known, by name at least, to most of our readers; and on many of the points on which he treats there cannot be a higher authority. On some points, however, it appears to us that he writes under the influence of strong prejudice. He is a first-rate Sanskrit scholar; and the cave which is inhabited by these seems to be filled by more bewildering *idola* than perhaps any other. We cannot, therefore, accept all his conclusions; and yet in the brief sketch which we are about

to give of the literature of the Vedas, it is on him that we must chiefly rely for our facts.

This sketch ought to be interesting to all of our readers; for all of these are related in language, and probably in blood, to those who first recited and listened to the Vedic hymns. There was a time—and it must have been subsequent to the dispersion at Babel—when there existed a family, or a small tribe, the language used by which possessed certain marked peculiarities;—so many, and so strongly marked, that their existence in a second family or tribe, unconnected with this, is not to be thought of.

This family had not only peculiar words to express its ideas, but also peculiar modes of forming other words

A History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature, so far as it illustrates the Primitive Religion of the Brahmans. By Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College, and Taylorian Professor in the University of Oxford. London: 1869.

from these by combining them together. It had also peculiar modes of connecting with them fragments of pronouns and particles, by which the inflexions of nouns and roots were produced. These peculiarities are at this day more or less traceable in all the European languages, with the exception of the various Basque and Finnish dialects, which are the remains of aboriginal languages, and of those Asiatic languages which have been introduced within the historic period; and they are also traceable in many of the spoken languages of Persia and India. We can, however, trace back many of these languages, both European and Asiatic, to earlier languages, no longer spoken, but of which there are literary remains in existence; and in every such case, the peculiarities to which we have alluded are more clearly discernible in the dead parent than in its living representative. They are also more clearly discernible in the languages of those people who have had little intercourse with the speakers of different languages, than in the languages of those who had much;—in the Icelandic language, for instance, than in the kindred Danish. These well-established facts leave no doubt in the mind of any ethnologist as to the common origin of all the Indo-European languages, as they have been called.

For this well-established appellation, Professor Max Müller would substitute "Aryan";—a change to which we decidedly object. The Persian language agrees with the Sanskrit much more closely than either of these agrees with any other member of the family. A name is wanting which shall be applicable to these two. The name "Aryan" has hitherto been so applied; and we know that the people who spoke both these languages called themselves "Aryans"; and that no other people did so. To continue to apply the name to this particular branch of the Indo-European family, involving as it does no questionable theory, and resting as it does on an unquestionable fact, is clearly the proper course. But to apply this special name to the whole family, on the assumption that they who bore it are entitled to represent the family, as its senior branch,—an assumption which we by no means admit,—is as

unwarrantable as it would be to call the whole family of Semitic languages, Hebrew or Arabic.

The common origin of the Indo-European languages is presumptive evidence of the common descent of those who speak them. It is highly probable, indeed, that the aboriginal races who were dispossessed by that strong-minded and strong-headed family, with whom the linguistic peculiarities of which we have been speaking originated, were not exterminated; but left descendants, who, sooner or later, adopted the language of their conquerors. If so, judging from what we know to have happened in more recent amalgamations, we should say that the language which disappeared would leave traces of its former existence in that which superseded it. Sounds more suited to the habits of those who began to use it, would probably be substituted for those which were formerly used. Some changes would be made in grammatical forms; new words would be introduced, and old words would be abandoned. May not the differences which exist between the Celtic, the Teutonic and other branches of the Indo-European family of languages, be due to the difference between the original languages of those races which were blended with the same tribe of conquering invaders? However this may be, we think that every one will agree that it is extremely improbable that, after the lapse of above three thousand years, any pure descendants of any of the aboriginal tribes that have lost their languages can be now in existence. We have, all of us, the blood of the original family of conquerors in our veins; and it is very unlikely that any of us has it without admixture.

Now, of all the nations and tribes which have sprung from this family, the Brahmans of India possess the most ancient literature. In no other Indo-European language are there any compositions older than the Vedas; and of all ancient compositions these are the ones which at the present day can be most correctly read, and most thoroughly understood. The language in which they are composed is in one sense a dead language. It is as unalterable as if it had ceased to be spoken. No Brahman would dare to change an expression in one of those

hymns which he believes to have existed from eternity, and to have been communicated by a voice from heaven to some sage who lived before historic memory. And yet in another sense the language of the Vedas is a living language. It is the duty of the Brahmans to commit these hymns to memory. They do so now; and they have done so for probably thirty centuries. And they have not merely learned them by rote, but have made themselves thoroughly acquainted with their meaning. Commentaries of ancient date are in existence, fully elucidating every difficulty in them. At first the Brahmans had a very great objection to communicate this knowledge to Europeans; but English power and English gold have overcome it; and all that Brahmans know may now be known to any European who will give himself the trouble to acquire it. The Rig-Veda, containing their most sacred hymns, is in process of being edited, with its ancient commentary, by Professor Max Müller, and of being translated by Professor H. H. Wilson.

Our readers would probably like to have a specimen of this work, we accordingly give them a few verses of the first hymn in Professor Wilson's literal translation, and we add a metrical version of the same by Dr. Ballantyne, Principal of the Royal College at Benares, taken from the appendix to his recent prize essay, "Christianity contrasted with Hindû Philosophy." The hymn is addressed to Agni (Ignis) the Fire God :—

" 1. I glorify Agni, the high priest of the sacrifice, the divine, the ministrant, who presents the oblation to (the gods,) and is the possessor of great wealth.

" 2. May that Agni who is to be celebrated by both ancient and modern sages conduct the gods hither!

" 3. Through Agni the worshipper obtains that affluence which increases day by day, which is the source of fame and the multiplier of mankind.

" 4. Agni, the unobstructed sacrifice, of which thou art on every side the protector, assuredly reaches the gods.

" 5. May Agni, the presenter of oblations, the attainer of knowledge, he who is true, renowned, and divine, come hither with the gods!"

1. Glory to Agni, the high priest,
The ministrant divine, who bears aloft
And offers to the gods the sacrifice,
Wealth-saturated fire!

2. May he, the radiant, by the seers of old
And later sages sung,

Invite for us the presence of the gods!

3. 'Tis all to fire we owe our wealth,
Kindred and fame;

Through him descends each blessing
from the skies.

4. Borne up to heaven,

Safe in thy flaming arms, the sacrifice
How sure to reach the gods!

5. And when the gods attend well-pleased,
May he, renowned, the true, divinely
bright,

Be with us to present the offering!"

There are four more verses in this hymn; and the Rig-Veda contains 1,017 hymns, consisting of 10,417 verses. It is the duty of every Brahman to commit to memory a large portion of this work; and it is our author's decided opinion that the Vedic hymns were handed down by oral tradition for very many centuries before they were written down, and indeed before the art of writing was invented.

Most of our readers will receive this statement with incredulity, and we were much disposed to do so ourselves; but on examining the evidence which the Professor adduces, we find that we cannot resist it. He tells us that in the whole compass of what is called the S'ruti, or divine revelation (including the four Vedas and the Brâhmanas, or inspired prose treatises related to them), there is no allusion whatever to the art of writing, or the materials used for it, or its products. Every thing to be done to or by a Brahman up to the day of his funeral rites is minutely described; but there is not a word of his learning to read or to write. The manner of his learning the Vedas from an oral instructor is, on the contrary, described in all its details which are quoted at length. Every thing, again, which was held sacred by the Brahmans is enumerated; but we hear of no sacred books. There are divisions and subdivisions of the Vedas;—in some cases there are two sets of divisions—a more ancient and a more recent one; but in no one instance does the name given to any portion imply that it was visible or tangible. The Vedas, in short, had no existence but on the lips and in the memories of those whose caste had entitled them to hear them.

It may be objected that this oral transmission of Vedic literature is impossible; it is beyond the powers of

the human memory. Our author replies to this objection thus (p. 501):—

“We can form no opinion of the powers of memory in a state of society, as different from ours as the Indian Parishads are from our Universities. Feats of memory, such as we hear of now and then, show that our notions of the limits of that faculty are quite arbitrary. Our own memory has been systematically undermined for many generations. To speak of nothing else, one sheet of the ‘Times’ newspaper every morning is quite sufficient to distract and unsettle the healthiest memory. The remains of our own debilitated memory cannot furnish us with the right measure of the primitive powers of that faculty. The Guaranies (in Paraguay) who are represented by missionaries as the lowest specimens of humanity, evinced such powers of memory, when they were once taught to listen and to reason, that it became a custom to make the chief Indian of the town, or one of the magistrates, repeat the sermon, just delivered from the pulpit, before the people in the streets or in the courtyard of a house; and they almost all did it with the utmost fidelity, without missing a sentence.”

There are very few Greek scholars who doubt that the Homeric poems were originally unwritten, and were transmitted orally for some generations. Irish scholars make similar assertions respecting the poems of Ossian and his brother bards. Admit these instances of the oral transmission of large quantities of poetical matter, and you cannot plead the *impossibility* of the Vedas having been transmitted orally, in reply to the clear evidence which exists that they actually were so.

With respect to this evidence it ought to be kept in mind that it bears on two points which are not to be confounded. The greater part of what we have brought forward goes to prove that the Vedas were unwritten up to the close of the Brâhmana Period, as our author calls it. A portion of it, however, goes further; and tends to show that up to this time the art of writing was unknown to the Indians. It would be very possible, and we have no doubt that it was the fact, that for a considerable time, while writing was used for other purposes, the Vedas remained unwritten. They were so from religious considerations, originating, no doubt, in the fear, lest, if they should be

written, they should become known to persons who were not entitled to know them. Our author quotes the following passages from Sanskrit works composed long after the Brâhmana period: “Those who sell the Vedas, and even those who write them, those also who defile them, they shall go to hell.” “That knowledge of the truth is worthless which has been acquired from the Veda, if the Veda has not been rightly comprehended, if it has been learned from writing, or been received from a S’ûdra.” These seem to be testimonies against abuses which had only been introduced at a time which was recent when they were written.

The omission, however, of any allusion to writing in the Vedic poetry, considering its extent and the variety of subjects on which it treats, shows that writing was then absolutely unknown. Our author contrasts this omission with the numerous incidental allusions to writing, which occur in the Old Testament, as well as in all recent literature.

When a new art is introduced into a country, it renders necessary the introduction of new terms to denote it and matters connected with it. Some of these terms may be old words of the language used in new senses; others may be adopted from some foreign language. We have both these classes of words in Sanskrit, used in reference to writing, together with other words of which the origin is obscure. “To write” is expressed by the root *likh*, which previously signified “to scratch” or “scrape.” Probably *scribo* had originally the same meaning. The very harsh combination of consonants which begins all those words seems to have been intended to represent the grating sound of this action. *Kali*, “what is black” is used for “ink” in a similar manner. Its synonym *mela* and *kalama* “a pen” are obviously from the Greek. We believe that *lipi* “a writing” is of Semitic origin, though Professor Max Müller derives it from the Sanskrit root *lip*, “to write.” Has he ever found that root, as a verb, in this sense, except in etymological works, where it is given as the origin of *lipi*? We thought that this derivation had been abandoned by all European scholars; and that it might now be classed with

that of *dīndra* "a coin (denarius)" from *dīna* "poor" and *ri* "to go," because it went, or was given, to the poor! In one of Asoka's inscriptions *dipi* is substituted for *lipi*; and this must have been the original form, *d* frequently passing into *l*, but never *l* into *d*. The same word is used in all three of the Behistun inscriptions;—Median and Babylonian as well as Persian; the second consonant being doubled in the two former, which again must have been the earlier of the two forms; and in Assyrian inscriptions of a much earlier date we have *dup*, *duppi* and other forms, evidently derived from the Semitic root DPP. (See Freytag, II. 39, 40.) All these words are applied to writings and inscriptions on *flat* surfaces, as distinguished from those on cylinders.

Now, whether it was from the valley of the Euphrates, or from Arabia, that the Indians borrowed this word, it is probable that they introduced it when they learned the art of writing from the same quarter. The evidence that we have of the Semitic origin of the earliest Indian writing appears to us irresistible; though it may be questioned through what channel the use of it reached India. The earliest specimens of Indian writing that have been found are the rock inscriptions of Piyadasī, or Asoka, about 260 B.C.; but from the statements of Nearchus and Megasthenes our author rightly infers that writing was in use at the time of Alexander's invasion, though not employed for literary purposes.

The rock inscriptions of Asoka are written with two different sets of characters. In both kinds of writing, the characters represent the same consonants; and in both, the simple character represents the consonant followed by a short *a*, as heard in "America"; while one or more small lines, attached to it in different directions, cause it to represent this consonant followed by a different vowel, or by a vowel and nasal, or by a vowel in connexion with *r*. It would require a greater amount of credulity than we possess, to make us acquiesce in the current opinion that these two kinds of writing, having such peculiarities in common, originated independently of one another;—that one of the two alone is entitled to be called Indian, the other being

contemptuously styled Cabulian, or Bactrian, or Barbaric. Is it within the range of probability that characters invented to express a different language could express the Indian language, character for character? or that a system of appendages to the letters, expressing the nasals and the *r* as well as the vowels, could have been introduced into two kinds of writing, without the one having been derived from the other? We think not.

And now let us consider how these two kinds of writing differ from one another. The one is read from right to left, and expresses its initial vowels by a character which corresponds to the Hebrew Aleph, and which is vocalized by the same appendages as the other consonants. The other is read from left to right, and has no Aleph; but expresses its initial vowels by a series of distinct characters. It must be evident to every one who is not blinded by Brahmanical prejudice, that the former of these was the mode of writing first introduced. It was the work of some one, probably a merchant, who was acquainted with the consonantal mode of writing used by the Semitic races, and who desired to adopt it to his own language, in which it was absolutely necessary to distinguish the vowels. The latter mode of writing was introduced after the expedition of Alexander, when the Indians became acquainted with the Greek mode of writing. They made some improvements derived from this; but they continued to retain their former mode of representing vowels, except at the beginning of words;—a plain proof, we think, that it had been in use for many centuries, so that the people who used it were unwilling to change it.

We have said that it was probably a *merchant*, who introduced writing into India. Such a one would be most likely to mingle with foreigners, and to adopt their inventions. But this is not all. It is evident that the Brahmins would have nothing to do with this invention. They were not instructed in the practice of it; and as we have seen, they regarded it as a profanation of their sacred books, either to write them, or, if Sūdras should have done this, to read them. Writing was, in short, a *low caste* institution; and until the Devāna-

gari, or sacred character, was invented, which was several centuries after the birth of Christ, no Brahman and none of the Royal Caste would have anything to do with it.

As'oka, whose written edicts are in existence, ought not to be considered as an exception to this rule. The Brahmans say that he was himself of low caste. At any rate he was a Buddhist, and as such opposed to the distinction of castes. The true reason, then, why we have Buddhist writings more ancient than Brahman ones, is not that Buddhism was more ancient than Brahmanism; but that Buddhists wrote and read, while Brahmans considered reading and writing to be beneath them.

Having now spoken of the means by which Vedic literature was transmitted, and the means which could not, or would not, be used for its transmission, we proceed to speak of the Vedic literature itself.

We first observe that, between this and the more recent Sanskrit literature, there is a great gap. For several centuries Buddhism appears to have had a complete ascendancy in India. It does not appear that the Brahmans were persecuted during this period. On the contrary, As'oka, the establisher of Buddhism, directed that they should be held in honour equally with the Sarmans, or Buddhist clergy. But their ascendancy was in abeyance; and while they bided their time for resuming it, and for taking a cruel revenge of those who had deprived them of it, they contented themselves with learning, repeating, and teaching their existing literature, without attempting to add anything to it. When Brahmanism regained its ascendancy, India had a new literature, in a different dialect of Sanskrit; and *this* was committed to writing.

The ancient or Vedic literature consists of two parts—the S'ruti, "what was heard," and what was not *heard*, but only *remembered*. The former was regarded as verbally inspired, the exact words having been heard uttered by divine voices. The latter was admitted to be, in its diction, human; but much of it seems to have been considered as of divine authority, being composed by men to whom the divine will had been revealed, and who remembered, when they composed them, what this will was.

As the establishment of Buddhism in India was connected with the termination of Vedic literature, so, according to our author, the first preaching of Buddhism was connected with the termination of the S'ruti. This last event must, at any rate, have preceded, and that by no long interval, the appearance of the great reformer, Buddha S'ākya Muni. The date of the death of this remarkable man is discussed by our author at great length. He regards all the eras referring to it, used in different countries, as of no authority, and concludes that it did not take place till about 477 B.C. He began to preach, it is said, sixty years earlier. The dates assigned by our author for the termination of the period when there was S'ruti, or verbal inspiration, and for that of the period of Vedic literature, are, respectively, 600 B.C., and 200 B.C. We cannot doubt that these are close approximations.

Further than this, however, we can by no means accept his chronological estimates. In the first place, we object to his statement that whatever was composed before the Sūtra period (as he calls the interval of four hundred years which we have just mentioned) was S'ruti. This appears to us inconsistent with other statements which he makes. He admits that Sūtras were composed in the post-Vedic age, after "the Sūtra period" had closed; and why may it not be admitted, also, that Sūtras were composed before it. The code of laws which bears the name of Parās'ara is in heroic verse, and post-Vedic; but it is said to have been founded on Sūtras, or aphorisms, composed by him. He, however, was the father of Vyāsa, the Pisistratus of the Rig-Veda, and was himself a contributor to it. It does not appear to us that there is any inconsistency in the same individual having composed a hymn, which was subsequently regarded as divinely inspired, and having composed aphorisms, which were never so regarded. The aphoristic style may have been pushed to its extreme within the four hundred years in question, though of this we want proof; but we think it evident that it was in use during the Brāhmana period, and even the Mantra period, which preceded it, when Parās'ara lived. It has been used, also, in post-

Vedic ages ; indeed, we may say, it is used at this day. Dr. Ballantyne has recently published Sanskrit Sûtras, inculcating Christianity, or what he considers to be Christianity :—Christianity *minus* the name of Jesus, and the crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, and sacraments of Christ !

The interval between the commencement of Vedic literature and the termination of such of it as was supposed to be verbally inspired is divided by our author into three periods, which he names the Chhandas, the Mantra, and the Brâhmana periods. We think that he fully makes out his case as to this division ; his statements respecting it are not open to any such objection as we have ventured to make against his Sûtra period. We will describe, in his own eloquent words (p. 525), the first of these periods :—

“There was a time when the songs, which were collected with such careful zeal in the Mantra period, commented upon with such elaborate pedantry during the Brâhmana period, and examined and analyzed with such minute exactness during the Sûtra period, lived and were understood, without any effort, by a simple and pious race. There was a time when the sacrifices, which afterwards became so bewildering a system of ceremonies, were dictated by the free impulse of the human heart—by a yearning to render thanks to some Unknown Being, and to repay, in words or deeds, a debt of gratitude, accumulated from the first breath of life. There was a time when the poet was the leader, the king, and the priest of his family or tribe—when his songs and sayings were listened to in anxious silence and with implicit faith—when his prayers were repeated by crowds who looked up to their kings and priests, their leaders and judges, as men, better, nobler, wiser than the rest—as beings nearer to the gods in proportion as they were raised above the common level of mankind. These men themselves, living a life of perfect freedom, speaking a language not yet broken by literary usage, and thinking thoughts unfettered as yet by traditional chains, were at once teachers, lawgivers, poets, and priests. There is no very deep wisdom in their teaching, their laws are simple, their poetry shows no very high flights of fancy, and their religion might be told in a few words ; but what there is of their language, poetry, and religion has a charm which no other period of Indian literature possesses. It is spontaneous, original, and truthful.”

There is, we cannot but think, too much rose-colour laid on here ; but we do not doubt that the religion of the composers of the early Vedic hymns was far less offensive than that of their successors, even as the Brahmanical system which prevailed before the temporary ascendancy of Buddhism was far less offensive than the Brahmanism of modern times.

Our author is careful to say that he does not attribute the whole of the Vedic hymns to this Chhandas period. The greater part is to be ascribed to the following period ; and there are, probably, few of the earlier hymns which have not been interpolated, or modified, to suit the purposes of the Brahmans. In the first period, they were not accounted to be inspired ; and, as they passed from one to another, they were liable to be altered in sentiment as well as in language. Although, therefore, we have relics of the Chhandas period, we cannot rely with confidence on any passage as being such as it then stood. It was not till the Mantra period that the Vedic hymns were stereotyped, their order and number being carefully noted, and the least change in them being pronounced to be sacrilegious.

The hymn of which we have already given a few stanzas is not considered to be among the oldest. It may be taken as a specimen of the later style of the hymns ; and we will now give some stanzas of another, which Professor Max Müller regards as one of the earliest. It is addressed to Ushas, “the Dawn” (p. 551) :—

“1. She shines upon us like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. The fire had to be kindled by men ; (but) she brought light by striking down darkness.

“2. She rose up, spreading far and wide, and moving towards every one. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows (i. e., of the morning clouds), the leader of the days, she shone gold-coloured, lovely to behold.

“3. She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the god, who leads the white and lovely steed (of the sun), the Dawn was seen ; revealed by her rays, with brilliant treasures she follows every one.

“4. Thou, who art a blessing where thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly ; make the pastures wide ; give us safety ! Remove the haters ; bring treasures ! Raise up wealth to the worshipper, thou mighty Dawn !”

Let us now pass to the second, or Mantra period. This is described

(p. 477) as "an age not entirely free from the trammels of a ceremonial, yet not completely enslaved by a system of mere formalities ; an age no longer creative and impulsive, yet not without some power of upholding the traditions of a past, that spoke to a later generation through the very forms which they were collecting with so much care and accuracy."

He compares it again to the age of the Diaskeuasts in Greek literature, observing that "a generation which begins to *collect* has entered into a new phase of life. Nations, like individuals, become conservative when they cease to trust implicitly in themselves, and have learned, from experience, that they are not better than their fathers."

The great work of this age was the collection of the Rig-Veda, consisting, as we have already stated, of 1,017 hymns, arranged in ten mandalas, or cycles. Each of these was referred to a different family ; but our author does not think that the collections were made independently. He supposes that collections were "carried out simultaneously in different localities, under the supervision of one central authority." The person to whom this great work is attributed is Vyāsa, and he must have lived towards the close of the Mantra period. The descendants of the ancient sages, according to our author, were first occupied, during this period, "in imitating the works of their fathers, and, towards the end, engaged in the more useful employment of collecting all that was within reach, modern as well as ancient, and handing it down to the careful guardianship of later generations."

At first, it was not held to be inspired, and was merely venerated as the work of eminent men, venerated by the different tribes ; but, in course of time, it acquired a divine character. It was held to have been eternal, to have been used in worship during former worlds, and to have been repeated by superior beings to the sages, just as they repeated it to other men. In course of time, also, the reverence paid to the Brahmins increased. The assistance of one of them was considered indispensable to the acceptance of a sacrifice by the gods, and, as time went on, three Brahmins were required to officiate in three different

parts of the sacrificial work, which led to a division of the Brahmins into three classes, each having a work of its own to perform, while a fourth Brahmin, called distinctively "the Brahmin," was brought in to superintend the other three. Some sacrifices required no less than sixteen priests, each of these four having their assistants, while, on the other hand, some might be performed by a single priest, the chanting and singing portions of the ceremony being dispensed with.

This development of the Brāhmanical machinery led to the creation of a new literature ; and the Brāhmana period must have comprehended not only the time during which this literature was produced, but that during which the development of the Brāhmanical superstition, which made it necessary, occurred.

The Rig-Veda was now the peculiar study of the Bahvricha Brahmins, who recited or chanted portions of it during the sacrifices. These portions were not detached from it, and arrayed in liturgical form ; but works, called Brāhmanas, were composed, which prescribed the portions to be recited at each sacrifice in different parts of the ceremonial. They prescribed, also, all the other duties of this class of Brahmins.

The two other classes had, also, Brāhmanas, which pointed out their duty ; and, moreover, they had each of them a Veda of its own. The singing Brahmins had the Sāma-Veda, most of the hymns in which occurred also in the Rig-Veda ; but they were here arranged liturgically, so that the Brahmin who learned this Veda learned what he had to sing on each occasion, and nothing more. There were Brāhmanas, also, dependent on this Veda, pointing out the duties of the Chhandogas, who used it.

The third class of Brahmins, the Adhvaryus, were the actual sacrificers. They stood lowest in general estimation, and were the worst educated, so far, at least, as respected the recitation of the Vedic hymns. They were not in general supposed to know how to repeat them properly, and they were, therefore, allowed to mutter or whisper such formulas as were allotted to them. Still, the body of the sacrifice was theirs ; the parts of the other two classes were those of ornamental limbs, or, as Sāyana ex-

presses it in his introduction to the Yajur-Veda, which served them as a liturgy :—"The Rig-Veda and Sāma-Veda are like fresco-paintings, whereas the Yajur-Veda is the wall on which they stand." Connected with this Veda, also, there was a body of Brāhmanas, explaining more fully the duties of these priests, and explaining the meaning of each rite, and the origin of each term.

There were different recensions, or schools, of all the Vedas. The Brahmanas were, as a general rule, allowed to choose which of these they would adopt. Those who used the same recension were considered to have a peculiar bond of union; but those who used different ones tolerated one another. All the recensions of each Veda were held to be equally inspired. In the case of the Adhvaryus, however, there was a difference greater than in the case of the other classes. There were two Yajur-Vedas, one called, for distinction, black or dark, the other white or clear; and those who used these two Vedas formed sects that were decidedly different. Still, however, they were both divinely inspired. The clear Yajur-Veda is certainly the later of the two; and it has been supposed that it was so called from its removing obscurities that existed in the other.

A fourth Veda was added to the other three, and there must have been a considerable interval between its composition and that of the second and third Vedas, for the epithet "threefold" is habitually applied to that knowledge which is founded on the Vedas. The new Veda was called the Atharva-Veda, and was "not used for the sacrifice, but teaches how to appease, to bless, to curse," &c. Our author quotes this from an Indian writer, and then adds that, notwithstanding all, "the Brāhmana of the Atharvans belongs clearly to the same literary period which saw the rise of the other Brāhmanas."

In the latter part of the Brāhmana period some remarkable works were composed, which are called Aranyakas and Upanishads, the latter being sometimes included in the former, and sometimes detached from them. These compositions presuppose the existence of Brāhmanas, to which they frequently allude. They are, for the most part, philosophical treatises, and are re-

garded as containing the quintessence of Vedic knowledge. Now, it appears to us, that a much longer period must be assigned to this Brāhmana period, in which there was so much done, in so many ways, than the two hundred years which our author allows for it. In page 445, he himself doubts its sufficiency; and there is an argument for extending it, of the force of which he does not seem to be aware, based on facts which Professor Weber, of Berlin, made known in the last volume of the "Journal of Oriental Knowledge."

Before the Indian astronomers divided the ecliptic into twelve signs (which there is no reason to suppose that they did till they had intercourse with the Greeks), they divided it into twenty-seven mansions of the moon, called nakshatras. It was observed that, in the year 499 A.D., the vernal equinox was at the beginning of one of these nakshatras. Now, in the Yajur-Veda, the nakshatra next but one after this has the first place, as being that in which the vernal equinox was found. It has, also, the first place in the Brāhmana of this Veda. The equinox was in this nakshatra from about 1400 to 450 B.C., as we know from the rate at which the equinox recedes; and we cannot think that it would be placed first if the equinox were near its end. If we suppose it to be in the middle, the composition of the Yajur-Veda would fall about 925 B.C. This harmonizes with another statement, produced by Sir William Jones, that, in the time of Parāśara, the father of Vyāsa, the equinox had passed through a quarter of this nakshatra. This would give 1170 B.C. for his observation, which was, probably, less than 70 years before the close of the Mantra period. We accordingly feel disposed to substitute 1300 and 1100 B.C. for 1000 and 800 B.C., as the commencements of the Mantra and Brāhmana periods.

But, if we do this, we object, also, to another statement of our author, in support of which he really adduces no evidence, and which does not appear to us to be at all probable. He assumes that the hymns of the Rig-Veda were composed in India, after the Aryan tribe had left its northern dwelling-place. There is a fact, however, mentioned by Weber, which seems to us to militate strongly with

this supposition. In later writings, he says that a year is expressed synchdochically by a rainy season; before this it was expressed by a harvest; but, in the Rig-Veda, it is expressed by a winter—*hina*, “a snow”—the Vedic season of snow lasting four months (Z. f. d. K. d. M. vii. 263). This appears to us to point to a settled dwelling, in a land where the snow lay long upon the ground, and where its doing so was the principal event of the year. Again, the pre-eminence assigned to Agni (Fire) throughout the Rig-Veda, and the importance assigned to the keeping up the fire on the domestic hearth, appear to point to a time when fire was indispensable to preserve life from the intense cold of a northern winter. Fire was first revered as the source of heat; and the honour paid to it on this account led not only to the worship of Agni by the Indian Aryans, as the medium of sacrifice, but to the remarkable worship of fire practised by their Persian cousins. We may remark, by the way, that Professor Max Müller brings the Aryans into India over the Himâlaya, or the Hindu-kush, and he supposes that the European branches of their stock proceeded from the same area to the north-west. If, however, they passed to the south so far eastward as this, it seems to us that there is a difficulty as to the Persian Aryans, who are admitted to have accompanied them. A branch of these seems to have penetrated into Syria. We find a *Kushtaspa*, “having chosen horses,” in northern Syria in the eighth century before Christ. This name, about the reading of which there can be no question, and very little about its derivation, must strike every one as analogous to that of the father of Darius. It has been affirmed that Aryan names of inhabitants, as well as districts, of Northern Syria are found in the Egyptian inscriptions of the fourteenth century before Christ. *Khitinwar*, “lord of Khita;” *Amurisar*, “lord of Amur;” and *Aspinwar*, “lord of the horse,” have been cited; and, if the vocalization of these words be objected to as arbitrary, the fact of their having a common element at the end is undeniable; and this fact of itself is, we think, a convincing argument that the names are Indo-European. No Semitic compounds could be thus formed.

If this fact of the existence of a population in Syria, cognate to the Aryans of Persia, can be established, (and we have by no means exhausted the evidence in its favour) it would follow that the Persian Aryans must have passed through Armenia, and there divided, having a Semitic population between their two branches. The Indian Aryans may have passed on the east of the Caspian Sea, having separated from the Persian Aryans to the north thereof; but according to this view the common seat of the two Aryan tribes was on the banks of the Volga;—in immediate contact with the Slavonian tribes, to whose language it is generally admitted that the Sanskrit and Persian languages are more closely allied than to any other European language.

There was a time when the progenitors of these two races were living together as one people; but whether the true representatives of this people are the Aryans of India, who before they separated from the Letto-Slavonians had thrown off to the westward the ancestors of the people of western and southern Europe, and who after they separated from them threw off the Aryans of Persia, is a very different question. Professor Max Müller, like other Sanskrit scholars, takes this view of the matter;—only that he places the original seat of the primitive family considerably to the eastward; but we do not think that the evidence, if fairly weighed, leads to any such conclusion.

The fallacy that pervades the usual reasoning on the subject is this: it is conceded that the Sanskrit language, as we now have it, differs less from the original language of the undivided family than the language of any other branch of this family. It is conceded also that since the Rig-Veda was collected—that is, we will say, during the last three thousand years,—there has been very little change in the Sanskrit language; and it is inferred from this that in the five or six centuries, or whatever the number may be, which elapsed between the breaking up of the original language and the collection of the Rig-Veda, the Sanskrit was almost as little altered.

Now, we say, that this by no means follows. The Sanskrit was little al-

tered during the last three thousand years, because it was the language of a priestly caste, the language of works that were accounted inspired, and which were the peculiar property of those who belonged to this caste. The languages spoken by the different tribes in India have varied—fully as much, we believe, as those of the European nations; and the permanency of the Sanskrit during the period in question is quite a different thing from what its permanency would be when it was the language of common conversation among the ancestors of all the Indian people. The fact, which we by no means dispute, of the Sanskrit language having undergone very slight modification since the commencement of what our author calls the Mantra period, would be quite consistent with the hypothesis, that at the commencement of this period it differed from the original language of the family more than the language of any other of the tribes into which the family had divided then did.

We are not going to contend for the truth of this extreme hypothesis; but we will mention a few facts, which show that the Sanskrit language had undergone very great changes prior to its being fixed at the period that we have mentioned. There are some sounds which may in the course of time pass into other sounds, but which cannot have proceeded from those others. Hard *g* and *d* may both pass into *h*; but neither could have been formed from an original *h*. When, therefore, we find *h* in Sanskrit, where the corresponding words in other languages have hard *g* or *d*, or the aspirated sounds *gh* or *dh*, corruption must have taken place. Instances of this are very numerous in Sanskrit. We may instance *duhitir*, θυγάτηρ *daughter* (where the same corruption of sound has taken place in English as in Sanskrit); *hansa*, χήν, *goose*, better preserved in the German *gans*; *hita*, θερός; and the *hi*, θι, of the imperative singular. The same corruption has taken place among the Celts. One ancient instance may suffice. Augustodun, pronounced by them Auhustohun, was reduced by the Franks to the dissyllable Austun, now Autun. This Sanskrit *h*, without reference to its origin, but only to the laws of euphony, is converted into *j*, and occasionally

even into *gh*. This confusion arising from the double origin of the *h* is not confined to the Sanskrit, but extends to the Aryan languages immediately cognate to it. Thus, in the old Persian, both kinds of *h* were represented by *d*. In the Letto-Sclavonian languages, on the contrary, there is no such confusion: if *g* be changed, it is into *z'*; if *d*, it is into *l*. From this it might be inferred that this last class of languages, as they existed a few centuries after their separation from the Sanskrit, represented the original language of the Indo-European family better than the Sanskrit.

A still clearer proof of this is afforded by the changes which have taken place in the sound of *k*. In some Sanskrit words, it has become *ch*, while in others it has become *s*. If we look to the Sanskrit language alone, it would appear as if there was no law to determine which substitute for *k* should be used; but if we compare the Letto-Sclavonian languages, we see the law, which is almost invariably observed. When the Letto-Sclavonians had a sibilant in place of the original *k*, the Indians had *s*. So in the words *asru*, *asva*, *dasan*, *sata*, *svan*. On the other hand, when the Lithuanian had *k*, if the Indians changed it, it was into *ch*; as in the words *chatvar*, *pancha*, *vach*, *sach*. The exceptions to this rule are few, and probably arose either from considerations of euphony, as where *asman* is substituted for *achman*; or from the Letto-Sclavonian languages having different forms. Thus *vesa* would according to the rule, require a sibilant in its Letto-Sclavonian equivalents. It has so in Polish and old Prussian; but Bopp compares it to the Lithuanian *akis*. From this we would infer that where the Indians had *s* for *k*, they took the word from the Sclavonian; but that when they softened the sound of *k* for themselves, they changed it into *ch*. It would appear, then, that in place of the Sanskrit being entitled to rank as the parent of the European languages, it was an off-shoot from the Sclavonian;—itself one of the most corrupt branches of the original language;—and that retaining all the corruptions which this had undergone up to the time of its separation, it added to them new corruptions of its own. All this is quite consistent with

the fact, of which we are firmly persuaded, that in consequence of the great changes which the Slavonic and all the languages of Europe have undergone during the last three thousand years, when the Sanskrit was all but unchanged; and in consequence of our having no remains of the greater number of these languages till a very recent period; it is on the Sanskrit that we must *chiefly* rely in the study of comparative grammar. Give it, we would say, its due weight in all doubtful questions; but do not make an idol of it, as Sanskrit scholars are so well inclined to do.

In the preceding pages we have not hesitated to dissent on several points from Professor Max Müller's views. We now conclude with expressing our admiration of the work that we have been reviewing as a whole. It contains a mass of information on a variety of interesting subjects, which is not to be found elsewhere; and its author is unquestionably a very able man, worthy of the high position which he has acquired, and which we trust that he will long continue to adorn.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KING'S CAIRN.

MUCH about the same hour of the same day that Vonved and his crew were trying their guilty shipmate, far off on the broad waters of the Baltic, Bertel Rovsing and his little friend Wilhelm Vinterdalen arrived at the house of Wilhelm's mother. It was a long walk from the castle, for they had first to traverse the entire length of the straggling town, and then to pursue a pathway winding along the indentations of the shore, until they reached the south-eastern extremity of the bay, where, at least an English mile distant from the last house of the suburbs of Svendborg, and nearly three miles from the old castle, rose a beautiful little green hill, of an almost perfect dome-shape, on the summit of which stood a small yet handsome villa-like residence, built of solid beams of pine, laid horizontally, and caulked between the seams like the planking of a ship, in a true Scandinavian fashion. The hill, or mount, had been levelled at top so as to form a circular plane about a hundred and fifty feet in diameter. In the centre of this "table-land" was the house, and the ground around it was tastefully occupied with fruit and flower gardens, a hothouse, and a fish pond, the whole being enclosed by a broad ring or belt of evergreen shrubs which fringed the rim of the hill crown. Easy access to the house was

provided by broad steps cut in the southern slope of the mount from the base to the summit, in such a manner as to form stairs, divided into flights by an occasional terrace, and every step was carpeted with the freshest verdure. The whole appearance of the mount, and the tree-embosomed residence on its summit, was exceedingly striking and romantic. The elevation of the hill above the level of the ground immediately surrounding its base, was probably over a hundred feet, and, as already mentioned, it was remarkably symmetrical in its proportions, being in the shape of an obtuse cone. Nature often performs strange freaks, and this might be one of them; but the tradition of the locality asserted the reverse. In other words, the natives of the vicinity firmly believed that the beautiful little hill was of purely artificial formation, and that, in fact, it was simply an enormous gravsted or cairn, erected in very ancient days by the labour of thousands of hands, to mark the spot where some mighty Viking was interred. Hence it was known as the Konge-Grav, literally King's Grave, or, as it may be freely yet faithfully rendered, King's Cairn. Certain it is, that whether this beautiful little hill was a creation of nature or the work of man, it had been a noted traditional mount for at least five centu-

ries, during which prolonged period its form continued unaltered; but at the commencement of the present century a local magnate, Herr Salvien, purchased it and a few acres of the grazing ground surrounding its base, from the Baron of Svendborg, and cut off the peak or summit of its cone to form a plane whereon he built the residence described. Herr Salvien was an elderly bachelor, and a noted antiquary. Possibly his predilections as such induced him to choose this singular site for his dwelling. He lived here very happily for ten or a dozen years, but one morning in the depth of winter, after a night of fearful storm, he was found dead in bed—his head almost severed from his body. At first it was supposed that he had committed suicide, but the doctors unanimously declared that a feeble old man could not possibly self-inflict such a ghastly incision; moreover, neither razor nor knife was discovered in the room, and the corpse reposed in bed in a natural posture, with the arms extended on each side beneath the coverlet. Evidently Herr Salvien had been cruelly murdered in his sleep, and had died without a struggle. Murdered by whom? By robbers? No; not a single article in his room, nor elsewhere, was missing. By his own servants? They were strictly examined and pronounced innocent. Murdered for revenge? He had not an enemy in the world. His fate was an impenetrable mystery; but to this day the people of Svendborg sometimes allude to it, and darkly hint that it was a visible judgment on him for irreverently building his house on the cairn of an ancient Viking!

The heirs of Herr Salvien resided at Glückstadt in Holstein, and they at once ordered the King's Cairn to be sold: an order easily given, but not by any means easy to be carried into effect. A nameless yet palpable horror henceforth brooded over the house, and the hill which it crowned. "Sell it? Yes, you would doubtless be very happy to sell it, but who will buy it? Not we—not anybody who knows its history." So said the people of Svendborg—and they meant and felt what they said. The house remained unsold, and the servants of its murdered builder refused to live in charge of it, asserting that they were fright-

ened o' nights by unearthly sounds and sights. The house was then closed—the doors locked—the shutters nailed up. The ghosts, the apparitions, the evil phantoms, and the perturbed spirit of the ancient Viking had it all to themselves!

In this melancholy state of abandonment and desolation, the romantic little villa remained year after year. Nobody would buy it—nobody would dwell in it—nobody would even approach the cairn after nightfall. The place was accursed. Weeds smothered its garden-plots; green moss and ivy grew over its mildewed walls; and a doleful pair of horned hooting-owls permanently roosted in an alcove over its principal doorway, and a very judicious choice of residence it doubtless proved, for swarms of sparrows colonized the projecting eaves and fantastic gables, and legions of mice established their head-quarters around the lower walls, so that their Serene Highnesses of the Alcove lived in an Owlsh Paradise, and feasted on the sparrows and mice during the night, whereby they soon grew majestically fat and lazy, and all day long they nestled together, dozing and blinking, and occasionally indulging in a screech and a hoot to express their profound mutual conviction that their lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places. Ah, the owl is verily a sage creature, and the ancients did well to figure it as the bird of Minerva.

In absolute despair the Glückstadt owners of the villa of King's Cairn offered it rent free for a year to whoever would reside in it, prudently hoping by this means to dissipate the superstitious dread in which it was enshrouded. In vain. The poorest inhabitant of Svendborg refused to domicile himself on the cairn, vowing that he would not dwell on it even if liberally paid to do so. Thus the evil spirits, and the mice, and the sparrows, and their Serene and Imperial Highnesses the owls, still remained the undisturbed tenants of the villa, and doubtless were a very happy and united family (whilst the sun shone); but who can foresee what a day may bring forth? Men cannot: nor even owls. One fine morning, to the incredulous amazement of the locality, the rumour spread that Mads Neilsen, a well-known fisherman, had accepted the offer to reside at King's Cairn

rent free for a twelvemonth and a-day. Incredible as the news sounded, it was nevertheless quite true. Honest Mads presented a letter to the Svendborg agent of the owners of King's Cairn, which he had received direct from them, whereby he was authorized and empowered to occupy the villa, and the agent was ordered to forthwith put it in a comfortable state of repair for his residence. How was it that such a man as Mads Neilsen had been thus specially communicated with by the owners? asked the gossips of Svendborg. And what could have induced him to accept their offer? Mads ostensibly made no secret of his own share in the affair. A friend of his (*who* was that friend? queried the gossips; but Mads gave an oracular, that is to say, an exceedingly vague and utterly unsatisfactory response), had recommended him to the proprietors at Glückstadt, and the latter had promised him a fee of fifty specie-dollars at the expiration of his year's rent-free sojourn. He admitted (with an air of ingenuous modesty,) that but for this tempting prospective reward, he never could have mustered resolution to defy the perturbed spirit of the ancient Viking, to say nothing of the angry ghost of poor old murdered Herr Salvien.

The gossips of Svendborg enjoy the richly deserved reputation of being as keen-scented and as far-sighted as any in His Danish Majesty's scattered dominions, and they unanimously agreed that although Mads Neilsen might speak the truth, yet that he assuredly did so with considerable mental reservation. All their practised skill in cross-examination, however, was vainly exercised on the cunning fisherman. He had said all he meant to say, all he was willing to say, all he thought it politic to say, and he was much too wary and too stubborn to yield one iota more of information in answer to the artful and insidious interrogations of the most accomplished newsmongers in all Denmark. "Ah," sighed the baffled and crest-fallen gossips, green with spite at their unparalleled defeat, "if the wretch only had a wife!" Unfortunately (for them) Mads had not a wife; and even if he had been married, it was very questionable whether such a shrewd and iron-headed fellow would have intrusted her with any secret which

he wished to preserve inviolate. Still the Svendborg gossips did not despair—they were too experienced in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. "Wait awhile," whispered they, "and we shall see. The blade of corn does not appear immediately after the seed is sown. Once let it show its head above ground, and we shall know where to dig down to its hidden roots." Sagacious and consolatory doctrine, which verily will lead to practical results, if the fates forbid not! Despair not yet, O ye astute gossips of Svendborg! Persevere, dig, delve, and ferret out the mystery, for the sake of your world-renown!

Mads Neilsen's letter of authorization was duly accredited by the agent. A corps of artizans and labourers were marched to the summit of King's Cairn within four-and-twenty hours after its presentation, and in advance of them all stalked burly Mads Neilsen, with a ladder on his shoulder, and a particularly long boathook in his hand. Arrived beneath the walls of the villa, Mads complacently deposited his ladder on the ground, and to the amusement of his motley troop of followers, he commenced operations by dexterously dragging down with his boathook the scores of sparrows' nests clustered beneath the projecting eaves. Dire was the commotion among the swarms of indignant sparrows, and shrilly did they chatter their abhorrence of this unexpected and merciless onslaught on their highly respectable and inoffensive colony. Alas! poor innocent sparrows! ye may flutter around your violated homes, and may pipe piteously, but Mads the Fisherman hath no bowels of compassion. He will drag down every one of your laboriously constructed habitations, and scatter your speckled eggs, and your unfledged younglings on the hard pebbly ground, amid laughter and jeers from his cruel companions. And lo! three gaunt hungry-eyed cats, whiskers fiercely erect, and tails vigorously elevated, are trotting at full speed to the scene of devastation, even as vultures troop to the slain-strewn battle-field. Henceforward learn, O sparrows, that ye have worse enemies in the world than your neighbours the insatiate owls, albeit ye oft have chirruped hard thoughts of them. Ye are now recipients of a lesson by which even men may profit.

The sparrows are not the only horrified spectators of the raid. From every gaping crevice of the villa, from every window-sill, and every eave, sharp-nosed, bright-eyed mice, gaze with inconceivable, indescribable dismay. They behold what is going on—they see, O horror! their hereditary enemy, the cata. Shriek, O mice! your fate will peradventure be even more deplorable than that of your fellow-colonizers, the bold sparrows, for they have wings to fly away, but ye have only four nimble little feet. Look forth once more at the fatal trio of Grimalkins! Observe their sharp claws, their long white teeth, their fierce whiskers, their contracted green eyes, void of pity for your kind, their lank sides, their ravenous aspect. Shriek, O mice! and flee to the innermost recesses of your secret haunts, and there hold earnest and eager council of safety in this hour of dread extremity.

Peacefully slumbering in their own snug alcove over the doorway, were the majestic pair of horned owls, when the uproar aroused them from their pleasant owlish dreams. The wise birds slowly opened their great eyes, and then suddenly shut them with a shudder of pain and disgust, for the morning sun shone full upon them. Again their startled Serene Highnesses looked forth, peering and blinking, and yet only half awake. Frightful was the vision of reality they beheld. Their pointed ears grew permanently erect, their wide eye-lids grew rigid, their round eyes dilated to the fullest extent, even in the sunbeams, every feather of their bodies puffed and quivered with terror. Too well did they comprehend what had come to pass; and prolonged quavering whoops and hoots feebly expressed their horror and despair. Fly, O Birds of Minerva! while it is yet time, for lo! the enemy is close at hand. Approve yourselves wise as ye are reputed, or all Owldom will lose its renown for sagacity. Alas! they cannot fly, and they feel this fatal inability from the tips of their ears to the extremities of their downy toes. A long reign of peace, abundance, and luxury has undone them. They are overfed, overfat; they are enervated, unnerved; they have not yet digested a most dainty and immoderate supper of juicy young sparrows and deli-

cious mice, which they commenced at twilight last evening, and finished a few minutes before sunrise this blessed summer's morning; and did the lives of all the citizens of Owldom depend on their individual exertions to escape their imminently impending doom, they could not flutter a pinion. Woe and dolour for Owldom; treble woe for their Serene Highnesses of the Alcove. "Whoo-hoo-hoo! Hoo-whoo-hoo-oo-ooo!" they dolefully hoot.

Ruthless Mads Neilsen has dragged down the last sparrow's nest, and with a grim grin the remorseless fisherman now plants his ladder against the alcove, ascends it as coolly as he would the ratlins of a ship's shrouds, and grasps the astounded owls each by the neck. Spare them, Mads! forget not they are Minerva's own Birds. He will not: for he hath a heart of stone, and he cares no more for Minerva than he does for the ancient Viking. One dismal half-choked whoop, one final convulsive flutter of their wings, and then the huge heads of their Serene Highnesses are wrenched off; and heads and bodies are alike contemptuously tossed to the fierce trio of Grimalkins, who pounce upon them with growls of feline delight. Dearly have ye paid for your Owlish Paradise, O hapless Birds of Minerva! Brief was your sojourn therein, yet it was supremely happy—whilst it lasted.

A quarter of an hour sufficed for the annihilation of the Owlish Paradise, and then the laughing group of renovators (and iconoclasts) dispersed to set vigorously to work, each in his special function. Windows nailed up for seven long years were reopened to the fresh breeze and the warm sunshine; doors were forced wide ajar; the green tendrils of the clustering ivy were torn down from the walls; sparrows, bats, mice, and vermin of all kinds were mercilessly put to flight. The valuable furniture of the villa had been left almost undisturbed after the death of Herr Salvien, and it was now found to be little the worse for its long disuse. Mads Neilsen, having very little reverence in his soul for the relics of by-gone ages, gathered together all the antiquarian curiosities which poor Herr Salvien had spent his life in collecting and classifying, and ignominiously transferred them to a huge lumber-closet, muttering

the while sundry anathemas on "old-world rubbish," which would have driven Herr Salvien distracted to have heard from mortal lips.

Within one week the villa was "overhauled," as Mads phrased it, to his perfect satisfaction; and he thereupon took possession "for a twelve-month and a-day." Mads was a bold man—much bolder than he affected to be, for in his secret thoughts he laughed to scorn the idea of spirits haunting King's Cairn. Alone dwelt he—"monarch of all he surveyed," and nobody disputed his right. No human being shared with him his temporary residence, but the three strange gaunt cats (who ceased to be gaunt and hungry-eyed, just in proportion as the mice and sparrows decreased in numbers) settled themselves along with him, and kept on very amicable terms with an enormous Jutland dog, of very savage renown, Mads' especial pet. Weeks and months quickly sped, and the Argus-eyed gossips of Svendborg groaned in spirit because they could not even yet discover any clue to the mystery of Mads' occupation of King's Cairn. The solitary dweller himself pursued his customary calling of fisherman with unflagging industry, and made his appearance at the alehouse even less frequently than before he became the resident of the villa; but this, it may charitably be supposed, was solely owing to the distance of King's Cairn from the little seaport. He was oft closely questioned and cross-questioned concerning the presumed appearance of evil spirits o' night, and, with a spice of wicked waggery, he would shake his head very significantly, groan or growl mysteriously, and with great apparent reluctance admit that he *was* sometimes deprived of his natural rest. The impression derived from these dubious hints and half-confessions, induced the sage gossips of Svendborg to imagine that in verity he was persecuted by the indignant ghosts of the ancient Viking and of Herr Salvien; but Mads laughed in his sleeve at their eager credulity, for the only nocturnal disturbance he ever experienced was from the caterwauling of his trio of striped Grimalkins, or the wakeful howls of Aravang, his faithful yet ferocious Jutland dog.

Month after month quickly sped, until the eleventh of Mads' occupancy

of the villa drew to a close, and then all Svendborg was electrified by a grand discovery made by a sort of self-elected committee of the most experienced gossips of the place. They had come to the conclusion that Mads the Fisherman occupied the villa because it was peculiarly adapted for smuggling! Truly, there was some reason to imagine they had hit on the right scent at last, for the seaward front of the cairn rested on the head of a short and deep ravine which extended to the water's edge, and vessels of six to eight feet draught could haul close inshore at the mouth of this ravine, and owing to the physical formation of the shore, they could do this without the possibility of being perceived from any quarter with the exception of the cairn itself. His Danish Majesty's officers of the customs were forthwith on the alert, but a month's close watching on their part was fruitless, and Mads himself was evidently delighted by the absurdity of their suspicions, for he gleefully offered to permit them to overhaul the villa from basement to garret, and to take their station there to watch for smugglers in the offing. To a dead certainty the blade has not yet sprung above-ground, and therefore ye cannot discover the hidden roots, O gossips of Svendborg!

At the expiration of Mads' engagement, a fresh marvel agitated the Svendborgites. A considerable quantity of new and beautiful furniture arrived at King's Cairn; and upholsterers, painters, and other skilled artisans, came all the way from Copenhagen to render the villa a thoroughly comfortable and elegant residence. "Oho!" shrilly chorussed the Svendborgites, "we can now see nearly as far into a millstone as the man who made it. Mads Neilsen has been a mere warming-pan—he has prepared the nest for the birds who will occupy it for good and all." Verily, the sage gossips were not very far wrong in their surmises this time, for within three weeks the villa received its future inmates, Captain Wilhelm Vinterdalen, his wife and child, an aunt of Madame's, a middle-aged female servant, and a nursemaid. Who were they? Whence came they? What had induced them to select King's Cairn, of all places in the habitable world, for their residence? Very na-

tural queries, and to a certain degree easily answered. Captain Vinterdalen derived his title from being a shipmaster, and it was understood that he commanded an East Indiaman belonging to either Hamburg or Bremen. Others, however, flatly contradicted this, and said he was master of a Greenland whaler belonging to the latter port. One fact was admitted as indisputable: Captain Vinterdalen was indeed a shipmaster, and he must nett a tolerably handsome income from his profession, otherwise he could not have afforded to occupy King's Cairn in such style. The family had quitted Hamburg expressly to dwell at King's Cairn—some said for change of air; others said it was for cheapness of living; and a third party positively asserted that Captain Vinterdalen had won King's Cairn from the heirs of Herr Salvien at play in a Hamburg gambling-house. It was somewhat remarkable that neither the Svendborg agent of the reputed owners, nor yet Mads Neilsen, ever denied or contradicted in any way these diverse rumours. Whatever they knew, they manifested no intention to enlighten King Frederick's lieges. As to Mads Neilsen, he very quietly evacuated the villa, and removed to a solitary cottage on the island of Thorö, which had originally been built as a store-house for dried fish, but for a number of years had been abandoned. It was now speedily converted into a comfortable-enough dwelling for the hardy fisherman, who was permitted to occupy it for the merely nominal rent of one specie-daler (4s. 6d.), per annum, and an occasional dish of dainty fish to the steward of the Great Baron to whom the isle belonged. Mads was the only human dweller on Thorö; and he bore the reputation of being misanthropical and greatly inclined to a solitary or hermit-like existence, and it was affirmed he was a notorious woman-hater; but they who knew him best averred that Mads was a capital boon companion when in congenial company; that he was not at all unsocial, rightly understood, albeit as rough-mannered as a polar bear; and that although he certainly was not a "marrying man," he had a keen eye for rosy cheeks and neat ankles, and was perfectly capable of appreciating the charms of the Svendborg (or any

other) beauties. The eastern extremity of the island of Thorö was not above an English mile from the seaward base of King's Cairn, and thither Mads was sure to sail at least twice or thrice a week, with an offering of fish to the Vinterdalens. It was very evident from the first that Mads was quite a favourite with this stranger family, and in a very short period he permanently established himself as a sort of humble friend and out-of-door servitor, performing all sorts of little services and commissions for them, and spending much of his leisure time in and about the villa. He happened, singularly enough, to be an enthusiastic amateur gardener, and Captain Vinterdalen permitted him to undertake the management of every inch of the garden grounds of King's Cairn, excepting the little plots of flower-beds under Madame's especial care.

As regarded Captain Vinterdalen individually, the people of Svendborg knew no more at the expiration of four years than they did within four days of his first arrival. He seldom remained more than two or three weeks at the villa at a time, being absent on sea-voyages at least nine months a year on the average; and even when at home he very rarely descended from the summit of the cairn landward, but he often scrambled down the ravine at its seaward base, and embarked thence in Mads Neilsen's fishing-boat for a pleasure sail. So partial was Captain Vinterdalen to boating, that he and Mads not unfrequently went far out to sea, and were sometimes even absent for eight-and-forty hours at a spell, to the extreme disquietude of the Captain's wife. That Captain Vinterdalen dearly loved his wife and child was nevertheless certain, and a romantic yet literally true story became current concerning their mutual history. Madame Vinterdalen was the only child of a Danish officer, Colonel Orvig, who fell at the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. His widow was left in narrow circumstances, and she returned to Hamburg, her native city, where her relatives soon had to perform the melancholy duty of attending her deathbed. Her sister, Madame Lerchomjer (a childless widow herself), undertook to adopt the orphan girl, and faithfully redeemed her pledge. Amalia Orvig grew up a fine, accomplished, and

amiable woman. In her twenty-fourth year she happened to be one of a party of young people invited to take a pleasure trip down the Elbe as far as Glückstadt, in the yacht of Herr Blomster, a wealthy merchant of Hamburg. Nearly opposite to Glückstadt a sudden squall struck the yacht, and she capsized not more than fifty yards from the Holstein shore. A young man sprang from a wharf into the Elbe the instant he beheld this catastrophe, and swimming strongly out, reached the hapless yacht just as she foundered, amid the despairing screams of all on board. He grasped one young lady from the greedy vortex, and brought her to shore in an almost lifeless state. She recovered, and was the only survivor of all the gay party who had sailed a few hours before joyous and full of innocent excitement. It was Amalia Orvig who was thus saved, and her deliverer from the jaws of death was Wilhelm Vinterdalen.

After a brief interval Amalia became the wife of Captain Vinterdalen. Two years subsequently, they broke up their household at Hamburg, and removed to King's Cairn, their only child, Wilhelm, being then a twelve-month old. The aunt of Madame Vinterdalen accompanied them as one of the family, but did not survive very long.

During the four years she had been mistress of the villa, Madame Vinterdalen led a somewhat recluse life. This was partly attributable to the out-o'-the-way situation of her residence, but yet more to the fact that she really cared little for company. The Svendborgites marvelled at and commented upon this idiosyncrasy; one attributing it to pride, another to bashfulness, a third to ignorance of the usages of polite society. A fourth charitably inferred that her reserve was in obedience to the morose commands of her husband. Those, however, who had seen most of Madame, admitted that she was a very lady-like and exceedingly intelligent and agreeable woman, and neither haughty nor cold-mannered. Above all, the wife of the clergyman, with whom Madame Vinterdalen (who was exemplary in the performance of her religious duties,) became early acquainted, and interchanged friendly visits, everywhere declared that the

lady of King's Cairn was thoroughly well-bred, warm-hearted, and generous-minded. This opinion carried much weight, and proved not unfounded. Madame Vinterdalen by-and-by was discovered to spend much of her leisure time in making clothes for the poor, which she distributed through the medium of the clergyman and his wife, who were also almoners of her bounty in the shape of money and food to a considerable annual amount. Nearly all her kind gifts were bestowed indirectly, for she appeared to be particularly desirous that the name of the actual donor should be kept secret, solely from the desire of doing good unostentatiously. A case of distress, brought under her notice by any person whomsoever, was sure to be relieved to the utmost of her power. No marvel was it that a woman of this character managed to spend her days pleasantly enough in calm retirement. She also knew how to render her dependants happy, for the two German servants, notwithstanding their inability to speak more than a few words of Danish, and their consequent isolation, refused to quit her service at the death of her aunt, who had long been the mistress, averring that in their own country they had never been so contented and happy.

The clergyman's wife had originally spoken to Madame Vinterdalen about the strange and friendless young painter who had temporarily settled at Svendborg, and the story so aroused her womanly sympathy that she made minute inquiries concerning him, and learnt enough to dispose her to befriend and benefit him all she could, without offending his proud sensitive nature. The result was that Bertel Røvsing soon regarded the lady of King's Cairn as a friend worthy of his gratitude and his affection. He felt that she thoroughly appreciated his character and his peculiar position in life. He instinctively revered the true nobility of her disposition, her purity of soul, her lovingkindness, her unselfish delight in contributing to the happiness of all with whom she came in contact, her unaffected piety, her wifely and motherly virtues.

When Bertel and his little friend arrived at the base of the cairn on the present occasion, Wilhelm sprang forward and bounded up the verdant

steps of the slope, exultingly shouting aloud that "Herr Rovsing is coming!" And by the time that Herr Rovsing surmounted the rim of the cairn-top, and passed through its evergreen belt, he was met by Wilhelm's mother, who had hurried forth at the cry of her boy to welcome his companion.

Madame Vinterdalen was in the prime of womanhood, but looked considerably younger than she really was, for her life had hitherto been unruffled and unexciting; her habits had ever been simple and healthful; her mind guileless; her conscience unburthened; and never did she repose her head on her pillow until she had made her peace with God for all her transgressions and sins of omission and commission during the day that was past. No marvel therefore that she preserved the bloom of her youth almost unimpaired, for Innocence and Happiness (alas! that they are not always twin sisters!) conjoined, are the grand and only real conservators of Youth and Beauty. In person she was somewhat above the middle height, well proportioned, and of very graceful carriage; her demeanour unassuming yet dignified; her countenance not beautiful, nor handsome, nor even regularly featured, but exceedingly pleasant to gaze upon, for it was very comely, and it ever beamed with a charming expression of benevolence and innocent sprightfulness. More-

over, her complexion was exquisitely pure and glowing; her light auburn hair was magnificent, and her hazel eyes large and brilliant. Her voice was clear, soft, and melodious; and when she smiled her countenance was infinitely more attractive than that of a merely beautiful female. A lovable, ay, and a lovely woman was Amalia Vinterdalen, and she was good as lovely.

This was not the first professional visit that Bertel Rovsing had made to King's Cairn. He had already painted both a half-length and a miniature of Madame Vinterdalen; a full-length of Wilhelm; and a portrait of the old and favourite servant. His present task was to paint a miniature of Wilhelm, to be ready to present to Captain Vinterdalen on his arrival, which was expected in three or four days. Bertel forthwith commenced his task with a firm resolve to produce a masterpiece of the kind. He had not forgotten his singular conversation with Wilhelm in his studio, and he made some inquiries of Madame Vinterdalen concerning Mads Neilsen. She informed him all she knew of Mads—that he was a very great favourite of her husband's, that she believed he had an extraordinary affection for their whole family, and that she liked him herself very much. Bertel Rovsing listened to all this, and the more he heard the more he marvelled.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN VINTERDALEN RETURNS HOME.

ON the fourth day after the execution of Jörgen Neilsen, very early in the morning, a small Danish vessel might have been seen hovering a couple of miles out at sea, directly opposite to the two islands which, as previously described, lie athwart the entrance to Svendborg Bay. That tiny sea-going craft was jøegt-rigged, and assuredly she bore, on the whole, a marvellous resemblance to Lars Vonved's beloved Little Amalia. But, on second thoughts, the Little Amalia's sails were coal-black, whereas, the canvas of this craft is snow-white. What of that? Coquettish ladies love to vary the fashion and the colour of their apparel, and why should not a dainty little jøegt do the same? And lo! beyond the jøegt, far away on the extreme

verge of the eastern horizon, there is something dark and indistinct; it might almost be taken for the wing of a huge sea-bird, were sea-birds black like ravens. Look again! strain your vision, and if you have the keen, practised hawk's eye of a seaman, you will perchance be able positively to affirm that you can discern the faint tracery of a singularly-rigged vessel's spars. Ay, it is even so, and that fact strengthens the first conjecture. The jøegt is the Little Amalia, and sports snowy canvas by way of a masquerade—quite innocently, let us charitably hope; and the vessel hull-down on the green waters of the Baltic is, in all human probability, none other than the guilty old Parsee-built Skildpadde.

Patience, friends! Let us watch the mysterious manœuvres of that tricky Little Amalia, and we shall, doubtless, be further enlightened by-and-by.

There is the long low island of Thorö, and we have a bird's-eye view of its barren shores. There, at the foot of its single hill, which steeply declines to within a few fathoms of the water's edge, nestles the white-washed wooden cottage of Mads Neilsen, the fisherman, who lives there all alone, the sole permanent inhabitant of the island, although not exactly the "monarch of all he surveys," like Alexander Selkirk on Juan Fernandez, for a flock or two of sheep, and a score of cattle, find pasturage by browsing on the scanty herbage which sparsely struggles for existence on the sandy level tracts, and these animals belong to farmers resident on the mainland, who pay a small annual rent to the Baron of Svendborg for the grazing privilege. Mads Neilsen himself, and a companion whom we recognise as his old friend and brother fisherman, Hans Petersen, are standing on the bit of level ground in front of the cottage, and their bulky figures loom hugely in the thin morning mist, for they are fully accoutred in fishermen's attire, and wear enormous thigh boots and fox-skin caps.

What has induced these two men to be abroad, and evidently on the look-out, at so early an hour, for it is not yet three o'clock this balmy summer's morn? And what is the meaning of the extraordinary flag hoisted from a signal-staff at the gable-end of Mads Neilsen's cottage? That flag cannot be seen by any curious gazer at Svendborg, for it is hidden by the intervening hill; and we have a shrewd notion that honest Mads is not at all desirous that anybody on the mainland should observe it. The flag is a long strip of black bunting, and when the freshening breeze uncoils and spreads it out, we observe three great white stars horizontally disposed at regular intervals in the sombre field of the flag. Somehow we cannot help being reminded that, when Lars Vonved signalled his joegt from the deck of the Camperdown, by yielding his long sash to the breeze, it had three stars in its field. But coincidences will happen.

By the Keel of Balder! (to borrow

Mads' favourite ejaculation) the Little Amalia must have already seen that black flag, and counted its three white stars, for suddenly a couple of hands run forward and settle away the peak of the gaff which upholds her snowy mainsail, so that it droops like the wing of a wounded bird; and this manœuvre they deliberately repeat twice, so that, in all, they have lowered the gaff three times.

What does all this signify? Has it some occult meaning? Does any observer comprehend it?

Yes; there is no reason to doubt that Mads Neilsen perfectly understands the three measured dips of the Little Amalia's gaff. He utters a hoarse growl, indicative of intense private satisfaction, and with eager hands strikes the black flag with the three white stars from the staff at his gable end, and, aided by Hans Petersen, who looks almost as pleased and excited as himself, he next hoists something resembling a round ball, which, on striking against the truck of the staff, bursts open and flutters in the breeze in the shape of a flag, one yard square, and white as the cygnet's down.

Mads and Hans breathlessly gaze at the Little Amalia, to see how this new signal is received. They are not long kept in suspense.

A bright flash from a musket-barrel darts from the stern of the Little Amalia, and simultaneously a ball, precisely similar to that hoisted by Mads, ascends to the peak of her gaff, and unfolds in the same manner as his last flag, of which it is an exact counterpart.

This is enough. Mads and Hans haul down their signal, conceal their various flags in the cottage, and rush to the adjacent beach, where their half-decked fishing boat is moored. They drag her grapnel from its reluctant hold, and, with lusty arms and inflated chests, ply their oars seaward. A cable's length from the shore they hoist the red lug-sail, and bear straight down on the Little Amalia.

The Little Amalia was gradually hove-to, as the fishing boat neared her; four men of her crew were grouped at the gang-way amidships, and two men remained in conversation on the tiny quarter-deck. Those two were Herr Lundt and Lars Vonved.

The fishing boat was soon alongside, and whilst the two vessels were being temporarily secured together, Lars Vonved hastily descended to the cabin. His young officer at the same moment advanced to welcome the two fishermen on board, and immediately leading Mads aft, informed him that Lars Vonved wished to privately speak with him.

Bluff Mads, an absolute fanatic in his devoted attachment to Lars Vonved, is all aflush with pride and joy as he clumsily descends to the cabin. No sooner does he find level footing than Lars Vonved outstretches both hands, and grips the horny palms of the fisherman.

"God bless you, Captain Vonved!" cries Mads, with moistened eyes. "Velbecommen hjem til Svendborg! Ja, ja, ja!"

"Taks, mange taks, min ven—min kjære ven!" (Thanks, many thanks, my friend—my dear friend!) ejaculates Vonved, in return.

And then the Rover presses Mads to sit down, and Mads awkwardly complies, seemingly very much afraid to injure the delicate crimson silk cushions, for he nervously seats himself on their very edge.

Vonved turns round and hastily produces a bottle of the finest French cognac and a couple of glasses from the superbly inlaid semi-circular zebra-wood locker at the stern. He fills the glasses, takes one in his hand, and motions Mads to the other. They clink glasses and drink. Then Vonved speaks:

"I wished to see you alone before you had talked to our people," said he, speaking in an anxious and troubled tone, gazing, however, with a look of intense kindness and sympathy at Mads.

"Oh, your Excellency"——

Vonved held up his finger in a warning way.

"O, Captain Vonved," continued Mads, wiping his rough brown forehead with the cuff of his coarse blue pee jacket; "you always honour me so that—well, by Balder's Keel! I needn't say what I feel, for you understand all I would say."

"I do, Mads—I do, my friend."

"Ah, Captain Vonved, you can't think what a relief it was to me, and to Hans, too, for that matter, when we saw your first signal at dawn!"

"You were on the look-out, then?"

"Ay, Captain Vonved, and we have kept that look-out every morn-dawn for the last fortnight. Hans and I have been almost heart-broken this last three or four days."

"Ay? Wherefore?"

"Ja! that we have. O, 'tis all right now; but the lies they print in the papers now-a-days would drive a fellow distracted if he was fool enough to believe 'em. Now, my mate, Hans Petersen, is sensible enough in the long run; but he almost persuaded even me to credit a three-twister yarn which he had seen in the *Kjøbenhavn Fødrelandet*! I dare say you have seen and laughed at it yourself, Captain Vonved?"

"No, I now hear of it for the first time," said Vonved, gravely; "what was it about?"

"O, just a fly-away yarn that you had been betrayed at Ronne by one of your own crew, and that you had blown up the *Falk* at her anchorage whilst a prisoner on board. They tell stories so cleverly now-a-days, that a plain-sailing man can hardly distinguish a lie from the truth."

"Then you did not believe the report?"

"Why, Captain Vonved, at first I swore it was a wicked lie, for I could not think it possible that any of your own crew was a traitor; but everybody here believed it, and—well, 'tis no matter now—but I have been very miserable till I saw your signal this morning; and if ever I grapple with the lying scoundrel who set the false news afloat, I'll give him a real Svendborg hug that will teach him to speak the truth the rest of his life—provided he ever draws breath again after my arms have been round his ribs!"

"But, Mads, *Fødrelandet* did not lie wilfully; and part, at least, of its narrative was truth."

"What! true after all! How can that be when I see you here?"

"Too true, my friend. I *was* betrayed, and taken on board the *Falk*, and she exploded. I drifted out to sea on a spar, and was saved by an English ship."

Mads Neilsen uttered ejaculations expressive, first of simple amazement, and then of indignation and horror.

"Betrayed by one of your own crew! The vile, perjured villain!—"

the demon—the Judas! Did you discover him, Captain Vonved?"

"I did; and his guilt was manifest to all on board. Moreover, he himself confessed it."

"And has he met his deserts?"

"Thou knowest the laws we have all fearfully sworn to obey?"

Mads nodded, and looked wistfully at the Rover.

"Well!" said Vonved, sadly, almost mournfully, "he has died as those laws prescribed."

"And his name, Captain Vonved—who was he?"

Ere replying, Vonved grasped the hand of the fisherman and pressed it hard, whilst he looked kindly and compassionately at his rugged lineaments, which now wore an expression of painful alarm.

"*Thou*," said he, tenderly, "art true as steel. I have tried thee, and know thee, and I call thee—friend. But there was one who bore thy name, who"—

"O, my God!" ejaculated Hans, big drops of perspiration breaking from his forehead; "'twas as I feared! My brother—Jörgen—he was the accursed traitor?"

"Alas! yes."

"Well, well," gasped Mads, drawing a quivering breath, "I am thankful!"

"Thankful, Mads? For what?"

"That you have spared me the guilt of fratricide, Captain Vonved, for I solemnly swore to drive my dagger through the heart of the man who had betrayed you, even though he proved to be my own blood-brother, and I would have kept my oath!"

"I verily believe thee, Mads," responded Vonved in a soothing tone, "but I do not commend thee therein. A brother's life is sacred. Be unutterably thankful that thy brother's blood is not on thy hands, and that thou wert not even present and consenting unto his death."

"I *am* thankful, Captain Vonved—I have said it. And I am thankful, too, that our poor old father is not living to know the end of Jörgen—Jörgen was his pride, Captain Vonved—for he would have died broken-hearted to think that a son of his sold *your* blood! Yet rather would our father have lost both sons, and rather would I have lost my brother and my own right arm, than a hair

of your head should have been injured by Jörgen's perfidy!"

Having thus spoken, Mads wept aloud.

Vonved was strangely moved. His eyes filled with tears, and he sighed heavily. The intense affection and unselfish devotion borne towards him by this seaman was almost inconceivable. Mads Neilsen had been cradled on the hoary deep from his very childhood, had lived a life calculated to deaden his sensibilities and harden his heart, and indeed was on the whole a man of fierce and savage passions, fearless, unfeeling, and prone to evil,—yet he, this stern and rugged being, loved the outlawed Rover with a love surpassing that of woman!

"O," murmured Vonved, "surely I cannot be an accursed heaven-abandoned wretch, as some call me, or I never could have inspired a man like this with such sublime love! I may yet be pardoned by my king, and reconciled unto my God!"

And then he grasped anew the tear-bedewed hands of Mads Neilsen between both his own, and exclaimed in a voice broken with heart-warm emotion—

"Thou art henceforth more than friend—thou art my brother, and I will be to thee what poor Jörgen should have been!"

The sun had not yet fairly arisen when the white-sailed Little Amalia and the red-sailed fishing-boat were standing seaward in amicable company, steering directly for the Skildpadde, which steadily hovered on the extreme verge of the horizon. Arrived within hail of the Skildpadde, the latter promptly hove-to, and the pram of the joegt was lowered from the davits and hauled to the gangway amidships. Lars Vonved, Herr Lundt, and Mads Neilsen embarked, and a single seaman rowed them alongside the Skildpadde. On reaching her deck a deep murmur of genuine sympathy burst from the assembled crew at the sight of Mads Neilsen—for well did every man know him—and a score of hands as hard and rough as his own were eagerly thrust forward to give him the warm grasp of friendship; weather-beaten features quivered with unwonted emotion, and stern eyes which were wont to gaze unblenched on deadly dangers, now softened and

moistened at his presence. And yet these were the men who had, a few days previously, mercilessly put to death their messmate, his brother! Mads knew it, yet neither by look nor by gesture did he betoken anger, nor was there even a latent shade of reproach in his demeanour. He spake not a word, but stoically repressed the welling anguish of his heart, and with clenched teeth, closed lips, and unshrinking eyes, he clutched nearly every proffered hand, ere he heavily strode after his idolized master, Captain Vonved, and descended with him to his private cabin. They were speedily joined by Lieutenant Dunraven and Herr Lundt, and for hours they remained in secret conclave.

Ere sunset the Skildpadde, with her satellite the Little Amalia, had stood far out to sea, and the lug-sailed fishing-boat kept them company at no great distance to leeward.

It is evening—some thirty hours subsequent to the departure of Mads Neilsen and his fellow fisherman from the island of Thorö, and their fishing-boat has not yet been seen to re-enter Svendborg Bay. The long Danish twilight slowly fades away, and one by one the stars indistinctly creep forth.

In the parlour of the villa at King's Cairn, Bertel Rovsing had just given the finishing touch to an exquisite miniature of Wilhelm, and was preparing to return to his solitary home in the old castle of Svendborg.

There is a sound of opening and closing of doors, quickly followed by a footstep in the passage leading to the parlour. Madame Vinterdalen half rises from her chair, and with fast-throbbing bosom gazes eagerly towards the door. It opens, and in another moment her husband has crossed the threshold.

"Min fader! O, min fader!" shrilly cries Wilhelm, and with a scream of joy bounds to the breast of his father, who gives him one passionate kiss, and then opens his arms anew to clasp his wife to his heart.

"Min Kone! min kjære Kone!" fondly murmurs Captain Vinterdalen, as his strong arms closely yet tenderly enfold his wife and his child in one prolonged embrace. Ay, proudly and thankfully clutch them to thy heart of hearts, O, Vinterdalen! for a

truer wife or a nobler boy no man claims as his own!

In the rapture of the moment the presence of the young painter was forgotten by Madame Vinterdalen, and entirely unnoticed by her husband. Poor Bertel stood in confusion, and when Captain Vinterdalen's glance fell upon him, he blushed and bowed, and stammered something—he hardly knew what. Captain Vinterdalen himself started, and looked for an instant piercingly at the young man, who was a stranger to him, for on none of his previous sojourns at King's Cairn had they met. Madame Vinterdalen hastened to introduce Bertel to her husband, and showed him the miniature of Wilhelm. Captain Vinterdalen courteously uttered a few words, and glanced awhile at the miniature, which he pronounced to be a fine and faithful portrait. Then he again gazed with singular interest and curiosity at the painter.

"Bertel Rovsing?" repeated he, rather speaking to himself than addressing his guest; "I do not recollect that name. Bertel Rovsing? No, I never heard it before."

"Very probably not, Captain Vinterdalen," rejoined Bertel, recovering his composure, and in turn looking somewhat eagerly and keenly at the Captain, "for I am a stranger in these parts."

"And I, also! Yet now I look at you, I am somehow reminded of the past. Can I ever have met you before?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"You are sure?"

"Not sure: I only mean that I do not at present distinctly remember ever having previously seen you. I will not assert positively that I have not."

"It is strange," muttered Vinterdalen, with an air of perplexity.

"Did you not see Herr Rovsing on your last return home?" suggested Madame Vinterdalen. "I have heard you say that you have never forgot any one whom you have ever noticed, or spoken to."

"Very true," mused her husband, "but I never saw Herr Rovsing at Svendborg before. And, moreover, it must be long years since I saw him."

"Are you certain that you ever *did* see me before, Captain Vinterdalen?" asked Bertel, with a smile; and yet the young man had an anxious air, and grew pale and nervous.

Captain Vinterdalen looked full at him, and paused ere he slowly and very thoughtfully replied—

"No, I am not certain, and yet I will frankly say that I feel by a sort of intuition that I really have seen—and known—you elsewhere."

"And long ago?"

"Ay, long ago—very long ago!"

"That can hardly be, Captain Vinterdalen, unless you knew me when a child."

"How old are you?" brusquely asked the Captain.

"I am five-and-twenty."

For a minute Captain Vinterdalen remained silent, with his hand over his eyes, as though he were racking his memory for images of the past. His wife seemed surprised, but did not interrupt his reverie, and Bertel Rovsing gazed at him with obviously increasing anxiety.

Again Vinterdalen spoke, and the low, clear, musical tones of his voice, thrilled the painter in an inexplicable manner.

"You speak pure Danish, Herr Rovsing, but you do not at all look like a Dane?"

"I am a Dane, Captain Vinterdalen, and I have never been out of Denmark."

"So? Did you ever reside in Langeland?"

"Never."

"Nor at Aalborg?"

"No, I have never been further north in Jutland than Randers."

"You are not a Jutlander, yourself," said Vinterdalen, rather as though stating a fact than asking a question.

"No, I am not; yet I spent many of my early years in the peninsula."

"Ay? But you did not acquire the Jutland accent. I should say you are a native of one of the southern isles?"

Bertel Rovsing opened his lips to reply, but suddenly checked himself, and with marked reserve, merely bowed. Captain Vinterdalen was far too shrewd a man to believe for a moment that this was to be construed into an affirmative reply, but he affected not to notice the evasion, and exclaimed—

"Tell me frankly, Herr Rovsing! have you *any* recollection of having seen me before?"

The painter involuntarily drew himself to his full height, and returning

the penetrating gaze of Vinterdalen, he answered promptly, and in a firm, ingenuous tone—

"I would reply explicitly, if I could, but I cannot. Nevertheless, I have a vague and subtle impression that, as you yourself appear to suppose, I knew you when I was young—very young."

"And my voice! is there aught in its tones familiar to you?"

"Yes, I do, indeed, fancy so," very gravely replied Bertel. "There is something both in your look and in your voice—your voice, especially, Captain Vinterdalen—that vividly and yet undefinedly recalls to me the memories of my childhood."

"You cannot remember *where* you have seen me, and heard my voice?"

"No, on my honour I cannot!" and Bertel laid his hand on his heart with an action both instinctive and impressive.

A singular emotion gleamed in Captain Vinterdalen's eyes, and with great animation he spoke several sentences in a foreign language. Both Bertel Rovsing and Madame Vinterdalen were startled, nor did their surprise diminish when Captain Vinterdalen pointedly asked the painter, in Danish, if he understood what had just been spoken in another tongue?

"No, I do not."

"But surely you know in what language I spake?"

"I believe it was Spanish."

"It was. And do you not know Spanish?"

"Not a word."

"Have you no recollection of that language having been taught you in your childhood?"

"No," replied Bertel, with an air of undisguised astonishment at the question.

Captain Vinterdalen sighed deeply, yet it were difficult to say whether his sigh was one of relief or of disappointment.

Then he resumed his interrogatories.

"You spent, as you say, many of your earlier years in Jutland. Do you remember your nurse?"

"My nurse?" and Bertel started with increased surprise. "Yes, I can just remember her."

"Was she a Jutlander?"

"Indeed I do not know. She might be; or she might not."

"Was she not a Jutland gipsy?"

"A gipsy! That is not probable, but I do not know. I have only a very faint recollection of her."

"Don't you remember a gigantic black man—a negro, born in our Danish West India Island of St. Thomas—as one familiar to you in infancy?"

Bertel Rovsing mused awhile, evidently trying hard to recall the memories of his childhood, but he at length shook his head in a decided negative.

"One question more, Herr Rovsing, Had you a sister—one older than yourself?"

"No."

"A brother?"

"No, Captain Vinterdalen; I believe I was an only child."

To all the latter interrogations the young painter had replied without reserve, evidently speaking truthfully to the best of his recollection, yet not without a certain degree of painful embarrassment. Captain Vinterdalen keenly noticed this, and whatever secret conclusions he might deduce, he did not permit any outward indication to appear.

"Pardon me, Herr Rovsing!" cried he, with an air of genuine frankness, "for having, stranger as I am, questioned you so closely in what you may not unreasonably deem a somewhat impertinent manner, but I really imagined I had known you when you were a child. Believe me when I say that it was no impulse of vulgar curiosity which induced me to question you as I have done."

"Oh, Captain Vinterdalen!" warmly cried Bertel; "I am sure it was not. I *feel* that it was not."

"You feel rightly and instinctively!" emphatically rejoined the captain. "Who knows, Herr Rovsing," cordially added he, "whether we shall not, by-and-by, mutually be able to satisfactorily trace our individual impressions of having known each other long ago, to their real source? My wife spoke to me about you when I returned home from my former voyage, but I had not the pleasure to see you personally at that time, and now that we have at length unexpectedly met, I hope we shall become friends."

Bertel bowed, and with unaffected emotion hastily exclaimed—

"I have very few friends, indeed,

Captain Vinterdalen, but I feel that I should be happy to add you to the number. I am only a poor struggling artist, and I stand nearly alone in the world. Madame Vinterdalen," continued he, in a tremulous tone, "has been a kind, an exceedingly kind and good friend unto me, and my heart will cease to beat ere I forget her generous sympathy, and her many acts of warm-hearted friendship."

"God bless you, my own dear wife!" murmured Captain Vinterdalen, turning to Amalia, with a fond, approving smile; "this is like you!"

"Yes," cried Bertel, in a broken voice, that testified his deep sincerity, "Madame Vinterdalen has nobly bound me to her by ties of gratitude; and I am very thankful that I can now say so in the presence of her husband. It may never be in my power to testify my devotion to her, and to hers; but if the hour ever should come, then, Captain Vinterdalen, the poor painter will not be found wanting."

"From my soul I believe you!" fervently exclaimed Captain Vinterdalen, and seizing Bertel's hand he wrung it warmly. "Henceforth reckon me as your friend, Herr Rovsing—as well as my wife!"

"I will!" ejaculated the painter, and he tried to return the kind, beaming gaze of Captain Vinterdalen, but tears fairly blinded his vision.

The Captain thoroughly appreciated the proud, yet exceedingly sensitive and genial nature of the young painter, and exchanged a glance with his wife, whose eyes were gushing with tears. Their only child, the princely boy, was at this moment clinging to the side of Bertel, whose left hand rested caressingly on his head, and he looked up with a wondering, yet intelligent gaze, alternately at the face of his father and that of Bertel.

"I see," said Captain Vinterdalen, "that you have another friend in the family, Herr Rovsing! Our little Wilhelm seems to be no stranger to you. Do you love Herr Rovsing, Wilhelm?"

"Ja, min kjære fader! meget! ja! ja!" eagerly cried little Wilhelm, and thereupon the painter snatched him up, and held him to his heart, and kissed him passionately.

LORD ELGIN'S MISSION TO JAPAN.

It is time to get rid of the long popular fallacy, that when Columbus had given a new world to Leon and Castile, he had exhausted the geography of the globe. Europe has scarcely recovered from its surprise at the discovery of communities of men peopling fertile regions where an arid waste of sand had been supposed to exclude the human race and assert for itself the internal geography of a continent; and, lo! it is once more startled by intelligence quite as marvellous—that of the re-opening, almost amounting to a discovery, of a kingdom and a region which had remained little more than a blank in the history and topography of the earth, and which, nevertheless, exhibits the phenomenon of a state political, social, physical, so unlike anything else ever heard of, and yet so peaceful, happy, powerful, and prosperous, that it becomes for a moment a question—which is the barbarian, the Eastern stranger, or the European intruder?

The above reflections have been forced from us by a perusal of the second volume of Mr. Oliphant's important work, touched upon in our last number, which treats of the mission of Lord Elgin to the Court of Japan, and chronicles a short sojourn in that empire during the summer of 1858. We judge it more interesting and practicable to present this portion of Mr. Oliphant's book to our readers in a separate form, than to encumber ourselves with the Chinese expedition, which occupies the greater part of the work, and which, of paramount importance and interest in itself, especially at the present crisis, still only diverts the attention from what is large enough in its scope to constitute a separate and distinct subject of examination. And this consideration is pressed still more forcibly upon us by the circumstance that these two great empires, so near to each other, and so remote from the civilization of the rest of the world, suggest reflections of a wholly different, and almost op-

posite nature—the one causing us to congratulate ourselves on our superiority, mental, physical, and moral, over the races which compose its population; the other suggesting a feeling of uneasy doubt, whether, with all our advantages, the balance may not possibly, after all, lean to the side of the nation and population which have now so suddenly and unexpectedly come within the focus of human speculation.

“The re-opening of the kingdom,” is the expression we use. Something, as our readers are no doubt aware, has been known of the Empire of Japan for the last three centuries. To those who have read Mr. Steinmetz's book, which embodies most of what had been previously written upon the subject, the following summary of events will be familiar. The discovery of the Japanese group of islands by the Portuguese dates from 1542. The mission of Xavier was a religious one; but, it directed the eyes of Europe towards a great and wealthy nation, of which something could be made. Accordingly, simultaneously with the missionary establishment, a mercantile lodgment was effected upon the newly-visited shores; and, through these two sources, the Portuguese contrived before long to gain such a footing in the empire, that their commercial port of Nagasaki rapidly rose into importance, and the Christian religion became the recognised creed throughout a large portion of the country. In 1579 a new state of things arose. The rulers of the neighbouring principalities began to threaten the Portuguese settlement; the influence of the Jesuits gradually declined; and finally, in 1657, the Emperor Taiko-Sama destroyed the fortifications and demolished the churches of the town. The missionaries, whose labours had been crowned with such success, were now driven to conceal themselves in the palaces and dwellings of their converts; but, by-and-by emerging from

their hiding-places, they once more resumed their activity, and continued and extended their work of conversion.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards and the Dutch had arrived as competitors for the advantages of a Japanese alliance, and, of course, ere long began to quarrel with each other. It was a few years later than this that the first Englishman, William Adams by name, set his foot upon the shores of Japan, which he had reached as pilot to a Dutch ship. Later still, in 1613, a treaty was negotiated between James the First and the Emperor of Japan. A factory was established at Firando, which however continued to exist only ten years—the machinations of the Dutch, as it is asserted, having defeated all our efforts to establish a footing in the empire. The intrigues of the same nation were equally fatal to their Portuguese rivals. We may be at liberty to suspect that the conduct of the latter was not calculated to adorn or recommend the Christian doctrines they professed. However this may be, a dreadful system of persecution commenced, which, by the year 1639, had resulted in the massacre of the Portuguese population, and the annihilation of the influence of that nation throughout the Empire of Japan. The Dutch reaped but little advantage from their participation in these outrages. They were confined thenceforth to the limited area of Desima, a suburb of Nagasaki; and their trade so dwindled away in process of time, that they were driven within the last few years to invite once more the intercourse of other nations with the Japanese, as the only means of preserving their own footing in the country.

It so happened that in the summer of 1858 Lord Elgin, having been engaged in the active prosecution of his diplomatic mission in China, with Mr. Oliphant as his private secretary, had made his preparations for meeting the commissioners who had been appointed to settle the tariff and frame those general trade-regulations which were necessary to be drawn up as a supplemental part of the treaty of Tientsin. Having a few weeks to spare before the arrival of the commissioners at Shanghai, and finding that Admiral Seymour, prior to his going south, was about to proceed to

Nagasaki, for the purpose of delivering over the yacht *Emperor* to the government of Japan, and watering his vessel, the *Calcutta*, he resolved himself to accompany the Admiral in his expedition, intending to return in time to meet their Excellencies at Shanghai. There were other reasons which weighed with Lord Elgin in forming this somewhat hasty determination. The consuls of America and Holland had been for a considerable time busily engaged in endeavouring to negotiate treaties with the Japanese government, which would have the effect of opening that empire, in some degree at least, to the trade of the nations they respectively represented. It was of importance to step in while there was yet time, and secure to Great Britain some share of the advantages to be gained by concessions which might possibly be wrung from the government of that empire; and a favourable opportunity seemed to present itself just at the period when the treaty of Tientsin had been concluded, which might be considered as constituting so strong a precedent, and operating so powerfully in our favour at that remote court.

Accordingly, at the latter end of July the expedition set forth, gliding smoothly over the four hundred and fifty miles of sea which divided the Chinese from the Japanese shore, and after a few days the first glimpse was gained of the strange land, in the shape of high pointed rocks of picturesque form, covered with verdure, but destitute of inhabitants. On the following morning the highlands of the island of Iwosima were descried; and, strange as was the scene and remote the region, evidence was at once afforded of a civilization surpassing far that left behind, in a telegraphic signal displayed upon the highest summit of the island, which, as was afterwards learned, was repeated from the mouths of cannon throughout the hundreds of miles which intervene between the flagstaff and the capital, announcing to the government with almost electrical rapidity, the arrival of the strangers upon the shores of the Empire.

It was deemed needless to delay at Nagasaki, where the first experience of the native peculiarities was gained. A few days sufficed to decide the Embassy on pushing on for the capital,

Yedo, and there, at head-quarters, seeking to establish friendly relations with the country by direct intercourse, if possible, with the Emperor and his ministers. Mr. Oliphant sums up in a few words his first sensations upon entering this *terra incognita*:—

“I find it difficult, in attempting to convey our first impressions of Japan, to avoid presenting a too highly coloured picture to the mind of the reader. The contrast with China was so striking, the evidences of a high state of civilization so unexpected, the circumstances of our visit were so full of novelty and interest, that we abandoned ourselves to the excitement and enthusiasm they produced. There exists not a single disagreeable association to cloud our reminiscences of that delightful country. Each day gave us fresh proofs of the amiable and generous character of the people amongst whom we were. Each moment of the day furnished us with some new fact worthy of notice. Our powers of observation were kept constantly on the stretch, but one felt they were overtaxed; the time was too short; sights and impressions crowded on each other with a painful rapidity and variety. It was like being compelled to eat a whole *pâté de fois gras* at a sitting; the dish was too rich and highly charged with truffles for one's mental digestion. At the time it was delicious; it is only afterwards when you try to arrange the facts and describe the experiences that the inconvenience attending a surfeit of sensations of this sort makes itself felt.”

The vast metropolis of Yedo, of which the population is estimated by Mr. Oliphant at two millions, is situated far up in the recesses of a landlocked bay, upon waters but little known and very imperfectly surveyed. The little fleet, consisting of the *Furious*, bearing the Admiral's flag and having the British envoy on board, the *Retribution*, the yacht *Emperor*, and the *Lee* gunboat, steamed steadily through these waters, traversed for the first time by Commodore Perry's squadron a few years previously. By-and-by they came in sight of the Russian squadron, anchored at Kanagawa, a roadstead situated at a distance of about eighteen miles from Yedo. But, although this was the place assigned by the government as the limit of the approach to the capital by foreign ships, Lord Elgin adopted the bold and unprecedented course of pushing his way straight up to the city, running his

chance of being able to find a channel for the purpose.

Shortly afterwards some vessels were descried ahead, which turned out to be a portion of the Japanese fleet, the flag floating from the peak of one of them marking it “Imperial.”

“Gradually behind these vessels the island forts, and then the houses of the city of Yedo, rose into view. Gently, with two leads going, we crept up to the long-desired haven, closely followed by the *Retribution* and yacht; and by two o'clock the same afternoon, after a most prosperous passage from Simoda, we anchored not far from the Japanese fleet, at a distance of about three miles from the shore, and five from the capital of the empire.”

Here, then, the expedition finally took up its position, despite the vehement and reiterated remonstrances of the Japanese authorities, who insisted that it should retire to the ordinary recognised place of anchorage for foreign ships at Kanagawa. Much advantage was ultimately derived from this bold measure. Lord Elgin not only occupied a position calculated to overawe the powers he came to treat with, but was enabled to do a great deal which it would otherwise have been impossible to accomplish within the time, by his proximity to the seat of government.

To describe this wonderful centre of a hitherto little-known civilization within the limits assigned to us would be impossible. Even the faintest sketch is beyond our powers. All we can propose to do is by a few *tableaux* taken from among the life-like photographs here collected into one continuous series, to afford such glimpses of a novel phase of the social state as may stimulate the curiosity of the reader, and send him to the original to satisfy himself.

An imposing public landing was arranged and carried into execution. The ships were dressed out, the barges manned, a salute was fired, a band struck up “Rule Britannia,” while a little fleet of boats was organised, with Lord Elgin's barge in the centre, which proceeded for three miles to the landing place in the heart of the city—a spectacle such as Japanese eyes had never before witnessed. Having disembarked, a procession was formed, of which numerous native authorities formed a part; and passed through

excited crowds for at least two miles before it arrived at the turning which conducted it to the residence appointed for the British minister and his suite in the capital of Japan.

In ten days from the date of this public entry, the visit was over—the mission was accomplished—a treaty had been signed by the British minister and the native authorities, by which the right of Great Britain to trade with the country was recognised, under certain regulations and restrictions; and the expedition, which had accomplished all this as a sort of episode during a pause of the events in China, had sailed triumphantly from the station it had occupied in such close proximity to the capital, under a salute which announced to the empire that Great Britain and Japan were thenceforth friends and allies.

Our plan is to keep clear of the politics of the business. The ten days passed in the capital were not enough to afford more than a few glimpses of the curiosities it contained—even of these we can give but a very faint outline. Some idea of the mode in which the aristocracy of Japan are lodged may be formed from the following account:—

“The Prince of Satsuma was reported to have no less than nine town-houses in Yedo, and he pays his annual visit to the capital accompanied by an army of very respectable dimensions. It is an ordinary thing for one of these princes to parade the country with a force of some thousands of men. When we remember that all these followers have to be lodged on the premises of their chief, and that there are three hundred and sixty of these dignitaries, we cannot wonder that their residences are necessarily capacious, and cover a very great extent of ground. To judge from the noble trees we observed rising above the walls, spacious pleasure-grounds must be enclosed within them. The handsomest palace I observed in Yedo, was that belonging to Prince Achi. Situated on the steep side of a hill, the gates were tastefully ornamented, the walls surmounted with trellis-work, and numerous magnificent plane and other trees drooped over them into the street, tempting one to effect a burglarious entrance, and explore, if possible, the sacred precincts. Occasionally, in the course of our explorations of the city, we met men of rank riding along one of these silent streets, their retinue taking up almost its entire length, consisting,

as usual, of men carrying badges on long poles, the insignia of the rank of their lord, umbrellas in bags, and lacquered portmanteaus.”

During the first ride which the visitors took they became aware by actual observation of the vast size of the city.

“Crossing a species of canal which forms the outer moat, we continued to pass through a quarter still occupied by the residences of the nobility, until we burst suddenly upon a view so unexpected and so remarkable in its character, that we could scarcely believe that we were still in the centre of a huge city, and that city the capital of an empire supposed to be in a state of barbarism. Standing on a broad terrace, we looked down some seventy or eighty feet upon a moat fifty or sixty yards in width, but expanding to a small lake, covered with lotus, as it approached the precipitous causeway by which it was traversed. A steep slope of grassy turf rose from the opposite edge of the water to an even greater elevation than that at which we were standing. Groups of trees fringed the water, and drooped their boughs into it; while a massive wall, constructed of blocks of stone almost Cyclopean in their proportions, crowned the high bank. This wall was in its turn surmounted by a wooden palisade—the spreading branches of gigantic cedars, and the leafy crowns of numerous tall trees appearing above it, gave evidence of gardens and pleasure-grounds within.

“Following along the margin of this gigantic ditch, the largest artificial work of the sort I ever saw, we reached the narrow causeway which affords ingress to this *rus in urbe*, for from this point we were emphatically reminded that we were indeed in the centre of a vast city. We had now attained a considerable elevation, and, except where the prospect was interrupted by the citadel itself, obtained an extensive panoramic view over the greater part of Yedo, extending in an endless series of house-tops in a southerly direction, and fully confirming the impression which was rapidly gaining upon us, that the capital of Japan must take a first-class position, in point of extent and population, among the cities of the world. The citadel alone is said to measure eight miles in circumference, and to afford shelter to forty thousand souls, which it may well do, and yet leave room for spacious palaces, and scenes of rural retirement and rustic beauty.”

We have no intention of following Mr. Oliphant in his excursions to the

various resorts of pleasure and business in Yedo and its neighbourhood. Shops, rivalling Howell and James's, bath-houses, tea-gardens, botanical-gardens, must remain unvisited. Abundant evidence is afforded in his pages of the state of high though exotic civilization at which this vast community has arrived. The arrangements connected with the government of the country, its institutions, its laws, all wear the aspect rather of having being framed as a gigantic code, simultaneously and from without, than of having grown, as the systems of ancient communities have generally done, by a gradual process out of the circumstances of different eras and events—as having sprung, a Minerva, fully armed, from the head of some insular Jove, rather than of having passed through the usual stages of infancy and adolescence in its progress to maturity. There is an unusual uniformity and harmony in the several parts of this great political whole, and a perfection of adaptation to the requirements of the social community, difficult to account for on the usual haphazard principle of semi-barbarous legislation. Take for example the organization of the principal centres of population:—

“The whole system of municipal government in the cities in Japan seems very perfect. There is a mayor or governor, some of whose emissaries lived in our ante-chamber; and there are a certain number of deputies to assist him, and a class of officials who seem to be the intermediaries between the people and those in authority, and whose business it is to receive and present petitions, and to forward complaints to the governors, and plead the cause of the aggrieved memorialists. Then every street has its magistrate, who is expected to settle all disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, as reported to him by spies, and to keep an accurate record of births, deaths, and marriages. He is responsible for all broils and disturbances, and for the good conduct of the street generally. This functionary is also provided with deputies, and is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street. To render the task easier, the male householders are divided into small companies of four or five each, the head of which is responsible to the magistrate for all the proceedings of the members. This complete organization is furnished with a secretary, a

treasurer, a certain number of messengers, &c. Besides the regular constables, it is patrolled at night by the inhabitants themselves, in parties of two or three. From all which it will appear that “our street,” in a Japanese city, must be a source of considerable interest and occupation to its inhabitants.”

In every other department the same carefully elaborated machinery is in operation. No contingency is left unprovided for. Indeed, the fault, if there be any, seems to be that a too universal and officious surveillance is exercised over the minute private concerns of individuals; so that what is left to education and to self-discipline in the civilization of the west, is made matter of compulsory observance here, under a system of mutual and general *espionnage*, unprecedented in its completeness and rigidity. Everybody is a spy upon everybody else—members of a household have a double duty—acknowledge a double allegiance—to each other, and, as against each other, to the state, or government. How this operates we are not informed in detail: certain it is, however, if the statements we find here be accurate, that the domestic affections do not wither in this atmosphere of suspicion. On the contrary, inexplicable as it may appear, a remarkable degree of confidence marks the domestic relations. Parents confide their most important secrets to their children, from an early age: and the affairs of a family are discussed with a freedom which is as novel as it is interesting and edifying to a western eye. The spy system extends in its operation to the highest as well as to the lowest in the land. The Tycoon, or Temporal Emperor, himself is not exempt from its operation. He is, in fact, says Mr. Oliphant, as narrowly watched as any of his subjects. An amusing instance of the way in which the idea engrosses the minds of the Japanese was afforded in the mistake of the officials who made a first visit to the British squadron in the harbour. Observing that the letter written by the British minister to the native authorities on shore had been signed “Elgin and Kincardine,” they came to the conclusion that Kincardine, who was nowhere visible, was engaged in keeping his eye on Elgin.

It is beside our purpose to introduce the reader to the minor curiosities of

this out-of-the-way region of the world. How tea-gardens are made into gardens of Paradise—how jugglers fly paper-butterflies—how horses are shod with straw—how women's eyebrows are shaved and their teeth blackened to make them beautiful—how pleasure is made a business, and suicide a fashion—it is not for us to relate. Mr. Oliphant has told it all—told it well, truthfully, and pleasantly. One mania we really cannot pass over without noticing, exceeding as it does even that for china and lacquer—we mean that for dogs:—

“The dog peculiar to Japan, and which is supposed to have been the origin of the King Charles spaniel, does indeed bear a considerable resemblance to that breed: the ears are not so long and silky, and the nose is more of a pug; but the size, shape, and colour of the body are almost identical. The face is by no means attractive: the eyes are usually very prominent, as though starting from the head; the forehead is overhanging, and the nose so minute that it forms rather a depression than a projection on the face; the jaw is somewhat prominent, and is frequently so much underhung that the mouth cannot be shut, in consequence of which the tongue protrudes in a waggish manner, at variance with the staring eye, which should, for the sake of consistency, be slightly closed, with a tendency to wink.

“When the great majority of our party had furnished themselves with three or four of these prepossessing animals each, which were confined in kennels formed of paper screens up in our loft, the consequences to an unhappy victim like myself, who had resisted their charms, were most trying. They used to demolish their paper kennels with their teeth, quarrel with each other, howl dismally during the still hours of the night, or have spasms. They were subject to weakness and violent cramp in the loins and hind-legs, and then their owners used to devote the small hours of the morning to fomenting them with hot water, and wrapping them in warm flannels. In spite of all their efforts, some of these delicate little creatures died, to the inexpressible grief of those who had listened so often to their nocturnal whinings. Even in Yedo, the price of a handsome pair of these dogs is as much as fifty or sixty dollars; so that it is worth while to sit up at night to alleviate their sufferings.”

Before returning to the more immediate subject of our inquiry, we may be permitted to give the reader a

glance at the scenery of the country, as it revealed itself to Mr. Oliphant and his friends on a riding excursion from Yedo. It must be premised that the formation of the saddles on which the party were mounted was by no means such as to enhance the pleasure of the trip. The stirrup seems given as a means of occasional relief from suffering otherwise almost too much for the endurance of a Meltonian, and of course utterly intolerable to the marine contingent to the expedition. Still, notwithstanding this drawback, the ride was far from uninteresting. After leaving the exquisitely arranged tea-gardens of Hojee, some miles from the capital, the party rode up to the brow of the hill behind the village:—

“To do so it was necessary to diverge from the high road and gallop across a greensward dotted with handsome park-like trees. Our attendants, not prepared for this sudden escapade, ran breathlessly after us, vehemently remonstrating, and passing their hand across their throats, as an indication that our transgression would be visited upon them with summary punishment; but our curiosity to obtain a view from our elevated position overcame our scruples on their account, and we were well repaid for our want of humanity. The prospect upon which we feasted our gaze more nearly resembled that from Richmond Hill than any other with which I am acquainted. Beneath us was a winding river, now hidden among thick woods, now shining in the broad light of day as it emerged upon grassy fields. Beyond, as far as the eye could reach, the country was richly cultivated and charmingly diversified, while here and there the smoke of a town or hamlet imparted an air of animation to the view. It was a most tantalizing sight, and we longed to explore the unknown scenes which lie still unvisited in the heart of this magnificent country.

“It is some consolation to know that the interior of Japan will in all probability, ere long, be laid open. By the late treaty it is reserved to the Consul-General and his immediate staff, and to them alone, to travel to any part of the empire. We know, from the accounts of the Jesuits and the Dutch missions, how many objects of interest there are at Miaco, and other places upon the main route to Nagasaki; but our curiosity has been chiefly stimulated by the illustrations contained in the Japanese picture-books of the most striking features in their scenery. The Japanese are one of the few so-called uncivilized

nations who really seem to have an intuitive appreciation of the picturesque. Even the Chinese, who occasionally venture upon representations of scenery, choose some uninteresting subject, and invariably make it subservient to a scene of domestic or military life in the foreground, displaying, moreover, an entire ignorance of perspective; but the Japanese portray the grandest scenic features of their country evidently for their own sake alone. Waterfalls and precipices, picturesque villages perched on overhanging cliffs, or rocky ledges running out into the sea, are favourite subjects, and executed with a much more correct notion of art than has been attained in the sister empire. From the views which many of these books contain, there must be scenery in Japan worth a pilgrimage to that distant island, were it for no other purpose but to visit it. Even our followers seemed to think it natural that we should wish to linger on the green edge of the hill, to take a long last look at the widespread prospect before us."

In speculating upon the future of this remarkable country, it is impossible to overlook the indications afforded by the state of education, and its wide diffusion throughout the population. Dutch is taught both at Yedo and Nagasaki. The natives are competent to manage their own steam-engines, and to navigate their own ships, working their course by observation. When the yacht was finally made over to the native authorities, she was at once taken in charge by a Japanese captain, manned by Japanese sailors, and her machinery worked by Japanese engineers. The machinery included the latest improvements, horizontal cylinders, &c.

"They are extremely sensitive at being supposed incapable of acquiring any branch of knowledge which is possessed by others, and have a very high estimate of their powers in this respect. This was amusingly illustrated in a discussion which took place as to the language which should hereafter be the medium of official correspondence. 'Oh,' said one of the Commissioners, 'you had better make English the official language; there is no telling how long it will be before you will be able to write a despatch in Japanese; but give us five years, and we shall be quite competent to correspond with you in English.' This affords a striking con-

trast to our experience at Tientsin, where we found such difficulty in inducing the Chinese to accept the English as the official language, even as a prospective arrangement—one, indeed, which I have little hope of ever seeing carried out; for even if a Chinaman could be induced to study a foreign language, he is so utterly destitute by nature of the faculty of acquiring any tongue but his own, that a lifetime would be spent in the vain attempt. During the whole period of my stay in China, I did not meet a single native who could speak, read, and write English correctly.

"In Japan, on the other hand, there is a rage for the acquisition of every description of knowledge. A Chinaman thinks that any study but that of the Confucian books is degrading, and treats every modern invention with an air of calm contempt. Probably he contends that the art has long been known in China; so that if you were to show him a railway, he would most likely say, 'Hab got also same that Pekin side, only two tim more chop chop can go.'* A Japanese, on the other hand, is full of zeal and curiosity. He examines and asks questions about everything within his reach, carefully noting the answers."

Père Charlevoix relates that in the time of Xavier there were within reach of Miaco, one of the most considerable of the cities of Japan, four academies, at each of which education was afforded to between three and four thousand pupils; and, that even this was an insignificant number when compared with that of the scholars instructed in the neighbourhood of Bandon, which itself merely afforded a sample of what was universal throughout the empire. It is stated by Mr. Mac Farlane, who quotes M. Meylan, that children of both sexes and of all ranks are sent to rudimentary schools; and Mr. Oliphant himself saw enough, during his brief visit, to warrant the conclusion that a more widely-diffused system of national education exists in Japan than even in our own country. "Often," he says, "in passing along the streets, I heard the pleasant babble of children learning their lessons."

It is singular the objection there seemed to be to sell books to the stranger. Even information concerning literature was difficult to be obtained. There was a reserve, and something of government influence

* *Anglicé.*—We have got the same at Pekin, only it goes twice as quickly.

was perceptible in the restriction. Before the embassy quitted the island it became somewhat easier to procure books—at least, picture books—which were, after all, more valuable than literature, which nobody could read. The Dutch say that some respectable works have been written in the Japanese language. Golownin states that the people are extremely fond of reading. Even the soldiers on duty, he assures us, are continually intoning, with offensive loudness, from books in their hands. There seems to be little or no resemblance between the Japanese language and the Chinese. The former is far easier for a European to learn. Mr. Oliphant coincides with Klaproth in his opinion, that the Japanese being so dissimilar from every other known language, argues the race to be a distinct one. At all events, the people are not Chinese. The cast of countenance is much more agreeable. Some points of resemblance to the natives of the Archipelago of the South Sea Islands may be detected. But this is a subject which time and careful observation may yet do much to elucidate. Every new variety of the human race, we know, helps forward the science of ethnology; and, here is an abundant store, which only needs to be opened up.

In disposition, the natives of Japan appear to be, in many respects, amiable and engaging. This estimate is not merely that of a visitor, such as was Mr. Oliphant—feted for a few weeks under exceptional circumstances. Mr. Harris, the American consul, who had lived in the country for nearly two years, bore abundant testimony to their good qualities. On the occasion of the visit of Lord Elgin and his party to that functionary, he spoke of them in terms more eulogistic even than those employed by the Dutch. Amongst other instances, he especially dwelt on the kind and considerate attention shown him by the Emperor and Empress, on the occasion of a serious illness with which he had been himself afflicted. There is, at the same time, perhaps, an over-finish of refinement—a polish, in short, of manner, suggestive of the predominant idea of *laquer*, with which Japan is so intimately and inseparably associated in the western mind. The national qualities are smooth, shining, in some sense superficial. We are oblig-

ed to state this, however at variance it may be with the estimate some have formed of the qualities this people possess, since it is too true that, in certain particulars, a state of systematized immorality pervades the society and institutions of the country, which has scarcely its parallel in the modern or ancient history of mankind. On this subject it is unnecessary to dwell; but, it will doubtless afford by-and-by one of the main difficulties with which the ministers of Christianity will have to contend. It will take a revolution, almost amounting to a convulsion, to eradicate such deep-seated and pervading evils. Whether even that divine doctrine, impeded, as it may be expected to be, by the dubious commentary of the lives of too many of its professors, will speedily avail to uproot institutions intimately interwoven with the organization of society in the country, is a question on which it would be presumptuous in us to offer an opinion in the present stage of our relations with our new allies; but this much is certain, that Christianity and one phase at least of the social system of Japan cannot co-exist, and that the triumph of either involves, of necessity, the overthrow of the other. We must not expect, therefore, that the crusade we shall have to wage in that country will be a peaceful one. There must be a struggle; and the struggle, if it do not end in a repetition of the scenes of three centuries ago, must induce a radical revolution, by which some of the habits and institutions of the empire will be remodelled upon a thoroughly new basis.

To those, then, who have gone thus far with us, and who have for the first time become acquainted with the truly anomalous and extraordinary state of things here exhibited, the questions which will suggest themselves must necessarily be of a painful character. What will be the results of the communication now first fully established between this remote empire and the civilized world? The results, we mean, as affecting the country thus opened up. As far as what is called the world is concerned, it will make but little difference. A new market for our trade—a new field for missionary enterprise in addition to the vast area already under commercial and spiritual cultivation—such it will be considered, and as such it will be occupied.

But, for the Japanese, for their temporal interests, what is looming into view? It is too late for them now to segregate themselves from the great community of nations. They will not be permitted to use the argument put into their mouths by Mr. Oliphant:—

“Our country supplies every want which is felt by the population that inhabits it. Abundantly favoured by Providence, we are dependent for no one single article upon our neighbours, and are still deprived of none of the necessities or luxuries of life. Our large population, estimated at thirty-five millions, has, nevertheless, space enough in the area furnished by these fertile islands. With the exception of a few orders of religious mendicants, abject poverty is unknown amongst us. The government is conducted upon a system which supervises all classes of the community, from the greatest man in the realm to the humblest individual in it; while, in order to the due protection of society, it requires a strict adherence to the criminal code, which punishes severely those who infringe it. Thus the great mass of the people are happy and contented, while we, the nobles of the land, are by no means disposed to imperil the privileges attaching to our exalted position. We see no change by which either we or those beneath us can possibly be benefited. We desire nothing which we have not got. It has not been proved to us that railroads or electric telegraphs make people happier. We tried the Christian religion, and it led to the destruction of thousands of our countrymen. We do not think our civilization would be increased by a knowledge of the latest improvement in gunnery, or the newest invention for the destruction of our fellow-creatures. We are contented with sakee, and desire neither brandy, rum, gin, whisky, nor any other spirituous production of progressive countries. We can bear to be deprived of opium, a luxury the charms of which are as yet unknown to us. There are also a few diseases which do not exist among us, and the importation of which we do not think would increase our general happiness. At present our subjects are peaceable and well-conducted, of an honest and simple nature, not given to brawling and quarrelling; but from what we have seen of the Europeans who man the ships coming to our country, we do not think this simplicity and tranquillity in our seaports would be likely to continue. For these reasons we, the pig-headed aristocracy of Japan, do not desire to see that happy and favoured Empire opened to the civilization of the West.”

An argument of this kind will not now avail. The communication is established—the old nations have forced themselves into contact with the new one—the sledge of circumstance has welded them together—to disunite them is too much for the united strength of the millions who compose the freshly-added link. What, then, is the future for the Japanese?

We have already replied—Christianity. It would be profanity to suggest a doubt as to the reasonableness of this anticipation. But, when we come to descend to the details of times and of seasons, and speculate on the particular features of the religious revival which is destined to quicken the habitable globe, uncertainty will cloud the prospect, and a corresponding hesitation must qualify our response. A form of Christianity was long ago presented to the heathen inhabitants of those remote lands—preached, prosecuted, promulgated. It was accepted by delighted thousands, and made authoritatively dominant throughout the empire. Where is it now? What has been its fate? In other nations, presenting features of resemblance to this in their position, circumstances, and discovery, the stranger and his religion prevailed. But mark the sequel. The propagandist and the conqueror became in the end the inquisitor and the exterminator. Mexico, which in its first discovery presents to the eye of the philosopher features so strangely and startlingly similar to those of Japan—Mexico was conquered and converted simultaneously. Now, as a nation, it has ceased to exist. Christianity occupies the soil indeed; but the heathen native is not merely converted—he is annihilated. In Japan the case was different, because circumstances were so. The period was nearly identical. It was no invading army which first landed on its shores: it was a missionary priesthood, and a small but adventurous band of merchants. The empire remained in the hands in which it was found. It was alike by sufferance that the spiritual and temporal progress of the west was made there. Christianity was left to its own resources; and, by the strength of its preaching alone, it made its way amongst the millions of that remote community.

To say that it was Christianity in a corrupt form is not enough. What-

ever was its aspect, it won the hearts of a mighty, a sincere, an intelligent, and by no means debased or unintellectual people. It won its way, we believe, by legitimate means, at first at all events. The truths it contained, and not the errors it included, seem to have been its earliest passports to the favour of the multitude. Such as it was, it had its effect. Japan was, for the time, a Christianized empire.

Now observe: the evidence of Christian truth, except in the case of the miracles which originally testified its divine origin, consists in the natural effect produced by the adoption of its doctrines. Christianity must be shown to Christianize, or it will appear an empty name. The Japanese were perfectly orthodox as well as philosophical in adopting such a test. They looked to the lives and conversation of their teachers, and of those who professed the religion they taught. They considered what they had themselves gained by its adoption. They compared their own creed and its professors with the new creed and its professors. They did what the apostles invited the heathen to do at the first propagation of the Gospel. They observed, they noted, they argued; they arrived at what must be admitted to be the logical conclusion; and, having drawn the inference, they acted upon it.

The words already quoted as placed by Mr. Oliphant in the mouths of the "pig-headed aristocracy of Japan," embody all that could be said in the temporal department of the argument. A similar process may very possibly go on by-and-by, and the same course of argument may suggest itself to our new allies, as regards religion. In a discussion with the modern Propagandists, they may be expected to say—The codes of Christianity and of mercantile law, as exemplified by your practice, differ. Philanthropy is at the bottom of the one, selfishness of the other—the one is preached, the other practised.

To this it may be replied: what you see is the exception and not the rule. Our Western institutions, laws, customs, habits, all aim at enforcing practical morality and encouraging Christian virtue.

Oh, but, rejoins the heathen disputant, look at those of your countrymen amongst us—the only sam-

ples we have ever seen who profess the Christian religion. Are we to follow their example? Are we, in adopting their tenets, to incur the risk of becoming what they are? Is that the philosophy—that the Christianity you teach and preach? Unless we see our way to goodness and happiness through your religion we will not have it.

But the stranger will reply: There is no choice here, so far as religion is concerned: we offer truth; you profess falsehood; you reject our creed at your peril—not your earthly peril, but your eternal. Whatever be the result to your body, Christianity must be embraced, or your soul is lost.

To this the rejoinder may be expected to be—we consider ourselves as competent to judge what is truth as you are. You beg the question when you say that you have the truth. We may with equal justice say that we have it ourselves, and enjoin it upon you to embrace our faith. You exhibit neither extraordinary nor ordinary evidence of the truth of what you preach. What do you appeal to? If to reason, we are prepared to show you are wrong. If to facts, where are they? All we see is evidence against you.

Thus we may expect our ministers to be answered, preaching, as they will have to do, from the midst of a company of British traders upon a foreign shore—thus they have been answered over and over again in India, in China, in America. The case is different in Africa, where the spiritual has preceded the mercantile irruption. We have not experience as yet of what the result of the introduction of the new element may be upon the inhabitants of the unopened interior of that continent, who have turned so favourable an ear to the simple system of the Gospel, illustrated as it was by the lives and conduct of those whom they saw to profess it.

It is, we repeat, a sad and a humiliating thing to think that we shall, even now, be probably unable to present the Christian religion, recommended by Christian example, to the once deceived and injured people of Japan. It is discouraging and disheartening; because, although missionary duty remains the same and must be fulfilled, immediate mission-

any triumphs in this direction appear to be beyond the reasonable and legitimate anticipations of the Christian minister. He need scarcely expect them.

What, then, is to be the end of a state of things so anomalous and threatening? Will Christ be once more rejected, after having been for a season received? Will the world for the second time witness the spectacle of the foreigner plotted against, denounced, overwhelmed, hurled into the sea? We cannot think that such a sequence of events is possible in the present day. The footing now gained will, we feel persuaded, be held fast from henceforward. For the future, Japan will be a portion of the civilized world. That rivalries, jealousies, struggles, convulsions may take place, we cannot reasonably doubt: that wars will be provoked, and sanguinary scenes enacted, seems but too probable; but that the commercial and religious lodgment of Europe upon the shores of the Japanese empire will now be abandoned, we cannot but judge to be next to impossible. Intercourse will continue from henceforth, for evil or for good; the exceptional isolation of that mighty empire has terminated for ever. We have purposely included the religious element. Our sentiments on this subject have already been stated. It would not do to have it supposed that we misdoubted the final triumph of Christianity. "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea." The divine word shall go forth "to the ends of the earth," and bear fruit in every clime. That Japan will eventually be Christianized, is as certain as that India and China and Africa will. In some form—in a purer form than that under which it was originally promulgated there—our holy religion will become the creed of that vast population, and will bear fruit in the revision of a moral code, in some respects unequalled in its laxity and depravity. The light of the Gospel will shine into the darkness, moral and spiritual, of the land; and, long before her Celestial neighbour, the empire of Japan will come in and take her place as a Christian nation amidst the communities of the earth. In the meantime, let us see in what

spirit Lord Elgin's happy and triumphal inauguration of our relations with this noble country is likely to be followed up by the Christian visitors from our own land who have appeared upon the foreign shore.

The following observations, contained in a paper recently read by Dr. Macgowan before the Society of Arts, are grounded on the fact that an attempt has already been made to introduce the opium traffic into Japan:

"One sombre cloud looms ominously in von eastern horizon.—it is charged with an element fatal to the best interests of Japan, and consequently, to be deprecated as inimical to the general interests of those who seek her commodities, or who find in her a customer. We all admire the wisdom of the shopkeeper, who, when his son was called out on service as a militiaman, in quelling a riot, entreated him to 'spare the customers.' Now, as the well-being of any state with which we have intercourse is in no small degree blended with our own, we must deplore and suffer from the degradation of any large community. It is clear, at least to my mind, that if 'China-bane,' I mean opium, should be sent to Japan, we shall be disregarding the injunction to 'spare the customers,' for we shall, in fact, be poisoning them, and by so doing we shall ourselves suffer, directly or indirectly, sooner or later. To employ a trite phrase, 'it will not pay.' It is capable, I think, of demonstration, that it does not pay in China, but that comes not under our consideration this evening, nor is the present a fit occasion for adverting to the moral and political bearings of this question. It is only incumbent on me at the present time to call attention to the prospective influence of the introduction of opium upon our intercourse with the Japanese, and to express the hope that Christian governments, so called, and an enlightened public opinion, will co-operate with the Japanese in averting the opium traffic from that country, for they are an amiable and unoffending race."

These observations, we repeat, purport to be grounded on the fact that attempts have actually been made to introduce the proscribed traffic. But accounts of more direct outrages upon the public feeling of Japan have reached us. Here is an extract from the *Daily Press*, a Hong-Kong journal, under the date of 21st April, 1859:—

"The sooner the consuls are at their
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posts in Japan, and the treaties ratified, the better. The sailors from the ships are bringing sad disgrace on the foreign name. At the fire which occurred at Decima a few weeks back, they behaved most shamefully, and it was known that they had plundered dollars to a considerable amount. These they of course desired to spend after the Jack-on-shore fashion. They, accordingly, go on shore in quest of drink, and commit all those excesses for which their class, under such circumstances, is notorious. Some of these sailors had armed themselves, and had taken refuge in the mountains, but had been apprehended and sent back to their ships. The Japanese Government were naturally much incensed at this, and the foreign community greatly grieved."

And, under a still more recent date, we are made acquainted, from another source, with the following state of things:—

"Four British merchants, whose names are recorded, and many others not known nominally, have sent into the Japanese officials requisitions for exchange into Japanese currency of more foreign dollars than probably exist in the world. But those gentlemen have reckoned without their host. From some unexplained cause it happens that we are represented at Yeddo by the man of all others most fitted for the post—a gentleman not only upright and firm, but of great experience in the trade of the East. Mr. Rutherford Alcock, who went to Japan as Consul-General, and has recently been invested with a diplomatic character, has put his hand on these gentry, and exposed their doings

in a despatch to the Acting-Consul at Kanagawa, the principal port of Japanese trade. Of the requisitions sent in, Mr. Alcock says:—"Some are a positive disgrace to any one bearing the name of an Englishman, or having a character to lose. Not only the sums, in their preposterous amount, are an insult to the Japanese Government, to whose officers these requisitions were presented, but they are documents essentially false and dishonest, as purporting to be the names of individuals having a real existence, and entitled to demand facilities for trade; whereas mere words are used as names, and made to convey gross and offensive comments. There are some outrages against society and the common interests of nations only to be fitly dealt with by giving them publicity, that the reprobation of all honest and rational men may overtake those who permit themselves such licence, even where the law may fail to reach them."

The authorities have taken the alarm—threats have been held out—our Consul has exerted himself; and a check has been given to these proceedings for the present. But will such a state of things be long tolerated? Will the missionary be always discriminated from the drunken and riotous British seaman? It is to be hoped, at least, that the other nations which have obtained an equal footing with ourselves upon the foreign shore may not take a hint from the policy of the Dutch in the sixteenth century.

THE WOOING AND THE WINNING OF AMY O'NEILL:

A WINTER NIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

"Good wine needs no bush," and a good, genuine story needs no prolix introduction. I am not like Canning's "needy knife-grinder," in the "Anti-Jacobin," who answered the eager patriot with—"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!" Now, I *have* a story to tell, containing quite as much truth as four-fifths of the "founded-on-fact" narratives which the "mob who write" yearly pour into the lap of the over-indulgent public.

I am an author—by profession. I had—and have—a dearly beloved friend, Aylott Aytoun by name, a gentleman by birth, and an author like myself—but only an amateur one.

One morning—no matter when, and no matter where—I received a heart-warm letter from Mr. Aytoun, inviting me to spend a few weeks at his country home on a friendly visit. He told me that he lived with his "dear old widowed mother"—he, her only child. "My foster-sister," said he, "Amy O'Neill, lives with us, as she has done ever since she was a few weeks old. She is a fine, warm-hearted, merry, 'wild Irish girl,' and I'm sure you will like her. A friend of hers, a Miss Lamond, a calm, douce, dignified young lady—the very antithesis of Amy—is on a visit to her. 'Our village,' as you are aware, is within a few miles of Lowestoft, in Suffolk. Our house is on an eminence about a mile from the sea-beach, and commanding a glorious view of the German Ocean. I have a beautiful half-decked pleasure-boat, and for land excursions a pony is at your service, and as Amy has one also, you can accompany her on long rides through our beautiful rural scenery, and she will be very proud to be your guide and companion, for I have managed to impress her with profound admiration and reverence for all men-of-letters, so that a real professional author like you will be a literary hero—a lion—a star of the first magnitude in her eyes! The louder you roar, and shake the glittering dew-drops from your literary mane, the greater will be the awe of your unsophisticated admirers."

I could not resist this: I joyfully accepted the invitation.

Eight and forty hours after receipt of the letter, I reached Wrentham, where he awaited me. An hour later we arrived at his home, where I was cordially welcomed. Instead of being an ordinary comfortable modern villa, or something of that sort, I was astonished to find it a great, ancient, picturesque mansion, with numerous gables, turrets, and parapets. It was erected on the site of an abbey, destroyed by Henry VIII.; and part of the original edifice yet remained in excellent preservation, incorporated with the more modern portions. It was an ancestral possession of the Aylotts, having belonged to the family from the time of James I., who bestowed it on their ancestor, who had accompanied the king from Scotland, when he ascended the English throne. My friend was the last of his race. I found his mother a fine old country lady, unaffectedly proud of her son, and anxious to show every possible hospitality to any friend of his. His foster-sister, Amy O'Neill, proved to be just the sort of girl I had fancied; I confess that Aylott's allusions to her had piqued my curiosity a good deal, and I had indulged in romantic imaginings concerning her. She was not exactly a sylphide; but you might search England through ere you found a more exquisitely proportioned, more graceful, bounding creature of warm flesh and blood. Her features were lovely in repose; but when lighted up, as they generally were, by buoyant irrepressible mirth and joyousness, she was indeed bewitching. Her age was nineteen. Her history was indeed affecting. Her mother, a distant relative, and very dear friend of Mrs. Aytoun, had resided with the latter until wooed and won by Mr. O'Neill, an Irish gentleman of ancient family, and of large, but heavily mortgaged property. The union promised to be a very happy one; but, alas! for human prescience. On the very first anniversary of his marriage, Mr. O'Neill was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot. His wife was

on a visit at the time to Mrs. Aytoun, and when the fatal news arrived, the terrible shock occasioned the premature birth of Amy, and the death of the young mother three days subsequently. It happened that Mrs. Aytoun, herself, had been confined a few weeks before, but her infant had died when a month old. She now at once took the orphan child of her deceased friend to her bosom, and resolved to rear it, as though it were indeed her own; and thus it was that Amy O'Neill became the foster-sister of Aylott Aytoun. Mr. O'Neill had no near living relatives; and when his affairs were investigated it was found that the mortgages almost equalled the value of his estates. After all was settled, a sum of one thousand pounds only remained, which was invested in the funds for the little orphan. It is hardly necessary to add, that the latter was brought up by Mrs. Aytoun, as though verily her own.

Miss Lamond, the young lady on a visit with Amy, was a year or two older, a fair and lovely woman; but, as Aylott had truly described her, "calm, douce, and dignified;" qualities which were thrown into strong relief by the frank, merry, insouciant manner of Amy.

All the country pleasures promised me by Aylott were more than realized. Never did I enjoy myself more intensely. Every day deserved marking with a white stone. But nothing interested me more than the characters of my friend Aylott and his fascinating foster-sister. I have previously said that Aylott was eccentric in his writings, and he was equally so in his personal behaviour; and yet his peculiarities were of a kind that only rendered me more and more attached to him. As to Amy O'Neill, she also was very original, and exceedingly piquant; and when I say that the way in which Aylott and Amy occasionally behaved towards each other was quite an enigma, I write no more than the truth. Both of them, from the very first day of my visit, regarded me as though I were a confidential member of the family, and they never restrained themselves the least in my presence.

One morning, about a week after my arrival, we were all confined to the house by rainy weather, and Aylott and I had retreated to the library.

He said he felt inclined to write, and sat down to his desk at the table; whilst I, not to interrupt him, selected a book, and stretched myself on a lounge near the great oriel window. Ere long I heard the door gently open, and turning my head, I beheld Amy O'Neill enter. Aylott's back was towards her; and with an arch smile she nodded, and pressed her forefinger to her lip as a warning to me not to rise nor speak.

So intent was Aylott on his task, that he either did not, or would not, notice the entrance of the fair girl, who tripped in light and airy as a fawn, and unhesitatingly approached close to his side, where she demurely clasped her little hands together, with her arms hanging down before her, and her eyes fixed on the sheet of paper which the writer was rapidly scrawling over. He looked somewhat older than he really was, his age being about six and twenty. He was rather tall, well made, with handsome pale features, long hair, and very dark hazel eyes. He wore a large moustache, and was very carelessly, not to say slovenly, attired. Although undoubtedly aware of the presence of the visiter by his side, he took not the slightest notice of her; but a very uncomplimentary recognition of her contiguity was implied by a growl, which he emitted through his closed lips, whilst he impatiently continued to write.

Amy stood in the attitude described, without uttering a syllable, until the writer suddenly paused, and abstractedly twirled his moustache. Then he again wrote a line or two, but instantly cast away the pen, and struck the table such a blow, that he upset the ink; and, to add to his mortification, he heard a roguish chuckle, which the young girl vainly strove to repress. His rage then found vent in words.

"Of all infernal——"

"O, fie, Aylott! What's amiss?"

"Why, just this!" fiercely retorted he. "Whenever I am in the heat of my noblest efforts, you are sure to creep alongside and murder all. It's too bad—'twould madden a saint!"

"I never heard that *you* were one! And I'm sure I didn't open my lips."

"I don't care. I knew you stood by, and I lost my train of thought instantaneously."

"Well, I'm very sorry; but you'll forgive me this time, I know."

"O yes, confoundedly sorry, no doubt;" savagely retorted he. "You're always very sorry, and very innocent, and very penitent; though it's marvellous that you manage this sort of thing a dozen times a day, in spite of sorrow, and innocence, and penitence. But I've noted all down in the log," grimly added he; "and if I don't pay off all scores in the long run, may I founder with all standing! And now you've done the utmost mischief you can, just please to vamoose!"

But the young lady evidently meant to do anything rather than "vamoose," or vanish; and, quite unmoved by the unamiable language addressed to her, her cheeks dimpled, and her blue eyes brightly sparkled, as she unclasped her hands, and bent over the shoulder of the angry author, who had sullenly placed both elbows on the table, and sunk his head on the palms of his hands, pretending to be absorbed in what he had just written—the hypocrite! With the utmost coolness, Amy seized one of his wrists with her left hand, and drew it away from his head. Then playfully throwing her right arm around his neck, she stooped until her glowing cheek almost touched his, her bright auburn tresses blending with his black elf locks.

"What is it you are writing, Aylott, dear?"

No reply.

"Is it one of your sea tales?"

No reply.

"A page of your travels?"

No reply.

"A love story—a tale of woman's constancy?"

"Confounded humbug!"

"O, fie! You know all poets sing the praises of lovely woman."

"Poets are liars—women, devils."

The wilful girl maliciously twitched away the loose sheet of manuscript, on which the ink was still wet; and before the author could intercept her, had bounded away to the other end of the spacious apartment; and after clapping her hands twice or thrice with glee, she commenced reading it aloud:—

"Well may woman be termed the load-star of the universe, the single drop of honey in the world's cup of gall, the ——"

She had not time to read further, for the exasperated author sprang for-

ward to seize his precious lucubration; but she was too quick for him; and whilst he chased her round the room, she managed to crumple up the sheet, and thrust it, where young ladies habitually thrust all sorts of "unconsidered trifles"—into her bosom. Hardly had she done this ere she was in the grasp of her pursuer.

"Give it me!" roared he.

The cunning little puss instantly stood perfectly still, and affecting timidly to cast down her eyes, she gently murmured—

"Won't a kiss be a fair exchange?"

"Kisses ——"

A snowy hand firmly closed his lips ere the forbidden word passed them. He tore it away, however, and reiterated his demand for the restoration of his property.

"I'll tell you what, Aylott," answered she, very quietly, and with the most provoking look conceivable, "what I've got is a lawful prize, fairly won, and I won't surrender it for any ransom you can offer. And if you attempt to deprive me of it, I'll stamp and scream—oh, so loudly!"

"I don't care if you scream ten thousand murders!" was the fierce retort; but at this moment a light tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Miss Lamond, before whom the indignant author slightly recoiled, looking a little foolish, whilst his tormentor instantly darted forward, crying—

"O, save me, Miss Lamond! save me from this terrible pirate, ogre, author, and every thing that's bad!"

Miss Lamond seemed surprised at the appeal so naïvely made to her for protection; and before speaking, glanced alternately at the belligerents. Aylott was unmistakably angry, and he took no pains to conceal it. His features were flushed, his lips compressed; one hand he thrust into his breast, and with the other unconsciously doubled up the large swan-quill pen he had snatched from the table at the moment he rose to pursue the fair thief. As to the latter, she had placed herself behind Miss Lamond, ostensibly for safety; but how little she apprehended coercive measures at the hands of Aylott, was evidenced by the saucy *à triumphe* attitude she assumed, and the riant expression of her beautiful countenance, which was one blaze of animation.

"What is the matter, Amy?" asked Miss Lamond, in a sweet gentle tone, darting at the same time a deprecatory glance at the chafing form of the aggrieved author.

"Only look at him!" cried the merry rogue, by way of reply. "Did you ever see such an embodiment of savage fury? O, I wouldn't be alone with him just now;—no, not for all the perfumes of Araby the Blest! He is a real tiger; as terrible as any of his favourite pirate heroes in that awful sea tale of his?"

The book to which she thus alluded was the first work which Aylott had published. He wrote it when very young, and he prided himself upon it to an intense degree. A sensitive chord was thus rudely struck, as the provoking speaker deliberately intended. The author glared at her with a ferocity, and uttered a growl somewhat resembling that of the interesting tenant of the forest to which she had so flatteringly likened him; then he gave such a stamp with his heel that Miss Lamond started with real alarm. Not so Amy, however, for she indulged in her own inimitable silvery chuckle to her heart's content.

Poor Miss Lamond was painfully perplexed. She evidently was astonished at the affair altogether, and did not understand either of her friends so well as they understood one another. She perceived that Amy had committed some act which had roused the deep ire of Aylott, but what it was she could not imagine, nor did either of the hostile parties seem inclined to tell her. Anxious to act as a mediator, she turned reprovingly to Amy, and said:—

"You have done something very naughty, and you must make amends for your fault. What *have* you done?"

"Ask that smiling corsair himself—only ask him!" was Amy's reply.

"May I venture to do so, Mr. Aytoun?" gently murmured Miss Lamond.

Instead of answering in a gentlemanlike manner, the incensed Aylott muttered something, and stalked away with the mien of an insulted emperor to his own chair, into which he flung himself with a crash, and immediately commenced tearing up a piece of paper into minute fragments.

Miss Lamond looked perfectly bewildered, and much pained, but Amy clapped her hands, and cried—

"Oh, I do positively believe he is angry now, for he always takes his revenge in that majestic way, when wickedly inclined. And do you know, Miss Lamond, I shouldn't at all wonder at him now writing a most beautiful—beau-tiful—essay on the evils of anger and uncharitableness. He always writes his fine moral things when he is himself in a desperate sinful humour. Oh, if his readers only knew what *I* know!"

Miss Lamond hastily and anxiously attempted to check the wilful Amy, but the latter only replied by loudly exclaiming—

"I don't care! he knows 'tis true! And I only wish he would fall in love with you—yes, I *do*!—that you might tame him, for he is not fit for civilized society at present!"

Miss Lamond blushed, and saying with dignity a few words of well-merited reprehension, quitted the room. This was apparently what Amy wished, for she then immediately walked towards Aylott, and banishing every trace of raillery from her mobile features, assumed a very penitential air, and coaxingly offered him her plump snowball of a hand.

"You will be friends again, won't you, Aylott dear?"

"*Der Fanden!*" (Danish, ladies, which I will *not* translate!) growled he, wheeling his chair half round.

She was not to be thus baffled, and fronting him again, she said—

"I know I have been very naughty and amazingly wicked, but you will forgive me this once? Here is your manuscript"—taking the paper from her bosom—"I never meant to keep it, and I won't tell anybody what you *wrote* and what you *said* about 'lovely woman.' Now, will you shake hands—and forget and forgive?"

This was really said sincerely, and even anxiously, but the irate being she addressed vouchsafed not a word of reply, and snatching the proffered manuscript, he instantly tore it to atoms.

Poor Amy was now truly vexed in turn. Murmuring to herself—"And he has no other copy!" she stood a moment as though hesitating whether to box his ears madly or to burst into tears, and then suddenly turned away

and ran out of the room, violently slamming the door.

Oh, the mysteries of woman's heart!

Mr. Aylott Aytoun seemed a little bit ashamed of himself (so at least I thought, for he glanced slyly at me as I sat pretending to read the book in my hand), but after a few minutes' pause he coolly locked his desk, and stalked away, reciting aloud the lines—

"A lass is good, and a glass is good,
And a pipe is good in cold weather;
And the world is good, and the people are
good,
And we're all good fellows together!"

I am not exactly certain whether I took this hint aright, but I interpreted it to signify that I was not to trouble my mind in the least about the recent squall. And I didn't!

CHAPTER II.

THE following day proved very wet and tempestuous, and we were again all confined within doors. Aytoun occupied himself in his own private "den," as Amy termed it, and I spent the greater part of the day in overhauling the books in the library. The drawingroom and library were contiguous, and although usually entered by separate doors, they were also connected by a great double folding-door in the partition wall between them, by which means they could be thrown into one when a large party was entertained. It happened that on the occasion in question one half of the folding-door was ajar, so that from the position in which I sat I had a full view of the drawingroom, wherein sat the young ladies, who were chatting together in that pretty but very illogical and discursive style young ladies usually indulge in, when Amy slyly observed—

"But you have not yet told me what you think of the Corsair?"

"If you mean Mr. Aytoun," replied Miss Lamond, gravely, "I certainly cannot tell you, for you know that I have only seen him some half-a-dozen times, and I—I—really I am unable to form any precise opinion yet."

"O, isn't he a darling pet—a paragon of chivalry—a finished gentleman?"

Amy spoke with such irresistible unction, and looked so preternaturally serious, that Miss Lamond smiled in spite of herself, and confessed that hitherto she had not seen Mr. Aylott Aytoun in the exemplary character in question.

"Now do be candid!" cried Amy, "and tell me if you ever could have believed on any amount of hearsay, that the author of the works you so much admire, could be such a rugged bear himself as you find him?"

"But who perversely does all she can to make him such?" archly questioned Miss Lamond. "I have never yet seen Mr. Aytoun except in your company, and all your delight seems to consist in teasing and exasperating him. It is really too bad of you, and I am quite as much astonished at your behaviour as at his."

Amy vented a little scream of exultation, and clapped her hands in her customary way when pleased—that is to say, as loudly as such soft palms could possibly be clapped.

"That's it!" exclaimed she. "I wanted to make you speak your mind. I knew you already thought me a wild Irish girl—an untameable, wilful, inexplicable creature! Ah, dear Miss Lamond! you little imagined that your demure sentimental correspondent was what you find me to be, now you have gladdened me with a visit?"

"No, indeed I did not."

"And you haven't seen half of me yet—you don't understand me at all at all!"

"I begin to fear I do not."

"Well, don't look so grave, so funny, so frightened—or I shall laugh outright. And you don't understand Aylott, either!"

"I much fear that even you do not," seriously responded Miss Lamond.

"O, but I do—better than he does himself!" laughed Amy, with sparkling eyes.

Miss Lamond shook her head, and affectionately taking Amy's hand, she said—

"You will not be offended by the advice of a sincere friend?"

"Will I not be thankful for it?" and she kissed Miss Lamond's brow.

"Then listen, dear Amy. Mr. Aytoun seems to me a very extraordinary character, and certainly any

thing but the amiable gentleman I anticipated to find him."

"Ah, you don't understand him, I tell you!"

"I have already said that I do not. But there could be no mistaking his anger towards yourself this morning—if, indeed, he did not partly assume it from some motive."

"Oh, no!—Aylott never affects what he does not really feel. He would scorn to act the hypocrite."

"Well, then, does it not strike you that if you persist in annoying him in your apparently reckless manner, he will soon positively and permanently dislike you?"

Amy laughed incredulously, and said she should particularly like to see that day.

"Depend upon it you will, unless you behave differently."

"Why, Miss Lamond, there is not a living being who has any influence over him but myself!"

"I don't see much evidence of your influence, for he refused to dine with us to-day, in consequence of your conduct to him in the morning."

"O, he often sulks for hours and days together!"

"It is very shocking. And where is he now—what is he doing?"

"I can tell you, for I peeped into his sanctum a little while ago. He is

burning his idol, as good old John Wesley expressed it."

"Burning his idol! What do you mean?"

"Why, smoking bird's-eye tobacco in a black old pipe, to which he always has recourse when either in a very bad or a very good humour, and it soothes him into quietude."

"Well, I know not what to say, but from all I have seen and heard, I think he is fit for no other society than his 'idol,' as you term it."

"Is he not?" cried Amy, with much energy. "Now, I'll tell you what, Miss Lamond, there is not a man breathing who can be more fascinating in society than Aylott—when he pleases!"

"It is a pity, then, that he does not always please."

"Because it is his nature to be often crabbed and morose—and he never did, and never will, pretend to be amiable when he does not feel so. You should see him in his better moments—and you will soon. I tell you he is as noble-hearted a fellow as ever lived, and I won't hear one word in disparagement of him from even your lips, and I won't let anybody tease him—but myself! And that's a bit of my mind. Heigho!"

"Heigho, indeed," thought I!

CHAPTER III.

"THE Corsair," as Amy denominated Aylott, obstinately refused to favour the family with his interesting society during the whole of the day in question, nor did he make his appearance at the breakfast table on the following morning. In answer to a question from Miss Lamond, Amy carelessly explained the cause of his absence, by suggesting the extreme probability that he was yet happily enjoying some pleasant adventure in dream-land, insomuch as he frequently sat writing till daybreak, and then reposed—not in bed, but rolled up in his dear old blue sea-cloak—until noon. Sometimes, however, she said that the spirit moved him to go early to rest in a civilized fashion, and then he strolled forth before sunrise with his dog and gun, and rarely returned home till nightfall.

Miss Lamond opened her eyes and

slightly shrugged her shoulders at this further insight into the admirable domestic habits of the corsair and author, but ventured no remark, remembering the "bit of her mind" which sweet Amy had volunteered the previous evening.

After the meal was ended, Amy said she would go and see whether Aylott was really in the house or not, and away she tripped. A servant she met informed her that the young gentleman was in the front sitting-room, having retired there with a parcel of letters and newspapers the post-boy had just brought him. She forthwith softly approached the room, and had not made many steps ere she could hear chuckles of joy from Aylott's lips as he strode backwards and forwards the length of the room—a habit he had contracted by pacing the quarter-deck when at sea, and

which he invariably indulged in when pleasurably excited, no matter where or in what company he happened to be.

Amy unceremoniously burst in.

"Ah, Amy dear, is that you?" exclaimed he, in a tone of unfeigned pleasure, and suddenly stopping in his walk, he exultingly waved a newspaper aloft. He was now really and truly a "smiling corsair," for every lineament was blazing with joy and triumph.

"Something exceedingly like me. But what is it, Aylott, dear? Let me see this moment!" cried Amy, bounding up and snatching the *Times* from his grasp.

"Read—learn—mark—digest!" answered he, with almost vehement volubility. "The Thunderer—the Thunderer himself, Amy!"

The meaning of this rhapsody was that the *Times* had honoured Mr. Aylott Aytoun by a lengthy review of his new novel, and although there was fully as much blame as praise in the article, the mere fact that the "Thunderer" had so prominently noticed a young author like himself had excited him beyond bounds.

Amy, be it also known, was, at heart, almost as jealous of the literary fame of Mr. Aytoun, and as sensitive to any praise or censure of his labours, as he himself, and it was with intense eagerness that she glanced down the long columns and devoured the opening paragraph. Then she paused, and laying down the paper a moment, clapped her hands until every finger tingled, whilst she fairly screamed with delight.

"Read—read!" impatiently murmured Aylott.

"Read! I'll know it all by heart in a quarter of an hour!"

"And when you've done that, Amy, here's the publisher's letter—edition all sold off within fifty copies—glorious!"

This was indeed grand news, for sooth to say, however reviewers might have praised Aylott's previous works, he generally found himself a considerable sum minus when the

accounts were balanced at the end of the season.

"O, do let me take this paper for Miss Lamond to read too—she will be so delighted, for she loves your writings very much."

"Does she, though?" responded Aylott: and from that moment he inwardly began to hold Miss Lamond in a degree of favour she otherwise might have been long in attaining.

"Don't stir from here, Aylott, I'll be with you again directly!" and away Amy flew with the paper.

She kept her word, for having delivered the precious *Times* to Miss Lamond, with a most emphatic injunction to read every word of the review thrice over, under unheard of penalties, she scampered up to Aylott's private little study, and seizing his pipe and seal-skin tobacco pouch, hurriedly performed an operation very extraordinary for an accomplished young lady—for she charged the said pipe with a dexterity which evidenced that it could not be the first by many times that her snowy fingers had been employed in a similar task. With this potent propitiatory offering clutched in her hands, the "wild Irish girl" ran back to the sitting-room.

"Here, Aylott, dear, the calumet of peace, your soother, all ready filled. Now, by the time you've done, I'll fetch you to take a good long ramble with me and Miss Lamond. You'll go with us, and be gentlemanlike, and all that, to her; won't you? Only think of the Thunderer! The *Quarterly* will follow suit! Now, will you say yes?"

Aylott's eyes glistened with increased ardour, but before he responded he hastily examined the inestimable soother, to see that it had not sustained injury even at the gentle hands of Amy. Satisfied on this point, he gave a gracious and cordial assent to Amy's proposition, and away the warm-hearted girl vanished, bright as a sunbeam, and happy as the lark whose song floated through the open casement.

replied Aylott, preserving his gravity by a supernatural effort.

"Well, I don't know what to say," muttered the injured gentleman, diligently wiping the sweat of agony from his steaming brow, "but I really think you will some day be called upon to answer for the bloodthirsty deeds of that awful beast. Oh, what a merciful interposition of Providence it is that I have thus escaped!"

"The little affair is provoking certainly; but you stamped on poor Rover's paw, and you may recollect having once given him a piece of meat with pepper rolled in the centre?"

"Dear me, I had quite forgotten such a trifling circumstance as that!"

"Well, you see Rover remembered it, as I warned you at the time that he would. But I think you said you were about to call at the house?"

"Ah yes, I must see my respectable old friend."

"My mother will doubtless be very happy to see you," remarked Aylott, in a tone of bitter irony. "The ladies are impatient, sir, so I must bid you good morning."

"Good mor—oh, one more word, Mr. Aytoun, if you please. Does that dreadful creature go about unmuzzled at your house?"

"He does indeed, sir—day and night."

"Seeking whom he may devour!" wickedly insinuated Amy.

"Bless me! dear, dear! I must be very careful when I make my visits in future."

"You had better, sir."

Mr. Maleverton's back was hardly

turned ere Amy burst into an extravagant peal of laughter, and then she stooped and fondly caressed Rover.

"Noble fellow!" cried she, "I love you more than ever now!"

"Really, Amy, such a sentiment is hardly Christian-like!" exclaimed Miss Lamond, who was shocked at the idea that her young friend rejoiced that Rover had put a gentleman in mortal bodily fear.

"Oh, you don't know the wretch, or you would say as I do. I loathe and abhor and scorn a fawning reptile who clothes his wickedness in the garb of hypocrisy—and that's what Maleverton does. Ask Aylott what he thinks of him."

"I think him a disgrace to humanity, and wouldn't lift my little finger to save him from the gallows! And whenever I look at that face of his, with the white neckcloth beneath it, I am somehow always reminded of the devil grinning over a wreath of snow!" was Aylott's very explicit response to the appeal of Amy.

Miss Lamond was perfectly silenced, and setting aside the mere abstract question of whether Mr. Maleverton was or was not deserving of these very decisive opinions on his personal and peculiar merits, she inwardly resolved never more to trouble her mind about any future squabbles between her interesting friends Aylott and Amy, for she now clearly perceived that whenever a third party took either of them to task the other would fly to the rescue with a vengeance.

I was pretty much of Miss Lamond's opinion in this respect.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW hours subsequent to the above scene, Miss Lamond and Amy were again together in the drawing-room, and I, for the second time, became an unintentional, but not uninterested, listener to a conversation which ensued between them. Both the young ladies were perfectly aware that I was in the library, within sight and earshot. They either deliberately regarded my presence as of no consequence, or else insensibly forgot it during the warmth of confidential conversation.

Miss Lamond was tranquilly occupied with some embroidery, and Amy

was reading a new novel, which did not seem greatly to interest her, for she yawned repeatedly, and restlessly turned over leaf after leaf without discovering any passage that fixed her attention. At length she deliberately pitched the three volumes, one after the other, to the centre of the room, exclaiming—

"I'd sooner read 'The Young Lady's Best Companion' than that stupid, mawkish trash! What stuff they do write and print nowadays! Gracious me," added she, springing up in a pet, "what a notion the author

Aylott roared with laughter, and even Miss Lamond could not forbear a more moderate expression of risibility.

Amy disengaged her ribbon, and was neatly rolling it up, when, happening to raise her eyes towards the gateway opening to the lawn from the village road, a flush of keen vexation chased away her radiant smiles, and she hurriedly exclaimed—

"For goodness' sake come away! There is that sleek hypocrite, Maleverton, creeping towards the house."

The individual who elicited this unequivocal, though rather uncomplimentary, notice from Amy, had just entered the broad pathway of the lawn, and was leisurely approaching the group. Aylott instantly offered his arm to Miss Lamond, and Amy seized mine, and we walked forward at a pace which soon brought us in contact with the visitor. He was a tall meagre figure, primly attired in black, with a stiff white neckcloth, and had a long, lank, sallow, sanctimonious visage. As he came up he removed his hat, exhibiting sleek oily brown hair closely pressed round his head, and bowing very low, essayed a smile, which, nevertheless, resembled a grin more than aught else, and in a smirking voice said—

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure! And how is my charming friend, Miss Amy?"

"Quite as well as can be expected under present circumstances," keenly retorted Amy, with unconcealed disgust.

"And how do you find yourself, Mr. Aytoun?"

"I am quite well, sir, I thank you," answered Aylott, with freezing politeness.

"Ah, that is good. Health is a blessing, sir, of which we have reason to be proud—I mean thankful, piously, humbly thankful. Ahem! And how is the excellent Madame Ay—"

"I believe you will find her at home, sir!" interrupted Aylott, tartly.

"Ah, that is quite an additional pleasure, I am sure. I was about to make a morning call."

"And we are about to take a morning stroll, as you perceive," said Aylott, in a tone very significantly expressive of a desire to be rid of his company.

"So I already surmised. Ah, this lovely spring weather tempts us forth to enjoy the enchanting beauties of nature—to contemplate the starry heavens—I mean the—the harmony of the universe—to look from earth up to the shining, blooming skies!" And here Mr. Maleverton turned his eyes upward until only the tip of his nose was visible.

"Ah, Miss Amy, as St. Novalis touchingly observes in one of his homilies——"

What St. Novalis had observed the hearers were unhappily prevented from learning, in consequence of a little unforeseen accident occurring at the moment. It must be premised that Rover had unequivocally manifested as much dislike, in his way, to the worthy Mr. Maleverton, as his master and Amy did; and during the conversation he had kept growling in an undertone, and disdainfully prowling around his legs. It so happened that Mr. Maleverton, in order, possibly, to give due emphasis to St. Novalis' opinion (whatever that might be), had raised his right foot to stamp it impressively down again, and in doing this he inadvertently set his heel on one of the forepaws of Rover, who, without pausing to reflect whether the assault was premeditated or not, instantly closed his vast jaws on the nether parts of Mr. Maleverton, in a firm grip. That excellent individual vented a terrific scream, and made a convulsive pirouette without releasing himself from the grasp of his assailant, who held on like grim death.

"Oh, dear—the devil—Mr. Aytoun—he'll tear me to pieces!" howled the miserable victim, his features hideously contorted.

A word from Aylott at once caused Rover to relinquish his captive, and Mr. Maleverton, with piteous groans, energetically rubbed his hands over the surface lately in the jaws of the dog, but happily found that the only damage he had sustained was the laceration of his garments where the fangs of Rover had penetrated. Miss Lamond turned her head aside, Aylott bit his lips, and Amy thrust the end of her shawl into her mouth, during the examination.

"Mr. Aytoun—sir—may I ask if that ferocious brute is to be shot after this?"

"Mr. Maleverton—sir—he is not!"

replied Aylott, preserving his gravity by a supernatural effort.

"Well, I don't know what to say," muttered the injured gentleman, diligently wiping the sweat of agony from his steaming brow, "but I really think you will some day be called upon to answer for the bloodthirsty deeds of that awful beast. Oh, what a merciful interposition of Providence it is that I have thus escaped!"

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"Really, Amy, such a sentiment is hardly Christian-like!" exclaimed Miss Lamond, who was shocked at the idea that her young friend rejoiced that Rover had put a gentleman in mortal bodily fear.

"Oh, you don't know the wretch, or you would say as I do. I loathe and abhor and scorn a fawning reptile who clothes his wickedness in the garb of hypocrisy—and that's what Maleverton does. Ask Aylott what he thinks of him."

"I think him a disgrace to humanity, and wouldn't lift my little finger to save him from the gallows! And whenever I look at that face of his, with the white neckcloth beneath it, I am somehow always reminded of the devil grinning over a wreath of snow!" was Aylott's very explicit response to the appeal of Amy.

Miss Lamond was perfectly silenced, and setting aside the mere abstract question of whether Mr. Maleverton was or was not deserving of these very decisive opinions on his personal and peculiar merits, she inwardly resolved never more to trouble her mind about any future squabbles between her interesting friends Aylott and Amy, for she now clearly perceived that whenever a third party took either of them to task the other would fly to the rescue with a vengeance.

I was pretty much of Miss Lamond's opinion in this respect.

CHAPTER V.

A few hours subsequent to the above scene, Miss Lamond and Amy were again together in the drawing-room, and I, for the second time, became an unintentional, but not uninterested, listener to a conversation which ensued between them. Both the young ladies were perfectly aware that I was in the library, within sight and earshot. They either deliberately regarded my presence as of no consequence, or else insensibly forgot it during the warmth of confidential conversation.

Miss Lamond was tranquilly occupied with some embroidery, and Amy

was reading a new novel, which did not seem greatly to interest her, for she yawned repeatedly, and restlessly turned over leaf after leaf without discovering any passage that fixed her attention. At length she deliberately pitched the three volumes, one after the other, to the centre of the room, exclaiming—

"I'd sooner read 'The Young Lady's Best Companion' than that stupid, mawkish trash! What stuff they do write and print nowadays! Gracious me," added she, springing up in a pet, "what a notion the author

of this immortal work has of love! I have imbibed his vapourings until I absolutely feel ready to faint. For pity's sake lend me your smelling bottle, dear!"

"I really do not think you are in very imminent need of it, Amy."

Indeed she was not, for the next moment she began singing—

"Is nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo?"

so dolorously that her serene companion was moved to tears—of laughter.

"Miss Lamond," suddenly cried Amy, brusquely changing her tone, "were you ever in love?"

"What a question!"

"The momentous one—when put by a gentleman! But do tell me, dear, I am dying to know!"

"Why so?"

"Because I am curious to learn the symptoms—what people feel who are really in love, and all that sort of thing."

"I think, then, you had much better ask Mr. Aytoun, who probably would be a higher authority than myself," rather wickedly rejoined Miss Lamond, fixing a smiling, but keen, glance on Amy, as she uttered the sentence. Contrary to her expectation, however, the latter was not in the least disconcerted, but shook her head, and with a slight—an almost imperceptible pout, replied—

"Bah! I might just as well ask my great toe as Aylott! He has no more notion of what love is than Sir Isaac Newton had!"

"How do you know that? He has written some charming love tales."

"Mere imagination. All authors write their love scenes without the remotest conception of what the real thing is, and their gullible readers fancy it gospel!"

"But Mr. Aytoun has been in many foreign lands, and must have met many lovely women. Is his heart susceptible?"

"As marble!"

"So you may fancy, Amy, but I repeat that you cannot know what he may have felt in fascinating foreign society."

"He may have felt himself a fool now and then, but, depend upon it, he never felt himself in love."

"Once more—how do you know that?"

"Because I *do*!" was the reply of Amy, couched in the oracular logic which ladies alone use, and which is unanswerable.

"Well, I cannot give you any insight into what love is—and you say, that Mr. Aytoun cannot—but, pray, have you never experienced it yourself, my sweet questioner?"

"Not a bit. But I'll tell you what, Miss Lamond, I've been dreaming about it, and thinking it must be a very pleasant thing."

"Upon my word, Amy, you speak frankly!"

"I always do. And I should—oh, how I *should* like somebody to fall in love with me. Heigho!"

"The Corsair, for instance, eh, Amy?"

"O, he's so stupid! Rover, his pipe, his '*Sea-bird*,' and his books, quite fill his heart, and I don't think that Cleopatra herself, nor Helen of Troy even, would have been able to deprive him of a wink of sleep. But what must I do to make somebody fall in love with me? I am always singing—

'Heigho, for somebody!
Heigho, for somebody!
I wad do—I ken na what,
For the sake of somebody!'

"Why, I think the readiest way would be for you to first fall in love with somebody, and then somebody, perhaps, would sing bye-and-by,

'But most of all, whoe'er loves me, I love!'

"O, yes, but I don't want a mere traffic in love. If I gave as much as I received, that would be simple barter, and I should feel no richer. What I want is for some creature to idolize me—to adore me—to worship the very ground I tread upon—to stealthily quaff his wine out of a worn-out slipper of mine he has stolen!"

"And that's your idea of manly love, is it?"

"A very good one, too. O, Venus! if I had only one of the lords of creation sighing his soul away at my feet, wouldn't I give him a taste of the felicities of the love-stricken! He should wish himself at the bottom of the Red Sea twenty times a day!"

"You little tyrant!" ejaculated Miss Lamond, eyeing Amy's animated countenance dubiously. "And what sort of a slave would you like thus to wreak your avowedly merciless domi-

nion on? Do you prefer a black coat, a red coat, or a blue jacket?"

"Hum! I may have a sneaking predilection for a particular cloth, but that's a secret between me and my pillow. The main thing would be any thing in the shape of man."

"And you would welcome the first who would lay his heart on your shrine?"

"To be sure I should."

"Did you ever hear of the danger of playing with edged tools, Amy?"

"A fable to frighten the timid! O, I don't care whom nor what the creature may be who first looks unutterable things, and stammers his tale of passion in my greedy listening ear. An Othello himself should be welcome!"

"Amy, dear, do you know that if I believed you meant only one-half what you say, I should detest you?"

By way of reply, the "wild Irish girl" sprang forward, flung herself on the bosom of her friend, wound her arms round her neck, pressed her to her heart, and covered her with kisses.

Miss Lamond gently returned the spontaneous embrace, and whispered: "Ah, Amy, I strongly suspect that whenever you get a lover, you will be more apt to caress him in this fashion than to exercise the cruelties you threaten."

Poor Amy only sighed, whilst a tear sprang to her eye unbidden.

At this juncture the door was unceremoniously opened and in stalked Aylott Aytoun. The young ladies, especially Miss Lamond, were thrown into some little confusion by the unexpected apparition of the redoubted corsair, who grimly chuckled as his quick eye detected them lovingly embracing each other.

"O ho!" sneered he, "Hermia and Helene—a second edition, with embellishments."

"That's more than there ever will be of your immortal poems!" retorted Amy, with her accustomed spirit. "What have you come prowling here for, tiger?"

"Tiger—am I? Then beware of my claws!"

"I'll cut them off if they approach me."

"Hah!" Then he added in the quick stern tone of command which he had learnt to use on shipboard—"I want you, Amy!"

"You are likely to want a very long time, Corsair."

"No mutiny! Heave a-head!"

"I'm very comfortable where I am."

"Avast palaver. You know very well the confounded proofs must be sent by this post; so trip anchor, and get under way!"

"I will not go!" protested the mutinous Amy, with a most bewitching pout; but even as she said it, she rose to obey the imperious mandate of the polite Aytoun, who, quite aware that she would forthwith "trip anchor," as he classically designated it, majestically sailed away himself without further parley.

"Does he really require you on business; and what does he mean by 'proofs?'" innocently inquired Miss Lamond.

"Business! yes; and very important business—to him!" laughed Amy.

"He wants me, my dear, to correct some proof-sheets of his new work, after he has twice gone through them himself. He has such faith in my taste that he makes me correct every proof-sheet he receives; and between ourselves, the public little knows what a debt of gratitude it owes to my supervision; for I sily strike out every naughty expression, and draw my pen through every wicked interjection, with as much glee as little Jack Horner evinced when he picked the plums out of the Christmas pie; and if I hadn't all along done that, many a pious and moral family would have shut their drawing-room doors on the works of Mr. Aylott Aytoun."

"Why, Amy," archly remarked Miss Lamond, "you seem to be taking lessons from his highness Aytoun, to enable you hereafter to become an invaluable bride for an author?"

Amy's eyes flashed with a spirit difficult to analyze; and in a calm, clear tone she deliberately replied—

"Heaven pity the poor creature who is so infatuated as to link her destiny with an author! What are authors? Listen to their character by one who knows them exceedingly well—

'The best are very vain—

The worst, sad sinners!

Callous of woman's pain,

Fond of their dinners!

With wrongs they will oppress—

With sharp tongues hurt you;—

Distrust—distrain—distress—

And then—desert you!"

Having infused the bitterest tone of scorn into the last two lines, Amy solemnly avowed that her conscience was very materially lightened by thus giving her dear Lamond a friendly hint as to the real character of all scribbling monsters; and then she archly added—

“But I must indeed make all sail

now, or the corsair will half blow me out of water, as soon as I come within range of his heavy metal.”

Thus speaking, away Amy scudded.

Miss Lamond looked exceedingly funny (as Amy herself would probably have expressed it,) when thus left alone; and pondered a long while on all she had recently seen and heard.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ensuing morning was as gloriously bright and sunny as heart could desire, and we all—the corsair included—assembled somewhat earlier than usual at the breakfast-table, with light and happy hearts. Various plans for spending the day were suggested and discussed; but the majority—Amy, Aylott, and myself—finally voted to go a-cruising in the *Seabird*, Aylott's beautiful pleasure-boat. We had, by-the-by, repeatedly made pleasant trips in her; and by “we,” the reader must understand the above illustrious trio, for Miss Lamond being, as already sufficiently indicated, a young lady of admirable prudence, propriety, and sagacity, invariably declined to trust herself afloat in a little vessel with such careless companions. Perhaps she was right; and certainly she acted on the old adage, that a burnt child dreads the fire; for, as I learnt, she *had* once reluctantly ventured, a few days before my arrival, on a sea trip, on which occasion she suffered much from *mal de mer*, and yet more from an intense dread that every curling green wave would swamp the boat; or, that the latter would capsize every time the spritsails jibed.

On the present occasion Miss Lamond contented herself by entering a formal dignified protest against aquatic amusements generally, which she pronounced to be dangerous follies at all times, and especially improper to be shared in or countenanced by the presence of young ladies. This somewhat spiteful hint drew forth a most cutting and crushing retort from gentle Amy, to the huge delight of Aylott Aytoun, and certainly not in the least to my own displeasure. Both Aylott and Amy, however, listened respectfully and affectionately to the anxious warning of Mrs. Aytoun, who conjured us all to be very careful, and not to run any risk; “for Aylott,” she remarked

to me, “is so rash and daring. Old John Winterton, who has followed the sea all his life, himself assured me that Aylott is a very good gentleman-sailor, but dreadfully reckless of all danger.”

“Mother, dear,” said Aylott, very seriously, “I may possibly deserve the character given me by old Jack; but believe me that I am only so daring and fearless when no life but my own is at risk. Do you think that I would madly jeopardize my friend, and—and Amy?”

“No, my dear boy, I am sure you would not!” tremulously answered Mrs. Aytoun; and thereupon Aylott threw his arm around his mother's neck and kissed her fondly.

“Miss Lamond,” said Aylott, gravely addressing that correct and composed young lady, with a wicked twinkle in his bright hawk's eye, “you have vindicated your own exemplary character for decorum and feminine timidity, and all that sort of thing, by declining to sanction our proposed sea-trip with your presence; and you have satisfied your conscience by intimating to this thoughtless Amy of ours your opinion of her unladylike predilection for boisterous and dangerous recreations. Deeply was I grieved and shocked when Amy, far from bowing to your sage rebuke with humility and becoming meekness, vindicated herself with considerable energy, and not content with that, actually presumed to sneer at your own highly commendable and praiseworthy prudence. Rely upon it I will take an early opportunity of most severely reprimanding her in private.”

“Oh, Aylott! this is really too bad!” exclaimed his mother, trying hard to look reprovingly at her son.

“You must not mind either him or Amy, my dear,” continued she, deprecatingly addressing Miss Lamond;

"for they are, as you now very well know, both of them quite incorrigible. I'm sure I don't know which is worse."

"Better, you mean," corrected Amy.

Miss Lamond looked a little flushed, and smiled rather bitterly, but made a suitable response in her usual imperturbable manner.

Even yet Aylott had not forgiven her for having, however unsuccessfully, attempted to "snub" Amy; and he resumed the attack.

"Miss Lamond," said he, "I believe that Scotch ladies are noted for their prudence and their shrewd common sense—are they not?"

"I have heard so: but I know nothing about them personally," was the slowly-uttered reply.

"Well, a young Scottish lady—one Miss Corbett—happens to have written a certain song anent going to sea a-pleasuring. I'm sure you'll like the title at any rate—'We'll go to sea no more.' A capital song it is."

"First-rate!" gleefully and energetically asseverated Amy.

"Ay, it really is; and as you know it very well, Amy, just recite it for the edification of our friend."

Miss Lamond protested that she didn't understand sea-songs, but her objection was overruled; and Amy forthwith recited, with immense animation, the following admirable piece:—

"I've seen the waves as blue as air,
I've seen them green as grass,
But I never feared their heaving yet,
From Grangemouth to the Bass.
I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
I've seen it white as snow,
But I never feared its foaming yet,
Though the winds blew high or low.
When squalls capsize our wooden walls,
When the French ride at the Nore,
When Leith meets Aberdour half way,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

"I never liked the landsman's life,
The earth is aye the same;
Gi'e me the ocean for my dower,
My vessel for my hame.
Gi'e me the fields that no man ploughs,
The farm that pays no fee;
Gi'e me the bonny fish, that glance
So gladly through the sea.
When sails hang flapping on the masts,
While through the wave we snore,
When in a calm we're tempest-tost,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more."

"Now, what do you say to *that*, Miss Lamond?"

Miss Lamond shook her head with an air of profound disapproval, and primly and despondingly replied that she feared Miss Corbett and Amy O'Neill were both exceptions to their sex.

"Glorious exceptions, too!" joyously chuckled Aylott, "and I only wish we had brave and bonny Miss Corbett here to join us, that we might try her mettle, for I'll back Amy against her, or any other lady, for nautical skill, knowledge, and enthusiasm."

Miss Lamond was thoroughly silenced, but though she said nothing, she probably thought the more.

We now arose, and all was bustle for our departure. Aylott's Seabird was lying at a small fishing hamlet about two miles distant, where she always was left in charge of John Winterton. We soon set off, accompanied by an old serving man—who was a sort of factotum in the house, being gardener, butler, and general attendant—bearing a great basketful of eatables and drinkables, intended for consumption during our day's cruise. After a delightful and merry walk we reached the little jetty, a few fathoms off which the Seabird was anchored. Two or three fishermen were lounging about, and they exchanged respectful greetings with Aylott, who was evidently a popular favourite.

"Where's old Winterton?" asked he.

They said he was somewhere "about;" and one of them speedily brought him—a venerable-looking yet hale old mariner, who had battled with the elements in every quarter of the globe during his long life afloat, ere he finally settled down as a fisherman in his native hamlet.

"We're going off to-day, Winterton, and have no time to lose. Is all in trim in the boat?"

"All in apple-pie order, sir; nothing to do but ship the masts."

"Then put us on board her at once."

The old man, assisted by two of his brother fishermen, immediately launched a boat lying half hauled up the beach, and bringing it to the jetty stairs, we stepped in, and in a minute were alongside the Seabird. The fishermen shipped her masts and the rudder, unfurled the sails, and set up the sprees, &c., and then hauled

the grapnel aboard. All was now ready.

"John," said Amy to Winterton, "how is your wife?"

"The old woman, ma'am, is much better, thank you kindly, but is still ailing and weakly like. But she'll weather it this bout, please God."

"I sincerely trust she will," answered Amy, rummaging in the basket the while. She soon extracted a bottle of port, and handing it to Winterton, said, "here is a bottle of wine for her, John. It will do her good. And pray don't forget to come up to the house to-morrow, and we will make up a basket of nice things for her, and I and Aylott will come and see her in a day or two."

"God bless your kind heart, ma'am, and reward you for your goodness," murmured old John.

We then stepped on board the Seabird, and prepared to cast off.

"If you please, Mr. Aytoun," said John, "if I may advise, you will take off the bonnets of the two spreet-sails, for it's blowing rather fresh outside."

"Very good; unlace the bonnets, my lads, and stow 'em handy in the stern lockers." (By-the-by, it is not usual, I believe, for a boat's spreet-sails to have bonnets attached; yet, I think them useful.)

The two younger fishermen promptly proceeded to do so, and old John meanwhile beckoned to Aylott, saying he wished to have a word with him. As they stood aloof in the fisherman's boat I could easily perceive that the old mariner was rather anxiously expressing his doubts of a heavy

change in the wind, for I caught the words—"goat's-hair sky last night," and "a mackerel sky this morning," which certainly it was, and, as I well knew, this usually betokened stormy weather brewing. Aylott glanced around and upwards, and made some remarks, to which John responded in a low, confidential tone. Then Aylott nodded seriously, and thrusting half-a-crown into the hand of his humble friend, he stepped on board the Seabird, and gave a shilling each—his usual gratuity to them—to the two fishermen, whom he dismissed to their own boat. We then sheeted and trimmed the sails, the Seabird's head cast off, and in another minute we were beating out of the little bay, cheered by loudly-expressed wishes for a pleasant trip by the three fishermen.

As we gallantly stood out to sea, I could not help mentally repeating to myself the exquisite stanza in one of Gray's odes—

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

Was there not something prophetic in these brilliant lines, and something ominous in the fact that I involuntarily recollected them, and applied them in a literal sense to ourselves? *Quien sabe?* as the Mexicans say!

CHAPTER VII.

THE Seabird was about twenty-five feet in length, and her greatest breadth of beam was nine. She was coppered up to her usual draught, and handsomely painted and decorated. She was what is called a half-decked boat; but literally speaking, the deck extended two-thirds of her length, leaving what would otherwise have been her quarter-deck open. This space was furnished with broad seats at a convenient height, and at the stern was a large locker for provisions and sundries. Beneath the half-deck were two sleeping berths, and room also for stores. A man-rope was

shipped all round the gunwale, supported by iron stanchions; and across the break of the half-deck abaft, and thence along the gunwales to the tafferel, were grooves and sockets for shipping wash-boards when required to ward off the spray in squally weather. As already intimated, she was rigged with two masts, hoisting large spreet-sails and a jib.

We stood boldly out several miles to sea, steered by Amy; and a capital *timoneerette* she proved herself to be, and quite an adept at boating. The jib righted itself—that is, its sheet had a "thimble" which traversed a small

iron rod extended athwart the fore-castle, and thus it adjusted itself to every slant of wind. On the present occasion the thimble did not traverse very well, and Amy quickly noticed this.

"Aylott," said she, "go for'ard and oil that thimble and rod; they must be rusty. And just bowse up the jib a little tauter, and haul in the slack of that foresheet. The weather shrouds are rather slack too, and will be better for a small pull to set them up when you are about it."

Amy gave these correct nautical orders with the utmost coolness and simplicity, evidently not conscious that she was speaking in a way marvellous for a gentle young lady. Aylott smiled and nodded at me with an air of consummate complacency, being excessively proud that I should hear and see how thoroughly *au fait* Amy was on nautical subjects. He then leisurely did her bidding.

"Well," said I, "whatever the renowned Miss Corbett may be, I quite agree with Mr. Aytoun, that you, Miss Amy, are more than a match for her afloat. You are a thorough sea-goer!"

"And so I ought to be, sir! Why, I've been with Aylott in this dear old Seabird hundreds and hundreds of times. He first took me a-cruising with him when I was a child of nine, and he a boy of fifteen, and old John Winterton taught us both together how to manage the craft."

I couldn't for the life of me help laughing aloud at this naively uttered declaration.

"Oh, you may laugh, sir;" and Amy pouted and tried to frown, but didn't succeed very well; "but you are a land-lubber yourself compared to me!"

"I'm sure I am, Miss Amy, and I do assure you I admire your"—

"No compliments in fifty fathom salt-water! Ah, what happy cruises we have had! Do you know, sir, I once accompanied Aylott across to Holland?"

"To Holland! in this boat?"

"None other."

"'Tis true, by George!" laughed Aylott. "It happened three summers ago. We didn't intend to take more than a day's cruise on the coast here, but a capital wind tempted us right across the German Ocean, and at midnight—or within fourteen hours of

setting sail—we arrived at Scheveningen, in Holland."

"And was no other person with you?"

"Not a soul; Amy and I were the sole crew—though of course we had Rover with us. Early the next morning we were off with the tide, and arrived at Lowestoft in eighteen hours, and thence walked home, having made the voyage to Holland and back in less than forty hours."

"Your mother must have been dreadfully alarmed when you did not return the first night?"

"Why, yes, she was a bit anxious about Amy; for as to myself, it was nothing at all uncommon. I've been away for days and weeks at a spell, and have a score of times visited different parts of the Netherlands and French coast. Old Winterton or his son Tom generally were with me, but several times I have sailed all alone. I twice sailed to Rotterdam, and once to Dunkirk, by myself. But the most interesting cruise I ever made in the Seabird occupied me two months. Old Winterton and a bit of a boy were with me. We sailed round the entire coast of Great Britain, visiting many ports on the way, and staying some days at the Orkneys and Shetlands, whence we bore for the Hebrides, then ran down the Irish Sea, and thence southward till we rounded the Land's End. We recruited at Falmouth, and continued our cruise through the Channel until we finally arrived here again, having performed our circumnavigatory voyage without the slightest accident."

"Yes," said Amy, with a bewitching pout; "and do you know that I almost cried my eyes out with vexation because I couldn't accompany them!"

"Don't you think," observed Aylott, "that if Amy donned a sailor boy's attire, she would 'lay aloft' splendidly?"

"I'm sure I should!" cried Amy, her eyes glistening, and her head proudly tossed aloft. "I could furl a royal single-handed!"

Amy was now in her element, and lovely and fascinating as she ever was ashore, I thought she now looked the most glorious creature the sun ever shone upon. She had tossed aside her bonnet, and her long bright hair was abandoned to the breeze; her

blue eyes were literally sparkling; her charming features were radiant; she was the very picture of health, happiness, and innocent excitement.

"Amy looks alive now!" said Aylott, in a low fond tone, as he stood on the stern grating, with his back leaning against the weather gunwale, and his gaze fixed in undisguised pride and affection on the features of his foster-sister. "There's a trifling difference between Amy and that precious friend of hers we left behind us, eh? Are you tired of your 'trick' at the helm, Amy? I'll relieve you if you like."

"Not yet, Aylott."

"Then I'll blow a cloud;" and he forthwith produced his old meer-schaum.

"Go over to leeward, Mr. Aylott Aytoun, if you *must* smoke, for I don't wish to have my appetite spoiled," said Amy, very curtly.

He obeyed; and for a minute or two silently "blew a cloud," with his arms folded over the lee gunwale. Suddenly he started—

"By Neptune! there's a flock of wild ducks to leeward!" exclaimed he.

"Oh, where, Aylott, where?" eagerly cried Amy, letting the tiller slip through her hand for a moment, as she jumped on the seat and strained a-tiptoe.

Aylott pointed towards them, and then carefully depositing his battered old pipe in the stern locker, he decisively said—

"Edge down towards 'em, Amy."

Amy gleefully answered, "Ay, ay," and skilfully steered as directed; whilst Aylott unlocked a door opening into the space beneath the half-deck, and drew forth a double-barrelled fowling-piece and ammunition. He proceeded to load, not without receiving (and attending to) an admonition from Amy to drop in a few slugs with the swan shot. In a couple of minutes both barrels were loaded; and Aylott, whilst putting on the percussion caps, observed to me, in an affected whisper—

"You perhaps don't know that Amy herself is a dead shot?"

I confessed that I did not.

"Ah, well, I can tell you, then, that the last time we were afloat before you came down on the visit, Amy twice fired this very gun, and killed three fine ducks, which she prepared

for the table the next day, and prime they were."

"Yes, Aylott," added Amy, "that's all very true; but my poor tender shoulder was black and blue, and stiff and sore for many a day with the recoil of the gun, and I'm not at all desirous to forget my sex by drawing trigger again."

"That is to say," maliciously remarked Aylott, "you won't do it in the honoured presence of my friend here; but when we are next afloat without a witness, why then you"—

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried Amy, "or I'll box your ears, or—or throw your darling dirty old pipe overboard!"

"I'd a thousand times rather you did the former than the latter," muttered Aylott.

By this time we had "edged down" within gunshot of the covey of ducks. The birds might number a score, and all of them seemed asleep, with their heads under their wings; and it was really a pretty sight to see how beautifully they floated on the heaving waves.

Bang! bang! went the double-barrel; and with a shrill scream the covey rose a few yards perpendicularly, and then flapped down on the water, and rose again and heavily flew to leeward, leaving, however, no less than five of their number on the surface. The moment this took place, Rover, the magnificent Newfoundland, who had been nervously watching the result, with his forepaws stretched on the lee gunwale, bounded overboard, and swam towards his prey. Snap! snap! snap! went his huge jaws, and he came back to us with three wounded ducks flapping and struggling and hissing, as he held them each by a wing. When alongside, we quickly relieved him of his charge; and then he gave a short, deep, satisfied bark, and swam away for the other two. These he duly brought to hand, and Aylott dragged the noble animal on board, patted him kindly, saying "good Rover! dear old Rover! my own grand old fellow!" and then bade him go forward and shake himself thoroughly. Rover instantly obeyed, climbing on the half-deck and running to the fore-castle, where he shook his shaggy coat until it was almost dry, and then he trotted back to enjoy our society.

"Rover is a magnificent creature," said I.

"He is, indeed; and," added he thoughtfully, "he would be worth a dozen life-buoys in time of need."

We stowed away the ducks; and then, at Amy's suggestion, we had a meal—luncheon or dinner, call it what you will; but rely on't, we (Rover included, who had so well earned his rations, and an appetite to appreciate them,) enjoyed it amazingly. Then we gazed at distant sails through the telescope; and chatted, and laughed, and joked, and sang appropriate snatches of joyous songs—such as this:—

"Where'er the sun may shine, my boys,
There's nothing like the sea;
The spirit never soars so high,
The heart ne'er bounds so free,
As when the briny billows bear
With giant arms the ship:
I seem e'en now to taste the air
Of freedom on my lip!
Hurrah! one hour upon the sea
Is worth a year on earth!"

We did not, however, sufficiently bear in mind the old adage to be wise as well as merry, for we culpably neglected to observe the signs of a violent impending change in the elements. Hitherto the wind had been steady, and the boat bore herself very easily, but on a sudden a blast struck her, and she heeled over so as to hurl us all to leeward, and simultaneously a wave broke over our quarter and gave us a very uncomfortable drenching. Aylott sprang up and threw around a swift comprehensive glance. He then cast off the main-spreetsail-sheet. "Bear a hand here!" cried he, and I leaped to his side and assisted him to take in a reef. This was quickly done, and then he slacked off the brails, whilst I trimmed the sheet again. We proceeded in like manner to reef the fore-spreetsail. Then we shipped the wash-board astern.

All this while Amy had been steering with a firm skilful hand, although the boat was now leaping rather wildly, and every minute the spray dashing over her. Aylott now wished her to take shelter under the half-deck, but she peremptorily refused; but she resigned the helm, and condescended to wrap herself up in Aylott's old blue sea-cloak, and reclined back on the seat, with Rover closely nestling by her side.

The weather grew very threatening;

lurid clouds rapidly gathered like vultures flocking to the battle-field, and spread along the whole horizon; the sea rose quickly; and the wind chopped and shifted, but blew with continually increasing violence. We were at this time about seven miles from shore, and nearly off Southwold.

Very little was said; we all knew what we had to expect; and Aylott briefly and gruffly muttered that we should be roughly handled, and "have a squeak for it!"

We were now beating back as well as we could, but made little headway, until the wind changed to the south-east, and then we flew along at an immense rate.

Heavier and heavier fell the quickly repeated blasts on our sails, but the Seabird behaved excellently, although she occasionally heeled over so as to dip her lee gunwale. Darker and darker grew the atmosphere; fiercer blew the gale; vivid flashes of lightning began to cleave the sombre heavens; and thunder rumbled nearer and nearer, louder and louder. To windward and directly overhead it was black as pitch.

"One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky."

Intrepid Amy clung to the seat with one hand, and clutched Rover's collar with the other, whilst her eager searching gaze was riveted on Aylott's countenance. Rover gazed alternately at his master and at Amy, evidently being fully conscious that we were all in peril. Aylott stood firmly at the tiller, erect and bareheaded; his long black hair streaming wildly, and his features expressing naught but indomitable resolution, mingled with a shade of grim defiance.

"Aylott," quietly said Amy, "are we in danger?"

His lips closed yet more firmly, his nostrils dilated, and his eyes flashed, but he never looked at her, nor answered a syllable. She sighed audibly, for too well did she understand what his silence implied.

Onward flew the boat; terrible peals of thunder reverberated close overhead; and rain began to mingle with the howling blast.

"She never will bear all this sail!" muttered Aylott through his teeth. "The mainmast must go! Take this," handing me a sailor's clasp-

knife from his pocket, with a significant look. "Stand by!"

Hardly had the last warning injunction been uttered, ere the mast to which he had referred went by the board.

"Cut! for your life cut all adrift!" thundered Aylott.

I scrambled at imminent risk on to the half deck, and with a few cuts of the keen blade severed the weather shrouds, and then the mast and sail were whirled overboard, and the lee shrouds providentially snapped, and the wreck drifted out of sight in a moment.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Aylott, drawing a long deep breath as I crawled aft again.

The Seabird was more buoyant now, yet her terrific speed seemed hardly lessened.

"Aylott," again cried Amy, and her voice was clear and composed, though she was deadly pale; "Aylott, dear, is there *great* danger?"

He now returned her gaze, and his broad chest heaved; the muscles of his stern dark face twitched and quivered; twice his lips opened and closed without emitting a sound; and then he hoarsely gasped—

"Pray to God, Amy: He will hear *thee*."

Not another word was uttered by either. The heroic girl was silent as death itself, and whatever passed in her inmost soul, she never for a moment relaxed her absorbing gaze on the countenance of Aylott.

Onward the Seabird rushed—was it to destruction? Blacker yet grew the sky; nearer and louder rolled the dread artillery of heaven; the vivid lightning's lambent flame played upon us; the rain descended heavily; the savage wind roared and smote our trembling little Seabird, fleeing like a sentient thing from its fury; the waves heaved higher and higher, rearing their foaming crests as though momentarily to engulf us; but amid all the horrors of the scene we spake not to each other.

There is the shore! We are not half a mile from it, and we can see how frightfully the surf beats on its shelving beach. The wind is now due east, and is driving us remorselessly on that shore. Harbour of refuge there is none; sheltered bay or inlet there is none. It is a dead lee shore.

Utterly impossible is it for us to avoid our coming doom. If our daring and skilful steersman had attempted to tack seaward again, the Seabird would have been capsized in a moment. We had an anchor and a large grapnel, but too well did we know that if we let go both together when we neared the shore, they would not hold the craft a single minute, and the attempt to thus ride out the gale, would only lessen our chance of escaping with life. Do you now, reader, appreciate clearly our appalling position?

Nearer and nearer did we approach the fatal shore. My heart throbbed, my limbs trembled, my brain grew dizzy, and I mentally prayed for succour and aid.

Now it was that Aylott Aytoun spake, and his voice was deep, thrilling, and awful in its tone.

"May God be merciful to us!" ejaculated he, "for all the skill of man is now of no avail. I will do my best. I shall run her stern on; and it may happen that we shall be heaved high and dry; but if she turns broad-side to, our jeopardy will be deadly. You understand me, my friend?"

I bowed—for I could not utter a word.

He turned his head. "Rover!" said he, impressively pointing to Amy. The devoted and intelligent animal uttered a hoarse cry, and threw his forepaws over Amy's lap, gazing up in her face with eloquent eyes. Well did he comprehend that Amy was to be his special charge.

Again Aylott spoke, and his deep voice was now tremulous.

"Amy, my noble Amy! come to me!"

Amy uttered a wailing sobbing cry, and staggered to her feet. The next moment she was standing by Aylott's side, and his strong right arm was around her as he clutched her to his heart. Grasping the tiller in his left hand this wondrous young man was sublime at that tremendous moment. He whispered something to Amy—I know not what—and kissed her damp brow. Then her head sank on his breast, and she raised it not again.

The crisis was at hand. We were not fifty yards from the beach, and the roar of the surf, although to leeward, sounded ominously, despite the elemental uproar around us. In one minute our doom would be sealed!

The Seabird leaped desperately onward;—we were within about twice her length of the beach, when she struck on an unseen fragment of rock—turned broadside to the gale—and instantly capsized. We were all hurled overboard by the shock. I could swim well, and I desperately battled with the insatiate waves. I soon reached the brim of the roaring surf, and for a moment turned my head to look for my companions. There they were! a few fathoms distant, Aylott swimming with his right arm only, his left supporting Amy. On the other side of Amy was Rover, who gripped the upper part of her left sleeve in his teeth. She was buoyantly upheld between her two friends!

Thrice did my feet touch the ground, and thrice was I drawn backward by the *under-tow*. I felt my strength failing me very fast, and knew that I could not sustain the dreadful struggle much longer. The fourth time, I put forth all my ebbing powers the moment I felt the ground, and Providence sustained me in the effort. I successfully resisted the influence of the retreating wave, and in a few seconds fell forward on the sand—saved!

I painfully raised myself and looked forth for my friends. To my intense joy I saw them in the act of emerging from the surf—they, too, thanks to God, were saved! But Amy, noble Amy! was insensible, and Aylott and

Rover were endeavouring to drag her up the sand clear of the surf, but their strength was hardly sufficient. I staggered towards them, and lent my feeble aid. We succeeded.

Ah, that piteous sight! Aylott knelt and drew Amy's head on his bosom, frantically calling on her to speak one word; Rover howled and whined, and licked her hands and cold wet cheeks; whilst I stooped over her and strove to detect some sign of life. I uttered a cry of joy: I saw her bosom faintly swell, and her eye-lids tremble, and her lips quiver! And then we chafed her bosom and hands, and as she rapidly evinced signs of returning consciousness, Aylott literally screamed aloud to vent his unspeakable joy.

Amy's eyes are open—her lips move—she raises her hand—she is conscious—she speaks—she utters one word—“Aylott!” “Amy!” he responds, and he strains her to his bosom in a convulsive embrace, and then sinks back insensible in turn.

But effectual help was at hand. Men and women came running from the neighbouring hamlet, whither we were all speedily conveyed. In a few hours we were removed home, and the next morning Amy and myself were hardly any the worse for our terrible adventure; but Aylott, alas! was in a raging fever, delirious, and his life in danger.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was the afternoon of the third day that Aylott had been prostrated, and he was writhing and tossing in delirium on his bed. Amy alone watched by his side. Hitherto all that medical skill and the most tender affection could do for him had failed to alleviate his agony. A sad, a fearful, a humiliating sight was it to behold what a wreck of humanity he had already become. Oh, brother! of what art thou proud? Of thy strength of body—of thy grasp of intellect? Lo! a few hours of affliction, and both are inert. Wondrously does the All-wise enshroud his unfathomable designs! Marvellous are the mysterious workings of His Almighty will! With the rising sun our cup may overflow with happiness—with the setting sun of the same day it may be overflowing with the direst misery.

Aylott persisted in holding his arms above the coverlet, and sometimes he tossed them wildly about—sometimes stretched them out, with his fists clenched—sometimes folded them firmly over his chest. One moment he would groan—the next laugh—the next weep. Anon he would mutter words of the vaguest import, then speak with distinctness and coherency; but on the most recondite subjects, and evidently without being conscious what he was uttering. Occasionally he broke forth in snatches of songs in different languages, or recited passages from his favourite authors. At times he would murmur verses from the Psalms, and touchingly pray God to pardon his trespasses.

Nothing is more heartrending than to bend over the couch of one we love, and listen to his broken, unconscious

utterances when in a state of insensibility.

For several minutes Aylott had been lying with one hand beneath his head, and the other clutched on his breast. His long, black hair hung in wild disorder around his throbbing brow, and his parched lips quivered unceasingly, but his eyes remained closed. Poor Amy placed her trembling little hand on his burning temples, and then softly bathed them with vinegar and water. This roused him, and he opened his eyes, and suddenly seizing her forearm in a hard grip, cried—

"Who are you?"

"Do you not know me?" faltered she.

He looked at her with flaming, yet unsteady gaze, and then muttered—

"No; but I think I have seen you before. You are—ha! what's your name?"

Amy burst into tears.

"Speak—tell me!" exclaimed he, shaking her vehemently, and clenching his fingers on her delicate flesh, so that the impression turned black when he subsequently released his hold. "Are you sent to poison me? Woman or fiend—speak!"

"I am Amy—your own Amy!"

There was something in her quivering tones which partially soothed and recalled his wandering senses. The chord of memory was struck for a moment, and he glared in a subdued manner at her working countenance, as in doubt whether she spoke truly or not, and he also seemed striving to recall the past sufficiently to enable him to decide. At length, flinging her arm from him, he sullenly answered—

"I know you now. You are a juggling fiend. Amy is dead. I saw her die. I saw her lying in her coffin, and the white roses on her breast were not purer than the clay they rested on. I saw her—why did not my heart then burst?"

He covered his face with his hands, and groaned at the imaginary recollection of the death of Amy.

"Oh!" moaned he, "Amy is dead—she is gone—I shall see her no more—my God! no more, nevermore! What do I live for now? *She only understood me*, and now I am alone in the world. Oh, Amy, my heart's idol! I never told thee with my lips how I loved thee; and 'tis too late

now. Amy—my Amy is dead—let me die too!"

He turned his face to the pillow, and passionately smote the coverlet with his clenched fists. Then he sobbed and wailed heart-brokenly, and mingled the name of Amy with every wild ejaculation.

It was impossible for Amy to mistake the import of his unconscious revelations. Her heart swelled until she felt a sense of suffocation, and a burning thrill pervaded her frame. Then she sank on her knees and prayed to the orphan's God.

Still Aylott sobbed and moaned—still his lips murmured soul-touching wails for the imaginary death of Amy. He evidently believed she had perished in the storm, and that her body had been washed ashore and buried in the village churchyard. This impression was so profound that he kept repeating to himself the fancied circumstances with a remarkable semblance of coherency.

"The wild waves raged," cried he, "the deep sea roared, but she trembled not. She had an angel-form, but a lion-heart. She trusted in me, too—in me, idiot that I proved! Where was my boasted skill then? I brought her into danger—I failed her in her hour of need—I was her murderer! The greedy waters sucked her down—I could not save her. God, my witness! Thou knowest I would have died a thousand deaths for her—but I could not save her! Why should a sinful wretch like me survive, and she, pure as angels, perish?"

He clutched his pillow frantically, and rolled his head over and over. Then he continued—

"We drew our milk from one breast—I rocked her cradle in infancy—I saw her die—I kissed her in her coffin—I cast flowers in her grave—'tis meet our dust should mingle. Lay me by her side—let the daisies which spring over her, spring over me also. It is my last wish on earth—the last wish I shall ever make. Cruel will ye be if ye deny it!"

The tempest of his agony seemed temporarily exhausted, and his tears flowed in silence awhile, but soon he burst forth again in distressing lamentations.

"Oh, she is gone—Amy is gone for evermore! Amy—the light of

my eyes—the secret pride and joy of my soul! For her I laboured—for her only I won fame. I cared not for all the world contained but her—I care not for a million worlds, now she is gone. The sun may shine, or the clouds may gloom—'tis nought to me. Nevermore shall I gaze on her beaming eyes—nevermore shall I inhale her honeyed breath—nevermore shall I hear the music of her voice—nevermore shall I feast my soul with her radiant beauty—nevermore shall I press her hand, and kiss her brow! She is gone, and I never told her how I loved her! Oh, Amy! my own, my all! canst thou see me, hear me, pity me, forgive me? Thy spirit hovers o'er me. I feel it does. It yearns to blend with mine—but the river of death flows between us. Thou canst not come to me, but I will cross the flood—I will breast the waves—I will cleave the black waters to come to thee! Yes; let me die, oh God of mercy! let me die and join her in heaven! Amy is dead—let me die and be with her. Oh, my Amy! my own, my darling Amy!

Oh, my Amy! my heart, my all! She is dead, and I shall see her never—oh, nevermore!”

His agony was appalling. It seemed as though the dew of death did indeed sprinkle his brow, and that his unconscious invocation was imminently likely to be realized. His frame quivered so that the very bed was violently shaken; and whilst a light foam gathered at his lips, he fixed his dazzling eyes on vacancy.

“See!” cried he, in an intense tone of rapture, “she is there—Amy is there! A glorified spirit—and yet she visits me! She smiles as angels smile—she opens her arms—she beckons me! Amy! my own! to thee, to heaven, I come!”

He partially rose in his bed, and with extended arms seemed in the act of springing forward, but nature had been stretched to the highest degree of tension, and now failed him. With a long sobbing sigh he slowly sank backward, and unresistingly suffered the living Amy to pillow his head on her throbbing bosom, and kiss him and weep over him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE soft warm beams of the July morning streamed through the clustering jasmine which festooned the windows, and bathed every object in the room with golden lustre. It was ten o'clock, and the invalid slumbered on. Rover was stretched on the carpet at the foot of the bed, and at its head sat Amy. The sunbeams played like a halo around her head, and suffused her bloodless features with their warm tints. Motionless she sat, with her face turned towards the pillow on which Aylott's head reposed. She had drawn aside the light curtain that she might watch his slightest movement; and never did a widowed mother yearn more heart-brokenly over the couch of her only treasure than did this young girl over Aylott. “You are his friend, but he is all the world to me!” was the passionate reply she made to a remonstrance, and a request that she would retire to rest and permit me alone to watch over Aylott. She even seemed jealous of my presence in the room, albeit I sat apart within the embrasure of a window, half hid

by the muslin curtains which swept the floor.

So softly did Aylott breathe that perhaps no ear but Amy's could have caught the faint respirations; and as for herself, an observer would have thought she breathed not at all, were it not for the faint irregular palpitation of her bosom. And this was the “wild Irish girl”—the bounding, laughing, sparkling, mischief-loving creature of life and gladness! And that helpless invalid, who possessed not the strength of a child of two years, was the late athletic wanderer, who in the pride of his young manhood had sought and gloried in danger and adventure in many a foreign clime.

A quivering sigh broke from Aylott's parched lips, and some inarticulate murmur followed. Amy started, and with gleaming eyes bent closely over him, her trembling hand uplifted. By degrees a feeble smile flitted athwart his lineaments, and his lips mechanically opened and closed. He was dreaming of some passage in his life. Ere long, even a

laugh burst from him. Such a laugh! It was weaker than the chuckle of an unweaned infant! And one short month ago his laugh would have reverberated through the house! Amy thought of this, and her little hands clutched each other in agony at the recollection. Soon, words which could be understood, were muttered by the sleeper. He imagined himself talking to and addressing his dog.

"Ay, ay, my gallant fellow" murmured he, "she also loves thee! Amy loves my own Rover!"

The poor girl's heart almost burst as she heard this affecting allusion to herself.

Then his fancy wandered again, and he uttered sea phrases, strangely mingled with words in different foreign languages, and allusions to distant friends. All at once a flash of joy irradiated his sharp wan visage, and the impulse was so great that he drew his right arm from beneath the coverlet, and eagerly stretched it forward to meet the imaginary grasp of a friend.

"What, Lars Andersen! my dear old Danish messmate! *Hvorledes gaaer det? Naar ankem De?*" (How are you? when did you come?)

The next moment it seemed as though the vision of his messmate vanished, for he sighed deeply, his arm slowly sank on the bed, and he opened his eyes—he was now awake.

"Aylott, dear," whispered the smothered voice of Amy.

He painfully turned his face towards her, and his sunken black eyes beamed almost dazzlingly as their gaze settled on her features, but he did not immediately speak.

"How are you, dearest, this morning?"

"Is that you, Amy?" faintly gasped he.

Amy strove to reply, but her emotion choked her. She stooped down and softly parted his long black matted hair, which lay all heavy and clammy over his death-like brow. Then she repeatedly kissed his forehead, and for a moment buried her face on his breast, while her tears burst forth like a long-pent torrent. Well might she weep—well might she uplift her soul in speechless, yet not the less acceptable, gratitude to God; for during seven long days and nights never had Aylott in his waking

moments uttered any thing so clearly testifying consciousness as the simple but pathetic question of—"Is that you, Amy?" He must have recognised her, and sensibility had therefore at length dawned.

"What—what has happened?" continued he. "I've had a long sleep—and—and—I don't remember any thing."

"God be praised! oh, bless God! bless God!" vehemently sobbed Amy.

Aylott passed his attenuated fingers over his eyes, and appeared striving to recall the past. A puzzled air crept over his features, and then, with a great effort, he suddenly exclaimed in a much stronger and more natural voice than before—

"Where am I? Where—where's Rover?"

The devoted animal caught the sound of his name, and instantaneously recognised the beloved voice of his master. Up he sprang with a bound that shook the chamber—uttered a yell of joy—and the next moment he flung the fore-part of his body on the bed—his hind feet resting on the floor. His whines of delight, his broken sobbing cries, were eloquent as speech itself. One fore-paw he stretched along the pillow at the back of his master's head, and the other he tremulously dropped over his neck, and thus, as it were embracing him, with blazing eyes seemed to devour every lineament of his face.

"What! my own Rover!" wistfully murmured poor Aylott, attempting to pat his head.

The noble creature redoubled his cries, and looked up in the face of Amy, as though imploring her to interpret his overflowing joy in human speech. Then he licked his master's hand—that hand which never smote him once in anger; and he looked again in his master's eyes—eyes which never yet refused to return his glance of fond attachment; and his indescribable cries filled the apartment. Never did dog utter such cries before: he verily seemed to struggle for speech!

Aylott was quite sensible now. Recollection had returned, but he had not strength to express his feelings. He merely cried—

"Thank God! I am better."

And when Amy wound her arms round his neck, and he felt her inno-

cent heart beating against his bosom, and her lips clinging to his lips, a sob burst forth, and large scalding tears slowly trickled down his wasted cheeks. He was now entirely exhausted, and could barely exclaim—

"Let me sleep again. I am better—and shall be better now!"

Rover instinctively ceased his whines, and gently withdrew from the bed. In a couple of minutes Aylott slumbered once more, but his tears yet trickled, and his lips yet moved. Amy kissed away the tears,

and replaced his right arm under the coverlet without disturbing him. Then she knelt, and bowing her head, prayed as only such as she can pray; and He in whose hands are the issues of life and death, heard her.

At length she raised herself, and sitting on a footstool, wept noiselessly. Rover drew nigh, sank at her feet, laid his head on her lap, and silently fixed his eloquent eyes on her face. She caressed him—she whispered to him—and well did he understand her.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE crisis was past, and in a few days Aylott was convalescent. I wished now to take my leave, but neither Aylott, nor his mother, nor Amy would hear of such a thing. And so I stayed on, month after month, enjoying all their country hospitalities and recreations, and growing as hearty and stout as Aylott had predicted I should. He himself was soon strong and daring as ever—and quite as original.

Late in autumn I was permitted to return to town, after giving a solemn pledge that if I was spared, I would come back with the swallows in spring. I kept my word, and on the very first anniversary of the wreck of the Seabird, I figured as groomsman to Mr. Aylott Aytoun, on the interesting occasion of his marriage with Miss Amy O'Neill.

Every year since then (and five have elapsed) I have never failed to spend at least a couple of months in the prime o' the year, with my beloved Suffolk friends. A very happy and united family are they. Aylott still writes books, and is not much changed in any respect. Amy is as merry, as blithesome, as noble-minded, as true-hearted, and, I really think, yet more beautiful than ever. I wish you could see her (as I did five

minutes ago) standing on the sunlit lawn, clapping her hands and shouting with glee, as she watches a stout, rosy little boy (one Master Aylott Aytoun, four years old yesterday), who is majestically riding on the back of dear old Rover, and guiding him with a broad blue ribbon—the identical blue ribbon, I suspect, that Master Aytoun's mother herself put to a similar use some six years gone.

I have only to add, that although the poor Seabird was dashed to fragments, her loss did not by any means extinguish the enthusiastic love of the sea in the breasts of Aylott and his bride. He purchased a new and larger vessel—quite a yacht—but to the great relief of his mother, he never goes to sea in her except with old John Winterton, and another good and experienced seaman on board, as the crew—Amy and her boy generally accompanying him; and I have observed that Master Aytoun is already imbued with a precocious relish for maritime pursuits; and his father recently assured me (confidentially) with proper paternal pride, that the aforesaid Master Aytoun actually knows the name of every spar and rope in the craft, and is beginning to learn how to box the compass!

MARINO FALIERO.

BY PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

MARINO or *Marin* Faliero, was the fifty-sixth Doge of Venice. He was born in 1274. He became, early in life, an important public character. His services to the Republic were held in such estimation, that in 1346 he was intrusted with the mission of bringing back to obedience the city of Zara, that had for the seventh time raised the standard of revolt against Venice, and defeated, as well as baffled, all the efforts of the Venetian commander, Marco Justiniani. At that period the Venetian sway was not characterized by that magnanimous spirit of justice which the Republic evinced during the last century or two of her existence, and which endeared the lion of St. Marc to all the conquered provinces. The incessant revolts of Zara undoubtedly resulted from the injustice of the masters, whatever may have been the national tendencies and inconstancy of the people. Marino Faliero was placed in the command of a formidable fleet, and of an army of twenty-seven thousand men. Before his arrival the Zaretins sank all their own vessels in the harbour, in order to render it inaccessible to the Venetian galleys. The latter, having landed the troops which encamped near the city, commenced battering the walls and forts with incredible efforts. The Venetians had in their army a mechanician of the name of Francesco della Barche, who had succeeded in constructing machines capable of launching blocks of stone of three thousand pounds weight. It was reported that he fell one of the first victims of his invention, and that he was himself flung into the besieged city as he was preparing one of his formidable machines for its explosion. Nevertheless, such was the defence of Zara, that there was every appearance that the siege would be of long duration. The besieged were exulting in the expectation of a powerful assistance from Louis I., the great King of Hungary. And, in truth, the Hungarian king soon advanced at the head of an army of eighty thousand men. The Venetians concentrated their lines; and, under the skilful direction of Faliero, entrenched themselves in a well-con-

structed camp. The army of the Hungarian king, confident of success, stormed it with impetuosity. Faliero headed the defence with heroism. The assailants were hurled back. Returning again and again with renovated fury, each time were they crushed down with immense losses—not less than eight thousand men. The king, greatly dismayed, withdrew, and abandoned the city, which had no other alternative but to surrender at discretion. It was a glorious campaign for Marino Faliero and the Venetian army.

After having been intrusted with the highest functions in the state—having acquired great wealth—Faliero, although almost an octogenarian, was finally invested with the highest dignity and honour in the republic. Whilst he was in embassy at Rome he was elected Doge, on the 11th of October, 1354. The commencement of his reign as Doge was marked by one of the greatest disasters in Venetian history, but in which he had no part whatever. On the following 4th of November, the Genoese, Paganino Doria, surprised at Porto Longone the Venetian fleet, composed of sixty-one ships, of different sizes, and commanded by Nicolo Pisani. The Venetians thus unexpectedly assailed—unable to make the indispensable preparations and manœuvres, were decimated; they lost four thousand men and the whole of the fleet; Pisani was taken prisoner, with five thousand eight hundred and seventy of his countrymen. Venice remained prostrate in dumb despair; the fair Queen of the Adriatic felt as if her last days were approaching;—but the new Doge, Faliero, displayed a consummate diplomatic skill: he hastened to open negotiations with the Genoese, and succeeded in obtaining a truce of four months, which was signed on the 5th of January, 1355, and converted into a peace on the following month of May.

Marino Faliero, therefore, had rendered great services to his country; and now, the octogenarian, according to the popular tradition, and many of the historians of Venice—Sanuto, Farodo, Villani, Sismondi, Daru, &c., joined suddenly a popular conspiracy,

in order to avenge an insult offered to him, in the person of his young and beautiful wife, with a view to exterminate the whole body of patricians. Such a version was especially favourable for a dramatic exposition; and the genius of Lord Byron and of his imitator, Casimir Delavigne, have adopted it. They have popularized and immortalized, it may be said, an inadmissible, gross historical error. The old Doge, it is true, was very irritable and intolerant with respect to the pretensions of others. Such was his impetuosity that he once struck the Bishop of Treviso, because that prelate was majestically slow, and no doubt inconsiderately so, in emerging once from the church with the sacrament, for a procession. There was certainly something very brutal in such conduct. But, on the other hand, Faliero, during his long public career, had witnessed excessive instances of human pride; he had beheld with indignation, outrageous symptoms of an unscrupulous, insolent ambition on the part of patricians; a latent, wrathful yearning for their abasement was rankling in his heart. A pure generosity led him to sympathize with the people; and, however imprudent his joining a popular plot to overthrow the aristocracy, it cannot be easily admitted that a man who, like Marino Faliero, during half a century of his public career had acquired an undisputed fame for his wisdom, could commit such a folly as that which is attributed to him, or conspire without being actuated by a deep political principle. Petrarch considers the conjuration of the old Doge as one of the greatest events in Italy during the fourteenth century. There were, at that time, deeply-rooted abuses in the Venetian Republic. The power of the patricians was becoming all-absorbing and menacing, and the people were endeavouring to resist it, and limit it by every means possible. The former moderation of the nobles had given way to one of those re-actions which abound in history. It is also an unquestionable fact that the Venetian people, extremely pre-occupied by their commercial and maritime pursuits, had not kept a watchful eye on the patrician encroachments, which had now attained offensive proportions.

A deeply-organized conspiracy was formed. The old Doge and Bertuccio were the first to lay its foundation.

Documents on the subject exist in the archives of Venice, which have not yet been published, we believe. We have been permitted to peruse several of them, which demonstrate the real importance and magnitude of the conspiracy, headed by Marin Faliero. And, in truth, what can be more inadmissible by all the laws of common sense, than the belief that the experienced old Doge would consent to be admitted into an already well-ordained conspiracy, on the very day on which he found himself grievously insulted in the person of his wife—and outraged by the lenient decision of the senate? One moment's reflection must suffice to repel the possibility of an extensive conjuration being formed in such a republic as that of Venice, without a chief, and inspired by resentments against the nobility—without any thought as to its results, nor as to the hands into which the government of the country would fall. The dramatist will readily adopt such a tradition, because it is especially suitable to stage effect. The same may be said of the conduct of one of the principal conspirators, who dares to reveal the whole plot to the sovereign of the Republic, in the hope that the latter, for the sake of private vengeance, will plunge into it, and also allow himself, with imbecility, to be led to the mysterious place of meeting of the conspirators, who, with one word, could work his ruin. It is thus that the drama has transformed an enterprise, long meditated, that had its root in the old principles of state and traditional rights, into a despicable ebullition of vengeance on the part of the Doge.

We have stated that at this period, more than ever, the people of Venice were animated by a secret hatred against the patricians. The nobility had gradually usurped the whole sovereignty, and deprived the nation of the greater part of its natural rights. The insolence of several of the patricians had kindled the animosity of the people into a frenzy. These nobles, sure of impunity, violated grossly and incessantly the family sanctuary, and afterwards ill-treated the fathers and husbands who bewailed their own degradation. Israele Bertuccio, a plebeian, chief of the workmen of the Arsenal, had received an outrage of that nature from a nobleman, of the name of Barbaro, of the family of the

Barbari. As he was exhaling his indignation, the patrician's suite chastised him most cruelly. Bertuccio, bleeding, rushed into the palace at the time that the Doge held his audiences, and asked for justice. This event was, no doubt, the commencement of the intercourse between the two conspirators. The organization of the conjuration could not be the work of a few days; its ramifications must have been the result of a long and prudent activity. Bertuccio, however, impatient of vengeance, when the plot was in its infancy, assembled his workmen and spoke loudly of his intention of revenging himself, since he could not obtain justice from the chief of the Republic. The patrician Barbaro, on finding himself thus menaced, wrote to the Doge and claimed his protection. Bertuccio was summoned to the palace before the assembled Signory; and in presence of all the members of the different councils, was severely reprimanded by Marin Faliero, who commanded him to cease his armed pursuits and threats of vengeance, under penalty of the most severe chastisement. It is not very improbable that the whole of this ceremony, as well as the conduct of Bertuccio, which gave rise to it, was a skilful manoeuvre, intended to lull the nobility into a slumbering confidence. In the meantime, the secret springs of the conjuration were at work. The conspirators often met, brooding over the misery and abasement of the glorious Republic of St. Marc, and unanimous in their object—to exterminate the nobility and establish a popular government. As the city was divided in sixteen districts, sixteen chiefs were selected, one for each of them; and each of these chiefs was at the head of sixty men, well armed, ready to act at a given signal; but, with a consummate prudence these associates were not intrusted with the real object of their engagement;—they had been engaged in the name of the signory, with a view to surprise and punish the patricians, whose insolent excesses had given rise to the indignation of the people. The day that was selected for the explosion of the conspiracy was the 15th of April, 1355.

Now we come to the insult offered to the beautiful young wife of the Doge, so celebrated in the popular tradition dramatised by Lord Byron

and Casimir Delavigne, which Hoffman has adopted for one of his best historical tales—and which, above all, the historians we have mentioned have accepted as the cause of Faliero's conspiring against the patricians. The Doge was giving a masked ball, on the Thursday after Shrove Tuesday, of that same year, 1355. Undoubtedly, as the momentous day was so near at hand, the festival must also have been intended as a lull; the old man who was preparing a social revolution in his country could not be much inclined to such a revelry. However, on that night, a young patrician, named Michele Steno, took some liberties, it appears, with one of the ladies of the court, which were perhaps somewhat excusable in the merriness of a ball and the mystery of the mask. The Doge hearing of it casually, immediately ordered the insolent man who forgot the respect due to his court, to be straightway expelled from the palace. Steno was obliged to obey; he proudly withdrew, but with a heart swelling with rage, and as he was passing through the great Hall of the Council, he wrote on the seat, or rather throne, of the Doge—

*Marin Faliero della bella moglie,
Altri la gode ed egli la mantiene.*

The vengeance was not very manly; it is no favourable indication of the character of the patricians of Venice. As soon as the lines were discovered, they created a great scandal; the company rushed to see them. Their author was soon discovered; Steno confessed his fault and pleaded for an excuse, his smarting at the time from the insult offered him. But the Doge fell into a paroxysm of anger; he remained inflexible, and demanded of the Council of the Ten to judge the young patrician as a State criminal. But this council declined the trial, and sent Steno to the Criminal Tribunal of the Forty, of which council Steno was himself one of the three chiefs. This tribunal took up the cause and tried it fairly and conscientiously, to all appearance. They took into consideration the youth of the accused, as well as the circumstances which extenuated his fault, and condemned him to two months' imprisonment, to be followed by a year's exile. The Doge considered this lenient penalty as a new insult to him; his remonstrances were of no avail; the

nobility did not sympathize with him as it behoved their dignity; Faliero had too often rebuked them, checked them in their insolent pretensions; they now evinced their resentment and antipathy, whilst the old man was confirmed in his secret yearning for avenging accumulated wrongs and regenerating the Republic.

The 15th of April was at hand. The conspirators felt very sanguine as to the success of the popular revolution they were intending to effect. Every thing bore the most favourable aspect. On that day, at the first dawn of light, the signal was to be given by the tolling of the great bell of the Palace of St. Marc, which could not be rung excepting by order of the Doge. The conspirators were immediately to assemble, then disperse for a short time in the various parts of the city, crying that the Genoese were in the Lagoon, and immediately after, to assemble again on the palace square, and there murder all the nobles, as they would successively come to the council on this emergency. The secret of the conjuration had been faithfully kept by all its members, until the 14th, the day before the great explosion. A man named Beltrame, one of the conspirators, had experienced some kindness at the hands of the patrician, Nicolo Leoni, member of the Council of the Ten. This man was haunted by the grateful thought of saving Leoni, if possible, without compromising the success of the conspiracy. After many hesitations, he went to the palace of the patrician, entered into many equivocal reasonings, closing them with the very suspicious, but most earnest request that, whatever might happen, Leoni should not go out of his palace on the following day.

The young patrician, somewhat startled by so singular a request, cross-questioned Beltrame, whose replies to this unexpected interrogatory were more or less incoherent, evasive, and mysterious, upon which he had him arrested. Leoni sternly declared to Beltrame that he must expect the worst consequences unless he gave a satisfactory explanation of the mystery concealed under the advice he had given him. The conspirator saw, but too late, that he had advanced too far. He felt that he could not retreat—felt himself in actual danger,

and, in order to escape from it, he made a full revelation. But he was not aware that the Doge was at the head of the conspiracy; Leoni, therefore, hastened to Marin Faliero, and revealed to him the discovery he had just made. The Doge thus taken by surprise, had not had the time to adopt a plausible line of conduct; he feigned at first great astonishment, and subsequently, with the intention to tranquillize the young patrician, he declared that he had been informed of the conjuration and had taken every measure to provide for the public tranquillity and the safety of the State. But Leoni's acuteness was roused by such a contradiction. In his anxiety and agitation he hastened to consult two other members of the Council of Ten, and to communicate to them his suspicions. The three resolved immediately to convoke at the Convent of the San Salvatore, the Signory, the Council of the Ten, the chiefs of the Criminal Court of the Forty, in short all the great State functionaries. Beltrame was questioned, but he could not say any thing about the real number of his accomplices, nor about their real definite object; he however, denounced Bertuccio, and several other conspirators whom he knew. They were immediately arrested and applied to the rack; and as under the pressure of the torture they uttered the names of other conspirators, those also were immediately arrested and also racked in order to obtain new revelations. On that very night Bertuccio and the few men arrested with him were hung in the front of the palace, and eight other chiefs of the conjuration, who had fled towards Chiozza, suspecting its discovery, were overtaken, also tortured and executed immediately. The revelations extorted from these men by the rack must have been very extensive, as, on that night of the 14th, guards were distributed in every part of the city, others were placed in the tower of St. Marc, near the great bells of the city, in order to prevent any ringing.

Hitherto the name of the Doge had not been pronounced. The suspicions of Leoni, however, had not been dispelled, and it would have been too great an outrage on his part to provoke the inculcation of the sovereign of the Republic without sufficient grounds. During the night of

the 14th to the 15th, members of the conspiracy continued to be examined, questioned, tortured, and encouraged to revelations, when it was discovered with amazement that Marino Faliero, and his brother, Bertuccio Faliero, were at the head of the conspiracy. A thrill of terror at the danger from which they had escaped made the blood of the patricians run cold; strong guards were immediately placed at every issue of the Ducal palace, and the dawn of that 15th day of April, which was to witness the slaughter of the nobility and the establishment of a popular government, beheld a dark, mute, mysterious gloom over the city of St. Marc. The trial of the Doge was commenced immediately. For the first time the Council of the Ten were called upon to give an interpretation on the Constitution of the State; they declined such heavy responsibility, and requested that twenty members, selected among the noblest and richest citizens, should be appointed their adjuncts; this was granted and executed without delay, and thus was formed a powerful permanent body, which received the name of *Giunta*, or *Zonta*, and which soon supplanted the other powers, without rendering the government of the Republic either stronger or more liberal. Its prerogatives, as well as the number of its members, augmented gradually; it became a body exclusively aristocratic, without a shadow of popular representation. Thus, the democratical element of the Republic was vanquished with the discovery of the conspiracy, which now strengthened the aristocracy it intended to annihilate. The day of the 15th was taken up by the preparations for the trial of the Doge. It could not be of long duration; the old man, broken down, resigned, confessed all. He appeared before his judges, clothed with all the insignias of his dignity. His replies and confessions were brief and dignified. On the 17th, at daybreak, the gates of the palace were closed. Marino Faliero was brought on the spot now occupied by the upper extremity of the Stair of the Giants, where every thing had been prepared for his execution. On the very spot where the Doges receive the Ducal crown, there his Ducal cap was taken away from his head, and the latter was severed from his

body. Immediately after, the President of the Council of the Ten appeared on the great balcony of the palace, holding a sword covered with blood in his right hand, and exclaimed, "Justice has been done to a great criminal!" The gates of the palace were flung open at the same moment, and the eager crowd, hastening, could behold the head of the prince rolling down on the steps. In the Hall of the great Council, where were placed the portraits of all the Doges, a frame covered with black crape, with this inscription, "*Spazio di Marino Faliero, decapito*," was put on the part of the wall which would have been destined to be occupied by the image of Faliero.

It appears to us very admissible that Marino Faliero, animated by a moral wrath against the corruption of the Venetian nobility, should have favoured—perhaps headed—a popular revolution, in the conviction that it would effect the regeneration of his beloved country. The public opinion has ever been most unfavourable to the Venetian nobility and to the causes of its decay, and has generally involved in its condemnation the whole nation.

There is scarcely a European nation that has been so superficially visited and studied. Travellers, whose opinions and judgments have been quoted, had in reality only passed rapidly through the Venetian provinces, had witnessed the high life of Venice, and remained profoundly ignorant of the state of society in its various classes. Hence the error, almost general, which has attributed to a whole nation the faults, vices, and political indifference of a few. The gradual decay and degradation of the Venetian nobility, so antique, proud, and formerly so heroic, have often been a subject of investigation. Sismondi, Leo, Botta, have attributed the decadence of the Republic to the dissolution of manners which attained unheard of proportions, and corroded the patrician blood. There is no doubt that corruption in impairing the body, enervates the mind, and that it has been the perpetual cause of those extraordinary declines and falls of Rome, of the mediæval Republics of Germany and Italy recorded in history; but the Republic of St. Marc lay under peculiar disadvantages; it

was composed of a most powerful, extensive aristocracy, and of a people with scarcely any middle class. The fraction of society called middle class must naturally have existed but in a very small proportion; it continued to augment till our own time, and is relatively a modern creation. It is especially that class which, in 1849, performed, under their heroic Manin, prodigies of patriotism, intelligence, and self-denial.

The people of Venice have, at all times, manifested a profound and constant love of independence; no doubt they have often been satisfied with the mere appearance of it, and been debarred from political life and activity, but they were then sheltered from the political agitations which so frequently agitated them. With reference to the days of Marino Faliero, it appears highly probable that the popular discontent and the conspiracy owed more especially their origin to the individual arrogance and corruption of the patricians. On the whole, however, the government of Republican Venice must have been gentle for the people. Since the criminal treaty of Campo Formio, which flung the Queen of the Adriatic a fettered slave in the hands of Austria, the traditions of the old Republic have remained most vivid in the hearts of the people. At all times their only designation of the fatherland was, *la nostra cara madre*. When the remembrance of the past was forgotten by the nobility, it took refuge in the souls of the people. And how can the origin of this tenderness and patriotic fidelity be explained? Undoubtedly by the mildness of the government of the ancient Republic; such a conclusion, however paradoxical apparently, seems irrefragable on a close investigation of Venetian history. If the legislation of Venice, during the great days of her history, is compared with the foreign legislations, the humane and paternal character of the former, forms a striking contrast with the others. The Venetian laws resembled very much in their origin a code for a great family, in which the weak and the poor were especially favoured and protected. The dark and formidable tribunals, such as the Council of the Ten, the Inquisition, &c., so fantastically augmented by the imagination of the poets, were more es-

pecially reserved to check and crush the ever-menacing usurpations and encroachments of the nobles. They were more especially instruments destined to resist with energy the pride of certain families, whose ambition aimed at nothing less than the supreme authority. It appears evident that the mysterious, merciless power of those tribunals, whose action and effects have been so exaggerated, was relatively a democratic element introduced by the prudence of an aristocratical government—a levelling instrument destined to humble and crush the restless ambition of numerous noble pretenders to a superior authority. It was a political system also, consisting of an appearance of terror intended to prevent evil. It is an irrefragable fact, that at no time were the inferior classes subjected to a milder government than during the ascendancy of the terrible Council of the Ten.

Thus, a dark cloud of popular prejudice has ever hung over the history of Venice. With the great majority of the reading world, that celebrated Republic has been little more than a Pandemonium of sensuous corruption—of incessant revelry—of secret bloody tribunals, with every variety of rack—and addicted to the most unscrupulous commercial Machiavelism. The real history of Venice may be said not to be known yet. A limited portion only of her annals has been brought to light, by Daru especially, and his work bears every trace of the cold bibliographer, devoid of sympathetic intuition as well as of historical sagacity; hence the numberless false judgments that are current, at this very day, in the enlightened world, on the heroic Republic that stood so long, the indomitable bulwark of Christendom against the barbarians. No doubt that very heroism, inspiring a general terror, led the Venetians to a system of rapacity in insuring the success of their mercantile speculations to the great prejudice of their neighbours; no doubt, by such proceedings, they have left a blot on the greatness and nobleness of their character and mission; but what nation is faultless? Is it just that such a shadow in the splendid picture of the history of Venice should obliterate the noble and chivalrous traits that abound in it? No

maritime power has left, in history, such honourable testimonies of its Christian greatness, nor impressed the world so deeply with the greatness of Christianity. During the seventeenth century, Luigi Mocenigo, the indomitable defender of Candia, was such an object of admiration to the Turks that, on learning his death, they spontaneously went into mourning, and ordered every vessel of the Turkish fleet to hoist a black flag, and pass solemnly and respectfully before his tomb, as an homage to his virtues and greatness. During the same age, Francesco Moresini—who was surnamed the hero of his age, and whose exploits would be considered as fabulous if they were not well authenticated—was the worthy contemporary of Sobieski, and battled fiercely in the same cause as the Polish hero, on another point of Europe, whilst the other great Christian powers of the Continent were slumbering in a stupid indifference. The history of Venice abounds with innumerable instances of a similar religious heroism. The almost permanent hostilities of the Venetians against the Mahomedans engendered lofty ideas of Christian self-denial, of martyrdom and devotion, which became inherent in their nature; they gave rise to a higher order of feelings, soaring far above those petty notions of patriotism which have been the source of so many injustices among the ancient as well as among the modern nations.

The people of Venice have, at all times, been endowed with a gentle and tender nature, blended with a profound religious sentiment. The government honoured religion, and always associated its ceremonies with the solemn state festivals. On all public occasions, prayers were intermingled with the object in view, as well as repetitions of passages from the Psalms; and whatever may be thought on the subject, there is no doubt that such habits of piety often exercised a salutary influence over sordid temptations and immoral tendencies. We are aware that those religious habits have been considered as a mere hypocritical charlatanism, with which an oppressive oligarchy insured its tyrannical authority, and governed an ignorant populace. On the other hand, all the public and private documents known tend to

prove that, although the Venetian government was oligarchical, often criminally ambitious and profligate, still that a great number of Venetian nobles have given examples of the most heroic virtues—so much so, that a greater number of Venetian nobles have been canonized by the Church than can be found in all the aristocracies of the middle ages taken together; and this historical fact is the more striking as, whilst the government honoured the priest at the altar, it never allowed him to interfere in the temporal affairs of the country. Few governments have displayed such an energy on that subject. The old Republic sustained the most violent struggles with the Holy See, and its energy never yielded. In Venice there never was any religious persecution; every citizen was free to believe or not—a very remarkable exception to the rest of Italy, where so many persecutions have taken place in the name of the God of charity and of infinite mercy. Although the general character of Venetian policy was hostile to the Pontifical authority, and to its interference in the internal affairs of the Republic, nevertheless, many of the Doges have remained an object of veneration in the Roman Catholic world.

Mr. Rio, in his charming work on Christian Art, eloquently deplores that ignorance generally prevailing of the real history of Venice we have alluded to. In truth, no other history has been so much written superficially from the mere knowledge of the external events which appear on the surface of history. Let us hope that the national genius of that unfortunate country will be more justly appreciated when the archives of the old Republic, being skillfully and intelligently ransacked, will bring to light a mass of local details, drowned hitherto in the general public events, and which will not fail to become splendid testimonies of her past greatness. When her internal events—the hidden springs and motives of her administration—are better known, she cannot fail to inspire a profound general sympathy and admiration. Unfortunately, the world knows little more about Venice than her moral and intellectual decadence during the eighteenth century—the simultaneous decline and corruption of her manners, language, and national character; that

destructive, corroding state continued till the day came, when it was found that every drop of life-blood, all energy and dignity had perished ; a sad page in history !—a mighty lesson to future ages and nations !—the day of terrible retribution was at hand ! Venice, prostrate, offered by her abject state every appearance of justice to the most outrageous iniquity : General Bonaparte and the treaty of Campo Formio, in violation of the rights of nations, through the abuse of brutal force, made over the remains of that glorious state to the murderous sway of the House of Hapsburg. Venice, on the day of her annihilation, remained dumb and paralyzed ; but her government could not have been of a very tyrannical, odious nature, since on the day of her death, in her most distant provinces, were heard loud expressions of sorrow and despair. Mr. Rio cites, as an instance of the affection that Venice had inspired to her conquered subjects, the scene that took place at Perasto, in Dalmatia, on the day when that province was obliged to make her adhesion to the new government. When the order to cast away the Venetian flag and plant another in its place arrived at Perasto, all the inhabitants assembled in the principal church, in order to celebrate the funeral of the glorious banner of St. Marc, and bid it a last and solemn adieu, previous to its being buried under the great altar, as a national, beloved relic, where it still lies. After the melancholy solemn religious ceremony, the chief magistrate of the city, mastering for a while the sobs that were swelling his heart, pronounced this funeral oration :—

“ At a moment so bitter and so heart-breaking—in this last effusion of our love for the Venetian government, and of our fidelity to it—the banner of the august Republic of St. Marc will bestow upon us at least this consoling testimony, that our past conduct, and that which we have held, in these latter times, entitle us to the right of fulfilling at this day this sad but honourable duty. Our children will learn from us—and the history of this day will proclaim to the whole of Europe—that Perasto has worthily maintained to the last day the honour of the standard which was intrusted to it, hailing it respectfully on this solemn adieu, and laying it down

bathed with the tears of us all. Let us weep. O my fellow-citizens ; let us give a free course to our sorrow ; but in the effusion of the last sentiments with which we seal the close of our past glorious career, let us turn our eyes towards the banner which, for the last time, represents here the Republic of Venice. During 377 years our fidelity and our valour have always defended it on land and sea, wherever we have been called to combat her enemies, who were also those of our holy religion. During 377 years we have always been ready to sacrifice our property, our blood, our life, for thee, O St. Marc ! and we have ever esteemed ourselves happy when we have been with thee, and thee with us ! and, always with thee, on sea and land, we have been valorous and illustrious—with thee, none ever saw us flinch—with thee, none ever beheld us vanquished and trembling. If the misfortunes of the times—improvidence, discord, the exercise of arbitrary power—crimes which outrage nature and the rights of nations—had not combined to bring thee down and disappear from Italy, we would have spared no sacrifice for thee, and rather than to behold thee vanquished and dishonoured by thy own people, we would have braved death in invoking thy name. But, since in future nothing remains for us to do for thy glory, let our hearts be to thee an honourable grave, and let our tears be thy purest and noblest eulogium.”

We cannot conceive a more honourable monument to the Republic of Venice than this patriotic testimony. Let our reader search in the records of the past, whether he will find many conquering Republics, or monarchies, having called forth, on the days of reverse, such accents of attachment and sorrowful regrets. We have observed that the history of the Republic of Venice is yet to be written, and it will be the task of the future historian of the fair Queen of the Adriatic—with her innate energy, her artistic splendours, and real elements of greatness, and now so desolate and prostrate—it will be one of his duties to discover whether the popular revolution intended by Marino Faliero would not have instilled a purer and fresher blood into the inner life and springs of the government, and thus averted the causes of the fatal decay that preceded one of the most melancholy, affecting, national ruins recorded in history.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

CHARLES LAMB, if he were yet among our brotherhood of scribbling critics, would be the man from whose pen we should most delight to read a review of this new novel. Not, indeed, that there is any product of fiction—novel, drama, poem, picture even—upon which his fine fantastic criticism could not, and did not, cast a magic spell. Said we, product of fiction? Why not enlarge the word, and say at once any fictile as well as fictive work? It mattered not to him in what material imaginative power embodied its imaginings, all its workingspace was his familiar ground. What reader of Elia's essays has forgotten the charm of that which, in the second series, treats of "Old China?"

The special quality which would have attracted his casuistical criticism to notice this book, apart from any other merit or demerit, is the difficulty of determining to what special class of fiction it belongs. Realistic or ideal?

"Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die!"

Prima facie, one is inclined to say: "by all means, realistic." It is not only a novel "with a purpose," but with a historico-politico-social purpose. Its place upon the book-shelf is between Disraeli's "Sybil, or the two Nations," and Mr. Warren's "Now and Then." "Local habitations and names" throughout are, in nine cases out of ten, personal, precise, and real. No thin pseudonym, as in Mr. Disraeli's novels, veils a Rothschild under a Sidonia, a Croker under a Rigby. Sir Francis Burdett, Major Cartwright, William Cobbett, Orator Hunt, figure in *propriis personis*. When the action of the story takes us into a definite neighbourhood—say that of Nottingham—a minute acquaintance with places and persons is carefully exhibited. A Rolleston, of Watnal; an Edge, of Strelley; a Musters, of Colwick; a Charlton, of Chilwell, are introduced with jealous local accuracy. On the other hand, there is such reckless

outraging throughout of all minor historical, and not a few social consistencies, that one is inclined to class this "*Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*" with the purely "artificial comedy, or comedy of manners," whereof, in its theatrical form, Elia complained that, in his time, it was already "extinct on our stage." "We have been spoiled"—thus did that exquisite humorist make his moan—

"We have been spoiled with, not sentimental comedy, but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures, which has succeeded to it—the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life;— . . . where, instead of the fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy), we recognise ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies, the same as in life.

What is *there* transacting, by no modification, is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We carry our fireside concerns to the theatre with us; we do not go thither, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it—to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades."

This kind of lamentation, appropriate enough in the mouth of him who plods over a vast extent of the "unideal fiction" of the present day, would be unjust in his whose eye follows his paper-cutter through the pages of the book before us. In spite of all the realism of its attempted sketches of the condition of England before the repeal of the corn-law, there is so much of "artificial comedy" there that one is tempted to apply this sentence of friend Elia's:—"It is altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is." Among its personages one is tempted to say, once more, with him:—"When

we are among them we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages."

"Just so," might some uncompromising admirer of the book say, supposing such to be found in these hypercritical times;—"just so, reviewer; you yourself have likened Mr. Howitt's work to Mr. Warren's 'Now and Then.' Its author's purpose is to give a picture of what is past and gone, and to point a contrast. Did you not read, upon the sixty-third page of his first volume, this exclamation:—"What a different world we live in to that in which Hugh Stanton was a martyr!" Are you afraid to quote the last page of his book?"

"By no means," answers the reviewer; "here it is at once:—"

"As for himself, happy in his noble wife and their fine troop of children, and in the friendship of Lawrence and Helen, he has lived still happier in watching and assisting the wonderful progress which his country has made in the science of politics and of social existence. And what a marvellous progress is that! England, holding fast to the principles of Protestantism and the Bible, has spread her power her people, and her liberal opinions far and wide through the globe. She has grown ten times more affluent and more powerful, because she has grown a hundred times more Christian. Instead of that distress which marked the sad epoch we have been tracing, her people flourish as no people ever did flourish; instead of that hard and savage lack of sympathy in the wealthy and fortunate which then prevailed, a most kindly tone has sprung up and pervaded all classes. The crown no longer casts down a baleful and impure, but a most beneficent influence. Nobles delight to teach, to elevate, to contribute to a thousand institutions and means of general amelioration.

"A Shaftesbury, a Carlisle, a Brougham, a Burdett Coutts, are never more happy than when labouring to educate and instruct the masses. What a revolution have our Sunday Schools, Evening Schools, National and British Schools, Ragged Schools, Mechanics' Institutes, Lectures, and Libraries produced! The blessings of knowledge are now made almost as universal as light and air. High and low in worldly estate work together—the man of wealth teaches the mechanic—the mechanic teaches his fellows; and political and social reform, going on step by step, promise all the prosperity and the happiness to England which Philip Stanton

laboured for in his youth, and contemplates yet, with profoundest satisfaction, in his mature years."

Our readers know that we are no faint-hearted advocates of all which makes for that social progress. Topics are touched on in that long quotation, of which mere mention commands our respectful attention and heartfelt sympathy at all times. Such respect and sympathy must fail, however, to blind us to the flagrant, absurd, outrageous incongruities with which these three volumes abound. It is not merely that modern Britain differs widely from the Britain of the day the author sketches; but that his sketch is such as Fuseli might have chalked after his famous supper on pork-chops. It is an artistic phantasmagory and nightmare altogether—"a speculative scene of things, which," not only, "has no reference whatever to the world that is," but has none "to the world that *was*," into the bargain.

Tò γίνεσθαι ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν, or as our Hibernian lyric has it, "to have come of dacent people," is always an excellent ingredient in the composition of a hero. This advantage our author denies not to his. One Rev. Hugh Meynell Stanton of a Derbyshire family, "bonne noblesse de province," marries a certain Isabella Eyre "equally descended from the ancient magnates of the Peak," and thence is born Philip, the "Man of the People." Inasmuch as there is evidence to show that this Philip is at least one-and-twenty when he visits Paris in 1815, we cannot conveniently assign an earlier date than the eventful year 1793 for the marriage of his said parents. Further: inasmuch as his father Hugh Meynell Stanton is in full Orders at the time of his said marriage, he must then have exceeded his twenty-fourth year; so his birth must have occurred no later than 1769. It was probably, therefore, by prophetic intuition that when Hugh and his heartless brother Marmaduke, fell out in boyhood, the latter, whom his junior had trounced upon intolerable provocation, reviled him in these terms:

"You are a Jacobin! you are a Cain! you would have killed me if you could."

Our author explains, precisely, that "Jacobin was the first term of reproach that rose to his lips—for it was a term, which at that time" (to wit,

circa 1783, Relief of Gibraltar year, Peace of Paris, humbling of proud Bourbons and so forth, as see Pinnock,) "was used for every thing infamous by the Conservative aristocracy"—(had the "organised hypocrisy" come so soon into being?)—and though it was an epithet which burst from him by chance, he thought it a happy one, and in after years thought it still happier." No doubt he did, when from the prophetic it merged into the historical domain of vituperative language. By the time that Jacobins were known, not as mere understrappers of the Order of St. Dominic; but as the furious clubbists of the Paris sections. Hugh is in Orders, preaching both in pulpit and out of it, by precept and example, such furious and inflammatory doctrines as follow:—

"Of all delusions the delusions of property or power is the greatest. The man who wraps himself up in earthly good, and deems that it is his own, is no better than the bird which arrays itself in borrowed plumes. The great so-called possessor may become a great defaulter, but he can never really become a great owner. God is a great lender but not an absolute giver of the goods of the earth. They are wanted from age to age for fresh passengers through time, and must pass from hand to hand as they are required."

For these frenzied speculations, darting forth in this electrifying language, the excellent Hugh suffers sorely. For, our writer assures us, "such language would *now* be acknowledged as the everlasting truth of the everlasting Gospel, but it was *then* (in those days of prophetic orgasm overtaking eldest sons of baronets) deemed perfectly revolutionary, Jacobinical, and tainted to the core with French infidelity."

Thus in one place poor Hugh was quietly dismissed by his vicar, a dismissal, if unjustifiable, not impossible: in another the bishop demanded his removal: a fall here on the barometer of possibility. But not therewith content, this vindictive prelate "*suspended him for two years from all exercise of the sacred functions!*" Barometer of possibility below Zero, by we know not how many degrees, and mercury frozen in the bowl, we fear, altogether. But bishops, even "in petto," did queer things in that mythical period of Church-history. Of one, whose see, in curious contrast with

the precision of names elsewhere, is designated as that of Agrimony, it is said incidentally, that having only late in life risen into notice through political incident, he had married the daughter of a small farmer *when he was not very sober!* High time certainly for Church-reform, among others.

In spite of the trifling circumstance that the system of "honors" and of the class-list was not yet instituted at Oxford, Hugh took first-class honours at that University, a "double-first" we presume, for with the prescience of his family he had anticipated the modern developments of the study of natural science in his Alma Mater. This enabled him to give an admirable education to his son Philip. He first grounded him well in "those branches of knowledge which are deemed of the first necessity towards distinction at the universities; then read with him history, philosophy, both natural and moral; then studied with him the leading departments of natural history, botany, zoology, chemistry, and geology." As he also conversed with much fluency in the French language, the native tongue of his grandmother, he enabled Philip to master that European dialect at an early age. German the intellectually fortunate youth acquired also, conversationally, from a fellow-usurper named Bodelschwing, who in the third volume turns up as "a pastor and a celebrated poet somewhere in the Rhineland":—whether his pastorate or his celebrity belonged to that ill-defined district we are at a loss to say. Under whose auspices Philip picked up his Oriental information we have likewise attempted to conjecture in vain, but his possession of it is undoubtedly specified in the exclamation, "What a martyrdom for the son of Hugh Meynell, accomplished in all the learning of Greece, Rome, and Arabia!"

It strikes us, upon second thoughts, that his insight into the "Asiatic Mystery" may have been communicated by a handsome gipsy maiden with whom he had half an hour's conversation once, in the neighbourhood of Alton. If so, the circumstance, though somewhat abnormal, is not much more so than others strewn up and down his eventful career.

How great soever the progress of popular education may have been

within the last thirty years, it is manifest from the work before us, that the educational standard has lowered among the upper classes in an equal ratio to its exaltation among their inferiors. We no longer hand on the torch of learning so rapidly, nor burning with so clear and bright a flame, as in the period under review. The anticipatory "double-first" educated his son as we have seen. That admirable Crichton himself becomes an educator, first as usher in the school where he knits friendship with the Teutonic poet: next, in the family of Sir Huldicote Peters, Bart. Sir Huldicote has a son and heir, Charles Peters, originally destined merely to the life of a country gentleman; whose education, therefore, had "not been so sedulously followed out as it might have been." He had been sent to Harrow; but at the age of nineteen had been thought sufficiently educated for the heir of a baronetcy. Circumstances however seeming favourable for pushing him in political life, and his cousin, the Rev. Hargrave Freemantle, conceiving, probably with the younger Pitt's career in view, that if Cousin Charles could only get a seat in the Cabinet early in life, he, the Rev. Hargrave, might come in for one of those astounding bishoprics, then current—it is determined to recommence Charles' education with vigour.

Philip being sent for, is—

"Gravely recommended to particularly indoctrinate his pupil with Demosthenes and Cicero, in order to kindle in him a passion for forensic and senatorial eloquence. Of course, he would have opportunities to study the general principles of law, Roman, international, and British; but these studies must be reserved for the college.

"Philip assured him that he had given considerable study to the Pandects of Justinian, to Delorme, to Lytleton, and Blackstone, and should be happy to proceed in his readings in those authors with his pupil."

The worthy rector was, we are told, "struck with astonishment at the avowal;" well he might be! Charles, however, was not to be inspired with a love of eloquence. In vain did Philip "declaim to him, as they rode slowly over the neighbouring commons, the most magnificent passages from the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero."

Vainly did he "describe the effect of a solemn and well-modulated intonation, by pronouncing the Divine charge to Jonah, 'Go to Nineveh, that great city.'" Vainly did he once more declaim, with impassioned emphasis, the third speech of Cicero against Catiline, and exclaim, "Abiit! evasit! erupit!" The ancients failed to kindle a passion for oratory in the heir of Craythorne. Philip then took to the moderns, tried Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, and Erskine, Grattan, Curran, and others, but with as little effect. The reader, "struck with astonishment at the avowal," might hasten to the conclusion, that Master Charlie Peters, like many other Charlies, didn't love his book, and couldn't be got to learn it. Error! Was not that hasty reader warned by us out of Charles Lamb's mouth, that "we are amongst a chaotic people, and are not to judge them by our usages?"

Master Charlie's ambition was simply to get a commission in the cavalry, and his notions of the necessary mental outfit for a cornet, were different, indeed, from those of our degenerate days of progress. Has it not been urged upon Mr. Secretary-at-War, the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., by all manner of Peninsular veterans—nay, by the military big-wigs of the Horse Guards themselves, that his fatal persistency in requiring from candidates for commissions a knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic, with a couple of books of Euclid, and such historic lore as Chepmell's tight compendium furnishes, will soon render it impossible to officer the British army with scions of the nobility and gentry of this realm? "O tempora! O mores! Ubi lapsi, quid fecimus?" Attend, young Charlies of the present time, who cram with military tutors at Bagshot, Frimley, and Sunning-hill,—and "funk" the board of examiners at Sandhurst, after all;—attend, we say, to the utterances of the heir of Sir Huldicote Peters!

"If I really had an ambition, it would be to be a soldier. I can tell you that I have listened to you with a real interest when you read of Hector defending Troy—of Hannibal defending Carthage; and, by-the-bye, I think the Romans have given us their own view of the Carthaginian. I would like vastly to read a history of the times by Hannibal himself—Hannibal's Commentaries. If one

could dig up something of the sort by crossing over to Africa, that, I think, would astonish some of your savans. I can read, too, delightedly of the feats of Miltiades, Leonidas, Epimandondas, and such fellows, and never was more wrapped up in a soldier's story than in the 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand.' Well, now, though one could not expect to be Wellington, and would not wish to be a Bony, it would be something to be a Wolfe, scaling the heights of Quebec—an Abercrombie, turning back the Corsican Kengis-Khan, after his proud vaunt of looking down from the pyramids on a conquered world; or, even a Sir John Moore, finishing a forced retreat by a glorious triumph.'

"Philip smiled."

An indulgent smile, we trust; not that grim smile of inquisitive mockery with which, perhaps, in our days, the Rev. Doctor Chepmell might greet the symptoms of a pluck for history, in that dangerous passage concerning Abercrombie's imaginary rout of the Corsican "Kengis," and the startling new version of the said Corsican's allusion to the top of the Pyramids. Charles Peters, Esq., might make such a slip before commencing the course of special preparation for the army, on which, without the privity of Sir Huldicote, or the Rev. Cousin Hargrave, he and his tutor agree now to embark. Scarcely could he have made it afterwards; for, when that meddling cousin at last detects the truth, the studies of the aspiring youth had stretched over a catalogue of works, for enumerating which we are driven into small type again:—

"Sir Huldicote and Lady Peters rose simultaneously, and followed the Canon, who, running his fingers over a number of books, said—'All this looks well; here are Homer, Hesiod, Demosthenes, the Greek and Latin historians, with some poets and other writers, Virgil, Ovid, Terence, Plutarch, and so on; and, if we open them, they appear pretty well thumbed. Here we have Euclid, Napier on Logarithms, Hutton's Mensuration, and Hutton's Mathematical Tables. Here is a quaint old book, Gregorii Astronomia; and, look at this!—Geometria Elementa, section ix., De Motibus Satellitum circa Alios, &c. Here is Dunn's Practical Astronomy, with all about the longitude; Bonycastle's Algebra; Adams on Mathematical Instruments, &c. Enough, indeed, on these branches at present. Here, again, we have modern history, and comments on the old—Gibbon, Hume, Clarendon, Robert-

son, Niebuhr, Botta, Sismondi Heeren, and others. But, why have we so much of what is little more than biography? Charles XII. of Sweden; Marlborough's Campaigns; Napoleon's Campaigns; Lives of Washington and Nelson, and the like—rather a guidance to a particular *penchant*, than the steady, unswerving march of that general inquiry necessary for a gentleman and a statesman? This leads me to fear that the old bent towards the army in Charles is at the bottom of it. In fact, if we wanted any confirmation, we have only to glance at this very significant corner of the shelves:—Art de la Guerre, ouvrage de Mr le Maréchal de Puysegur; Elements of Tactics, by a Prussian General, translated by Landmann; Trial at large of Lieutenant-General Whitlocke; Legislation Militaire; the Spirit of the Modern System of War; a book on the Sword Exercise; the Articles of War; Vauban and Cormontaigne's Systems of Fortification; Le Sage's Mémoires des Ponts et des Chaussées; Carnot de la Défense des Places Fortes; the Siege of Gibraltar, by John Drinkwater, &c.

"'Surely,' said the Canon, 'All that is plain enough—that means the army, and no mistake.'"

Perhaps it does; but if the army means *that*, we protest that the Peninsular and Horse Guards' opponents of military education have a stronger case than we had thought against Mr. Secretary Herbert. We hasten at once to inform our readers that all this preparation was not destined to be abortive. Even a thick-headed Sir Huldicote had not the heart to deprive the British cavalry of such a cornet; the Fifteenth Hussars are, in the third volume, named as the fortunate corps which received such a well-grounded subaltern into its ranks. Charlie had, however, before joining, enjoyed other preparatory advantages. He had repaired to Paris in 1815, when the allied sovereigns were in possession of that capital.

"Don't you think," he had said in proposing the trip to his tutor, "that, if I am to be a soldier, I ought to see all the great nobles of the armies of the world, and the troops now camping round Paris?" Were we dealing with the writings of an author less exact and minutely correct, we might question this early use of the term "*nobs*," as, perhaps, a philological anticipation, to be classed with the prophetic use of the political byword, "Jacobin," noticed above. But we must beware of

questioning even the *obiter dicta* of such an historical genius. Over the circumstances of this visit to Paris, we must pass lightly, assured, as we are, by its recorder, that such "is to the young, at any time, a hurrying and bewildering entrancement." But to one special feature of the trance, as it affected Philip, we draw attention, because it proves that he, like his uncle, Sir Marmaduke, before him, had a gift of "second sight." Perhaps the mountain-bred origin of a Derbyshire family may, in part, account for its possession. Highlanders have, in all ages, and under all climates, had "seers" among them. The vision which the coming "Man of the People" beheld in Paris was none other than this:—"The emblematic figures on every side of the Place de la Concorde, telling of so many and so distant nations subjugated, the obelisk of Luxor being in the midst." This was in 1815; the vision has been since in part, but in part only, fulfilled. The writer of this notice saw Mr. Lebas, the engineer, set up, under Louis Philippe, the obelisk, which stood yet before the Portico of Rameses, at Luxor, when Mr. Stanton's dreamy eye beheld it cutting the sky line between the Carrousel and the Arc de l'Etoile. As for the emblematic figures round that noble place, we doubt not that ultimately the whole vision shall come true. Under the First Napoleon, they were not there at all; under the Third, they only represent Lille, Bordeaux, Lyon, and other French provincial towns; but sceptical indeed must that man be who shall refuse to allow that, sooner or later, they shall come to tell "of so many and so distant nations subjugated." It is one of the notorious failures of this gift of "second sight," in practical use, that the seer can rarely foretell his own fate. Philip's visions revealed not to him the oncoming of malignant influence which the Rev. Canon Freemantle was to exercise upon his fortunes; that divine had got as far as a canonry on his way to a mitre, and is also designated Arch-deacon, at irregular intervals.

Thanks to his "crafty meddling," Philip is expelled at a moment's notice by Sir Huldicote, his crime, of having crammed Master Charlie for the cavalry, being complicated by having anticipated the judgment of Thomas

Carlyle upon the character of Oliver Cromwell—and yet farther, by what less unreasonable folk than the old baronet might consider the questionable step of engaging, for good and all, the affections of his only daughter, Miss Paulina. As this young lady is totally destitute of individual character, we should have avoided, in much probability, all farther mention of her, were it not for an astounding physiological fact which her history brings to light. We have heard often, with tenderest compassion, how sorrow has wrought, upon the head of a beauty, the invidious work of age. Agony will sprinkle over young brows the snow of many winters in a single night; in plainer words, the hair of persecuted young ladies will turn grey. But, with Paulina Peters, an unheard of phenomenon took place. When Philip first beheld her, "the fortunate possessor of rank, accomplishment, and glorious charms," we took especial notice that among these glories were to be reckoned "luxuriant *dark brown tresses*." Well, they were parted for a year or two—the lovers, not the tresses—by the "unspeakable wickedness of the Arch-deacon;" and heart-pain did its work, not its accustomed work, on those silken glories. When, frustrating at last "the fiendish vengeance" of the disreputable canon, Philip, in happier days, seeks out his old love once more, he discovers her at Heidelberg, "at the foot of a steep mossy bank overhung with tall hazel bushes." "She had come out without her bonnet," as if to give poor Philip the fullest shock of horror on beholding—what is there distinctly stated to be—"her head of rich *black hair*!!" The case is, we believe, unique.

Expelled from the Petersian paradise, Philip, having eased his mind by speaking to Mrs. Rudd, the sexton's wife, a most motherly old lady, "in terms quick, expressive, lightning-like, in their meaning and power, telegrams of sorrow and desolation," falls in, by wonderful good luck, with an old admirer of his father's conduct and preaching. This convenient personage is a "great calculator," and enjoys "stupendous fame," "not only for calm deep calculation, and for plans of forts, bastions, mines, and other means of military offence and defence, but for the improvised mea-

asures which, in moments of great peril, had enabled our armaments to do miracles of military triumph." He is, moreover, the very man to shield the persecuted Philip, if not from the "wily demon of a Canon," at least from the blustering wrath of Sir Huldicote, on whose property, by good luck, he has a heavy mortgage. This truly "extraordinary man," whose physical frame would seem to be subject to some of the mysterious influences which wrought upon Paulina,—being at one time "short, round, and broad," at another, "stalwart and massy-bodied"—is named Jeremiah Sterland. He wears dark clothes and Hessian boots, and "a broad hat with a very flat brim, as if he had the habit of laying it always brim downwards." He procures for his young friend, Philip, the post of Schoolmaster, in the Wiltshire village of Slumbercumb, at a salary of five shillings a week, Philip's board and lodging, at a farmhouse in the village, costing that unfortunate young man the weekly sum of half-a-sovereign. After this act of enlightened philanthropy and discriminating patronage, he suddenly sets sail for India, to conduct to favourable issue a war with the Pindaries, returning thence in the nick of time, when rescue of Philip's forfeit life, has to be extorted from the vindictive wrath of Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh.

What brought Mr. Stanton into that extreme peril, and impelled him into the political career where he acquired his popular title and the hatred of the British aristocracy, is intimately connected with his retirement to Slumbercumb. Spite of its soporiferous denomination, it proved a place of awakening to the political ardour dormant in the breast of the "Jacobin" curate's son. The discourse of one Lawrence Hyde, a curate also, the perusal of Cobbett's Register, and the contemplation of agricultural distress, exhibited in stewing nettles, inspire Philip with the resolution of proceeding to the Metropolis, there to force his way into political prominence.

Trifling difficulties, as might have been expected, intervene at starting, although these obstacles, as scarcely could have been expected, are presently cleared at a single bound.

In the world of novelists, gene-

rally, those mysterious abstract entities, newspaper editors, exhibit strange phenomena of manners and customs. It could hardly be otherwise here. Apparently the enactment of the famous "Amendment Tinguay," which first, under the French Republic of 1848-50, compelled writers to sign their newspaper articles, "en toutes lettres," had force in England in Philip Stanton's time. Nay, it existed in a more stringent form, for the public were to be satisfied as to the "university" standing of journalists. One "great editor, as he sat over his beef-steak and bottle of port," not only informed the applicant that "he employed no writers who were not graduates," but being asked whether "the same amount of knowledge, not acquired at a College," might not be as good, replied, "No, it did not carry the same weight:" whence it would seem that in 1816, Scriblerus signed his "leaders" at full length, LL.D., M.A., or at least B.A., as the case might be.

This obdurate editor—of the "Steadfast Weathercock," we believe—having in the sequel relented, testifies the most sincere repentance, and makes amends with a gush of confidence and admiration, not only "proffering,"—we quote precisely—"his perfect readiness to *dispense* with Mr. Stanton's *not being*" (oh, Lindley Murray on the use of negatives!) "a graduate of any university, but to put him on his staff as the leading writer!" Whereas he of the "Political Diver," shoots beyond, and not content with "embellishing the chief column" of that journal with a once rejected article of Philip's, appends to it a paragraph announcing that it was "from the universally-acknowledged master-mind of the age." This universal acknowledgment was, in one sense, bought cheap by Philip, though in respect of the esteem and affection of the Protectionist and High Church—or rather Strong Church—Paulina, it cost him temporarily dear. He rises at once into fame by the simple expedient of jumping up on a bench at a public meeting held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, exclaiming, "Hear me!" Thence he is half shoved, half hauled on to the platform, amidst a company comprising three personages of blood-royal, with "ducal stars," whatever they may be, "on their

breasts ;" comprising also the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Wilberforce, and Lord Castlereagh, "in a plum-coloured coat." Landed on this eminence, he is asked by the Duke of York for his name : and that good-humoured prince inquires further, "Mr. Stanton, have you a resolution to submit to the meeting?"

"I have," replied Philip ; "and it is this, that the only remedy for the paralysis of the nation—the only means to feed the people and revive our trade—the grand source of prosperity—is to abolish the Corn-law!" Bang! that is a pretty shell to fall among such company! It makes a clean sweep of the platform; and when they have disappeared, there springs up on it a fresh crop of political worthies as swiftly and as portentously as the dragon's teeth of Cadmus. Burdett, Cartwright, Cobbett, Cochrane, Hunt, come forward to congratulate our hero amidst deafening roars of approbation from the democracy in the body of the room : and thenceforth Philip Stanton is launched on his career as, indeed, "the Man of the People!" Upon it we will not dare to follow him ; but before concluding we must once more notice the desperate revulsions which the author's mind has undergone between the realistic and ideal schools of fiction. Both claim his admiration and adhesion—both receive a tribute of imitation ; neither can claim him wholly for its own. As a gem of realism we submit the following :—Philip is on a popular oratorical mission to the Hampden Clubs of shoe-making Northampton. The confraternity of Crispin and Crispinian musters in masses. The room is crammed, so chokeful, in fact, that hundreds stand outside. Philip, like a wise man, refuses to enter, and proposes to stand in the doorway, possibly to secure a gulp of air, ostensibly to divide his eloquence between the outer and the inner crowd. "A large packing-case was brought from below for him to stand upon, and the leaders took their seats around." We pass over the incidents of the meeting ; it is in the result that the uncompromising realism of the writer is declared :—

"When Philip found himself in the house, he perceived that *the heat of the room and his own excitement rendered it as necessary to change his*

dress as if he had been plunged into the river." Not even that artifice of a station in the doorway, it would seem, could save him from this deliquescent drawback upon successful democratic oratory! Realistic with a vengeance. But before the drama is played out, the wild fantasies of ideal romance again usurp their sway over the author's mind. There are riots in Nottinghamshire. They are suppressed : by a troop of that gallant Fifteenth, in whose ranks rides the highly educated Charlie Peters, now Sir Charles. Philip's own life, as we have intimated, is saved, partly through the interposition of his old friend, the stupendously famous calculator, partly by an event which puts even all his possible calculations out.

"I tell thee," says the broad-brimmed Jeremiah, "it was a stiff battle we had with Sidmouth and Castlereagh. Confound them! They would have liked to see that goodly head of thine cut off at one blow—they would!"

What, then, could possibly have intervened to balk those sanguinary State Secretaries of their hideous satisfaction? "A most extraordinary event," as Jeremiah not unaptly designed it, "in the hand of a strange Providence." In fact, a boat upset upon the Lake of Zug, and drowned Sir Marmaduke Stanton then and there, with both his sons.

These gentlemen, though middle-aged, apparently left no male issue, for Philip succeeds to the baronetcy, and to the estate of Druid's Moor : and, as Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh admit to Mr. Sterland, "That alters matters greatly. The man of fortune will, no doubt, soon absorb the man of faction. We yield."

His fellow-prisoners were not all so fortunate. Twenty were transported for life ; but "three of them *were beheaded as traitors!*"—whether by "the sword of the executioner," "the axe of the headsman," or the "guillotine of the Jacobins," imported for the purpose by a Conservative aristocracy, Mr. Howitt has neglected to inform us. A special tragic interest attaches to the fate of a local preacher among the Methodists, who, except in this instance, had shown the most constant piety and quietness. But no representations of these facts could save his hoary head from the block!!

Oh, my Lord Sidmouth ! Oh, tyrant Castlereagh ! thus did ye reintroduce, in the days of our own fathers, the very archaisms of the penal code of the Tudors ! He was a Methodist preacher. Why not have revived the statute "*De comburendo hæretico*," and have burned him bodily in the market-place of Nottingham ? That "demon of an Archdeacon" would have acted, we doubt not, as Arch-inquisitor, and have lighted the faggots for any friend of Philip's with vengeful zeal.

With this hint at one more improvement in historical fidelity, we present the author, for his second edition. We owe him something, as literary men, were it only for gifting our language with that new and forcible adjective, "*robustious*," which we underscored more than once in our perusal of this charming historical novel. And now, with regret, we lay it down. If the William Howitt

who wrote it, be the veteran of the pen whose writing has often truly pleased and instructed us, then we presume this work is written as a satire on a certain class of novels ; and though we think it wears an air of "*mauvaise plaisanterie*," we must accept it as we have done Professor Aytoun's "*Spasmodic Tragedy*." If, on the contrary, some younger aspirant for literary distinction own the same name as our old acquaintance, and have written this book seriously, we will venture on a word of advice. He admires Cobbett. Cobbett wrote an English grammar ; let him purchase and peruse it. To the study of this grammatical work by that "*robustious*" Radical, let him add the occasional use of a lexicon of the English language, by a Tory doctor, Samuel Johnson : let him, finally, consult, at times, that work of neutral politics, "*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*."

ART IN 1860.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition at the British Institution is decidedly superior to that which provoked our lamentations last year ; still, considering its high national pretensions, and the object stated on the very title-page of the catalogue—the "*British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom*"—the class of works in the gallery is not a very satisfactory one, and their presence is not likely to do much for British Art. The patronage of her most gracious Majesty, the presidency of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, and the Marquess of Westminster, appear ineffectual to attract distinguished artists. Those notabilities who were wont to send at least their second-rate pictures, seem now to disdain even that, and the places erst occupied by Maclise, Leslie, or Mulready, are given to poor conventional landscapes, clap-trap, dramatic subjects, huge flaring flower-pieces, or dingy architectural views. The earliest London exhibition of the year cannot now find from amongst the whole body of English painters, half-a-dozen men of reputation to keep up the character of a place they once delighted to honour.

Many ask the reason of this. The

answer of some is, that since the palmy days of the gallery, which started with such grand purposes, and was to be to London what the gardens of Saint Marco were to Florence, many new "*institutions*" have sprung up, as the Portland Gallery, the Water-Colour Societies, the Winter Exhibition, and the British Artists' Society, and that these along with the overbearing attractions of the Royal Academy, have led to the result. But we believe the secret to lie in the fact that the British Institution, from first to last, never endeavoured to keep pace with the times, and disgusted by favouritism or neglect most of the younger class of artists, who work precisely in that spirit against which the directors have ever set themselves. These painters, now in the bloom of their reputations, have repaid the contumely, and abandoned the institution which refused to recognise them in their early struggles. The apathy of the noble members of the committee, under whose tacit sanction these wrongs and follies were committed, has, it is said, allowed the whole management of the exhibition to lapse into most unfit hands ; so that, in fact, there are

few exceptions to the assertion, that it is little better than a large picture-dealer's shop. As it is, the title "British" is a farce, if given to a gallery which has not six works by men of reputation in English Art upon its walls, and can only show the names of three members of the Royal Academy in its list of exhibitors. It is time something were done to remove the stigma of this professional neglect from the Institution. If the Academy alone were absent it would be accounted for by the superior attractions of their own peculiar *sanctum* in Trafalgar-square; but then we should at least expect the compensating presence of the numerous "outsiders," whereas the catalogue shows no distinguished contributors except Mark Anthony, who sends an indifferent picture.

Our remarks are of course of general applicability. With the great mass of the 649 works constituting this exhibition we have nothing more to say than that they are of the most mediocre character, those which differ, either in a good or bad respect come alone under our notice. A large marine picture "The Needle-rocks, Howth," (2), by E. Hayes, A. R. H. A., occupies, not unworthily, the place of honour over the fire-place; this is the most solidly painted of the artist's works, and the most spirited we have had occasion to notice. If he would expend more care upon the execution of the rocky portions of his subjects, we are convinced that the merit of his treatment of sea-water would be more appreciable. The motion of a rolling wave that rises to break upon the shore is really admirable both in colour and form. The sky above, showing a faint green light through a rift, is equal to the sea-painting, and displays unusual power of observation. No. (554), by the same artist, "Dutch Vessels becalmed," is an antithetical subject, skilfully, but perhaps not so carefully treated. Mr. E. W. Cooke's pictures are in his usual solid but rather opaque and chilly style of colour. We can believe his assertion in the catalogue, that No. 129, "Coast of Devon," was "painted on the spot," it is so carefully and well drawn, and has so much individuality about it; but, for the life of us, we cannot tell, judging from the colour alone, if the cliffs, that recede into the

picture so finely, are chalk or mere white sandstone: if the former, they are too grey—yellow for moonlight; and if the latter, far too white for either effect. The stony beach is, as usual with this artist, cleverly painted. "San Servolo and San Lazzaro, Venice," by the same, (296,) is one of those heavy and mannered works, which, with their brassy skies and metal waters make us think that Turner has lived in vain.

Mr. G. Stanfield's "View on the Meuse" (12), is opaque, painty, and cold. A wretched, half-starved production is that of Mr. H. Jutsum, styled "Norbury"—a view on the little Surrey river, Mole. This is one of those silly pretentious pictures that teach nothing, because the artist could not observe any simple fact of nature. There is a large, though decreasing, class of paintings of this order. At their headstands Mr. Jutsum; a strong, or rather numerous phalanx of the Bonnington family succeed him; and Mr. Nieman, and that most meretricious of spoilers of canvass, Mr. Shayer, bring up the rear. Nos. 91 and 339 are by the last-named artist but one; and how anybody with the slightest feeling for nature can tolerate the mere sight of these pretentious vulgarities, passes our conception. The first, "Swaledale, Yorkshire," is as coarse as if it had been painted in a coal-pit; and "Cock Mill, Whitby," the latter, is its worthy companion. Mr. Shayer has also a picture here, which we forbear to particularize. Mr. F. Lee Bridell supplies a landscape painter not unallied to this class; but he is rapidly developing into a mysterious idealist, whose works are conventionally agreeable; although, from that very cause their meretriciousness is more mischievous than the open coarseness of the other set of painters. His "Grotto of Neptune at Tivoli" (70), shows where the river comes to the foreground, and flows with many cascades over the rocks and through the foliage. If we could divest ourselves of the idea, that 603, by the same, "Under the Pine trees at Castel Lusano, Romagna," was any thing else than a "composition," in the manner of a theatrical scene, its very clever and masterly style of painting would render delightful a vista of copper-tinted pines, with their grey-green heads, opening upon a hill-side of

pinetrees, like a sea of dark emerald, and clear bright sky above.

"A Peep for a Pin," by J. J. Hart (27), showing a group of village children looking into a picture book, is very cleverly handled indeed, and full of character. But, for a certain fruitiness of colour, it would be charming in all qualities. "Cribbage," (J. W. Haynes, 168), an old labourer and his wife playing that game; the former caresses his chin, with capitally told affectation of doubt, but real triumph, while the woman has apprehension in her hesitating action, putting a card down with an intensely inquiring expression. The figures are well composed, although the fault of dingy and clayey colour mars this work, as it does that of its neighbour, by J. Clark, "The Dawning of Genius"—a boy drawing the portrait of a quaint, rough terrier, put upon a table for the purpose, by a grinning girl, whose hearty enjoying look is splendidly done. The dog himself, half flattered, half puzzled, is admirable. He is, doubtless, a true descendant of Launce's dog, at whom "Madame Sylvia" took such offence.

No. 249, "Criticism," by J. P. Hall, represents the interior of an artist's study, to which some of his servants have got access, and are descanting on a picture on the easel;—a boy page sits in the chair, looking through a tube of paper with a profound affectation of judgment, holding one of the painter's shoes in his other hand; a housemaid leans on a broom, and the lady's-maid stands behind, tossing up her head dubiously. The painter peeps through the crack of the door, listening to his home-critics. If there were not so much vulgar exaggeration in the designing of this picture, it would be more creditable to the artist, being tolerably well painted. A pallid frostiness pervades Mr. W. M. Egley's "Margaret" (467), illustrating Tennyson's poem. The lady is too pale by half, looks phthisical, and is a mere shadow of a woman. She seems cut out of cardboard and propped up against nothing.

Mr. J. Gilbert certainly does not err from the want of tone or colour; indeed, he seems to delight in working in some twilight-land lighted by strange fires. *He* is not tame and feeble, but exceeds in action to overstraining and attitudinizing. *His*

colour is lurid and his atmosphere smoky. The over-bold spirit of design is not so much misplaced in No. 33, "The King's Artillery at Marston Moor," where a heavy gun is being hauled up an incline with infinite shouting and effort of men and horses, blowing of trumpets, haste, confusion, and diversity of action. No one can give the burning hurry of such a subject like Gilbert. But there was hardly any occasion for the same extra vigour in the next picture of "The Taming of the Shrew," where Petruchio exclaims, "Where be these knaves?" (Act iv., sc. i.) Petruchio is a ruffian, Katherine utterly spiritless, and the knaves mere starved scarecrows. In short, the whole treatment is a total mistake, of a vulgar kind moreover. Better far is No. 600, by the same, "Sancho Panza," seated on the ground, those ever recurring eatables between his outspread knees, and cogitating gravely upon his own ideas of the madness of Don Quixote. There is much humour, though no novelty in the expression of Sancho, being, indeed, a reproduction of the old type, which has now, by constant use, become a mere "pattern" with Mr. Gilbert. "A Market Scene in Belgium," by J. H. S. Mann, (259) exhibits considerable spirit and variety of character. "Antwerp in the Seventeenth Century," Hendrick Schaevels (293), showing a party of purchasers at a glass-stall, is very cleverly handled, and is pleasing from novel manner of treatment. "Children in the Church of Schwartzwald, painted from the life," by E. Seydel (299), supports the statement of its directness from nature by the excellent character of the faces, varied as that is. The children hold breviaries in their hands, and their simplicity of look is admirably given. Their quaint head-dresses give novelty to the picture, which, despite a dreadful dinginess of colour—to utter murkiness, indeed, this is carried—makes the work most worthy of notice. Mr. Leslie, whom we should take to be a pupil of Grant, R.A., has painted with more solidity than his master, a large study of a pretty little girl, in a bonnet, seated on a low wall's top, and looking out with a delightfully truthful and pure expression of eyes as well as clearness, and healthiness of

honest seeming face. The childish severity of look that marks a total ignorance of evil is given admirably in this picture, and we rejoice to recognise a painter who can not only paint but think. This work, the first by the artist we remember to have met with, is entitled "A Little Foundling." It would do kind Captain Coram's heart good to see that out of evil or misfortune any thing so honest, so pure, so sweet and fair could spring. Mr. Leslie will do well to cultivate colour, for the fault of this work is a want of warmth.

A piece of *pseudo* Pre-Raphaelitism is "Mary Magdalene," (467), by F. Sandys, an elaborately finished (as far as stippling can go) study of a head, in which the character has been entirely missed. The skill and labour would have been better employed after a little more thought on the part of the artist, who really draws well and paints delicately, but he should remember that the Magdalene could never have been so totally divested of passionate humanity as his somewhat bloodless creation would show her to be. "Queen Eleanor" (537), shows a very weak-looking female stealing along with theatrically-knit brows, and is a piece of consummate clap-trap. Another shadowy painter is Mr. Wyburd, whose "Adeline" (264), libels Tennyson in its puling and sickly sentimentality—its utter unmanliness, silliness, and want of character. A petty prettiness that has marked this artist's work at times, and got him indulgence from the critics—poor as the claim is, and given only in pity—is totally absent. This is in the old childish style of the Albums, the Books of Beauty, Keepsakes, and Amaranths, beyond which we have got by at least fifty years. A recurrence to such is absolutely unpardonable now-a-days, and is so likely to corrupt the popular taste, always apt to be led away by such tricky flashiness, that the practisers of it ought to meet nothing but constant denunciation from all sincere critics, who believe they have a duty to perform to public opinion in guiding it to the best channels. H. O'Neil, upon whom the recent choice of the Royal Academicians has fallen, with so much approbation, for the dignity of A.R.A., sends a little study in the man-

ner, and somewhat in the same spirit, as his "Eastward, Ho!" entitled "Cheer up, Darling"—a soldier embracing, at the eve of a separation, his sweetheart, who reclines in his arms and rests her tear-stained face against his red coat. Strictly and actually true this is, as far as the absolute rendering of expression goes. The character of both the girl and the man is given with a fidelity which, although prosaic, is not by any means vulgar; still a little clearness and brilliancy of colour, as well as power of tone, would be an improvement.

We come now to what is perhaps the best picture in the whole room, Mr. G. Smith's "Fondly Gazing," (135)—a child lying asleep in a cradle, its mother contemplating it, resting her face on her hand and elbow on knee. In the first case, the composition is extremely good, although not absolutely so any more than is the motive or idea the work is intended to express. The drawing is clever, and, if not absolutely and vigorously correct, is still much above the average of such pictures. It is powerful in tone; indeed, almost so much so as to become artificial, and obtain strength of this quality at a sacrifice of middle tint. The colour, though broadly disposed, and not unskillfully managed, is far too hot, and, indeed, becomes lurid when we get over the first impression given by its depth and potency. The expression of the faces is good, that of the child especially, although a little fruity (not flushed) in colour, whereby the character of sleep is injured. The finest portion of the picture is the execution of a quilt that hangs over the cradle; and that is such that not even Mulready has often surpassed. Its minuteness, delicacy, variety of colour, and brilliancy render this portion of the picture a maze of jewel-work that perfectly surprises us, who remember Mr. Smith's ordinary style. Nevertheless, a deeper and wider knowledge of colour than he possesses would have led him to give the heavy maroon-tinted dress of the mother a variety of tints it does not possess, and which, through deficiency of cool tones and reflections (ever present as these are in nature), leaves it but a mass of gloomy, opaque, and lurid tone.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

It is not a little interesting to remark how immensely the younger painters of the English school transcend the "older eminent hands" in the noble quality of colour, as may be found by comparing two pictures by C. Davidson, of the old Water-colour Society, with a pair of works by Stanfield; also, two by George Boyce with another pair by David Roberts. More remarkable even than this the improvement will be noted by placing side by side the small works by Millais and Holman Hunt, with those of E. M. Ward. In the last example the flesh is absolute leather compared with the brilliant felicity and pure depths of truthful tone of either of the great Pre-Raphaelites' works. Let us enter upon Millais' production first:—"Meditation" (121), is a study of a girl's head, with a garland of passion-flowers, and a bright breast-knot of fuchsias and sweet-peas; her dress is pure white, shaded with soft tints of cool colour, that reduce it to grey. Although we consider the expression hardly to justify the title, seeming watchful rather than thoughtful, it is still very exquisite and beautiful in life-like tenderness of character. No one but Millais could render anything so subtle, with so little apparent labour; at the same time a certain bluntness of handling is to be lamented. The chief charm is the colour, aided by a marvellous background of sweet green-blue, that the artist must have borrowed from the purest sea-tints in nature.

A far more elaborate work is that by Holman Hunt, (97), "The School Girl's Hymn"—a country child tripping to school, satchel on back, and singing as she goes. At first sight the very force and truth of character of this wonderful little work disappoints us; and a thoughtless observer might say the expression was painful, and rather lachrymose. This impression vanishes on examination, and we recognise the entire felicity of the face painting. She is singing one of the old melancholy hymn tunes, such as since the Puritan times have taken the place of the droning burthen of the chivalric ballads—one that might have the very notes the pilgrim fathers chanted on the "hailstone-bitten beach" of New England. Did the reader ever observe how almost all

burdens are melancholy in their monotony, just as the sea burden is that the ever-beating waves chant; not melancholy because depressed, but sad because earnest and monotonous, and potent for effort, suffering, and hope. It is the droning of the bagpipe, this sad "air" of the people's thoughts, the chanted "croon" of Irish wakes, the monotonous drummings of the Red Indian's music, and the one-noted beat of the Hindoo tom-tom. Just such is the song this child sings. It may be some old Puritan psalm, to the tune "Plymouth," or "Newhaven;" and her fine girlish notes have a ring amongst them that brings a clear echo from out of the lofty hedges and high trees of the background, which is mightily like the clafe of sword on steel at the saddle of one of old Oliver's Ironsides. The lower part of her face sways itself, if we may so speak; the lips curving with a sort of ripple, which aids greatly the earnest suggestions given by the brow-lines, that are knotted like a strong pulse, and the eyes that fix themselves abstractedly. The painting is not less admirable than the expression. The flesh is the purest, deepest, soundest piece of textural imitation we ever saw; for colour and firmness unequalled; the drawing marvellous for perfect fidelity from the way in which the eyes and mouth have been studied, to the rendering of the curving lines of light that glitter through the interstices of the plaits of her straw hat. The whole picture is real, rounded, sound, and firm to a marvel; and there will be found colour in it which will more than bear comparison with Millais' attractively superior piece.

Let the reader turn from these to E. M. Ward; two large studies of heads (156), "Morning," and (157), "Home Thoughts," in both of which the expression, although aptly suggested, especially in the latter—a lady whose thoughts seem retrospectively happy only—is so rendered in the coarseness of execution, leathery colour, and vulgar drawing, as to be ruined to the educated eye. Mr. Ward has shown thoughtful work, but his crude execution fails him where he most needs help, in the subtleties of expression, for these are only to be rendered by the most delicate execution.

What Mr. Ward wants will never be supplied to Mr. Faed, if he persist in the utterly false system of tone he adopts. The former can draw, but nothing could exceed the revolting disproportion of the latter's study,—“The Anxious Look-out” (58), a fisher-woman gazing to seaward, whose head is three sizes too small for her. We should think this artist had not yet got beyond slate drawing. The colour of his work is vulgarly tawdry; and in execution inconceivably gross. Mr. Faed seems to be aiming at that in which Mr. Philip succeeds; for, if the latter's “Spanish Lady” (126), be no illustration of the motto appended in the catalogue, “A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,” it is certainly a most vigorous, deep-toned picture of a soft-eyed *donna*, flushed with dark blood, and full of riant life; and in execution as superior to the former as the lady herself is in rank to the fish-wife. Mr. Philip must really venture out of his old combinations of colour if he wishes to avoid utter mannerism.

Mr. Wallis's “Xarifa” (154), indicates a revival of that power of color he seemed to have lost with “The return from Naseby” R.A. (1859), and although he deals to sad excess in purple flesh-tints there are harmonies in the present work pleasant to recognise. Xarifa is the Spanish heroine of the Ballad “The Bridal of Andalla,” which Lockhart translates thus:—

“Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze upon the town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing;
And the banners bright, from lattice light, are waving everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume, of our cousin's bridegroom, floats proudly in the air.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.”

But the Lady Xarifa would not rise, for it was the bridal of her false lover, and she sits here in the shadow of the room, gloomy, gaunt-eyed, and pale, her hands upon the golden cushion, and her features in a set despair. Mr. Maclise's picture (114), “Lear and Cordelia,” although elegantly designed, lacks the spirit of the circumstance. Cordelia embraces her father

with the shamefaced reluctance of a young bride to her lover rather than the energy of Shakespeare's text; she turns her head away and rather allows herself to be embraced than participates in the action. The face of Lear, though cold and still-eyed, has fine expression. There is a want of vividness of colour observable throughout the picture, and the draperies, although painted with unusual care even for Maclise, are cold and heavy, needing variety of tint and even variety of texture. Lear's beard is really too identical in the last quality with his robe. Moreover, we do not observe that character of drawing we admired so highly in his cartoon of the Battle of Waterloo. The hands are of that conventional dimpled type the artist has become mannered in substituting for nature.

By Eyre Crowe, jun., is “Boswell's introduction to the Literary Club,” (45), where Johnson receives his mirror-holder with friendly solemnity and impressment. Boswell at the same time in a nervous fidget of delight that is characteristic. Sir Joshua, Goldsmith, and the rest are seated about the table, each true in action to his individuality. We rejoice to see an improvement in solidity of execution in this painter's work, and trust he will carefully avoid an observable tendency to hardness of surface and dullness of color. “The Little Cardinal,” Mr. Gale, (62), shows a boy seated in an arm-chair of magnificent dimensions, and attired in a broad scarlet cape and cap of the same colour; he sits quizzically amused at the splendour of his dress, and with affected gravity places his little arms on the elbows of the chair—a picture of considerable power of humour.

“The Pet of the Brood,” (117), by R. B. Martineau, a carefully executed study of the same model who sat to Holman Hunt, shows the child nursing a fledgeling, whose sulphur-tinted feathers make good colour with her own dress. The solidity of the painting marks a profitable pupil of the greatest of the Pre-Raphaelites, and promises what this artist could do if he would only favour us more frequently with his works. All who remember his “Katherine and Petruchio” must lament the neglect of power of humour and a power of painting seldom surpassed in these days. The character

of the girl's face, entirely distinct from that shown by Holman Hunt, is perfectly rendered, with a care that has produced a picture very pleasant to look upon. Among the humorous pictures we must not omit one by James Hayllar. "Recreation." An old carpenter, short of a job, who amuses himself with a violin at the door of his workshop. There is a good deal of character in this light-hearted old fellow, whose elbow goes gaily with the bow, and who enjoys the idle day with supreme satisfaction. The sunny effect out of doors is well given and would be more valuable if the whole picture was painted with greater solidity and depth of tone. "In Clover," (85), is by the same, shows a tall, gap-toothed mower whetting his scythe in a field of clover. The sky is brilliant without being warm, like the French system of painting such. Altogether the picture is bright and pleasing.

Miss Rebecca Solomon's three pictures—"Reading for Pluck," (a vulgar collegian trifling with a cigar and a flower-girl), "Reading for honors," and "Love's labour lost," are so unutterably silly and coarse that we wonder to see them here. This lady must learn to paint a gentleman before she can do a tolerable painting. The wretched "cad" in the first-named passes toleration, and she really could not feel called upon to paint such a creature. By Abraham Solomons, is an unusually powerfully painted "Study," (139), of a woman in prison during the Reign of Terror. This is full of character and feeling. The young brother of the last, Simeon Solomon, sends a pen and ink drawing, "Babylon," "Babylon hath been a golden cup in the hand of God, which hath made all the earth drunken; the nations have drunken of her wine, therefore the nations are mad" (Jeremiah, li. 7). A drunken king lies under some palm trees holding a harp in his hands, and reclining back in the arms of a semi-naked woman, whose face has a horror of diabolical lust upon it that is finely given; a panther rolls at foot, and behind goes a procession of drunken worshippers! If anything could mar so tragically conceived a work as this it would be the atrocious disproportions of the figures. We lament to see amongst

several very juvenile painters of this gentleman's class an apparently rooted contempt for the simplest "grammatical" truths of drawing and proportion. Such follies of execution must be amended before the world will recognise the talent they really possess. The most dramatic faculty and greatest power of expression will go down before such culpable and childish idleness—idleness, moreover, that will of itself sap away the artistic spirit.

If we take a comparison between the old monochromatic system of art and the modern love of truth, finish, and colour, we might let the reader observe the difference between two pictures by David Roberts, R.A., "Temple of Pallas and Minerva, at Rome," (129) and "Temple of Mars Ultor, Rome," (130) with a little work, by G. P. Boyce, "From the corner of the Fenice, Venice," (11). The richness, brightness, truth, and, above all, exquisite artistic merit of colour, are in the latter perfect in their way, and the reward of honesty and simplicity of purpose tells, with sad condemnation, of the slipshod, *quasi*-masterly, studio-tricky-looking effect of Roberts's work. Certainly, the last, unlike the former, were not "sketched on the spot;" for, if the Roman remains have suffered so little from time as to seem pure sandstone (are they not marble?) of pale yellow hue, and ungarlanded with vegetation, they are as great an exception to the ruins of other nations' works as is the tint of sky, pure French blue and white, from the deep glories of Italian day. Mr. Boyce's work is the work of an artist, loving and studying his subject with a high intelligence, while the veteran Royal Academician seems to think we shall be content in these days with old drawing-master prettinesses of his youth. How long will the world continue to admire, without asking why, and how long are we to tolerate the pretentious falsehood which ignores the beauties of nature, contemns the character of the subject chosen, and treats the melancholy ruins of a great people with the finicking hand of a drawing-master, or the mechanical tinting of a map-colourer? Why is not justice done by the placing of such works side by side? How come the works

of a truthful artist put down by the floor, and the productions of a careless hand in a place of honour?

Of all the marvels of finish it ever came to our lot to notice, Mr. John Brett's "Glacier of Rosenlani," (13), is the greatest. The finest waves of the sea of ice and snow fill the valley before us, and retreat to the far off mountains in a ridged tumult that the belts and wreaths of mist fold over and over in never-ending variety. Rank behind rank, the multitudinous crests show themselves, in a bewildering series of lines that confuse the eye more than the ridged bayonets of a body of marching men. We look and try to trace them individually, for they are all there; but it is as difficult to do this as it is to follow the lines that are called "engine-turning" on the back of a watch. Through the rifted mists looms a mountain-top, and beyond, pale evidences of sky. To the foreground, a denuded ridge, bare to the bone, strewn with wrecked masses of rock, scratched and channelled on their surfaces by the action of the advancing ice that scored them with its keen finger, and drew a line under each lamination of their structures. Above, to the left stands a cape of rock, likewise so channelled, and scored, and scooped in deep hollows, by breasting the glacier's winter flood as it crept grinding hard and keen against the angles, and bore off, from time to time, masses like those which lie in ruins to the front. Between the desolate shore of the icy sea and the defying cape, are high rising waves of snow and ice, bored into deep hollows by wind or partial thaws, and seeming to defy even time by their multitudes. Where the shadows of the great fissures, and deep cavernous bays of the glaciers reflect the blue of the sky, they partake, as they should do, of its tints; where the angles and edges of the surface, still in shadow, do not do so, the artist has truthfully painted them of a warmer hue, a purplish neutral tint, the absolute abstract colour of the negation of light. Take one of those stones he has put in the foreground, and marvel, with us, at the keenness and indomitable power of the eye, and the unflinching and superlative delicacy of the hand that could trace out those

microscopic varieties and bewildering mazes of lines. See how they exhibit the laminations of the stone, showing in every curve where the wear has been more potent on a less compact portion, or better sustained by a more petreous and durable angle, that bore better the strain of the ice and storms. Take a little corner where the stone has broken across its stratification, showing a surface at right angles to the structure, and you will see the shadow in it as various as the surface is full of reflected light, broken with little shadows, streaked in the direction of the strata, and fissured for a further split at the end. The reader will say that the photograph will do all this, and say so truly; but still it was a triumph to do the thing, although, we trust, Mr. Brett will not repent so costly an experiment.

One of the most admirable of modern landscape painters is J. W. Oakes, whose two pictures here, (122, 123) "Ford on the Zraich-wen," and "A Study on the Common," are full of his usual excellencies of brightness, truth, vividness, and delicacy of handling, and, above all, successful rendering of atmosphere: in painting the last quality, Mr. Oakes stands unrivalled; no one can paint more perfectly the high lift of summer air, the many clouds rolling along in their grandeur, in the pure, clear, deep blue of the zenith. The former of these pictures shows a stream running swiftly through a vast common land, rapid and bright, and so translucent that every pebble is visible in its bed. All the foliage and the wild herbage on the banks is given with surpassing care and truthful variety of colour. A favourite subject with this painter is, to take a bit of furzy common land, where the golden wild flowers in full blaze of summer, lurid belladonnas, fiery furze, golden cowslips, and rank rushes mingle in one confusion of riches; behind, a sandy bank of marly ground; above, grass against the sky line; and at the side, a long stretch of common, in shallow rolls of waste; and the girdling lines of trees that shut in all. Much such as this is the smaller work before us; and it is really one of the simplest, as well as most delightful subjects for the study of an artist.

THE NEW ROUTE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW ORLEANS.

HAVING arranged to leave California in March last, I decided on returning by the new transit route between the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, by the city of Tehuantepec. I was anxious to judge for myself of a route I had heard so much canvassed, and which is expected to be productive of great advantages to California. Accordingly, on the 5th of March, in company with two friends, I took possession of my berth on board the *Golden Age*, one of the steamers which leave San Francisco the 5th and 20th of every month, with mails, passengers, and treasure, for the Isthmus of Panama, where they connect with mail steamers to all parts of the world.

As we left the wharf, the revenue cruiser likewise got under weigh, and when about a mile from San Francisco we came to, in obedience to her signal; we were boarded by some of her officers, who remained in the vessel more than half an hour. While we lay motionless, I had an opportunity of admiring the incomparable beauty and unrivalled advantages of this celebrated harbour. At a mile distant lay the city; its numerous wharves crowded with the finest shipping; its stores, manufactories, churches, and public buildings, covering the flat behind the wharves, and stretching up the sides of the series of beautiful hills, dotted all over with villas and gardens, which surround the city and protect it from the sea breeze. The sun was bright and warm. Not a cloud obscured the deep blue of the Californian sky; not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the land-locked lake on which we floated. Behind us lay the island of "Yerba Bueno," its abrupt brush-covered slope rising to a height of 400 feet to seaward, as if to guard from the rough sea breeze the fertile little valley on the land side. Further again, over another expanse of sunny sea, might be discerned the towns of Oakland and Alameda; their lines of white houses and scattered villas contrasting with the dark green of the oak woods, which here cover

the flat lands, and form a beautiful margin to the harbour.

Almost as far as the eye could reach, on every side, the waters of the bay extended, broken by numerous islands and headlands into inlets where fleets might lie concealed. Bounding all, rose the broken ridges and lofty peaks of the coast-range of the "Sierra Nevada;" its abrupt spurs and wooded gulches; its green slopes and varied-coloured rocks and precipices, lending to the landscape every variety of light, shade, and form.

The strait connecting the harbour with the ocean is a narrow pass, in the coast-range, through which the pent-up waters, once covering the inland valleys of California, might be supposed to have burst their way, tearing out an almost straight and deep channel, about six miles long and two wide. The shores on both sides are bold, precipitous, and rocky, except for a couple of miles near the town of San Francisco, where a sandy beach extends.

Leaving the city, which is quickly concealed from our view by a hill that rises abruptly behind it, we pass the island of Alcatraz, a rock right in the centre of the entrance to the harbour, about 150 feet high and strongly fortified. Here the entrance becomes considerably narrower than at either end, and is called "The Golden Gate."

In ten minutes after passing the gate we were in the ocean, and in ten minutes more no stranger could tell where the harbour lay—so beautifully concealed is it amid mountains and rocky headlands. This was probably the reason Admiral Blake did not enter it when he discovered California. He landed higher up the coast, at a place since called after him, where he would never have anchored his fleet, had he known there was such a harbour as San Francisco within a few miles of him.

Well might the ancient Spanish mariners have called this ocean "The Pacific," in contradistinction to that turbulent ever-stormy sea they had to traverse before reaching it. The

appropriateness of the name we, at least, had no reason to question; for so calm was the water over which we glided, so steady the motion of the ship, and so balmy and temperate the atmosphere, that our voyage seemed like a pleasure-trip on an inland lake.

Our course was generally so close to the coasts of California and Mexico that, where the country was inhabited, we could plainly distinguish the houses and cultivated land, and the cattle grazing on the slopes of the mountains.

Few ships are met in a voyage along this coast, the prevailing winds rendering it necessary for sailing-vessels to keep far out to sea; but the passengers found constant objects of interest in the varied scenery of the lofty range of mountains which rises almost directly out of the ocean, and seems to pierce the very skies with its forest-covered peaks.

On the sixth day out we suddenly turned a headland, and entered the small harbour of Mansanillo. It is surrounded on three sides by mountains. A low sandy beach, on which the surf was breaking, runs around the bay, and at one end of it is the village of Mansanillo, apparently consisting of half-a-dozen wretched cane and mud huts, covered with palmetto leaves. Mansanillo has the reputation of being one of the dirtiest and most unhealthy places on the coast, alive with vermin and mosquitoes. A few of the inhabitants, almost naked, came round the ship in their canoes, freighted with bananas, oranges, and eggs, which they offered for sale; a man paddled the canoe, while a woman negotiated the sales. The whole appearance of the place, its inhabitants, and its commerce, were miserable. Immediately on the return of our boat the vessel put about, and Mansanillo was left to its pristine solitude and dirt. Before sunrise we entered Acapulco. This is one of the oldest Spanish ports in the Pacific; it is a model harbour, small compared to San Francisco, but with water of great depth, and so sheltered that its surface is at all times calm. Completely commanding the bay is an extensive fort, built of masonry by the early Spaniards, and mounted with cannon more numerous than effective. In a small sandy cove behind the fort lies the town of Aca-

pulco, the most prominent objects in which are its churches—one in ruins, its tower thrown down, and its walls split by earthquakes, although built on a solid granite rock. The harbour is beautiful, being a round basin, separated from the sea by a range of small hills of varied shapes, with a narrow outlet, having an island outside, making two channels to enter by. It is a perfect salt lake, in the centre of high mountains, with the addition of a surf rolling on a beach of the finest sand, and the water so clear that you can see thousands of all sorts of fish swimming about. Round the foot of the mountains are cultivated enclosures, and every little nook is planted with cocoa-nut groves.

When we came to anchor numbers of natives came off in canoes and boats with awnings, to take the passengers on shore; the canoes were rowed by women and boys, and contained pine apples, limes, oranges, and bananas for sale. The women managed the sales, while the boys all took to the water and dived for small coins thrown in by the passengers. So expert were they, and so clear the water, that I never saw them fail to bring up the smallest coin. It is strange, that though this harbour is infested with sharks they never touch those boys; and it is not uncommon to see large sharks in the midst of the swimmers, neither seeming to take the least notice of the other. The endurance of the boys is as remarkable as their expertness; all day long will they remain in the water, and never seem to tire or be affected by the cold. All steam ships going up and down the coast stop at Acapulco to take in coals, of which the Company always keep a supply in a hulk moored in the harbour.

Here we left the *Golden Age*, and were transferred to another steamer, the *Oregon*. We were scarcely on board when the *Golden Age*, having finished coaling, left the harbour to pursue her voyage to Panama; we went immediately after, and soon lost sight of each other, our course being still along the coast, following the indentation of the Gulf of Tehuantepec, while she keeps more to sea, so as to cross in a straight line the mouth of the Gulf.

On the 14th we approached Ventosa, situated in the apex of the Gulf

of Tehuantepec, which here makes a great indent in the continent, and thus reduces the width of the land between the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico.

All through our voyage, we had heard much of the danger of landing at Ventosa, and of the terrific surf that always broke upon the beach of its unsheltered roadstead. The night was dark as we approached the headland behind which, we were told, Ventosa lay; we all assembled on deck, in anxious expectation of seeing the harbour. At length a small schooner at anchor loomed up out of the darkness, and we were hailed from a well-manned whale boat, tossing on the swells a few yards from us. The helm is put up, the paddles reversed, and we are at Ventosa; every one asks, "But where is the harbour?" Nothing is to be seen but indistinct dark rocks, projecting into the sea, with sandy beaches between, wide open to the Pacific—the roar of which, as it breaks against the rocks and tumbles over into foam along the coast, comes booming on our ears, suggesting dangers which the night conceals. The shore boat comes alongside, the nine first-class passengers and their luggage are deposited in it and pulled ashore, now on the top of large swells—now buried in the trough between them; while the white margin of foaming surf becomes every moment more distinct, and the roar louder. When a certain distance from the shore, all hands back their oars, while the helmsman watches the favourable time; and we see innumerable dark objects congregated on the strand, and wading up to their middle in the water, who are natives, employed to catch the boat when she rides in upon the swell, and rescue the passengers and luggage if upset. The favourable moment arrives; "all hands pull," cries the helmsman, and a great swell bears us, at a fearful rate, towards the beach. Another moment and we strike; a hundred natives surround us, catch the gunnel of the boat, and haul her in, before another wave can catch and overwhelm us; every one gets out—those in the bow jump ashore, satisfied to escape with wet feet—those in the stern mount a native, and ride to dry land on his naked back.

The natives carried off our luggage,

and we followed, towards the lights which glimmered on a little elevation. After a disagreeable scramble over ledges and sharp rocks we reached a few houses built with walls of cane stuck in the ground, and supporting roofs thatched with palmetto leaves.

The principal of these was divided into three compartments, one the private apartment of the officials; another the custom house, where our luggage was sealed with a leaden bullet, to prevent its being opened on the transit; and the third, the office, where it was weighed and charged 10 cents. per lb. for all excess over 50 lbs. for each traveller. After about two hours' delay, a stage coach, drawn by six mules, was prepared, and we started for Tehuantepec, not on the coach however, but alongside of it, the sand being so deep that the passengers have to walk about half a mile, a task not agreeable on a dark night, and performed with a bad grace by some of our fellow-travellers, who consoled themselves by cursing the route, the officials, the country, and the company. This difficulty passed, the rest of the road was good and hard, and we arrived at Tehuantepec at twelve o'clock. We drove through suburb after suburb, street after street, and at length drew up in a large square, in the centre of a city of some 20,000 inhabitants, without seeing a human being, or even a light, and unnoticed, except by dogs, who rushed out upon us in packs from every lane and yard, and seemed the only inhabitants of the city.

Even where we stopped, there was, at first, no one to receive us. It was a relief when Mr. Bell, the American proprietor of the hotel, came to the door and welcomed us; it gave us an assurance that somebody besides dogs lived there—an assurance rendered doubly sure on entering the house, where every thing was done to make us comfortable. Like all Spanish houses in hot countries, it is only one story high, and built in the form of a quadrangle, having a court yard and garden in the centre. The outside of these houses, towards the street, presents only plain white-washed walls, four or five feet thick, to keep the inside cool, with a few small windows, barred and latticed,—giving the whole the appearance of a bride-well; but the best part of the houses

is turned to the garden inside, round which runs a piazza, supported by massive columns, where there is always a refreshing breeze. Here the inhabitants sit in the summer evenings, take their siesta and meals, shaded by cocoa nuts, palms, and orange trees; and here our supper was served. After supper, we were shown to our sleeping apartment. On entering the room, which from its ornaments and paintings, appeared to have been the drawing-room of the last occupant, we found a line of beds ranged along the floor, side by side, composed of bags, stuffed with what our hotel-keeper called straw, but which seemed to us to be branches of trees; no bed clothes, but the whole line of beds covered with one continuous sheet, formed of a piece of uncut calico; the night was warm, however, and we were Californians, who often had to put up with worse than this, so we turned in and were soon asleep, notwithstanding the nails with which our couches seemed to be stuffed.

In the morning I rose before the sun, and went in search of a river, which we had passed the night before, on entering the city; all was stillness and solitude, not a human being abroad. At length I reached what seemed to be the dry bed of a wide river, and outside this, the river itself. This gravel common seems to have been once flooded by the Tehuantepec; but is now protected by a huge wall five or six feet thick, built of excellent masonry, probably by the old Spaniards. It extends for some half a mile, between the river and the town, and is furnished with numerous crossing places, being flights of stone steps, to give access to the river. Over these I reached the river side, a wide but shallow stream, and was soon in its waters enjoying that necessity of southern climes, a bath. I was scarcely in the water, when I saw a figure ascend the wall and come towards me, soon another and another followed over the wall for its whole length; they came faster and faster; men, women, and children; all the inhabitants of the town clothed in their simple waist clothes, seemed to be turning out, and it occurred to me that probably I might be the cause—perhaps swimming in their river was a crime. I began to fear St. Stephen's death. I soon found, however,

that their object was a more peaceful and domestic one. They all carried jars on their heads, and inside their arms, and were merely coming for the day's supply of water, before the sun rose.

After breakfast, the coach not being ready, I strolled through the city for half an hour. It is situated on a plain, between the mountains. Part of the city is built on the side of a high hill, where there are ruins of a still more ancient town; the remainder lies on the banks of the Tehuantepec river; the streets were at one time, and are still in many places well paved, with paved gutters at each side to carry off the water. A few of the inhabitants are of pure Spanish blood, but the majority are Indians; the houses of the principal Spaniards are substantial stone or adobe (baked clay), those of the natives are made with walls of cane, and roofs of palmetto leaves, the walls being open. In those climates, all houses must be either built of walls, thick enough to keep out the heat, or thin and open to admit every passing breath of air; so the rich man builds an extremely thick house, the poor man an extremely thin one, to attain the same object.

Tehuantepec contains seven large churches, some of them built by Cortez and his followers. Our time only admitted of our visiting one of the principal; this was quite a surprise to us, who never in our minds associated such noble structures with Indian towns. The entrance is through an extensive church-yard, flagged throughout with tomb-stones, laid on the flat as they always are, in Spanish and Mexican burying grounds. The church is an immense building, including cloisters, residences for the clergy, and a massive bell tower; besides the principal altar, it contains several side chapels, with altars; the ceiling is beautifully painted in blue and gold, and the altars and walls are highly decorated and hung with oil paintings.

The "Liberals" have for the present taken possession of the church, their flag surmounts the belfry, and their soldiers garrison the cloisters. We found a number of them beneath the porch cleaning their arms; they seemed Indian boys, half clad in cotton garments, some with sandals, others barefooted; a small brass cannon was

"in position" before the gate, and its extreme smallness together with the boyish appearance of "the men" gave us the idea that they were merely playing at soldiers. On leaving the church, we directed our steps towards the market-place, which is an extensive shed, with a large open space about it, in the centre of a square, surrounded by Spanish houses. All the sellers were Indian women; their dress consisted of a cloth wrapped round the loins, and a small cape thrown loosely over the shoulders, the two articles being totally unconnected, a girdle of the olive-skin generally appeared between. The only other article of dress worn, was an open-work cotton fabric, like our anti-macassars, which was attached to the back of the head, and hung down to the waist. Some of the women were really beautiful, their figures exquisite, and walk and carriage erect and graceful; the hair long and black, and the features regular and Caucasian. They seemed simple, innocent, and happy; we could not discover one bad expression of countenance.

Tehuantepec is celebrated in its neighbourhood for its manufactory of saddlery; also for shoes made of untanned leather, numbers of which were on sale in the market place. The natives manufacture china and earthenware of a very good description, and display much skill and taste in many articles in common use, particularly the brown and red vases and water jars, which seem identical with those of the Egyptians.

After passing through several well-paved streets, lined on either side with prison-like, whitewashed houses, ornamented with an occasional balcony, we emerged upon a suburb occupied by the palmetto-covered houses of the natives, generally having gardens attached, surrounded by fences of the cactus and prickly pear, and containing vegetables and tropical fruit trees. For a short distance outside the town the land is divided into fields, and seems carefully cultivated; but, with the exception of two men ploughing, we did not see any at work. Already the hedgerows were full of flowers; palms, plantains, and other tropical trees, interspersed with huge cactuses three or four feet high, shaded the road, while various birds of beautiful plumage flitted from hedge to hedge on

our approach. We soon left the cultivated land, and following what appeared to be the dry bed of a river, entered the wild wooded country. The road over the rough gravel was not pleasant travelling; the trees on both sides were of a low, stunted, and branchy description, and so close that we could see nothing at either side but the peaks, precipices, and woody slopes of the lofty mountain range, which here receded from the sea, forming two sides of a triangular indentation, corresponding with the indentation of the gulf into the coast.

Our road was an old Mexican mule-track, which the company has widened and straightened by cutting down the stunted trees and shrubs, and by altering the crossings of ravines and streams just sufficiently to render it possible for wheeled carriages to pass without being upset.

We passed a native village of considerable extent, with numerous good houses and cultivated fields and gardens, irrigated by water brought from some distance in an artificial canal.

From this the valley began to rise more rapidly and the mountains to close in around us. At two o'clock we reached the Indian town of "San Jeromius;" on entering we passed a large stone church, that never-absent object in all Mexican towns; we drove through a street of detached houses, and pulled up before the door of a cane-built dwelling, where we were to dine.

Our hostess welcomed and shook hands with us with the air and manner of a western lady receiving visitors. She was fairer than the generality of natives, having probably some Spanish blood in her veins; her figure was graceful, and her features lighted up by such an expression of quickness, intelligence and good-nature, that she won on us all; although we did not understand her language, nor she ours, she interpreted our meaning in a moment: she was polite as a Parisian, frank, and joyous.

She soon provided us with dinner, consisting of eggs, chickens, bread, and chocolate, to which we did full justice, notwithstanding that every thing was covered with dust from the high winds that constantly blow here.

Those winds come through the mountains from the Atlantic side, at the gap we were now approaching:

from their prevalence, our landing-place on the Pacific has been called Ventosa, or the "wind-hole."

Seeing some Spanish books with our hostess, I inquired of the coachman if she could read, and was informed that all natives here can read and write, having been taught by the *padrés*. After dinner I walked to the church, but found it locked. It is a fine building, constructed of massive and well-executed masonry; a large walled-in cemetery surrounds it, and near by stands the *padré's* house, a neat looking, whitewashed, dwelling.

San Jeromius is situated on an eminence over a considerable river; the land in the neighbourhood seems well cultivated, corn and indigo being grown. The latter is a general article of production in this part of Mexico, and is used extensively by the natives for dyeing.

Fresh mules being put to we started on our journey, the road now traversing a more broken and undulating country; the ascent likewise became more and more steep as we approached the mountains, which seemed closing in on us from both sides, and presented a front that appeared an impassable barrier to our further progress. Our road winding round the spurs of the mountains, sometimes following the ravines, then creeping along the slopes of steep escarpments cut out of the face of almost perpendicular precipices, the mountains towering above us, and a wilderness of forest trees stretching down the slopes, and far away over the plain beneath; now and then a barrier of rock seemed to show a great deal of work has been executed on this portion of the road; but it requires strong nerves to feel at ease while travelling it, the road being only wide enough for the coach, full of sharp turns, and with no protection from the precipice which is all the way, on one side or the other.

Half way up the mountain side we came on a camp of the workmen employed in making the road, a long plank in front supported by posts stuck in the ground, was now laid out with tin plates, cups, and knives and forks, in preparation for the evening meal. A few hundred yards further we came on a number of the workmen returning after their day's toil; their tall, robust figures, fair skin, and

beardless faces betokened them children of less sunny climes than Mexico, while the careless air with which they strolled along, waking the echoes with their jokes and laughter, marked their race and nation, placed beyond a doubt, when one stepped forth and hailed the coach in the broadest Irish brogue, "Are you there, Kin-nidy?"

Hour after hour we climbed this mountain road, and night had fallen long before we reached the summit. At length we turned round a high point of rock, and were met by a wind that stopped the mules, and we thought would blow them, coach and all, over the precipice.

The gust, however, lulled, and we moved on; a level pass lay before us, bounded by high rocks, and covered with gravel, rounded (as if it were water-worn) by the wind which constantly blew through. From this we descended by an easy inclination, till about eight o'clock, when we drew up at the company's station at Allmollays, fifty-seven miles from Tehuantepec. Supper was served in a wigwam of branches, covered with palmetto leaves, where it was almost impossible to keep a candle lighting, and we were then shown our beds, consisting of four canvas cots for nine of us, destitute of blankets, sheets, or any other covering. Sheltered by our rugs, however, we were soon asleep. In the morning I was up early, and, on leaving the room I found the ground outside, at every corner, covered with sleeping men, wrapped in their blankets. These were our fellow-passengers, some eighty in number, who had come up in the night, and were enjoying a nap on the bare ground. Our breakfast over, we proceeded to the stables to secure horses, and start before the rough crowd of steerage passengers got under weigh, as the coach goes no farther than this. The stables of the company consist of a large yard, fenced with a stockade and a shed at one end. This yard was crowded with mules and horses, of every size, shape, and form, which numbers of Indians were dragging about, riding, lassoing, feeding, and saddling, with any kind of saddle, bridle, girths and stirrups ever invented. The company have no riding mules of their own, and pay the Indians a dollar a-day for the use of

them ; but they cannot get enough voluntarily, and have to apply to the authorities, who send out soldiers to compel the villagers to hire their mules. At length we all got something with four legs under us, and the first-class passengers having half-an-hour's start of the others by way of precedence, we cantered forth on our journey, accompanied by an Indian mounted guide, to show the way and take care of the mules, and by four native boys on foot, who carried corn for the mules in bags, on their backs, suspended by a strap passing round their foreheads. The boys kept up with us the whole way, travelling thirty-five miles a-day.

This day's journey was most agreeable. Our road lay over an extensive and elevated plateau, beautifully undulating and diversified ; prairie land, covered with fine grass, and shaded by evergreen forest-trees, which grew in every ravine and on the sides of numerous water-courses, rendering the whole a perfect park in appearance. The air was cool and pleasant, the road good, and our fellow-travellers cheerful and talkative ; so we went along briskly, fording, in our course, several wide, clear, gravelly-bedded rivers. For miles, the road traversed undulating quartz gravel ridges, identical in appearance with the gold-bearing gravel of California, and which was pronounced by all to be auriferous. At four o'clock we arrived at a place called Serabia, where the company have a station. Here are two buildings for the accommodation of travellers—one a bar and dining-room ; the other, the sleeping apartment, contained about 100 canvas stretchers, without any covering.

The next day we began to descend gradually from the open table-land we traversed yesterday, to the wooded plains which stretched far out beneath to the Gulf of Mexico. As we descended the climate and vegetation changed perceptibly ; at length we reached the low lands, and entered the forest. The air was gloomy and oppressive ; a drizzling rain fell round us ; the saddles and everything we touched felt damp and clammy. The soil of the road was deep, tenacious red clay, into which the mules sunk almost to the knees at every step. Rank grass, herbs, and shrubs hedged in our path at both sides ; while the dense forest

of mahogany, through which the road was cut, shut out all view. Innumerable vines hung from the tallest branches of the trees around us like the rigging of a ship ; huge fungi, of various colours, covered the fallen trees ; while parasites, like immense pine-apples, sprung in green luxuriance from the branches of the living ones. The whole place had a churchyard rankness, and suggested gloomy thoughts ; the travellers were all affected by it ; no longer forming parties, they ceased conversing ; all laughter and jokes seemed hushed by common consent ; each one rode alone, weary of the road, and anxious to get out of it. Even the rivers, of which we crossed many—usually so cheerful a feature in the landscape—added to its gloom ; these sluggish waters, thick and turbid with the red clay soil through which they flowed, seemed almost motionless, while the tall grass and weeds that covered their banks and bent into the water, reminded us of snakes and alligators. Few flowers were to be seen, and not a bird nor animal—not even a breath of wind disturbed the leaden stillness of the air. Bridges were built across these rivers twelve months ago, but they are already so rotten from the climate that it would be dangerous to venture on them, and we had to wade all the rivers. As we proceeded the road got worse, the clay softer and deeper, and our progress slower. At every step the mules sank to a depth of some three feet through the wet clay, rendered tough from constant trampling. It required all the strength of the mule to draw a leg out when prepared for another step, while every time he stepped into an old hole, made by his precursor, he squashed a shower of semi-fluid mud over his rider or his neighbour. And thus, hour after hour, did we slowly wend our way through that dismal forest, until day had long passed, and a dark, wet, dreary night added its gloom to that of everything around. We arrived at Suchil about nine o'clock, wet, tired, and hungry. Suchil is the end of the land journey, being 118 miles from Ventosa, and is situated on the river Coatzaco. The company have here their principal offices, stores, and workshops, and we found many of their engineering staff and officials residing at this place. In the morning I rose early, to have

a view of Suchil by daylight. The day was wet and gloomy, as the officials informed me had been every day for the last six months.

The houses are of the same character as all the others we met with, built upon a small piece of ground, where the forest has been cleared for a few hundred yards. The whole presented a most dismal appearance. Beneath lay the river, the colour of coffee; round it, in every direction, the impenetrable forest, into which you could not advance a yard without having the road cut, while the road and paths in the bit of cleared ground were a mess of slippery clay and mud, in which you could not take a step without risk of sticking in the mud or falling.

Numbers of unfortunate-looking mules, half-dead, after their journey, stood with drooping heads and listless look in the rain, while their native masters, clay all over, shivered in the damp morning air.

The company's officers, with worn and sallow faces, slinged about, as if they had nothing to do or think of, or that doing and thinking were such hopeless things in this miserable place that no one expected they would do either.

A flight of timber steps, slippery and moss-grown, led down to the steamer—a fine boat, with two funnels, which lay, with her bow stuck into the slimy bank, the only bit of cheerful prospect in the whole picture, suggesting a quick escape to some place where a man could move and breathe, and feel that he lived.

I soon betook myself to the boat; but our luggage not arriving, we did not start until two o'clock, when the cavalcade of mules appeared, tied in a line, the head of each to the tail of the one preceding—a favourite way of driving mules with the Indians. We were soon under weigh and steaming down the river, without regret at parting from Suchil. The river was deep, but the naviga-

tion difficult and tortuous, owing to the bars, sudden bends, and numerous snags. Steep clay banks covered with long grass, and overhung by a forest of mahogany, palms, vines, and other tropical vegetation, alive with birds of the parrot species, and chattering troops of monkeys bounded the river on each side.

Lower down the forest became less dense, and open grassy plains, apparently subject to floods, extended far away, with cattle grazing on them; here and there wretched-looking Indian villages were to be seen along the banks.

Night came on before we reached Manetilon, a wretched-looking Mexican town, placed on a rising ground near the margin of the river.

Here we got on board "The Quaker City," a splendid steamer, which was to take us to New Orleans.

The third morning after leaving Manetilon we found ourselves in the mouth of the Mississippi. From here to New Orleans the river scenery seemed to me uninteresting—low marshes, bounded in the distance by forests of funereal cypress trees, covered with long, dark, pendent mosses, giving them a most gloomy aspect. Close to the river, and scarcely raised above its yellow waters, are the houses of the planters, with rows of small whitewashed houses at either side, and the sugar works, with its tall chimney, in the centre. Some of the houses are large and handsome, with balconies and piazzas round them, and in front, gardens of orange trees, full of fruit; but they all seemed neglected, damp, and out of repair. We looked in vain for the sunny south we had heard so much of, with its rich plantations, and the luxurious dwellings of its wealthy planters; instead we found a sunless sky, a damp unwholesome atmosphere, weather-stained houses, surrounded by timber huts, with a river of yellow mud before and a half-cultivated marshy plain behind.

MY EXPERIENCES OF EARTHQUAKES.

DURING my long sojourn in the East, I on three distinct occasions experienced severe shocks of earthquakes on land ; and once I was out of sight of land sailing away contentedly on the bosom of the Indian ocean, and about 60 miles from Acheen Head. The terrible calamity which lately befel the town of Erzeroum and its unfortunate inhabitants, prostrating every house in the town ; uprooting the city walls, and positively annihilating the place—so that in a few years it may be a matter of doubt to the future traveller where the exact site is situated—this will be fresh in the memory of all, and consequently, perhaps, my own pigmy experiences may not prove uninteresting.

The first earthquake I ever felt in my life was the shock which we experienced at sea, and which we afterwards ascertained did an immense amount of damage all over the West coast of Sumatra. It was during the middle watch, and all but the watch were down below asleep. There had been nothing to indicate any great convulsion of nature. The night was a lovely calm one, and the stars in the firmament shone out as brightly as they usually do in these latitudes between the monsoons. A light breeze swelled the sails, and urged the good ship pleasantly forward : even the watch on deck felt so secure that most of them were more than half asleep. Suddenly the ship seemed to be flung back violently by some agency or other. Every timber in her creaked and shook ; the chain cables rattled as though both anchors had gone by the run ; the sails flapped heavily ; cordage, block, &c., creaked again, and there arose a dismal howl from the Lascars that chilled the very heart's blood. Everybody had simultaneously arrived at the same conclusion, and that was that we had struck on a rock, and were foundering. The sleepers rushed on deck with terror in their faces ; the captain flew to the pumps and sounded them. "Thank God," he cried, "there is no leak." The chief officer, to his astonishment, found the anchors all right and properly catted. The second mate had

a cast of the lead and reported no bottom. Meanwhile, the breeze which had momentarily ceased as though it had been rudely pushed back, now blew fresher than before, and we were sailing away at a very rapid rate. This, then, had been an earthquake, flinging its immense power even so far out to sea.

My second shock was rather of a ludicrous nature, if anything can be said to be ludicrous connected with such an awful visitation as an earthquake. I was residing with my two brothers at the small out-of-the-way village of Alexandretta, the chief seaport town of Aleppo, and my brother William's bed-room was contiguous to mine. We had retired to rest at our usual hour, remarking that there was something in the atmosphere, and intense stillness of the night, which caused quite a depression of spirits. Notwithstanding all this I slept soundly until I was awakened by my brother bawling out to me to jump into the middle of the room. Such a strange request coming at such an hour of the night naturally produced a remonstrance. What was I to jump into the middle of the room for, like an acrobat ? Was I expected to go through the Highland fling ? I had quite forgotten my brother's strange theory about the middle of the room being the most protected part of a falling house, when there came one sudden appalling crash—one tremendous shock—and I saw my room wall rock to-and-fro, and open so widely that the small red tiles came tumbling through like hail. I was electrified, but only for a second or so. The next I had jumped through the open window and was running towards the centre of a large open space. Nothing like the glorious canopy of Heaven for a roof on such terrible occasions.

Our house, which was the only one of solid masonry in the place, was also as exceptionally tiled with baked tiles, and we had glass windows for winter use. The rush of the earthquake was accompanied with a deep subterranean grumble, like many heavy carts being driven by rapidly.

Every closed door and window was burst open simultaneously ; every pane of glass shattered ; every picture thrown off the wall. But the noise on the roof ! what shall I compare it to ? To twenty thousand heavy cavalry passing over the tiles at full charge ! Yes, that is the only simile I can draw. The sensation that I experienced was one of intense sickness. I felt more ill than I ever did in the worst gale at sea, and every particle of me was as thoroughly shaken as by a most powerful electric battery. The thing was so instantaneous that one had hardly time to be afraid ; but when intellect returned and fear came, it came in shape of unsubdued, unspeakable, awful terror : a terror to think what an atom I was in the sight of that Power that had just shaken the earth and mountains.

The night continued dark, but the intense stillness that had existed the moment before vanished instantly. The wail of frightened men ; the screams of women and children ; the lowing of cattle ; the bleating of flocks ; braying of donkeys ; gurgling of camels ; cackling of poultry, rose in one confusing sound upon the night, and testified that even the very beasts and birds had instinctive dread of what had just occurred. Even the very sparrows shaken from their roosts in the eaves of houses, fluttered round the camel-drivers' fires, and dropped to the ground exhausted and terrified. But of all sounds the most hideously mournful that night, blending as it did with others, was the howl of scared troops of jackals, and the incessant baying of hundreds of village dogs. In a very few moments the place I had sought refuge in was crammed with villagers and inhabitants, Europeans and natives—Turk, Jew, Christian, all with terror in their faces, prostrated themselves, and positively shrieked for mercy from him that rides on the whirlwind. There was not a breath stirring, yet the sea which only a minute before had been tranquil as a pond, now broke upon the beach in heavy angry surf. The sight that presented itself that night was one of the most extraordinary and impressive that I have ever wit-

nessed in my life, neither should I ever wish to see the like again. Nobody ventured to return home until daylight and the non-recurrence of shocks brought back courage and confidence again.

It was some years afterwards, and at a different season of the year, though at the same place, that I gleaned my third experience of earthquakes. This time it was a lovely spring afternoon, and I happened at the moment it occurred to be in the very act of walking across the open space above alluded to, deep in mental calculation relative to some mercantile affairs. Suddenly I experienced a most extraordinary sensation of dizziness : the earth appeared, if I may so term it, to be running away from under my feet ; I could distinctly see the small sand of which the soil is composed sweeping past like a drift, yet there was no dust raised : it flowed, as it were, a rapid stream ; or, perhaps, it was rather like the rapid travelling of light when the sun suddenly bursts out on a cloudy day, such as one often sees on hill scenery at autumn time. The sensation I experienced was very different from the former occasion, but I attribute this to the fact of being on *terra firma*, and being in the very act of walking. I felt no nausea, but as people feel when they stand in a receding surf, exactly as if you were being carried away with it. Fortunately for myself I happened to look up in time, for I was passing near an old wall and it fell with a tremendous crash the moment I had fled beyond its reach. Then there resounded the fearful cry of "zinzelli" * and frightened people with eyes nearly starting out of their sockets, tumbled over each other, and recklessly rushed down steps, or jumped through windows seeking the sanctuary of the open plains, and feeling safe under the canopy of Heaven.

My fourth and last experience was again after the interval of years, and this time occurred in the height of summer, and exactly at 4 p.m. The clock was stopped at the moment of striking. I was then a guest at the house of the late lamented Mr. B—, a retired British Consul-General, who

* Arab and Turk, earthquake.

had large estates in the valley of the Orontes. This fourth earthquake threw down a great many of the village houses, but owing to the hour of the day and the season, they were all fortunately empty. I then again experienced the horrible nausea, for I was sitting in-doors reading, and as the shocks were very severe and repeated at intervals all through the night, everybody slept in the open air.

Mr. B—— had had severe practical experience of earthquakes, for he resided at Antioch at the pe-

riod of the terrible one of 1821, when Aleppo and this latter city were entirely destroyed. His house was on the banks of the river; his wife and children were a-bed; he had just resolved upon following their example, when the great shock came, and in a second everybody in the house was pitched into the water, the whole side having been overthrown, carrying with it all the floorings and roof. Most marvellously, beyond a few bruises not a soul was hurt. A very exceptional case on that terrible night at Antioch.

COOLEEN.

AN OLD IRISH AIR.

SISTER, once more with fairy touch,
Wake music's spirit from the strings,
While o'er the rose the twilight blush
And the tir'd throstle folds her wings.

My body lies within this room
Worn by the strife of busy day—
But far beyond the deep'ning gloom
My soul hath fled, far, far away.

Beyond yon mountain in the clouds,
Whose white peak faintly flushes still,
I steal amid the shining crowds
That slowly float adown the hill.

What seems to thee a wild blue plain
Among cloud headlands is a lake,
On whose clear ripple rests no stain,
While angel-voices o'er it break.

Their long robes glist'ning as they pass,
Oaring on gently with soft flight,
Cloud-shadows noiseless o'er the grass—
Are these the children of the light?

Sev'n angels coronall'd with gold
And lilies, lift above each head
Their white arms, in whose tender fold
A little sister lieth dead.

A baby-angel, on whose face
God's holy dew is shining yet,
Who nestles in her resting-place,
Her lips with tearful kisses wet.

O'er the blue lake their footsteps sail,
While myriad echoes haunt the sky,
Around that tiny form so pale,
Around that sleeping stirless eye.

Just where the fringe of deathless flow'rs
 Is kist by ev'ry dimpl'd wave,
 They lay her in the careless bow'rs
 Of Paradise beyond the grave.

Yet one boy-angel stoops to kiss
 The silver cross upon her brow.
 In the lap of Eternal Bliss
 The baby is no baby now.

Higher and higher soar the wings,
 I cannot see their azure eyes ;
 Yet one clear voice upsoaring sings,
 In me its music never dies.

In silence of the wakeful night,
 Beside the hurry of Life's stream,
 I listen with a strange delight,
 I wander in a stranger dream.

I dream that men may cark and moil,
 And yet their labour be in vain ;
 Their knowledge but a mocking toil,
 Which lands them on the shores of pain.

But that dead baby seeth now
 What our dim eyes aye fail to see :
 The glories of that radiant bow,
 That links Time to Eternity.

I dream God's angels stand around,
 To watch the baby's waking smile ;
 As couched on the holy ground,
 Where nought may enter to defile.

She reads with knowledge, clear and strong,
 The truths from angels' eyes conceal'd,
 And hears upon a flood of song
 Love's fuller, brighter creed reveal'd.

Is fondled by the Lord's redeem'd,
 Is kist, and passed from hand to hand,
 As one upon whose face had gleam'd
 The lovelight of the old homeland.

And o'er the lake, and through the clouds,
 Gazing they yearn to hear once more
 From out sin's mist that overshrouds
 The surges of Earth's troublous shore—

Once to hear how their lov'd ones fare,
 Once to breathe, " We are happy here,
 " Where is no sin or strife or care,
 " Where childlike Love hath lost all fear."

'Tis o'er—the music melts away—
 Death's voices tremble on its tide :
 O ! in my soul through life's brief day
 The woe grief of that song abide.

ALAN BRONRICK.

LA MORT D'ARTHUR.

NOT less than Progress is Retrospection a characteristic of our age. We are in the seed-time of a fertile future, and yet our barns overflow with the harvest provided by our ancestors. Our powers of reading are so far from being exhausted by the prolific literature of each new year, that a public is found large enough to justify cheap editions of the mediæval prose and poetry which, deemed obsolete by our grandfathers, had been well-nigh lost in the dust raised by more fashionable authors. But the more rapid the progress of our civilization, the more must we draw the materials of its strength through the rugged creations of old times, and if we admit the simile of the oak tree developing from the acorn to be a true image of the world's growth, it is well for us to seek thoughtfully the roots and supports of our present life, quickening and directing advance by study of the past. Our pulses beat yet with the throb of ages gone by, and though the scars of former violence check our perfect health, on the whole shall we not look lovingly back to the worn and gnarled stem from whence spring our glories of graceful flower and good fruit?

The literary pundits of the last century felt little of this sympathy. Yet can we wonder? It was a sceptical age, and the general idolatry of form but concealed the general disregard of spiritual teaching. The votaries of the new religion of Taste fell down before their self-invented divinities, and not only in morals, but in literature, false ideals filled the shrines of Truth. Society was infested by sottish credulities; patriotism was replaced by equality; honour by fraternity; Constitution-mongers usurped the seats of government. The Church was regarded as a scavenging machine; the Cross melted into a "line of beauty." Meantime chivalry was of course pronounced barbarous, Laura Matilda scoffed at the "well of English undefiled," and pre-Hanoverian literature was unread except by professional antiquaries.

Probably the Christian world has seen no greater contrast than between what is called the Norman era and the eighteenth century; the distinguishing mark of the one being confusion—of the other, in spite of its licence and outrage, that strong individuality or heroism which prevents confusion even in the roughest social agitation. In a sceptical era, egotism—another word for faithlessness—possesses each man who conceives he can be his own oracle. But egotism is the reverse of heroism, as faithlessness is of independence. Of the thousandschemers among those clever people our grandfathers, which man knew what he really wanted? but of the six million soldiers of the cross, or the most erratic knights, lawless barons, or arrogant Popes, who did not cherish some purpose, however vaguely he appreciated the means to his end? Therefore, among a crowd of lesser beacons, Godfrey and St. Louis, the hermit Peter, even the schoolmen Abelard and Bernard, shine across the intervening centuries, with the distinguishable forms of noble men. How would Grand Monarchism or the shrivelled cynicism of Voltaire, Encyclopedic chaos, or Hanoverian government, appear to them, reversing the position?

It is significant that our most popular writers, standing in the front of our advance, turn eagerly to the spring-head of European literature. The latest work of our chief poet clothes the rugged creations of crusade romance with the beauty of his most finished art. The antique figures of Lancelot and Arthur wander through our English landscape. Guinevere, apparelled in "the freshest manner," rides by her lover over sheets of modern "hyacinth, that seem the heaven's upbreking through the earth;" or, with deep passionate penitence, receives her husband's rebuke in verse that combines the simplicity of primal art and the polish of latest culture. The wisdom of Merlin speaks again in new utterance of the nineteenth century, and

the "Lady of Shalott" re-appears in "Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable," more beautiful than she was at first mirrored by Mr. Tennyson's imagination, in proportion as he has copied faithfully the pathos of her mediæval trouvère.

We of the new light are apt to think of the Anglo-Norman age as entirely unspiritual: we give to it credit at the most for strength brutally employed, and a religion that is fetishism compared with our idea of worship; yet, again, Mr. Tennyson's earlier poem of Sir Galahad is but as a porch of the temple to which we are introduced in the Quest of the Sangréel.

Even Mr. Arnold finds attraction in the story of Tristram and Isolt that can draw him from classical models. He copies almost word for word from the romance of Merlin his tale of that cunning man's enchantment by fay Vivien's use of the wizard's own spell, "ung jour quilz s'en alloyent deduysant main a main par la forest de Broceliande." But we need not multiply instances of the positive use made by our poets of the incidents found in Anglo-Norman romance. Its general influence on the spirit of our prose "makers" is the strongest proof of public sympathy with chivalric ideas.

For instance, Mr. Kingsley adopts knightly strength as the pet virtue of his heroes, and Lancelot du Lac, Tristram, or Morolt (though not now "of Ireland"), flourish anew in his novels. Shooting-coats and wide-awakes replace helmet and jesseraunt, but his Amyas Leighs, and Tom Thurnalls, surely belong to the round table of modern romance. They have devoir for their battle-cry, and are ready for conflict with that "questing beast" the cholera, or to destroy the "evil custome of the felon" Jesuits. Can we not use for Mr. Kingsley himself, as he stands revealed to us in the pages of *Fraser*, the description written of Sir Tristram, that "of him we have the termes of hunting," that he tells us "which were beasts of chase, and which were vermines and all blasts of all manner of games."

Again, the hero of the "Heir of Redclyffe" is avowedly drawn from Sir Galahad with a dash of Fonqué's "Sintram," and a Teutonic touch in Sir Guy's "swinden Blicken" that

harmonizes well with the Norman colouring of the whole portrait. Our favourite Christmas book for 1858 is no more than a relation of ancient battle and modern jousting in Whitehorse Vale. Even our most grave and reverend historians enthrone and honour heroes with a deference not surpassed by the chroniclers of Arthur and Charlemagne. Lord Macaulay, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Carlyle in their separate ateliers, draw Rubens or Holbein portraits of great men, and, forsaking the worship of circumstance, record a characteristic trait as a truth of deeper import than the most polished generalization on the march of events, or the progress of our species.

In truth, the world of action, which after all supplies the materials wherewith we build our literature, re-animates our faith in the possibility of deeds deemed mythic by the philosophers of the last century. Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, the wreck of the Birkenhead, the tragic Quixotism of Balaklava, the defence of Lucknow, are specimens of modern derring-do worthy the song of Taillefer or the ears of St. Louis. The tales that lately crowded on us from India restore our belief in the moral power of men who have a cause. Trial by ordeal of combat has been re-instituted between Paynim and Christian before the great judgment-seat of the East, and "Dieu et mon droit" is no longer a satire on the scutcheon of England.

These and yet more recent events separate us from the later centuries of European life with a daily widening interval; from its poets of corruption, its peculating generals, and admirals, who had to be shot pour encourager les autres; from its vulgar monarchs and venal statesmen, its drunken Church and atheist literature. We bridge over its dark tide, and seek in a farther past for records of the childhood of our race; and notwithstanding difficulties of language, we turn from the "Essay on Man" to a more Christian heathendom, and the true poetry of noble action. The rough greeting of the Eddas, or the "Niebelungen Song," is better to us than the polite smoothness of our dilettante fathers. And thus it comes to pass that Mr. Smith publishes an edition of the "Mort D'Arthur," in neat volumes, suited to the purse as well as to the

curiosity of the million, volumes that are but a fraction of the crowd of mediæval works re-issued lately.

Why is all this ?

Without subscribing to the pure faith of hero-worshippers, we cannot but admit that our society has been vivified by a strong man, and by the great men who were necessarily evoked to regulate his action on the world. Though believers in early Quarterlies may scoff at the idea of Napoleonic influence, they will not deny that the peculiar chivalry of the great Duke and his captains was called forth by the modern Cæsar. The renewed spirituality of cis-montane Catholicism, the burst of romanesque poetry and transcendental thought, dates from the unwitting restorer of Pilgrimage. For historic change is ever the work of men not of centuries. Alaric and Attila stand between the living present and the dead past. Europe is the child of Charlemagne. The world still vibrates with the touch of Napoleon, and future ages will discern more clearly than we can, how, by his marches, were loosed the boundaries of nations, the chains of race, the bonds of men. They will draw a more definite line than is possible by us between the dim obscure of encyclopædism and the agitation from which order was again evolved. Some Palgrave or Thierry will show how his destruction of social limitations strengthened the ties of man to man. How he renewed the belief that life is a journey of forced marches by removal of its impedimenta. How he valued men more than systems—a beau sabreur above an ideologue. Under his government dukes were once more leaders, and again was seen in the world a Round table, at which each guest ranked by his achievements.

The influence of Napoleon's revolutions is already traceable through the mists of party and nationality, on our ductile civilization ; but that of his great predecessor, Charlemagne, though probably far more important, was of slower growth in the less favourable atmosphere of the dark ages. In half a century from the coronation of Bonaparte a literature of chivalry has been developed ; but three hundred years elapsed from the death of Charlemagne before the rise of historical romance gave form to the spirit of his institutions. Yet, notwith-

standing the silence of these years, all we know assures us that from the Carolingian era dates the first idea of knighthood—the adjustment of a balance, wherein valour, fidelity, and justice, outweighed the savage excellences of brute force and unbridled will. In the tradition of the *Donze Peers* we have the first picture of a representative government, a council of the best. Alenin and Clement of Ireland, planted in the schools of Paris the learning for which they were afterwards so famed ; the feats of Roland and Oliver were sung at Hastings, as worthy examples even to the proud warriors of an alien race. In the legend of Charlemagne's death, the truth that a good cause can sanctify defeat, and poetize disaster, was put in chivalrous form. The tale of Roncesvalles spiritualized war, and to fail in a crusade, became henceforth nobler than to succeed in a brigandage. Godfrey de Bouillon, harassed by Killidge Arslan ; St. Louis, a prisoner in Africa, were illustrations of paladinism—the faith in a cause which turns defeat to victory.

And paladinism has never been more nobly manifested than within the last years of English life. We return to the ancient legends, for the deeds which they relate seem no longer impossible and lying fables. Colonel Inglis at Lucknow, Mr. Stafford in the infected transports and terrible hospitals of Seutari, are representatives of the knight errantry, fostered by the extremes of modern life and perhaps first roused into practical revival by the personality of Napoleon. The heroic fires, latent in the sons of God, may be kindled by a spark from a volcano as by a ray of the sun. Let us be thankful that our age is warmed by their glow—that men are once more soldiers of the Cross—that religion is a motive power. The warrior saint Havelock fights his good fight against the Eastern miscreants. Florence Nightingale inaugurates a new order of charitable women. Westminster Abbey is once more the church of the poor. On a day of humiliation the *Times* fills its columns with sermons, while the voice of the English nation rises in supplication as intense as that offered by the crusading host before the walls of Jerusalem. Everywhere is the same reviving faith manifested. The World's

Fair of 1851 is redeemed from vanity by prayer and praise—the temporary bond between old and new worlds is consecrated by the angelic message, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. The heroic element has been kindled, and we open our hearts to the tales of the Norman past, and find in them sympathy with the feeling which animates our modern literature. Mr. Carlyle gives us a Heldenbuch, and sings as Romans in wild, warlike cadence, such as Taillefer might have used when he tossed his lance in air, before the hosts at Hastings, so that

“ L'un dit à l'autre Ki co veit,
Ke co estait enchantement.”

But it is time to examine the book which prompts these thoughts, with an interest, we will hope, quickened by the foregoing remarks on the causes of its reappearance among us.

We have probably received the popular history of King Arthur and his round table from Walter Calenius, archdeacon of Oxford, who, in the twelfth century, made, as is once more the fashion, a tour in Brittany. He brought from thence to England a collection of legends and Armorican traditions which he committed to the care of the British chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who, with more or less sincerity, incorporated them as a true history of the British race. We need not examine too harshly into his conscientiousness, owing him as we do the fables that were afterwards so well employed by Shakespeare and Spenser. The discredit which attached to his account of our national hero for long destroyed faith in the existence of an Arthur; but historians seem disposed to admit his place in history as Prince of the Silures; and the defeat of the Saxon Cerdic at Mount Badon, in the sixth century, has been ascribed to his arms. Heroism and even genius must have conducted the defence of Britain during her long struggle against the Northern races, and we need not be surprised to find that the process of deification goes on in barbarous as in civilized communities; but a further mystification seems to have been occasioned by the confusion of the historical hero with a personage of Welsh mythology—the symbolic Arthur whose harp yet shines on the Cymri in the constellation Lyra, and traditions of whom

are so largely scattered through the Scotch lowlands, as well as in the west of England. However the doubtful place held in history by the Prince of Silures need not be discussed in reference to the Arthur of Anglo-Norman romance. The cycle of round-table fiction but adopts his name, and the dim tradition of his story, as a skeleton to be clothed in the flesh and blood of knightly life, wearing the raiment of the Plantagenet court, and adorned by the ideal graces of chivalry. The budding of fiction in England was, it is true, coloured by the British legends made popular by Geoffrey, but its growth was Norman; and if the celebrated litterateur, Walter Mapes, and his fellow romancers, took for their ground-plan the fables of Armorica, the superstructure of their works was according to the newest rules of chivalry.

From the earliest novels of Europe our “History of King Arthur” is compiled. The chief part in its incidents is assigned to Walter Mapes, who was attached to Henry the Second's court. The “Tale of Lancelot,” the “Quest du Sangréel,” and the “Mort Artus,” are ascribed to him, while his contemporary, Robert de Borron, is supposed to have written the “Roman du Sangréel,” and the “History of Merlin.” “The Adventures of Sir Tristram”—a popular development of this cycle of fiction—were added by Helie de Borron, and Lucas de Gast, who, probably, wrote as late as the reign of the third Henry.

So much has been said of the probable causes for the sudden blossoming of literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that we need only here recall the fact of the early energy of the *langue d'oïl*, which seems, in these romances, to have dispensed with the usual condition in language of a metrical youth. If not at once as prolific as the dialect of the Provençal troubadours, it has long outspread its more precocious sister. Words forged to fit a Roman de Rou might well leave traces in European life deep as did the arrow heads of Hastings, and phrases polished in the *arrêts d'amour* of Norman love-courts are still the choicest vehicles for refined thought. It is an added jewel in the crown of England that from her flowed the language which has gained largest possession of Christen-

dom, and still stems successfully the tide of German speech.

We do not deny that the sword-points of the crusaders contributed to the universal circulation of these romances in eastern as in western Europe, but we claim for the tales themselves an interest even beyond that which must gather round the first efforts of an art that tells us, however rudely, the thoughts and aspirations of our national youth. Though they were quickly overgrown with grotesque fancies from the countries of magic and diablerie, Arabia and Africa, the purpose and meaning in them insured their vitality in the memory of all who ventured through their verbiage to their inner sense. If we remove the few clumsy contrivances of spells, giants, and enchantments, from these stories, they remain to us a very perfect monument of chivalry, as it was, in the tale of "Lancelot and Guinevere," but of its highest ideal, in the portraiture of Sir Galahad.

It is difficult to account for much in these volumes, too evidently unharmonious with this higher standard to have been the pure creations of those who could so well portray the perfection of knighthood, unless we accept the probability that under fictitious names real personages were drawn. The choice of the British champion as the centre figure most likely but veiled the flattery addressed to the reigning king; and besides this convenient adaptation of Geoffrey's marvellous tales to the purpose of the moment, we know how eagerly the invading race turned to British tradition of Saxon cruelties as an excuse for their oppression of that hated race. The stories of Celtic conquest and the traces of civilization bequeathed to the Britons by their Roman teachers, suited the temper of a people that were fast achieving both; and both by treaty and intermarriage the Norman nobles showed their appreciation of the hardy race that had for so many centuries resisted the tide of Teutonic immigration. We know that Henry II. found it convenient to cultivate the friendship of a nation, that both in Brittany and Wales might prove a dangerous neighbour; it is likely that he encouraged at his court the renown of their traditional champion;

while Arthur's name was given to his grandson, the boy with whom Shakespeare has made us so well acquainted.

A direction was thus given to the imagination of the gestours at Henry's court, whose romances rapidly circulated wherever a Norman knight and his attendant jongleur were found, providing a new pleasure for the barbarian, and forming for the better civilized the maxims of chivalry into a code of honour more binding than any law enforced by the government of the day. By these fictions were popularized to the crusading millions—to the lawless baron in his impregnable castle as to the fierce leader of free companies—the precepts framed at the assises de Jerusalem and promulgated by the royal Galahad, St. Louis. As exemplars of their practice King Arthur and his knights gained a celebrity which even obscured the fame of Charlemagne and his paladins. The loves of Lancelot and Guinevere became more popular in Southern Europe than the purity of Galahad; and it is strange to find that Dante chooses a British love-tale as the subtlest poison for Francesca da Rimini's ear, and significant of the power of these earliest romances on the hearts and actions of all Christendom.

In short, it is difficult to over-estimate the influence traceable to them on the youth of Europe; and to those who value the fresh conceptions, the simple pathos, the unconscious power of a world's first utterances, as compared with the rounded beauty of its complete eloquence, we commend heartily even this dry compilation from the cycle of round-table fiction now published by Mr. Russell Smith.

To Sir Thomas Malory, a knight and amateur antiquary of the fifteenth century, we owe the popular shape to which the old romances have been cut down. In the preface to his "Hystorye of Kynge Arthure" Caxton gives us an account of its parentage and birth under the patronage of the new art of printing. Being asked by "many noble and dyvers gentylmen" to "make and empynte a booke of the noble hystories of Kynge Arthure," he adopted the version "whych Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take out of certeyn bookes of Frensshe," and in 1485 these old-world fabled truths or

truthful fables were ushered into the new age that was to be illumined by a brighter, if not a steadier, light than the past had known. We can imagine how those who survived of the noble families decimated by the Civil Wars of the Roses desired to see perpetuated by the magic of type the customs of their ancestors. The French press teemed with copies of the old romances during the first years of its existence, and Caxton evidently found ready for his purpose the English condensation which he used in his edition of the voluminous tales connected with the round table.

Throughout Europe there was an Indian summer for the forms, if not the spirit of chivalry, before the Rabelaisian winter that even Columbus, in whom knight-errantry was fulfilled, could not enlighten; before the scepticism of Montaigne who turned, he tells us, from the foolish tales of Amadis to the interests of egotism; before the spring which followed of enterprise and discovery, when Spaniard and Briton jousted à l'outrance in the lists of Eldorado, and the world was new clothed from the seeming death of the past.

Several editions of Malory's compilation were published during the sixteenth century, but the last of the black-letter "*Hystories*" appeared in 1634. We may imagine it to have been a sort of protest against the fashionable exaltation of Cervantes' great work which just then loosed the ridicule of the world on Quixotism, and gained for the sensualism of Sancho an applause its narrator had scarcely intended. There were fast growing tendencies in English society, singularly opposite to the traditionary knightly manners. To the reader of 1634-1690, the loyalty, yet freedom of Arthur's champions must have appeared as remote from the revolutionary spirit of Puritanism as from the adulation of the Stuart courtiers. Yet we are wrong, for surely in the time of the Restoration, the gaudy cavaliers who figured on the Mall were farther removed from the heroes of the round table than the lowest born of the Ironsides. The satire of *Hudibras* was more destructive to the spirit of chivalry than the wildest fanaticism; and Cromwell might surely have better claimed a place in Arthur's fellowship of noble knights than Zimri,

or Ahitophel, or the handsome Absalom of Charles's court.

In truth, chivalrous faith, and courteous justice, and loyal devotion ceased to be public virtues in the land, until the great Revolution scared men from a torpor that Pope's lyre had but increased—that the drowsy drone of State Church preachings had well-nigh made mortal to the honour of England. But at last the Laputa philosophies and the Yahoo principedoms were swept away in the surge of self-asserting human suffering. There was no more leisure to twist the sand-ropes of unbelief. The value of men was ascertained when war replaced tactics, and governors had become necessary in the failure of corruption. Heroes were raised from the dust of time in which dynasties were buried. Necessarily, poets and romancers had once more an office as *trouvères* of the noble incidents scattered thickly in the history of the new nations. Side by side with gazettes of battles appeared Walter Scott's revival of chivalric legends; and the year after Waterloo two editions of the long-forgotten "*Mort D'Arthur*" were called for by a public no longer sceptical of heroes. Within twelve months Southey's folio followed, which for a time satisfied the general desire for news of the men whose effigies bear witness in our land of the living foundation on which our modern Church rests.

And yet, though we have said thus much in honour of round-table romance, we warn our readers that in Malory's condensation of it there is much to discourage a beginner in antique literature. He has drawn at will from "*the Frenssche bookes*," and there is not the clearness of dates and parts in his plot that is expected by those who read modern novels of orthodox construction. Malory's plan is still further confused by the editor of 1634, from whose work Mr. Wright has taken his present copy. The omission of Caxton's division of the work into books taxes largely our critical intelligence to separate the minor events from the main narrative, and draw the necessary lines between the Iseults and Eleyes who are the heroines of the several Romans that contributed to Malory's book. We would endeavour to make order in the chaos of incidents did our limits admit of their analysis, but we

must confine ourselves to a sketch of the chief purpose that connects them, and pass over episodes which interrupt the action of the principal personages.

The first volume opens abruptly with the birth of Arthur, and nothing is told us of his father Uther Pendragon's reign as related by Geoffrey, though the vicissitudes of his life, and the strange portents which marked its events, might well have served as a prologue to his son's marvellous history. There is little said of Arthur's mother, Igrayne, the fresh-made widow of a Duke of Cornwall, except that she is wise and virtuous, though deceived by Uther. She was for a time left ignorant of her son's parentage, while he, the Christian Hercules, was committed to the care of a faithful and discreet knight, by Merlin's advice. The great enchanter himself is suddenly and slightly introduced to us merely in the character of Uther's counsellor, and the protector of Arthur's youth.

The characteristics of this representative of worldly wisdom are made notable in their symbolism when we are told that in the legends of the day he is described as the son of the fiend, born black, but possessed of intelligence that soon gives him power over all who are at first disgusted by his origin. He is shown to us as the fruit of union between human weakness and the subtilty of the devil. Wiser than all men, yet "assotted" when his hour comes, he knows the evil from the good with perfect knowledge. He provides with infinite sagacity for his ward Arthur's marriage, and for the government of his realm. He institutes the Round table fellowship, or image of the world's completed council of the best. He foresees and prepares for every exigency with supernatural prevision; yet, in all he attempts with present success, the fiend's son finally fails. The best plans organized by his craft, wretchedly break down with ruin to all concerned, and he himself is at last entrapped in his own enchantment, and bound in his own net until the End.

But, meantime, the education of the child Arthur is committed to him; and while the boy is trained to the life of a subordinate squire in his foster-father's home, he is kept ignorant of his pretensions to the sceptre of Uther.

In due time Merlin contrives that he shall attain his right position; he imposes a test on the many competitors for the vacant throne, which his ward can alone fulfil. Arthur draws forth the magic sword of empire that none other can wield, with unconscious power, and Merlin proclaims him the king of England. But there were many to dispute his title; his half-sisters, Morgause, Morgan la fay, and Eleyne, with their husbands, the Kings of Orkney, Garlot and Gore, leave his court at Caerleon in anger and disdain, and many a battle rolled across the plains of England before the young prince assured his sovereignty.

He had Merlin on his side, however, and good counsel secured the victories won by his prowess; by the enchanter's advice the Kings Ban and Bors of outre mer were summoned to his aid, a final battle was fought (in which were done marvellous deeds by the three confederate princes), and Excalibur proved itself worthy of its name, which an old legend tells us means

"Kerve steel and yren and al thing."

No sooner were his rebel relations dispersed than Ryence, of North Wales, sent fierce defiance and a demand for Arthur's beard, "to purfile his mantle withal;" but Arthur made short work of him, and delivered from his attack Leo de Graunce, the King of Camelyard. The far-famed Guinevere was his daughter, at the shrine of whose perfect beauty the young conqueror could not but worship, nor did she disdain Arthur, the "star of tournament," now fresh in the grace of victory. But their marriage was not yet to be; and even now, in the first flush of his successes, the small cloud appeared that should shadow Arthur's life and darken his end. Not all Merlin's craft could save him, though his prescience foretold the retribution that should visit sin.

In manner of a messenger from Lot of Orkney her husband, came to Arthur's court, Morgause, his half-sister. Arthur was ignorant of his parentage, and he proffered love to her—for she was "passing fair." She accepted it; and Modred—at once the king's son and nephew—was born; Modred, the instrument of the infinite ruin that lay piled in such thun-

derous shadows beyond the sunshine of the young king's prime. The first indication of his future Arthur receives through a dream, in which his troubled end was prefigured. Merlin interprets its meaning to him; and, with a cynicism of prophecy, strange in the simple language of the romance, informs him of his fate and foretells his own.

The king's mother, Igrayne, confirms Merlin's account of her son's relationship with Morgause—but too late; Arthur's weak and cruel effort to avert the meed of his sin by a massacre of innocents is of no avail, and Mordred escapes to be his father's curse.

In all the episodes that follow—when Arthur's glory rises to its highest pitch, by his invasion of Italy—through the brilliant splendour of his wedding feast—in all his high festivals of Pentecost and Whitsuntide, when from far and near the chivalry of the world came to honour him—the handwriting on the wall is seen throwing on all the spectral glare of retribution. By its light the vague chaos of character and incident that gathered round Arthur's court assumes the form of an epic poem, preaching of the great vengeance due to great crime, and making of his history a moral lesson that must strike every heart.

No courtly desire to exalt Henry or Richard could set aside this main lesson of Arthur's history, as given in Geoffrey's Chronicle, however the writers of the Anglo-Norman courts might wish to draw the minor details of his ideal character, in keeping with the customs and ambitions of the Plantagenet kings. We do not now know if tradition or merely poetic feeling supplied first the tale of the British hero's rise and fall; but whether or not it forms a noble framework for the fabric of knightly adventure engrafted on it.

The punishment that dogs Arthur is great in outline as Chriemhilde's revenge in the Nibelungen Lied—too vast to have had its birth in the imagination of one man; it is probably a shadow thrown by some national tradition of a great disaster. But the king's character as drawn in these volumes does not fill up the ideal of the Welsh hero; and, as we before remarked, the lineaments of Henry

and Richard appear somewhat incongruously under the white plumes of the fabled Arthur. We are disappointed to find, instead of the Christian Hercules and the coming saviour of his race, the features of a wily statesman, who thrives by craft rather than by faith—the pupil of Merlin and the unworthy son of the Church, who is incapable to receive her higher graces—the weak husband of an intriguing wife—the unhappy father of a rebellious son. It is impossible not to see in these characteristics a portrait of Henry II., the parent of Geoffrey—the husband of Eleanor—the adversary of Thomas à Becket. Without this explanation of the inconsistencies of Arthur's life, we could not understand why authors capable of imagining a Galahad should have left so many stains on the robe of their chief hero. It would probably have been impolitic to have exalted too highly the standard of a reigning monarch's life; and the fate of Luc de la Barre, who, for his satires on Henry Beauclerc's court, had his eyes put out, of course kept Walter Mapes and his fellows within due limits of praise or censure. Their wish to please Queen Eleanor and her successors most likely produced the gaillard sketches of Guinevere and Isault of Ireland—heroines better suited to preside in the popular courts of Love than the less prominent maidens of Astolat or of Carbonecke, who yet witness well how tenderly and nobly the old romancers could draw a fair and perfect woman. However with all their carefulness to avoid offence, the historians of the Round table followed tradition, and obeyed the dictates of moral truth in describing the ruin that followed the ill-doing of their heroes and heroines. The terrible groundswell of just judgment sounds grimly even through the love-makings and triumphs of Arthur's and Guinevere's youth. We may note well in the writings of these first novelists that there are crimes enough on their canvas; but the worse vice of painting them as virtues had not then infected writers of fiction. Chivalry had but recently laid its axe at the root of outrage, and the Christian code was new in the north; yet in spite of courtly deference, in the face of too general licence, we find in these romances of Arthur that no

crime goes unpunished. For all his courtesy, his high-bred courage and deeds of arms, Tristram of Lyonesse dies miserably, stabbed in the back by his most despised enemy; Lamo-racke de Galis is murdered by the sons of his unlawful love; Gawain, in his implacable pride, is denied the benefits of faith; Lancelot even—but we must not forestal the main incidents of the romance.

We have not space to give a detailed account of the episodes which, though coherently interwoven with the whole design, and tuned to the same harmony of moral purpose, do not concern the chief persons of the story. Of Balin and Balan, Arthur's wars in France, the adventures of Gareth under the nickname of Beaumains, the loves of Tristram and la beale Isoud, we will not speak, but turn at once from the wedding of Guenevere, and the institution of the Round-table fellowship which followed, to the point where Arthur's fate first visibly darkens in the wrath of God.

Having raised him to the highest pinnacle of worldly glory, Merlin is gone from his court; he has been taken captive by fay Viviane, the lady of the lake. We do not accept Mr. Tennyson's portrait of her; we rather love to think that she, perhaps, symbolizes the natural religion which at once strengthens revelation to the believing, yet ensnares those to their perdition who are "assotted" on her, and adore the creation rather than the Creator. While Vivien imprisons Merlin by his own spell, that shall have power until the great day when craft shall render an account of its deeds, she nourishes in her retreat Lancelot, surnamed du Lac, the noble image of the perfect man. He goes forth to the world arrayed in every virtue but those peculiar to the Christian; he wins the highest place in Arthur's council; he becomes the star that governs Guinevere's stormy passions; honour, courtesy, truth, and justice illumine his actions; he has beauty and grace such as no other knight possessed; his dexterity and strength are only equalled by his generosity and mercy; he even practises the virtue of self-denial; he seeks with all the energy of his character for the unknown God; he wins the love of many, yet is constant to

his one love of many years through all. Sir Lancelot has splendid virtues, yet lacks he one thing—the humility which would sacrifice the world's praise for the love of Christ—the purity of thought which, when there is need, can tear a man's best and dearest from his heart when they offend the Spirit that should dwell there.

Yet he is for long the best prop and chief ornament of Arthur's court, and the robes of the good knight do not show the stains which so mar his wedding garment when he is bidden to the feast of the Sangréel. For him, as for nearly all the Round-table fellowship, the mystic benefits of the True Blood are a stumbling-block. As its herald, Lancelot's son, Sir Galahad, appears for the first time at the Court of Camelot, and in the fulness of Arthur's splendour, the mystery is announced which shall at once bring spiritual good and physical evil to the realm. In the era of the first crusades there was throughout Christendom a strong expectation of the immediate advent of our Lord, and Galahad, the sinless knight, seems to us an impersonation of the expected Saviour, who, by his coming, should, as the son of Lancelot does, disperse the world's fair fellowship, while he alone is worthy to occupy the highest place at the Round table—the "siege perilous" of mortal life. The account of his arrival at Arthur's court strengthens our belief. He is unknown and humble in his coming; he is introduced by an ancient prophet who, at the same time, foretells the Gospel of the Sangréel; he is clothed in red, the colour of love, yet by his first act he draws the sword that shall divide the kingdom.

Seated next to Arthur, on a pinnacle of earthly glory, the holy youth looks on at the high festival around him,—the crowd of noblest knights assembled at Pentecost from all lands to earn los in the court of Britain—to learn the discipline of chivalry, which seemed the perfection of human law. Guinevere's beauty threw glorious light on the best champions of the world as they jousted in the daisied meadow, by "many towered Camelot." She added her meed of praise to the universal acknowledgment of Galahad's strength and beauty; but the

pure knight was proof against the world's attractions as against the world's pride.

That very night, in the banquet-hall, was revealed to Arthur's court the mystery which Galahad came to solve. As the knights sat at supper there was heard "crying of thunder, and in the midst of the blast entered a sunbeame more clear by seaven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other by their seeming fairer than ever they saw afore, and so they looked every man on other as they had been dombe." Then entered into the hall the holy vessel of the Sangréel covered with white samite, and though no man might behold it, nor him who bore it, every knight was satisfied with bread and meat such as he had never before known.

"Certainly," said King Arthur, "we ought greatly to thank our Lord Jesu Christ for that hee hath showed us this day at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost."

But Arthur knew not yet what should follow. His nephew, Gawain, when power of speech returned to him, presumptuously proclaimed a vow, that he would for a year and a day seek to pierce the hidden mystery which had passed among them, yet without being revealed. The most part of the knights present, when they heard him, avowed the same resolve, and thus the Quest or search of the Sangréel was begun.

In vain Arthur grieved, and Guinevere wept and entreated; the heaven had stirred in the hearts of the knights, and whether for death or life the feverish thirst for salvation was on them. The sense of infinite but unknown good had roused them from their tourney games and May-day achievements, and a gleam from the inner world shone in on them, which they sought with wild, ignorant courage, to pursue to its source. Can this legend of the True Blood mean other than the gospel of justification by faith in its efficacy. The Quest that fills so many pages of Arthur's history surely signifies the thirst that seizes on the souls of those who, even as mere hearers, have experienced the benefits of Christian revelation.

Parables lie hid in every page of this romance; in more than one passage we are reminded of the most perfect of all allegories—the Pilgrim's Progress—and this part of our subject we recommend especially to those who dislike the occasional coarseness of the first volumes, and are fatigued by their monotony. We can but hurry through its incidents, merely glancing at the fate of Gawaine and his fellow-intruders into the mysteries of faith. They are warned in vain that penitence and purity must train their sight ere the Sangréel could be seen by them. They fare forth in hot haste, but disgust visits them when they find themselves in "the meadow of herbs unsavoury," the bitter but wholesome food to the soul, of self-denial, prayer, and fasting. Their zeal is quenched by difficulty of various kinds, and one by one they shamefully return to their old lives at Arthur's court, to revel and sin, which can be no longer excused by ignorance; for since the true faith of justification by the Sangréel had been revealed, the whole world was changed, and its former good had darkened in the new supernatural light of revelation.

Four of the seeking knights alone engage our sympathies, and but three finally attain the spiritual city of Sarra, the new Jerusalem of this mystic tale—the good knights Galahad and Percivale, and Sir Bors de Ganis.

In this group of Christian heroes, the ante-type, we may remark, of Christian, Faithful, and Hopeful, Galahad stands supreme. We can, gathering together his traits from the romance, picture him to ourselves as not unlike a pre-Raphaelite painting of St. Michael—a conqueror, yet passionless in the hour of victory, piercing the dragon Evil, yet unsullied by its dark breath. There is no shadow on him of coming death. He wears his immortality with the calm of perfect faith. There is no dint of conflict on his white shield; and if he has fought with Satan, no soil mars his radiant and unstirred robes. His portrait is a symbol to us, not of what is or has been, but of the ideal which is ever unrealized on earth. We imagine for such a figure a background of celestial blue, studded with golden stars. The landscape in which he

stands is not a scene of this rent and dying earth, nor can our world produce the lilies and roses that enshrine the picture, yet our hearts beat with the sense of their hidden meaning, while the long line of light beyond the blue distant hills shines on us as a gleam from the "spiritual place."

By Galahad's side Sir Percevale stands in the same glow of faith and love, yet on a lower level. There is more of the human and less of the angelic in his attitude. His eyes are full of visionary light, and his compressed lips tell of conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil. He has been in Patmos, and has seen the mysteries of God in the "wilde mountaine." He attains the communion of the Sangréel, yet so as by penance, before he can enter into the ship of faith "from the Orient." The Christian Church is here evidently symbolized, which bearing him safely through the waves and whirlpools of this troublesome life, reaches finally the holy place of Sarras, where his sister, who has followed the shorter road of martyrdom, awaits to celebrate with him the communion of saints. One more champion is associated in the victory which overcometh the world, and though Sir Bors de Ganis lacks the strength of Galahad, and the constancy of Percevale, we welcome him in this mediæval group of Christians as an encouragement to those who have sinned yet are forgiven. We can imagine how his story stirred the zeal of those who sought in the military orders at once the office of soldier and missionary. He was, though denied the rapturous death of Sarras, counted worthy to return to Arthur's court on the sacred errand of the Gospel, and to tell how Galahad had achieved the Quest of Salvation—how, while fulfilling the highest tasks of earthly existence, the perfect knight had scattered the illusions of its possible perfection, unless through the Sangréel, the Divine influence on heart, and thought, and strength were obtained.

We said that four were earnest in their Quest, yet one, and he the most famous of all earthly knights, failed in the high enterprise. There is an impressive lesson in the fact that Lancelot, noblest of the world's champions, *sans peur et sans reproche*, the

representative of Adam's race, earnest as he is in religion, and eager for justification, never attains the Divine communion which only can give spiritual life. We follow him in shrift and penance—in the ship of faith,—even in the moment of religious exaltation, when the benefits of the True Blood are visibly set before him. We share his dejection when they elude his grasp, and marvel at the sentence which gives him over to farther sin and life-long remorse; yet it is so, and from the time of his failure in the Quest du Sangréel, there is for him no more peace in the world; he returns to the dark place of his former sin, where "*la bufera infernal che mai non resta, mena gli spirti con la sua rapina.*"

The end glares on us with such visible fire from the moment of Lancelot's return to the court of Arthur and Guinevere, that we have scarce a thought for the tale of Eleyne la Blanche, yet it makes a belt of pale pure light across the way, that might well have kept Sir Lancelot within its radiance, as he hurried to the Tophet of ruin beyond.

Poet and painter have made us familiar with the fair maiden of Astolat's story. How, from her solitary room in her father's castle, she saw the peerless champion, and loved him. How she waited, in vain, for a kind word from the scornful knight, until she grew "half sick of shadows." She must needs follow him, though death should be her herald; and bidding prepare a funeral barge, she dressed herself in festival garments, and floated, dead, to Camelot. "*E morta per bene amare,*" as we read in the old Italian version of her story. Her world-scorning constancy is far removed from modern customs, no doubt; yet we admit the devotion of this "good, and gentle, and righte well-taughte maiden," as truthful to all time; and her letter, which we will give our readers, is but another witness to the "gentil ratto" that has cost the world so many of its fairest and best.

Even Guinevere must have felt the remorse of conquest, when she and the king, with their knights, went down to the river edge at Camelot, and read the plaint of the fair maid whose advocate was Death.

This was the intent of the letter : —“Most noble knight, my lord Sir Lancelot du Lake, now hath Death made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover that men called the faire maiden of Astolat, therefore unto all ladies I make my moane ; yet for my soul that ye pray, and bury me at the least, and offer ye my masse peny. This is my last request ; and a clean maide I died, I take God to my witnesse. Pray for my soul, as thou art a knight pearless.” Our readers, if they have read Mr. Tennyson’s idyll of “*Elaine*,” will note the art with which he has retained the simple beauty of Malory’s style in his re-cast of this lament.

But Heaven was now shut to Lancelot, and much must happen ere he can pray again. Through tourney and joust the shadow darkens on Arthur’s court. Day by day Guinevere’s moody love and angry jealousies bound the falling knight in closer bands, until even his worldly honour was sullied in her cause, for it befel that, as she “rode on maying, in great joy and delight, her knights clothed in green in the freshest manner,” that a treacherous enemy carried her away prisoner, and Lancelot must drag his fair fame through the mire to release her, and even wage his life in her false quarrel.

At last the great anger that shall winnow all that is grain in Lancelot’s character from the chaff, breaks over the court. The Queen’s treachery to her husband, and Lancelot’s part in it, is made manifest. Taking stern vengeance on the spies who have discovered the knight’s ill-doing, Arthur retires from the Castle of Caerleil, where Guinevere then was. She is doomed to be burned, but few knights will attend to witness her execution, and men’s minds already fall off from Arthur. Many side with Lancelot, and join him in the rescue of the Queen ;—and she must have been a sight to move pity—her proud and perfect beauty, shorn of its rays, and sinking in such lurid clouds ;—but, like a sudden storm-rift, her lover tore apart the imminent shade of death, and carried her off to his castle of Joyous Gard. Not without dishonour, even in victory, the blood of his unarmed friends, Gareth and Gaheris, struck down defenceless in the fray, reddens

Lancelot’s hands, and their brother Gawaine turns on his old friend to whom, up to this cruel fate, he had been loyal.

In vain Lancelot restores Guinevere to Arthur, and prays for pardon : he is hunted as a wild beast to his fortresses in France. In vain he offers what reparation he can to his outraged master, and proves all the courtesy and patience of his strong heart, forbearing the king and humbling himself to Gawain. The bitterness of death in life is before him, and he must drink to the dregs the chalice of suffering.

War sways to and fro between the king and Lancelot. The scene is shifted from England to France ; and marches and sieges, defiances and knightly deeds, follow each other as we may imagine the Plantagenet wars to have ebbed and flowed in the plains of Anjou and Guienne. But while he pursues his enemy, Arthur himself is in the toils. His sin at last finds him out ; and Modred, his illegitimate son and nephew, to whom, in his absence, he had committed the regency of England, levies war against him. He even insolently proposes marriage to Guinevere, and lays siege to the Tower of London, to which she has fled for safety.

In this perplexity Gawain, Arthur’s chief counsellor and support, is wounded mortally by Lancelot, and but lives to reach English ground, as the king hastily returns to put in order his “new-fangled realm.” With sinking heart and shattered army he gains but partial success in his first battle with his traitorous son. He retreats from Kent, and makes a final stand in Cornwall, at Camlan, which men say is the modern Camelford. There is a pause between the opposing hosts : but here, not far from Tintagel, the son of Uther and Igrayne must meet his doom.

The king is warned in a dream by Gawain to gain time by any pretext, until succour can be had of Lancelot, who is even now ready to return to his lord’s defence. A truce is made, and fourteen knights meet between the arrayed armies to settle its terms, when

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o’ the king’s knights on the knee ;
Alack ! it was a woeful chance
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild worm hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew—
A piteous case, as ye shall hear :

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joined battayle instantly,
Till of so many noble knights
On one side there were left but three.

Of Modred's host, who had shouted so "grimly" in the morning, he only remained. "Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Modred leaned on his sword, among a great heape of dead men; and King Arthur gate his speare in both his hands, and ran towards Sir Modred, crying, 'Traitor! now is thy death-day come.' And when Sir Modred felt that he had his death-wound, he thrust himself with all the might he had up to the end of King Arthur's speare, and righte so he struck his father, Arthur, with his sword on the side of the head, that it pierced the helmet and the brainpan——."

A dolorous blow in truth—a terrible back stroke of Divine lightning, laying low the splendid edifice of mortal glory. What availed Merlin's craft or the charmed Excalibur, the heroism of knightly valour, or the wise ordinances of human government? Sin had gnawed at the root of Arthur's glory, and in a day it was laid low.

We come now upon the scene which Mr. Tennyson has chosen for his epic fragment of the "*Mort D'Arthur*." That our readers may compare his noble verse with the antique prose, we give the whole passage. It lacks some touches peculiar to Mr. Tennyson's idyllic fancy, for he has painted the back ground with mystic light and shade, that might have been studied in Dante's *selva oscura*. Arthur's figure looms colossally from the mirror of Mr. Tennyson's imagination, but as a dim and superhuman form that loses its true outline in the dazzling Arctic landscape. Perhaps he is the more fitted to speak the ambiguous prophecy with which the modern poem ends. Our readers are familiar with its beauties; we bespeak their approval of the simple power in Malory's tale.

When the knights, Sir Bedevere and Sir Lucan, found their Lord Arthur stricken unto death, and swooning oftentimes, they carried him with sore travail (for Lucan also was wounded mortally), "to a little chapel not far from the sea side. Then they heard pillagers cry in the field of

battle. 'Therefore, by my advice,' said Sir Lucan, 'it is best that we bring you unto some towne.' 'I would it were so,' said the king; 'but I may not stand, my head aketh so.' Then the knight raised him once more, but Sir Lucan died in the effort. 'Alas,' said King Arthur, 'this is unto mee a full heavy sight, for to see this noble duke so to die for my sake, for hee would have holpen me, that had more neede of help than I have. Alas! he would not complaine him, his heart was so set for to helpe me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soule!' Then Sir Bedevere wept for the death of his brother. 'Leave this weeping and mourning,' said King Arthur, 'for all this wil not avail mee; for wit thou well, and I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would greeve me evermore. But my time hieth fast,' said King Arthur unto Sir Bedevere; 'therefore take thou Excalibur my good sword, and goe with it unto yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword into that water, and come againe and tell me what thou shalt see there.' 'My lord,' said Sir Bedevere, 'your commande shall be done, and lightly bring you word againe.'

"And so Sir Bedevere departed; and by the way he beheld that noble sword where the pummell and the haft were all of precious stones, and then hee said to himselfe, 'If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harme and losse.' And then Sir Bedevere hid Excalibur under a tree, and as soone as he might he came againe unto King Arthur, and said hee had beene at the water and had throwen the stone into the water. 'What sawest thou there?' said the king. 'Sir,' said he, 'I saw nothing but waves and wind.' 'That is untruely said of thee,' said King Arthur; 'therefore goe thou lightly and doe my commande, as thou art to me lefe and deere; spare not, but throw it in.' Then Sir Bedevere returned againe, and tooke the sword in his hand; and then him thought it sinne and shame to throw away that noble sword. And so eft he hid the sword, and returned againe, and told to the king that he had beene at the water and done his command. 'What saw yee there?' said the king. 'Sir,' said hee, 'I saw nothing but

the water wap and the waves waune.' 'Ah, traitor, untrue!' said King Arthur; 'now hast thou betrayed me two times who would have wend that thou that hast beene to me so selfe and deere, and thou art named a noble knight, and wouldest betray mee for the rich sword? But now goe againe lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth mee in great jeopardie of my life, for I have taken cold; and but if thou doe as I command thee, and if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with my owne hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead.' Then Sir Bedevere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly tooke it up, and went to the water's side; and there he bound the girdell about the hilts, and then hee threw the sword into the water as farre as he might; and there came an arme and a hand above the water, and met it and caught it, and so shooke it thrise and brandished.

"And then the hand vanished away with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedevere came againe to the king and told him what he had seene. 'Alas,' said the king, 'helpe me from hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.'

"Then Sir Bedevere took King Arthur up on his backe, and so went with him to the water's side. And when they were at the water's side, even fast by the banke hove a little barge with many faire ladies in it, and among them all was a queene, and all they had blacke hoods, and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"'Now, put mee into the barge,' said the king; and so hee did softly; and there received him three queenes with great mourning, and so these three queenes set them downe, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queene said, 'Ah, deer brother, why have ye taried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath taken over much cold.' And so then they rowed from the land and Sir Bedevere beheld all these ladies goe from him; then Sir Bedevere cried, 'Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of mee now ye goe from mee, and leave mee here alone among mine enemies?' 'Comfort thyselfe,' said King Arthur, 'and doe as well as thou maiest, for in mee is no trust for to trust in, for I wil into the vale of Avillion for to heale me

of my greevous wound; and if thou never heare more of mee, pray for my soule.' But evermore the queenes and the ladies wept and shrieked that it was pittie for to heare them. And as soone as Sir Bedevere had lost the sight of the barge, hee wept and wailed, and so tooke the forrest; and so hee went all the night and in the morning he was ware between two hills of a chappell and an hermitage."

The legend of Arthur's re-appearance as harbinger of a future golden age is but hinted in the chapter which follows that which we have quoted; but the vague hope of a To come centred on him among the Brétons—the yearning for some millenium which is found in Pagan as in Christian hearts. In the Armorican colony of the Cymri, the people, up to a late date, used to cry aloud at certain of their feasts, "Non le Roi Arthur n'est pas mort." "Unknown is the grave of Arthur" say the Welch bards of this Celtic Prometheus, for the thoughts of the sons of Adam turn to the hope of a resurrection from death, through the discords of all ages. The writers of the Crusade era dwell less on this barbaric form of truth, the dim faith in some "good time coming," however, than on the Christian perfections of repentance and purity. They leave the question of Arthur's reappearance on earth, to set before us the sorrow and penance of Lancelot and the broken-hearted Guenevere.

The proud, passionate Queen, struck to the ground by remorse, bows her head low in Amesbury Convent, while Lancelot, too late to succour his lord, arrives in England and finds consummated the ruin he had entailed on those he loved best. Leaving his following of kings and knights he rides in search of her who had been the false light of his life. We will follow the language of the old tale to describe their last meeting: "and at the last he came to a nunry, and then was Queene Guenevere ware of Sir Lancelot as he walked in the cloyster: and when she saw him there she sowned three times, and when Sir Lancelot was brought unto her, then she said, 'Through this knight and me all these warres were wroughte, and the death of the most noble knights of the world; for through our love that wee have loved together is my most noble lord slaine. Therefore, Sir Lancelot, I require

thee, and beseech thee heartely for all the love that ever was betweene us two, that thou never looke me more in the visage. For as well as I have loved thee, Sir Lancelot, now mine heart will not once serve me to see thee, for through mee and thee is the floure of kings and knights destroyed. Therefore, Sir Lancelot, goe thou unto thy realme, and there take thee a wife, and live with her in joy and blisse. And I beseech you heartely pray for mee unto our Lord God that I may amend my misse living.'

"And so they departed. But there was never so hard a hearted man but hee would have wept to see the sorrow that they made; for there was a lamentation as though they had been stungen with speares, and many times they sowned, and the ladies beare the queene to her chamber, and Sir Lancelot awoke, and went and tooke his horse, and rode all that day and all that night in a forrest, weeping. And at the last hee was ware of an hermitage and a chappell that stood betweene two clifles, and then he heard a little bell ring to masse, and thither he rode, and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard masse, and he that sung the masse was the Bishop of Canterbury. Both the Bishop and Sir Bedevere knew Sir Lancelot, and they spake together after masse; but when Sir Bedevere had told him his tale all whole, Sir Lancelot's heart almost brast for sorrow; and Sir Lancelot threw abroad his armour, and said, 'Alas, who may trust this world?'

"And then hee kneeled downe on his knees, and prayed the bishophe for to shrive him and assoile him; and then he besought the bishop that he might bee his brother. Then the bishop said, 'I will gladly;' and then hee put an habite upon Sir Lancelot, and there hee served God day and night with prayers and fastings."

There is now no more place for him in the world. Well for him and Guinevere if they can gain one in heaven, re-baptised in bitter tears and chanting misereres heartfelt as David's.

For six years Lancelot and seven of his knights remained in great penance as postulants, "and then he tooke the habite of priesthood, and twelve moneths he sung the masse. And thus upon a night a vision came to

him and charged him, in remission of all his sinnes, to hast him towards Amesbury, 'and by that time thou come there thou shalt find Queene Guinevere dead.'"

He started or it was day, taking his fellows with him; but "they were weak and weary to goe," and ere they reached her bedside Guinevere was dead. For two days before her prayer had been, that she might never again see Lancelot, and it was granted to her weakness to be spared further trial of her repentance. "Then Sir Lancelot saw her visage and hee wept not greatly, but sighed; and so hee did all the observance of the service himself, both the dirige at night and the masse on the morrow."

To the dregs he drank the cup of suffering. He led the funeral to Glastonbury, where she was buried by Arthur; "and when she was put into the earth Sir Lancelot swooned and lay long upon the ground, while the hermit came and awaked him, and said, 'Yee are to blame, for yee displease God with such manner of sorrow making.' 'Truly,' said Sir Lancelot, 'I trust I do not displease God, for hee well knoweth mine entent, for my sorrow was not, nor is, for any rejoicing of sinne; but my sorrow may never have an end.'"

The whole tale of treachery and ingratitude, of sin and its results at last was bare to him. Six weeks he lay "grovelling" and praying continually upon the tomb of Arthur and Guinevere; but at last came to the weary penitent rest. He died in the night alone, and when the hermit bishop, who has been shown in a vision Lancelot's reception into heaven, goes with his fellows to the dead man's cell he finds him lying "as he had smiled." His sorrow was over. His "soul is with the saints we trust," for we cannot look on Lancelot as a mere embodiment of chivalric ideas. If during the first volumes he was but part of Arthur's pageant, in his grief and death a human interest gathers round him, and this hero of the old gestours seems to us warm with the same life that we live. Are there not Lancelots in society as well as Lancelots in India or the Crimea? So strong, yet so weak, offering noblest qualities at an evil shrine, and consummating self-sacrifice which is but self-immolation.

Some of our readers will know, too, that the end of Lancelot's life is not without daily example. His bitter sorrow and surrender to the keenest sufferings are yet the price paid by mortals who have sinned, and such will comprehend the skill of the trouvère who left Lancelot's last years in the shadow of lifelong grief, and who troubled not the penitent with the garish light of worldly good. "Blessed are they that mourn."

And here we must observe; that modern writers of fiction of the physical force school do not deal thus with their Lancelots. "Muscular Christianity" was probably not so well understood 600 years ago; and notwithstanding the state of manners in the Plantagenet era, the qualities of an amiable prizefighter, or the chivalry of social buccaneers, do not satisfy the story-tellers of that age. Not through weakness of heart or sinew Sir Lancelot fails—but in purity, in humility, and obedience; and we have seen the end. Which of our novelists would leave their hero a feeble and stricken beggar in Heaven's porch, without at least surrounding him by the halo of religious joy. No excitement of publicity cures Lancelot's aching wounds; no theatrical deathbed scene makes us almost rejoice in the crime which requires such a display of converting grace. In sombre shade he creeps to his grave, hidden from the wonder of men—unworthy so much as to lift up his eyes unto heaven. No light is granted to him till death draws aside the veil of flesh: death, the evening star that rose on his night, when all other lights of mortal life were quenched!

This conception of Lancelot's career, and its end, throws a comforting gleam on an age so licentious as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; the figures of Galahad and Perceval are ideals which witness to a pure imagination rather than to an aspiring morality. It impresses on us the never-ceasing influence of Christianity which thus preached to the hearts of men in a time when Church and people seemed alike failing in virtue, and when the path of life was well-

nigh lost in the wilderness. But the leaven of revealed ethics worked in the tales of romance as in the graver literature that spread throughout Christendom. The fables of the gestours, with all their licence, and through all their verbiage, on the whole point us forward to the distant light that yet attracts the Christian poet or historian. In the failure of chivalry to attain all it aimed at and still aims at, we must not forget the lawlessness and brutality of the society it first was instituted to civilize—the lawlessness and brutality of the human heart, which still render it sometimes powerless in the best examples of civilization. If many blots were on the knight errantry of the middle ages, we must remember that the very splendour of its enterprise increased their apparent darkness, and reading these tales which Malory has edited we can but feel surprised at the purity of their aim, and the place given in them to religion, when we consider the conditions of their origin.

They greet a world fresh from change and newly-born now as in the youth of Europe, vibrating with battle, ready for crusades, and credulous of heroes. They are popular now as then—sung by poets, and woven into modern fictions, because they teach us the eternal lessons of this world's incapacity to fulfil our higher aspirations—of our failure in our best-planned schemes, if they are not hallowed by faith in the power and necessity of sanctification through the blood of the Atoner. They satisfy the hero-worship which now, as then, ennoble manhood, by showing us the warfare between the spiritual and the fleshly life, and they give us examples of the Christian paradox, that the noblest victory is gained by humility—the highest happiness by self-denial. Now, as then, when the race of life seems crowded with competitors, and the world is ready to crown the victor, of whatever rank, the truth is preached to us in these old myths that by obedience men are made more than kings, and that faith is the substance—the very present possession—of things hoped for.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXIX.

MAY, 1860.

VOL. LV.

PRIOR'S LIFE OF MALONE

A GOOD deal of ingenuity has been expended in the attempt to determine at what precise period it first becomes proper to allow personal memoirs to see the light. There can be no doubt that for certain reasons, and as regards certain readers, the sooner the thing is done the better. While the man, and his friends, and his enemies, and his epoch, are nearest and newest, his sayings and doings may be supposed to possess their maximum of importance. At least they may be so esteemed until, by the lapse of time, a period arrives when the interest with which they are invested is grounded on a quality the opposite to that we have specified, deriving its origin from the very strangeness of the individual and of the times to which he belonged. Thus it is with personal memoirs as with the fruit of the vine—which is sweet as it is gathered fresh from the tree, though it is invested with a yet higher flavour after its juice has fermented, and been buried in the darkness of the cellar till it has ripened into the luscious maturity of a Hock or a Tokay.

But, whereas there are innumerable difficulties in the way of the preservation of materials until they acquire this ultimate value, and few inducements to bin them, as it were,

until they are imbued with the aroma of antiquity; the temptation is strong to gather the fresh clusters, and offer the feast to the indiscriminate appetite of the world. One objection, and one alone, checks, in numberless instances, the caterer's hand. If a man has been in the habit of speaking or writing freely to his private friends and on confidential subjects, it may be considered as pretty certain that he has said or written what some people would rather not hear or read. There will be stones, as well as juice, in the grape. If his ideas have any claim to be valuable, they must have grounded *opinions*; and, unless he happened to be exempt from the ordinary infirmities of nature, he must have had some prejudices, some predilections, some aversions, which found their way through his lips or his pen. A man must have been more than human, in temper or in cunning, who, in turning the lining of his mind, as it were, out towards his friends day after day, and year after year, should never have disclosed a knot, a thread, a needle-mark, underlying the fair pattern of the exterior. Hence, until the circle in which he moved has been finally broken up; until those who had swept closest to him without ruffling the silk of their vanity and self-complacency have laid those

garments aside for ever—in short, until the events in which he had been concerned, or on which he commented, have been finally bequeathed to history by the testaments of those who had been the actors in them, it is, as a general rule, unwise as regards his own fame, and cruel as regards others, to withdraw a veil which the very fact of the privacy of the communications proves the writer never would have himself removed as long as there were friends or enemies in existence to take a personal interest in the matter. This objection stays the hand of many an editor. On the other hand, there are few literary executors of deceased celebrities who feel themselves called upon to transmit the materials at their disposal to a generation in whose hands they will have become fossil specimens of an unknown period; the majority of well-judging conservators of such property confine themselves to the task of watching for the first opportunity on which they can decently permit the defunct owner to speak for himself. And there can be no doubt, for recent examples prove it, that in their eagerness, some administrators to effects of the nature we allude to, have evinced but small regard for the sensitiveness of those surviving individuals, or of those surviving friends of individuals, who are brought, against their will, and without the power of resistance, before the world. There is strong temptation to be premature. What is fresh is racy; what is personally felt will induce remark and discussion; what is remarked and discussed will command public attention. Exactly in proportion as the sting is removed, the interest is lessened. More credit, therefore, to the self-restraining discretion which has withheld the memoirs before us from publicity as long as there was a chance of any thing they contained wounding the most morbid sensibility of any living person.

The era which Malone's biography illustrates may be appropriately termed the transition one, when the Johnsonian style of thought, diction, and life was lapsing into that of the present century. In the earlier part of the critic's career he was the associate of the group who stand before us in the life-like colouring of Bos-

well's portraiture. In the latter years of his life we find those come about him who figured upon a stage to which the dim recollections of some of the older members of existing society can stretch.

In tone of thought, in literary predilections, in views of life, in habits and manners, Malone undoubtedly belonged to the earlier period. He was Johnsonian, when the world was beginning to enter upon the era of Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott. His coat retained the cut, and his hair the powder, of the eighteenth century, down to the conclusion of the Peninsular war. And whereas there were spirits, during the remoter stages of his social march, which forestalled the supervening mental crisis, as prophetic intellects were found to foretell the political convulsions out of which the present of Europe has been projected, he presented in himself a tolerably conspicuous instance of the man of letters who could afford to remain behind his day, and content himself with bringing up the rear, as it were, in the intellectual procession out of one century into another. Thus he and a few others of a similar stamp in politics, letters, and religion, kept the change in England from exhibiting the abruptness of a paroxysm, as it did elsewhere. Such men reach back their hands to those behind them, while others are stretching forward theirs to what is before, and keep the chain unbroken along which the minds of men slide, as it were, from one level of conventional development to another. It is not necessary that these should be great men—indeed, it seldom happens that they are. But, in however secondary a rank they may be classed, they serve the purpose of connecting leading minds and leading men together equally well, and at last are suffered to assume the place, in a new era, of celebrities which belonged to an older one, occupying, in their representative capacity, a position to which personally they could scarcely lay valid claim.

And thus it has happened in the instance before us. For a certain number of years at the commencement of the present century, Edmond Malone survived, with a few others, like the spirit of the Johnsonian epoch. At his table, still furnished with the old-fashioned dainties, gastronomic and

intellectual, that had tickled the fastidious palates of defunct celebrities, Windham, the younger Boswell, John Kemble, Courtenay, Canning, recognised in their host the embodiment of the mighty past, and dreamed—or drank—themselves back amidst the carousals of the “Literary Club;” while at the very same time the entertainer, thus glorified in his representative capacity, was in the flesh maintaining a correspondence with Gifford, Dr. Barrett (our “*Jackey*”), and other mere mortals of the less mythological period with which elderly men can at this day tax their memories.

We hold it, therefore, to have been a judicious thing of Sir James Prior to have undertaken the biography of this half-ancient, half-modern, half-classic, half-contemporary man of letters; and to have illustrated in him a period which had scarcely been kept in sufficiently full a light previously. To us, of course, it must be a special recommendation that his hero was an Irishman; though if any countryman of ours has deserved to be classed as broadly British, and could lay claim to stand clear of a distinctive nationality, having merged minor characteristics in imperial tastes, habits, and sympathies, it is surely Malone. Among the celebrities of another era we find him linking himself with Shakspeare,—out of the eminent men of his day he chose for his associates the thoroughly English Johnson, as well as the thoroughly Scottish Boswell, and the thoroughly Irish Goldsmith;—and owned as much sympathy with the native genius of a Garrick and a Reynolds, as with the lofty talents of his own countrymen, Burke and Lord Charlemont. Perhaps, indeed, he might more properly be termed a Londoner than an Englishman. The metropolis was to him the world. People lived, for him, while they remained within reach of Foley place; they died, to his grief and sorrow, when they went to their homes, if those homes were beyond the sound of Bow-bells;—to be restored, however, to their old vitality, should they once more appear on the horizon of London life. Artificial were the man's ways, tastes, habits, thoughts, style, every thing but his heart. That was natural; and imbued with all an Irishman's honesty and warmth.

Edmond Malone, so well known as

the commentator on Shakspeare, was born in Dublin, in the year 1741. He was sent to a school in that city kept by Dr. Ford, where he reckoned amongst his schoolfellows his brother Richard (afterwards Lord Sunderlin), Lord Lansdowne, Lord Sheffield, and Captain Jephson. At this school plays were performed by the boys, and it is very naturally believed that to these performances was due, in the case of Malone as well as in that of at least one other of the youthful *corps*, that taste for theatrical literature which a future time so thoroughly developed. Malone's habits, however, were those of a steady reader. He was, to use the words of Sir James Prior, “a remorseless inquirer.” His family seemed to consider him endowed with such qualities as cut him out by nature for the bench. His grandfather, his father, and his uncle, had all attained celebrity at the bar, and it was reasonably expected that qualities such as he thus early displayed might, in such a family, be considered the earnest of a tolerably sure and speedy success in that profession. Accordingly, in 1763 he was entered of the Inner Temple, and commenced what were conventionally called legal studies; confined in too many instances to the consumption of a certain amount of provisions in one or other of the Inns of Court. But he seems to have early found, as others had done before him, that the “Grecian” in the Strand presented superior attractions even to the Inner Temple Hall; and became before very long so perfectly satisfied as to the justice of his choice, that he did not scruple to sound the praises of the coffee-house in question in the ears of his own father.

At the age of about twenty-five Malone formed the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson. The Shakspearean rage naturally drew them together. We learn from a letter addressed to the former by Mr. Chetwood, a friend of his, that he failed, with all his acuteness, to discover under the external semblance of indolence with which “the great lexicographer” was cloaked, that indefatigable and indomitable energy of application which had produced one of the greatest marvels of individual industry the world had ever seen. Johnson he considered a lazy man. He spoke of him as such. Nobody who under-

stood him could have made the remark, without expressly limiting it to the outward habit of his body, in notable contrast with the tone and temper of his soul.

Malone was called to the Irish bar—but did not come—at least, in the full sense of the word. He practised, as it was courteously called, for a few years; took the idea of representing a constituency—the University, if it might be—in Parliament; lost his father and uncle; began to muse with sighs upon the “Grecian;” seized into intimacy, and clutched, George Steevens, the editor of Shakspeare; commenced a correspondence with Lord Charlemont; and at last, as we learn by a special memorandum in his own handwriting, finally quitted Ireland on the 1st of May, 1777, and was from thenceforth, to all intents and purposes, an Englishman for the rest of his life. We cannot help thinking that it was scarcely necessary for Sir James Prior to seek for the origin of his critical tastes in his legal studies, even assuming that they were to his mind, and were prosecuted with vigour. It was at school, as we have seen, that the passion for the drama took possession of his soul. Why Coke upon Littleton should be required to fan the flame is not so very obvious; yet the biographer thinks it clear, as far as we can make out the meaning of the following slightly obscure passage:—

“Little connected as the subjects may seem, frequent explorations of black-letter law—fond as he was of going to the basis of all things—led him onward to the taste for its poetry and dramatic literature. ‘The love of things ancient,’ says Bacon, ‘doth argue stayedness;’ and between a staid lawyer and staid critic, both being devoted to the balance of evidence, there is perhaps less difference than at first view may appear.”

However this may be, Malone certainly entered the arena of Shakspearean controversy with a sort of frigid enthusiasm, which promised, by its strength and temperature, to be abiding. The era was that of the Johnson and Steevens’ edition. The minds of men were in a sort of revival state on the subject. Much had been done, but much remained to do; and for that residuary labour no man was better qualified than our author. Johnson, as Sir James Prior has well

said, disdained to place the great poet upon the literary dissecting-table, to be sliced into a thing of words, syllables, or phrases. On Steevens devolved this task—but it was done imperfectly by him; and he had, as is well known, the unhappy art of making enemies.

Here, then, was room for Malone.

“Upon this extended canvas he set to work with characteristic zeal. No publication of the age of Elizabeth, her predecessors or successors, in the form of poem, drama, pamphlet, or miscellaneous tract, was neglected. Manuscripts, wherever found, were carefully consulted; no expense or application was spared to exhume something like truth and substance out of the graveyards of time. Collectors, antiquaries, and college men, whose lives had been spent in storing their shelves or their memories with knowledge of the past, were solicited to disburse such acquisitions as could be turned to account.”

Whatever others may think of the natural connexion between the study of the law and that of dramatic literature, it is to be inferred from the following letter that Malone did not give the world credit for being likely to perceive at once their affinity. It is addressed to him by his friend Lord Charlemont, of whose correspondence several valuable specimens are given in the volume:—

“Marino, August 18th, 1777.

“MY DEAR MALONE,—I cannot give you a stronger proof of my approbation of the subject which procured me the pleasure of your letter than by thus sitting down to answer it, though scarcely able to write from the effects of a disagreeable nervous complaint in my head and eyes. That some wise ones may smile at your lucubrations, I doubt not; but let them smile. There is nothing more despicable than their censure. For surely that wisdom may be accounted folly which would cut off one principal source of innocent amusement from a state which seems to stand in need of every such assistance to render it tolerable. One of the Roman emperors is said to have offered a reward to any one who should invent a new pleasure; and if to pleasure he had added the epithet *innocent*, I should highly approve of his design, certain as I am that such invention would do more real service and much less injury to mankind than all the wise speculations of philosophers from Epicurus to Voltaire.

“For my own part, I will never be laughed out of my amusements till they

shall have proved hurtful to society, but will boldly proceed in those pursuits which, though they cannot be deemed the fruits of literature, may at least be styled its flowers. Such is my opinion of the more trifling literary amusements. But your undertaking, my dear Ned, needs not any such apology. The history of man is on all hands allowed to be the most important study of the human mind; and what is your chronological account of the writings of Shakspeare other than the history of the progress of the greatest genius that ever honoured and delighted human nature?"

There were, no doubt, various sound and sensible reasons why the advice of his friends should be taken, and Shakspeare abandoned. All plausibility, all seemliness, all worldly logic was for it. A seat in Parliament—a silk gown, in time to be decked with ermine—a wife—were alternately held up before his eyes. No use. His mind was made up. Nature had destined him to be a man of letters, and she was not to be pitchforked out of her purpose by any considerations of expediency or *bienséance*.

In January, 1778, appeared *An attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakspeare were written*. This essay, as ultimately modified, has been justly considered as the first attempt to deal with the difficulties connected with the writings of Shakspeare on philosophical principles. It was the result of a vast deal of research, the author having spared neither money nor labour to possess himself of the materials available for his purpose. There was but one opinion of the Essay. Johnson was loud in its praise. Steevens himself admitted its merits as long as he conceived it might be estimated as an appendix or addendum to his own edition. A second work, brought out by Malone, in 1780, by way of supplement to the Johnson and Steevens' edition, and containing the doubtful plays and poems, was suffered to see the light without exciting the jealousy of the nettlesome commentator. It was not till a later period, when Malone, encouraged by the unequivocal verdict of men of letters on his published essays, had determined on printing an edition of Shakspeare of his own, that Steevens broke out in the character of a rival and detractor. From thenceforward he lost no opportunity of cavilling at the criticism and editor-

ship of his quondam friend, though it appears by the letters of Lord Charlemont, Captain Jephson, and others, that he only succeeded in disgusting the men who had respected his labours, humble as they were, so long as he prosecuted them for the love of learning, and not from the hatred of learned competitors.

In the year 1790 appeared "The Plays and Poems of William Shakspeare," by Edmond Malone. This edition, or its reproduction, is on the shelves of every library. The most accomplished students of the bard were more than satisfied with the performance.

"Among these were Warton, Farmer, Bishop Percy, and many others. While men of more general celebrity, like Burke, Wyndham, Reynolds, Sir William Scott, Courtenay, and a few more, gave testimony which might almost have made a reputation. With the public he was no less successful. In fifteen months a large edition was nearly sold. So unequivocal was the encouragement, that for those who objected to the rather unsatisfactory nature of the paper and type, he was induced to offer proposals for another edition in fifteen royal quarto volumes, of which we have an intimation in a pamphlet published soon afterward. But it was never executed."

The following letter from Burke is happily worded:—

"Upon coming to my new habitation in town, I found your valuable work upon my table. I take it as a very good earnest of the instruction and pleasure which may be yet reserved for my declining years. Though I have had many little arrangements to make both of a public and private nature, my occupations were not able to overrule my curiosity, nor to prevent me from going through almost the whole of your able, exact, and interesting history of the stage.

"A history of the stage is no trivial thing to those who wish to study human nature in all shapes and positions. It is of all things the most instructive to see not only the reflection of manners and characters at several periods, but the modes of making their reflection, and the manner of adapting it at those periods to the taste and disposition of mankind. The stage indeed may be considered as the republic of active literature, and its history as the history of that state. The great events of political history when not combined with the same helps towards the study of the manners and characters

of men, must be a study of an inferior nature.

"You have taken infinite pains, and pursued your inquiries with great sagacity, not only in this respect, but in such of your notes as hitherto I have been able to peruse. You have earned your repose by public spirited labour. But I cannot help hoping that when you have given yourself the relaxation which you will find necessary to your health, if you are not called to exert your great talents, and employ your great acquisitions in the transitory service to your country which is done in active life, you will continue to do that permanent service which it receives from the labours of those who know how to make the silence of their closets more beneficial to the world than all the noise and bustle of courts, senates, and camps.

"I beg leave to send you a pamphlet which I have lately published.* It is of an edition more correct I think, than any of the first; and rendered more clear in points where, I thought, in looking over again what I had written, there was some obscurity. Pray do not think my not having done this more early was owing to neglect or oblivion, or from any want of the highest and most sincere respect to you; but the truth is (and I have no doubt you will believe me) that it was a point of delicacy which prevented me from doing myself that honour. I well knew that the publication of your *Shakspeare* was hourly expected; and I thought if I had sent that small donum, the fruit of a few weeks, I might have subjected myself to the suspicion of a little Diomedean policy, in drawing from you a return of the value of a hundred cows for my nine. But you have led the way, and have sent me gold, which I can only repay you in my brass. But pray admit it on your shelves; and you will show yourself generous in your acceptance as well as your gift."

Such were the testimonials which greeted our editor on every side. The work was, in fact, an exhaustive commentary on the poet. It filled eleven volumes.

"The preface occupied above seventy pages; followed by that of Dr. Johnson; Steevens' Advertisement; ancient translations from classic authors, chiefly by Steevens; Pope's preface; dedication and preface of Heminge and Condell; Rowe's life of Shakspeare augmented by the Editor; anecdotes of Shakspeare from Oldys' MS.; Shakspeare's will; mortgage made by him in 1612-13; com-

mentary verses on Shakspeare by writers of more or less eminence; ancient editions of his plays and poems; detached criticisms upon him; entries upon the books of the Stationers' Company, chiefly by Steevens; essay by the editor on the chronology of the plays, with additions; a paper on Shakspeare, Ford, and Ben Jonson. In the second part of the first volume is a historical account of the English stage, occupying above three hundred pages."

Boswell poured letters upon the critic—

"The appearance of Malone's *Shakspeare*, on the 29th November, was not attended with any external noise; but I suppose no publication seized more speedily and surely on the attention of those for whose critical taste it was chiefly intended. At the Club, on Tuesday, where I met Sir Joshua, Dr. Warren, Lord Ossory, Lord Palmerston, Wyndham, and Burke in the chair, Burke was so full of his anti-French Revolution rage, and poured it out so copiously, that we had almost nothing else. He, however, found time to praise the clearness and accuracy of your dramatic history; and Wyndham found fault with you for not taking the profits of so laborious a work. Sir Joshua is pleased, though he would gladly have seen more *disquisition*—you understand me! Mr. Daines Barrington is exceedingly gratified. He regrets that there should be a dryness between you and Steevens, as you have treated him with great respect. I understand that, in a short time, there will not be one of your books to be had for love or money."

Three days afterwards, as Sir James Prior tells us, Boswell writes thus:—

"I dined last Saturday at Sir Joshua's, with Mr. Burke, his lady, son and niece, Lord Palmerston, Wyndham, Dr. Lawrence, Dr. Blagden, Dr. Burney, Sir Abraham Hume, Sir William Scott. In the evening, Burke told me he had read your *Henry VI.* with all its accompaniments, and it was 'exceedingly well done.' He left us for some time; I suppose on some of his cursed politics; but he returned. I sat him again, and heard from his lips what, believe me, I delighted to hear, and took care to write down soon after:—'I have read his *History of the Stage*, which is a very capital piece of criticism and anti-agrarianism. I shall now read all *Shakspeare* through, in a very different manner from what I have yet done, when I

have got such a commentator.' Will not this do for you, my friend?"

It is only natural to suppose that such success must have provoked the usual amount of jealousy. There were more Steevenses than one in the world. In 1792 Malone was assailed by the eccentric Ritson in a tract which was principally remarkable as the means of drawing forth from the commentator, in his reply, some curious facts relative to his own labours. He states that he had considered it his duty, in order to insure a genuine text, *to collate, word by word, every line of Shakspeare's plays and poems, with the original and authentic copies.* By this laborious process he obtained *one thousand six hundred and fifty-four emendations of the text.* The number of lines collated in the plays amounted to nearly *one hundred thousand.* As, out of the *thirteen* errors with which he was charged by Ritson, *five* were proved to be the caviller's own—the remaining *eight* constitute the sum-total of inaccuracies detected in this elaborate and arduous work by an industrious enemy. No doubt some additions have since been made to the list, and, what is of more consequence, a higher and more enlarged style of criticism has in a great measure superseded the microscopic investigations of that period; but this does not necessarily detract from the merit of those who pursued their labours in a more minute spirit. On the contrary, many of the bold and broad deductions of the present day are based on the industrious attention to small things which characterized a preceding age, just as the generalizations of philosophy are so often found to own their origin to the revelations of the microscope. We are not sorry, therefore, to have found an opportunity of vindicating the claims of our countryman Malone to that place amongst the illustrators of the immortal bard which too many of the critics who stand on the vantage ground of to-day seem ready to sneer him down from. There can be no doubt that his edition is not what would now be considered, in the ordinary sense of the term, a drawing-room book; it is alike unsuited to the opportunities and to the patience of the common reader; it is emphatically a library edition. This it was which stood so

long in the way of the publication of a second edition. Students were supplied; the public preferred what was less costly and less profound. Homœopathic annotation was found to work upon ordinary mental constitutions as effectually as the drug, and more manageably and agreeably; and this is now so well understood as to render it unlikely that, in future, any mere scholastic commentary on the Bard of Avon, reaching an unwieldy bulk, and costing a ruinous price, will find a ready sale with the British public. Elegance of illustration, and judiciousness in selection from previous criticisms, must henceforward form the great recommendation of any edition of Shakspeare calculated to stand a fair chance of extensive favour. If the microscope is to be again applied, it must be by the literary amateur, whose labours will, of course, be their own reward. Malone's death prevented his making an experiment which he had much at heart for a considerable time; and nothing but a cheap reprint (all connexion with which he disclaimed) was given to the public during his lifetime.

Malone's literary labours were not at an end. In 1800 appeared, in four volumes, "The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden; with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author." This work, like the former, drew upon the author the attacks of certain amongst the "wits" of the age. Mr. George Hardinge issued a "bulky pamphlet" or two in ridicule of it, which the biographer had the good sense to let pass by in silence. Of the work itself, the opinion of Sir Walter Scott may be taken as authoritative:—

"'In the biographical memoir,' he says, 'it would have been hard to expect that the editor should rival the criticism of Johnson, or produce facts which had escaped the accuracy of Malone . . . whose industry has removed the clouds which so long hung over the events of Dryden's life.'"

Sir James Prior adds—

"The book remains a standard of authority of the times and matters of which it treats. And there are few who profess attachment to letters or to knowledge of many of the writers or writings of that day, but confess their obligations to the *Life of Dryden.*"

The discovery of some tracts of the

age of Elizabeth, connected with the settlement of the colony of Virginia, as bearing upon the question of the origin of the play of the *Tempest*, led to the publication, in 1808, by Malone, of a tract on the subject, which, however, he confined as much as possible to a circulation among his friends. Later still, he edited a piece entitled *Parliamentary Logick*, by a deceased associate of his, William Gerard Hamilton, better known by the sobriquet of "Single-speech Hamilton," who had died in 1796; to which he prefixed a memoir of the author. To this he did not affix his name as editor. On the death of his friend Windham, as Sir James Prior informs us, he printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a short statement "to correct erroneous rumours regarding the manner of an event so little expected by the world." This was reprinted, in an extended form, as a pamphlet, for distribution amongst the public and private friends of his deceased friend.

The labours of the indefatigable *litterateur* were now nearly terminated. Something was said, and thought, about a Life of Mason the Poet. An essay on the metre and phraseology of Shakspeare was actually undertaken. The reprint of Boswell's Johnson in 1811 was noted, as three previous editions had been. We find the critic, now at last failing in health and spirits, still engaged in April 1812, in noting his favourite author, as a regular daily employment. In one of the last letters he ever wrote, the concluding words are these—"My kindest love to my dear Shakspeare associate." He was evidently dying. In the words of Sir James Prior—

"About a fortnight more elapsed ere the secret was disclosed by himself to Lady Sunderlin. The heaviest of pressures was upon him. The shadow of the destroyer flitted around, and obviously influenced the tremulous hand that aimed to tell its story of suffering without inflicting painful recitals upon others. With the ease of his dear sisters ever in view, he attempts to prescribe for the one, and hint something like consolation to the other. The allusion to Mrs. Smith respecting his studies is almost affecting. It is, indeed, love to the last—Devotion to Shakspeare in the struggle with Death!"

A letter, dated the 4th of May,

opened the eyes of his family. They hastened from Ireland at his summons:—

"His brother and sister Catherine soon reached Foley Place, and rendered such aid and sympathy as devoted affection could bestow. But the dart had been thrown with too fatal precision. An exhausted frame could not long sustain itself against increasing debility, former excesses in study, sedentary habits, and the weight of seventy-one years. He expired on the 25th May, 1812."

Thus this kindly-hearted and accomplished old gentleman closed his earthly labours for ever. He had taken no first place in the public eye, and had contrived to let life pass over without contracting those family ties which might have perpetuated his name at least as a member of the peerage, the title of Sunderlin, borne by his brother, having been, in fact, entailed upon him. One or two late attempts he appears indeed to have made to give himself a companion in his declining years; but it may be assumed that had they been prosecuted with a more determined energy they would have been more successful. It seems probable that to the muse the predominant place in the suitor's heart was given too undisguisedly not to excite the jealousy and influence the decision of the less ethereal rival. He must be considered as an unambitious man, therefore. He knew his place, and was content to fill it honourably and respectably. He lay near the hearts of most of the conspicuous men of his age; and that envied place he attained and occupied without having for an instant descended from his independence to imitate the example of many of those about him—on the one hand, by traducing rival celebrities, or on the other, by truckling to or toadying personages whose eminence might upheave his mediocrity along with it. To feel that this scholar and gentleman was an Irishman, we confess gives us genuine satisfaction. That he did not occupy himself on Irish affairs and Irish questions was scarcely his fault. Had he adopted politics as his pursuit, he might possibly have earned the nickname of his friend Hamilton. At the bar, he could scarcely have rivalled the success of others of his family now far

less known than himself. It is our deliberate belief that in what he did he followed his true vocation; and, after all, is there an Irishman at this day so illiberally Hibernian as not to feel that the mighty luminary of English literature is his property of equal right with his Saxon brother? Surely, Shakspeare belongs to the English-speaking world at large, as the great masters of German literature are held to be citizens of each or any of the separate Empires which think and speak in a common German language. Ireland holds, we are firmly convinced, that he of her sons who has worn his life out in illustrating the masterpieces of the immortal Englishman has been doing a national work, and deserves the national regard accordingly.

Having thus briefly sketched the outlines of the biographical memoir before us, it remains to speak of the materials which have been brought incidentally into Sir James Prior's book. We are inclined to agree with those who say that the imported matter is perhaps the most important of all. Not much of Malone's correspondence has been preserved. His biographer tells us in the Preface that a large portion of it was given to the younger Boswell, and was dispersed at his death. His letters to Lord Charlemont have disappeared; and it is far from improbable that the confidential nature of these communications, which would have lent them their chief interest now, was the cause of their being destroyed. We have but few letters here, though his epistles must have been numerous, and may have been valuable. Several letters addressed to him, or to others concerning him, enrich the volume. Among the writers are Burke, Boswell, Lord Charlemont, Hamilton, Flood, Kemble, Mason, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Horace Walpole, &c. In addition to this, a considerable portion of the book is devoted to what the editor has entitled "Maloniana," being, in fact, a sort of "table-talk" recorded by Malone himself during a period of nine years, from 1783 to 1792, and here given pretty nearly *in extenso*. It might have been judicious to have slightly abridged this addendum of 130 pages by the removal of what was already known, and what was not worth knowing. A good deal,

however, remains for which we ought to be thankful—the style of noting, it may be remarked, being evidently imitated from Boswell's.

But before we begin: as every thing relating to "The Great Lexicographer" possesses interest, and what follows has, as Sir James Prior informs us, escaped the research of previous inquirers, we give an anecdote, as Sir George Rose supplied it to the editor:—

"Johnson, it appears, was willing to exchange the air of Bolt Court for that of a suburban palace. He therefore applied for a retreat where several parties of small means and of some public claims turn their eyes with similar expectations of finding a home. He failed—whether with the knowledge of his Majesty is doubtful. The following is the letter of application, and reply:—

"My LORD,—Being wholly unknown to your lordship, I have only this apology to make for presuming to trouble you with a request, that a stranger's petition, if it cannot be easily granted, can be easily refused.

"Some of the apartments are now vacant in which I am encouraged to hope that by application to your lordship I may obtain a residence. Such a grant would be considered by me as a great favour; and I hope that to a man, who has had the honour of vindicating his Majesty's Government, a retreat in one of his houses may not be improperly or unworthily allowed.

"I therefore request that your lordship will be pleased to grant such rooms in Hampton Court as shall seem proper to

"My Lord,

"Your lordship's most obedient, and

"Most faithful humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"April 11, 1776."

"Indorsed, 'Mr. Saml. Johnson to the Earl of Hertford, requesting apartments at Hampton Court, 11th May, 1776.' And within a memorandum of the answer.

"Lord C. presents his compliments to Mr. Johnson, and is sorry he cannot obey his commands, having already on his hands many engagements unsatisfied."

It is added, that as this curious incident escaped the vigilance of Johnson's "prying biographer," the presumption is either that it was withheld from his knowledge by a feeling of pride on the part of Johnson, or that Boswell himself had reasons of his own for its suppression. It is

proved at all events by dates, that Johnson and his biographer were in constant intercourse at the time when the letter was written, during the period it was under consideration, and when the application was refused.

Amongst the *ana* there are a few which relate to Ireland. One of them records a saying of Lord Chesterfield, which is new to us—

“Lord Chesterfield, when Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, being asked one day whom he thought the greatest man of the time, said—“The last man who arrived from England, be he who he might.” There is some truth in this. Dublin depends a great deal on London for topics of conversation, as every secondary metropolis must; and the last man who arrives from the great scene of action (if of any degree of consequence) is courted as being supposed to know many little particulars not communicated by letters or the public prints. Every person in a distant county-town in England experiences something of this on the arrival of a friend from the metropolis.”

Steam, by sea and land, telegraphic wires, &c., enable us to laugh at this. The Irish metropolis is now, for every purpose of knowledge and intercourse, in the heart of London. Let us bless the labourers who have effected the change—men of thought, men of science, men of business. Lord Chesterfield would probably now give a different answer to the question. He would say, “The man who can take an hour off the time between Dublin and London.”

A piece of Swift's doggerel some will still think appropriate.

“Having preached one Sunday at St. Ann's Church, in Dublin, where there is only the basement of a tower without any spire, the building never having been finished, the present Archdeacon Mahon, who was then a boy, followed Swift from curiosity when he went out of the church, and heard him grumble out—

‘A beggarly people!
A church and no steeple!’”

The following refers to a relative of Malone's:—

“In a late conversation with Mr. Flood, speaking of my late uncle, Anthony Malone, he observed that such was Mr. Malone's perspicuity and method, that, during the many years they sat in Parliament together, Mr. Flood never remembered a single instance where any one part of Mr. M.'s speech

could be transferred with advantage. Every part seemed to follow what preceded it so naturally that no change could be made for the better.

“On my mentioning what I have said in the character I have given of this extraordinary man in the new *Irish Peerage*, that he seemed to argue with somewhat less of his usual vigour when engaged on the wrong side of the question, Mr. Flood happily observed that ‘he could not escape from the force of his own understanding.’”

There is something amusing in the extract which follows, from the thing being so very likely to have occurred:—

“Sergeant Davy was often employed at the Bar of the House of Commons. On one occasion he called a witness to prove some point, and put a question of no great importance which was immediately objected to by the opposite counsel. The counsel on both sides, according to the usual form, were ordered to withdraw, and the house began to debate on the propriety of the question. The discussion lasted for *some hours*; but at length the determination being in favour of Davy, he was called in, and the Speaker informed him he might put his question. ‘I protest, Mr. Speaker,’ replied Davy, ‘*I entirely forget what it was.*’ This, as may easily be believed, threw the house into a roar of laughter.”

This is said to have been communicated to Malone by Mr. William Gerard Hamilton.

We give the next extract, for the purpose of pointing out what appears to us a misapprehension on the part of Malone as to the point of the criticism he comments on. The subject is our countryman, Goldsmith:—

“Dr. Akenaide, as Sir J. Reynolds told me, soon after the publication of Goldsmith's ‘Traveller,’ was very liberal in its praise. A report then prevailed that it was in fact written by Johnson; but Akenaide maintained that it was impossible, and he particularly relied on two lines which he said Johnson would not have written—

‘Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door.’

Perhaps Johnson would not have used the familiar but forcible expression in the second line; and yet it is not Goldsmith's, but Shakspeare's—

‘Who should against his murderer shut the door,

Not bear the knife myself.’—*Macbeth*.

And ‘houseless’ he had from ‘King Lear.’

"Akenside, however, while he pointed out these lines as unlike Johnson's manner, had not sagacity enough to observe some others which at once discovered his vigorous pen and cast of thought—

'Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.'

Johnson, in fact, wrote about sixteen lines of this beautiful poem, and no more, as he himself told Mr. Boswell. But Akenside never found this out."

We conclude that what Akenside took as a proof that Johnson could not have written the couplet in question, was the making "door" rhyme to "boor." Malone by "the familiar but forcible expression in the second line," means "shut the door"—a phrase which Akenside never could have supposed Johnson would have rejected, if it would have served his purpose; but it is evident he suspects he may be mistaken, from his thinking it necessary to offer a further justification of the term "houseless."

A curious memorandum on the subject of Mrs. Thrale's marriage with Piozzi is preserved under the date of August 9, but without a year. The dinner was at Mr. Windham's.

"The company, Sir William Scott, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Laurence, Sir Henry Englefield, and myself. A very pleasant day.

"Sir Joshua and Sir W. Scott, in talking concerning that despicable woman Mrs. Piozzi, mentioned the letter which she wrote to Johnson in answer to his objurgatory one relative to her proposed marriage with an Italian singer. She has suppressed both letters in her book, and hers to Johnson happened by some accident not to be returned to her with the rest of her letters. She said in it among other things, as both Sir W. Scott and Sir Joshua agreed, that however she might have disgraced *Miss Salisbury* by marrying the brewer, she could not disgrace *Mrs. Thrale* by marrying Piozzi—that his profession was a liberal one which could not be said of the other; and she was told he excelled very much in his own way.

"Of this kind of excellence however she all her life affected to be so little of a judge, as always to join with Dr. Johnson in inattention to music; and soon after her present *caro sposo* came to England, she said once to Dr. Burney, as he told me, we are all mightily pleasant and happy; but there is no bearing that fellow squaring his elbows at the harpsichord. This was at Dr. Burney's house; and the fellow was Piozzi.

"When she first resolved to marry him, Miss Burney (the authoress) lived with her, or was there on a visit; and on being consulted, remonstrated strongly on the impropriety of such a step. At length a promise was solemnly given that she would relinquish all thoughts of it. In a day or two afterwards she acted like a bedlamite, tore her hair, knocked her head against the wall, &c., and told Miss Burney she could not survive unless she had Piozzi. Soon afterwards she married him; and Miss Burney and she are now entirely alienated. She is now wholly unconnected with all her former friends.

"Mr. Lysons, though a great friend of hers, showed Dr. Laurence, who dined with us this day, a little account of her pretty poem, 'The Three Warnings.' Of this piece, Lysons said, from some information he had got, that 'the first hint was given to her by Johnson; that she brought it to him very incorrect; and that he not only revised it throughout, but supplied several new lines.' Under this account, which was written by Lysons and shown to Mrs. Piozzi, she had added with respect to the statement of its being suggested by Johnson, '*That is not true,*' acknowledging by the exception that the rest was true. But she was careless about truth, and therefore not to be trusted."

A couple more extracts before we quit the *Maloniana*.

"Mr. Raftor, the brother of Mrs. Clive, the actress, was but a bad actor, but had some dry humour. Having described some wretched situation in which he had once been. Garrick said he had no patience with him for not having made some effort to relieve himself. 'Why, what would you have me do?' replied Raftor; 'I was cut down twice!'"

Admiral Payne figured a good deal in Brighton and Pall Mall more than half a century ago.

"A reply of his to a visitor at Carlton House is still remembered. 'I believe, sir,' said the inquirer, 'you were bred to the sea?' 'No, sir; the sea was bread to me, and d—d hard bread it has been!'"

Of the correspondence we can afford space for but few specimens, though there is a great deal of it well worth transferring to our pages. The following letter from John Kemble, then in Dublin, is curious on more accounts than one. The friend on whom he playfully recommends the critic to pass off a joke is Robert Jephson, a wit and dramatist of the day, with whose family Malone lived

on terms of the most affectionate intimacy to the last.

Dublin, No. 7, Essex Bridge,
July 19th, 1788.

"DEAR SIR,—I am mad till I give you an occasion of surprising Jephson, when he sends you his poem, which will be, no doubt, very soon after he has shown you himself. Here is the character which he gives of Virgil, and which you may pretend to have seen before:—

' Hush'd be each ruder breath and clam'rous tongue,
Apollo listens to the Mantuan's song.
Yon chief who feels bright Inspiration's flame,
With mighty Homer's palm divide his claim;
Fav'rite with me of all the tuneful choir,
A boy, I felt him, and a man, admire.
When grief or pain my anxious mind engage,
Secure of ease, I search great Maro's page;
For deep and rankling sure must be the pain
That finds no balm in his mellifluous strain:
As Jesse's son Saul's phrenzy could compose,
The madness sinking as the music rose;
The oil diffused by philosophic skill,
At once the agitated waves can still;
This gentle magic o'er my senses glides,
The charm prevails and all my rage subsides.
From Tityrus, stretch'd the beechen shade beneath,
To Turnus, shrinking from the uplifted death—
Some careful Muse presides o'er every line,
And all is sense and harmony divine.'

"I have committed no robbery, I assure you, for the poet gave me free leave to take as much of his work as I could carry off with me. Never was town so empty as Dublin is now, since Mark Anthony was left alone in the marketplace with the air which was uncivilly tempted also to forsake him.

"*The Count of Narbonne*, however, brought all the country round into the play-house, and will be acted to another crowded theatre, I dare say, again on Saturday. The ragamuffishness of the players, and the filthy meanness of every thing behind the scenes (I don't know how I can say scenes, when there are none) of the *New Theatre Royal* surprises even me, who lived two years at Smock Alley, in what I thought very reasonably good idleness, drunkenness, and dirt.

"The city itself is, in every particular which my observation can reach, incredibly improved. The lights are as regularly sustained by night as they are in London. They affect to be oppressed in various shapes by the institution of the police, but I know they keep the streets ten thousand times more orderly and quiet than the old watchmen ever did.

"I fancy Jephson is the only one of my acquaintance you have in London

now. Pray give him my best compliments, and believe me, dear sir, most sincerely your servant and friend,

"J. P. KEMBLE."

For some further particulars relative to Captain Jephson, who for many years occupied the post of Master of the Horse in the Viceregal household in this country, we refer the reader to that excellent book, Gilbert's History of Dublin. Malone lent him substantial aid in the production of his tragedies on the London stage, as well as in the publication of his "Roman Portraits." To another member of that family, too, his hospitable kindness extended itself at a subsequent period, when Mr. Richard (afterwards Sir Richard) Jephson returned from Gibraltar, having lost wife, child, brother, and friend in the fearful pestilence which ravaged that fortress in 1805. Mr. Malone received the survivors of the tragedy with all courtesy and cordiality in his own house, and did what he could to alleviate their distress. The kindness, indeed, was in some measure an act of gratitude. Sir Richard had a brother, a clergyman, well known in this country, as well as in London, for his eminent conversational powers as well as for his refined tastes and elegant learning. This gentleman, the Rev. John Jephson, whose parish adjoined the seat of Mr. Malone's family, Baronston, in the county of Westmeath, having learned some time previously that his friend's health was in an unsatisfactory state, and that his spirits in particular were depressed, had not hesitated to set forth for London for the purpose of administering counsel, and affording the still more wholesome tonic of his society. The extracts from his letters are amongst the most graphic and interesting pieces of correspondence in the book. We may well believe that such medicine was as much more efficacious than the doctor's prescription, as it must doubtless have been more palatable.

A letter from the Bishop of Meath (O'Beirne) has a passing notice of a dawning celebrity.

"We have had a visit very lately from our friends at Baronston, and the only drawback on the pleasure we always enjoy in their society was the absence of the good and worthy Miss Malone, who was not well enough to accompany them.

All Miss Catherine's cheerful spirits and good-humour, Lady Sunderlin's sound sense and understanding, your brother's warmth of heart, and Jephson's jokes, could not make us forget her.

"I dare say they will have made the theatricals of Kilkenny, and the final close of that very classical scene, the subject of some of their late letters to you. My daughter has copied for you Mr. Moore's verses on the effect of national music, which he recited on the stage there, as I heard from every one, in a most masterly manner. I do not much admire that little gentleman; and I am apt to believe, with a most excellent judge of character, that Tommy Moore will never become Thomas. But I think some of the verses of the *Melologue*, as he foolishly calls it in the cant phrase of the day, are extremely beautiful and true poetry."

To this extract no date is given; but a letter from Malone addressed to a female friend in Bath, and now in our possession, seems to refer to the same period. It is dated in October, 1809.

"I have just now received a letter from my dear Harriet. She has lost her companion for the present; for Kate and my brother, and Miss Burleigh and John Jephson, are gone to Kilkenny to pass some days, and to see a play performed by gentlemen. . . . They are to have our Bishop (O'Beirne) of their party; and John will have an opportunity of seeing his old tutor, the Bishop of Ossory, to whom I recommended him very warmly soon after he obtained the mitre."

With reference to the Irish Anacreon, Sir James Prior remarks—

"The prediction happily was not fulfilled. Tommy grew to be Thomas; the supposed pigmy became a giant among admiring nations, equally valued for fancy, and sweetness, and often for strength."

Enough has been said, we think, to recommend this book to our readers—and, more especially, to Irish readers. The editor does not exhibit himself very prominently throughout the work; but, although he has executed his task conscientiously, allowing the subject of his memoir to speak for himself or through his correspondents whenever he can, we will not affect to be blind to a certain amount of carelessness which reveals

itself here and there, offending the taste and disappointing the expectations of the best-disposed Malonian. The verbal inaccuracies are too numerous to be laid to the printer's charge. When they extend to names they become the fruitful source of confusion and inaccuracy. Lady Thormond for Lady Thomond; Dennis Daly for Denis; Lord Kilmallock (the Scottish rebel) for Kilmarnock; Heller for Keller; Pultney for Pulteney, &c. Our University proprieties are offended by *naturam expellas colo; ore rotunda*, &c. The date assigned to the volume of old plays in page 178 is manifestly inaccurate, the plays which it is stated to contain having been printed some years later than that date.

But we must not dwell upon these defects, which, after all, detract in no very material degree from the value of the work in the hands of literary men. On the other hand, Sir James Prior occasionally expresses himself with a felicitous terseness, which seems caught from the school he illustrates. As when, in speaking of the jests Mr. Hardinge and others were fond of indulging in at the expense of the critic, he remarks—

"In such imitations there is no novelty, and very little wit. Many of our most distinguished writers—Dr. Johnson among others—have furnished occasional amusement to such as felt disposed to exercise their ingenuity as literary caricaturists. Even the straightforward style of Boswell has found an imitator in Mr. Alexander Chalmers. But such things must be taken for what they are really worth; and no one whose productions are not in themselves ridiculous, need fear their effect. The smile they occasionally excite forms but a polite and speedy dismissal to oblivion."

There are other Irish half-celebrities who wait the resuscitating touch of Sir James Prior's pen. Let us hope that the biographer may be encouraged to do with them as he has done with Malone; and, in vindicating them from that complete oblivion which they scarcely deserve yet would otherwise be doomed to, make them the peg whereon to hang as much of what is really valuable and worthy of preservation as is contained in the volume he has just given to us.

UTRUM HORUM? OR THE REVENGE OF SHANE ROE NA SOGARTH:

A LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN FAWN.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK M'MAHON AND HIS FAMILY.

THE crimes which darken the aspect of society when it has not made an advanced progress in civilization are uniformly of a rude, savage, and cruel character, and stamped with the worst and most licentious impulses of the human heart. These principally consist of revenge, accompanied by those fearful and unscrupulous acts of reprisal for real or imaginary injuries which it prompts, or the insatiable rapacity which arms the strong hand against the weak. In the social state we speak of there are, or, rather, there were, but few prominent principles of high and conspicuous moral virtue, either to guide by their example, or to restrain by their influence. And where those virtues *did* appear, they shone too dimly and ineffectually against the dark and turbulent mass of profligate crime and ferocious passion by which they were obscured and surrounded. On the other hand, there existed in that state of general outrage against all the protecting and conservative principles of private life such a series of arguments for the criminal or the oppressor, as constituted that diabolical logic by which crime always attempts to keep itself in countenance.

In some parts of Ireland—especially among the ignorant and lower classes of Tipperary—it is unquestionable that revenge is, under many circumstances, not only dissociated from all impression of crime, but looked upon in the light of a high and chivalrous virtue. These propensities, which are, after all, but the dregs of other times and perverted social habits, will soon wear out, and be displaced by better principles, resulting from the influence of purer knowledge and a more enlightened education, which must necessarily withdraw the misguided people from this midnight darkness into the serenity of a clearer and a brighter sky. This introduction will necessarily lead the

reader to anticipate the development of some signal act of crime in the following pages, and if he so anticipates he will be right. Perhaps there is not in the annals of outrage any thing so diabolical in its conception as the spirit of vengeance which we are about to detail. Scenes of ferocious slaughter and licentious passion have, alas, too frequently occurred; but in the example of revenge which we are about to narrate there is a refinement of cruelty—a calm, cool, philosophical deduction from the blackest conceptions of premeditated vengeance—such as never before or since steeped the heart of man in crime, or originated from the deepest pit of perdition.

It was one evening in the month of September, at a period approaching the middle of the seventeenth century—probably about the year 1635, or, perhaps, somewhat later—that one of the M'Mahons of Monaghan, known as the Black M'Mahon, was sitting in his own house—or castle if you will—apparently in a gloomy mood. His left elbow rested upon the table, and his cheek was supported by his open hand. For some time he sat in this position, apparently in profound thought, when at length he got up, and, after pacing several times to and fro, at length indulged, perhaps unconsciously, in the following soliloquy—he was, then, a widower:

"Why," he exclaimed, "should this cruel and unjust—this unscrupulous man of rapacity—thus render my life so bitter and unhappy? If he could show even a colourable claim to this property he might plead something like a justification for his conduct. It is true that the avaricious Lord Deputy Fitzwilliams treacherously, and without a sense of either good faith or honour, executed one of my family at his own door, and declared, not only the property of every one bearing the name of M'Mahon forfeited, but the whole territory of

Monaghan itself. 'Tis true that this man, the bastard descendant of the Queen's O'Reilly, did, in consequence of his affinity to him, get a grant of this property when we were deprived of it; but did we not make submission to the Deputy Mountjoy, who restored us to it, as well as to all our original possessions? And yet Shane Roe O'Reilly denies this, although we can produce the deed of restoration; or, if he does not deny it, swears that he will seize it by the strong hand. I hope in the Virgin he will put it to that issue. He will find the *Black M'Mahon* a match at least for the *Red O'Reilly*."

M'Mahon was a man whom we must describe, because, in point of fact, his personal appearance was strongly indicative of his character. He was about the middle age—tall, well-formed, and possessing all the ease and unstudied grace of a gentleman. There was nothing either sinister or stern in his handsome countenance. On the contrary, it was marked by a peculiar suavity of expression which betokened the absence of every thing adversative to the kinder and more benignant virtues. The spectator could perceive at a glance that his heart was all kindness and affection. His forehead was lofty, benevolent, and noble; his hair, which was long and flowing, dark as the plume of a raven; and, what is very rare, his deep eye was blue, and replete with tenderness and feeling. But if there was any thing that struck the observer more than another it was the expression of his mouth, which was slightly sensual, although evidently deficient in firmness. His mild eye, however, could occasionally flash with the spirit of a man whose personal courage was that of true bravery and generosity; but, at the same time, the general aspect of his countenance indicated a heart averse to strife, and whose principal purpose in life lay in the enjoyment of the domestic affections.

All these amiable points in his character were indeed well known, as was the excessive grief which still wrapped him in its shadow, and kept him almost inconsolable for the loss of his wife. It is enough to say, that his general kindness of disposition, his charity to the poor, his generous enthusiasm as a friend, but, above all,

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the simplicity and tenderness of his domestic life, in connexion with the profound sorrow which he felt for his wife, established his worth in the hearts of all who knew him, and procured for him a sincerity of respect and a fulness of sympathy such as were and are rarely accorded to any one individual.

At length he went to the door of the apartment, which he opened, and calling in a loud voice the name of Eman bane, he returned once more and resumed his seat at the table. Almost immediately Eman bane—fair Edward—a fosterer and confidential servant, entered, and stood respectfully to await his master's will.

"Eman," said he, "bring me the boys."

"*Tiernah*," replied the man, "will you allow your friend and fosterer to speak?"

"Certainly, Eman; who is better entitled to say his wishes to his friend and master than you?"

"Thanks, *Tiernah*, for the friend; but I do not find you a master."

"You will always find me a kind one, Eman. But what is it you would say?"

"It is about yourself and the young masters, *Tiernah*."

"Why, what about us, Eman?" asked M'Mahon, with a melancholy smile.

"Why, *Tiernah*," proceeded the young man, with evidently deep feeling, "when you ask for my brothers"—and as he uttered the word his eye gleamed with pride—"I always hope that it is with the expectation of raising your heart and lessening your sorrow; but instead of that you never seem so sad as when they are with you—I mean ever since the death of their mother, the *Bantiernah*. *Tiernah*, you have planted her memory in your heart, and you are watering it with your tears. Don't you know that if it grows beyond the sorrow of man it will break the heart it grows in?"

We should say here that this conversation took place in Irish, which will account to the reader for its poetical and figurative character in the mouth of the fosterer.

As the latter concluded, the tears stood in his eyes; and it was with difficulty he added—"Then, *Tiernah*, what would become of the young

dinousils, and who would protect and defend them if unjust sorrow drew their father to the grave where the Bantiernah sleeps."

"Unjust, Eman!"

"Unjust, Tiernah. Too much sorrow for her may weigh you down; and that would be injustice to them and your fair daughter, Granua (Grace), the Lily of Knockbuie, as she is well called."

His master looked at him long and steadily, and sighed deeply.

"Eman," said he, "I feel your attachment to me and mine; I thank you, and will remember your words. In the meantime, send the boys to me."

In a few minutes the two boys entered—the one about sixteen, and the other apparently a year, or perhaps a year and a-half younger. The contrast between them was striking, but, at the same time, interesting to the spectator in the highest degree. His judgment and his taste alternated from the one to the other, until he fairly abandoned the task of deciding between them—such was the difficulty which a stranger would have experienced in forming an opinion of the respective claims of these two most beautiful and interesting boys for his admiration. Con, the eldest, was his father's living image, the only difference between them in face, figure, and expression, being simply that of size and the disparity of their years. Con, having been called so after his father, had also his parent's dark and raven locks, which, flowing in glossy ringlets, curled by nature about his shoulders. On his head, and coming down to the top of his white and lofty forehead, was a *barrad*, or cap, of fine green cloth, tasseled at the top, which hung a little down upon the right side. His *truis* fitted his limbs so closely that the elegance of their form and the promise of athletic vigour which they presented were observable at a glance. The upper garment, or cloak, was cinctured by a buff belt, buckled in front, a circumstance which added to the symmetry and elegance of his outline. There in his person stood the youthful representative of the M'Mahon race, the M'Mahon features, and the M'Mahon blood. The high spirit of his name breathed in him and about him, kindled in his eye, and manifested the chivalrous disposition of his brave

ancestors in every motion of his body—in every tone of his voice. Such was the eldest; and now proceed we to state the claims for the admiration of our readers which we advance for his younger and not less interesting brother. Art M'Mahon was in personal appearance a singular contrast to Con. He did not give such promise of personal strength and vigour as his brother. His hair was fair, as was his complexion; his features, however, were equally beautiful; but their beauty was soft, serene, and melancholy; his person, though slender, was exquisitely graceful, probably more so than that of his brother; his eyes were globes of perfect light, and his disposition, though naturally gentle and not easily excited, exhibited, when provoked, a transformation as it were from the lamb to the lion. His eyes blazed, his muscles stood out, and his whole frame seemed as if it had gained almost supernatural strength and advanced him five years in growth. In such states of excitement he became a terror to those of his own age, and was more dreaded, if possible, than his brother. The reader, however, will not be surprised at this when we tell him that his mother was sister to the Maguires, of Fermanagh, and that, while Con represented the blood and personal lineaments of the M'Mahons, Art as clearly and distinctly placed the beautiful features of his mother, in all the noble characteristics of her great and distinguished family, before his father's eyes. But the mother herself! No limner's art was necessary to recall those placid but exquisite features, which had won his early heart and secured the affections of his afterlife, so long as her image stood before him in the person of *her* son; for to *her*, of all their children, Art was the dearest. His dress was somewhat different from that of his brother. The cloak, for instance, was blue, and the barrad and its tassel brown, colours which contrasted well with the healthful paleness of his complexion and the fairness and luxuriance of his hair.

"Well, boys," said their father, "how have you spent the day? Con, your dress is soiled and you seem fatigued. How is this? What have you been doing? Were you far from home?"

"Wait, father, for a moment or two, and I will tell you," replied the boy.

He then left the room, and his father, turning to Art, placed his hand affectionately upon his now uncovered head, and said :

"My gentle Art, I know that you have been reading ; gentle Art, whilst you are with me, how can I ever forget the mother whom you resemble ? I should not say that I have lost her, Art, whilst God has spared you to me."

The boy's eyes filled with tears, and, placing his arms about his father's neck, he said :

"Father, it is hard for me to ask you to forget my mother, nor I don't ask it. Remember her in your heart ; but before the world, father, remember that you ought to be a man. Think of her at night as I do, and weep then ; but while you go out among your friends, but above all among your enemies, and while the light of the sun is upon you, don't let them think that you have no heart for any thing but the memory of my mother. There's the Red O'Reilly ; think of him—think of his threats, father, and be a man. I wish I was one ; if I was, I would not interrupt your grief."

As the boy spoke, his face, no longer pale, glowed, and his eyes flashed with an indignation which, whilst it startled his father, touched his heart into deeper emotion and a profounder melancholy. He pressed the boy to his breast, and exclaimed in a broken voice :

"My darling, you are the last person who should chide me for my sorrow."

"Why, father, dear ?"

"Alas !" he replied, "there, in your last words, have you brought her back to me. My ears have heard at once the gentle tones of her voice and the resolution of her spirit. You say, Art, you wish you were a man ; but, Art, you must remember that your father is ; and never again shall you have occasion to reproach me for" —

"Oh, father, dear," said the boy, clasping him still more tenderly ; "if you think I blame you for feeling sorrow after my mother you do me wrong. Feel it ; but don't let the world see or believe that, since her death, you can feel for nothing else. There's the Red O'Reilly" —

"Ah," replied the father ; "the Red O'Reilly. There again spoke out the spirit of your mother—the Maguire."

"Ay, and of the M'Mahon, too," replied Art.

"Ah," continued his father, "it is indeed a double claim upon my heart ; but Art, Con is *all* a M'Mahon."

"All ! Ah, but who loved my mother as *he* did ?"

"Alas ! God help me," exclaimed his father, deeply affected ; "for as it is I do not know how to divide my affections between you and him."

"Why ?" replied the boy, smiling sorrowfully ; "sure it is easily done ; give us half and half, father."

"But, then, what would become of poor Granua," (we shall call her *Grace* in future) replied her father, "and she your only sister, my only daughter ?"

"Well, then, give darling Grace two-thirds, father, and divide the other third between Con and me. We will be very well satisfied with that, provided we know that she has the other two."

The father's eye became moist and his heart throbbed with deep emotion.

In the meantime Con re-entered, bearing a large platter or dish before him, on which was placed the head of a wolf, nearly black, which must have been of immense size.

"Why, what is this, Con ?" asked his father. "A wolf's head ! Is it possible that this could be that of the *black wolf* which has committed such depredations among the cattle of the surrounding country ?"

"This is he, father ; there's his head."

M'Mahon took it up and examined it. The size was enormous, and its grim ferocity, even in death, terrible to look at. Its huge tongue lolled out from the half-open jaws, and the lips were drawn back from the tremendous fangs, exhibiting as it were the fearful snarl with which, at the moment of death, it had bayed and threatened its assailants.

"Con," he proceeded, "where, when, and how was the monster killed ?"

"In the woods of Trough, father—the green woods of Trough," you know—the property of the M'Kennas."

"That's the *where*, Con," replied his father, throwing down the savage-

looking head upon the platter; "but now for the when and the how?"

"Father," replied the boy, "we went out with three of as brave wolf dogs as ever scoured the woods or gave tongue on the trail; but now," said he, and his voice quivered, "where are they?"

"Why, where are they, Con? Safe in the kennel, I hope."

"Dead and mangled, father, in the woods behind Skarnageerah (the present Emyvale, about six miles below Monaghan); but," he added proudly, "I had my revenge."

"You!" returned the father, at once alarmed and astonished. "Why," he exclaimed, "it could not be possible that any madness should prompt a boy of your strength and years to grapple with such an animal? Con, I shall not forgive you if you have."

"Yes, you will and must, father," said his brother, with kindling eyes; "but, tell us, Con—tell us how you killed him."

He placed one hand upon his brother's shoulder, and looked with an expression of intense anxiety and curiosity into his eyes.

"Why, I had my matchlock," said he; "but it had got damp and would not go off; and when I saw the last of our noble hounds torn to death, I felt my blood boil within me."

"So do I now," said Art; he, forsooth, who was known as the *gentle* Art; "so do I, too. Well, Con?"

"Why, I broke away from Fergus Finigan and Ferdoragh M'Ivor, who were with me, and wrapping my cloak about my left arm, I swore by sun and sky that I would revenge my dogs. I approached him, and he sprang at my throat, which he missed, and I fell under him; but I didn't give myself up for lost, for no man ever ought."

"Right, Con," said his gentle brother, panting with excitement; "no man ought. That is right; but go on."

"I found," proceeded Con, "that my sword was too long, though but a short one at best, so I whipped out my good skean, that was both sharp and true, and before he could fasten his bloody fangs in my throat I had it in his heart. He gave a faint growl and fell upon me—dead. At that moment Fergus and Ferdoragh came up, thinking I was dead, and

began to raise the keen over me. 'Ah,' said I, from under his huge body, 'you are a little too late for *his* death, and a little too soon for *mine*. Pull the monster off me, and help me up.' I then hacked off his head, and there it is."

"My brave Con," said his brother, pressing him in his arms; "there never was a M'Mahon at your age could do it."

"Yes, you could, my gentle brother," replied Con, smiling ironically yet fondly at the singular nature of the epithet when applied to such a gallant young spirit; "you could, Art. And although the M'Mahons were brave, and the Maguires daring and fearless, there never was one of either race who promises as you do."

"Ay, but don't over-promise me, though," replied his brother, blushing; "but I know that, if God spares us, we'll soon be able to take care of the Red O'Reilly."

"Our father himself is able to do that," replied Con. "Isn't he a M'Mahon?"

"He was a M'Mahon once," said Art; "but his grief for our mother has nearly blotted him out of the name. Father, dear," he proceeded, "pardon your gentle Art; it is my love for you that makes me speak as I do. I see you sinking into deeper sorrow every day, and what will the end of it be if it overcomes you at last?"

The melancholy father, during the recital of his son's victory over the wolf, stood with a sedate but proud look of affection in his eyes, contemplating both his boys. His gaze rested sometimes on the countenance of the one, and sometimes on that of the other; yet he seemed as if troubled with some passing thought—a thought, probably, which many an affectionate father has entertained while contemplating two children, between whom he felt that his heart was equally divided.

"Con," said he, at length, "what do you intend to do with the head?"

"I will preserve it," replied Con, "and place it in the hall along with the M'Mahon trophies."

"Ah, Con," said his brother, "you are fortunate. As for me, I have no trophy; but wait. Who knows but I will have one yet?"

The boy's eyes blazed as he uttered

the words, and turning to his brother, he said :

"You have made a good beginning, Con ; but there is another wolf in the country still—the Red O'Reilly. It isn't the ten townlands that he's always thinking of. No ; but his hatred of our father is because our mother, when they were both courting her, preferred the M'Mahon to the O'Reilly."

"Well," replied his father, "surely, Art, I had my victory over him then."

"Ay, and will have it over him for ever," said Con. "Let him try his strength."

At this moment the fosterer entered the room, with a strong expression of delight in his countenance.

"Tiernah," said he, "we must fight for it."

"For what, Eman ?" asked M'Mahon.

"Why, Tiernah, the Red O'Reilly is coming to *sweep* the ten townlands on the day after to-morrow."

"Well," replied M'Mahon, calmly, "I was aware of it, and we shall meet him. I have already warned the tenants not to pay him. Go, Eman, you and my other retainers, and summon my followers, all my tenantry for miles about, for, with the blessing of God, we will teach this red and rapacious tyrant a lesson which he will not soon forget."

"We will go," said Con, kindling with the spirit of his ancestors ; "father, we will go, Art and I."

"No, my children," replied the father admiringly but affectionately ; "no: you are both too young to be admitted even as spectators of such broils. It is with pain and reluctance that I go myself ; but I feel it a sacred duty, for your sakes, my brave boys, to defend my just rights and my undoubted property against dishonesty and violence."

"Tiernah," said Eman, "let the young *dinoursils* go. I will take care of them ; and it will delight their hearts to see the villain robber punished."

"Ay, but if danger should come to them, Eman ?"

"But none *shall*, Tiernah, whilst I am with them. The eagle eye of the Maguires that blazes in Art will not settle unless he may have at least the privilege of looking on ; and as for Con, it will be a hard and a harsh command that will prevent him."

"Hard and harsh though it may be, Eman," replied the father, firmly, "it must be obeyed. I will not risk the lives of my children, especially as they are not able to take the part of men, in an affray which must end in blood. Have done, then, and attend to my orders. Go instantly ; there is little time to be lost."

Eman departed, accompanied by the two boys, who seemed sadly depressed by this stern interdict of their father ; Con bearing the wolf's head on the platter, which he delivered to the sportsman (a character tantamount to that of our gamekeeper), in order that he might subject it to the process of preservation, previous to its being placed, as he said, among the trophies of his family.

The Black M'Mahon was a brave but a humane man, his affections having, during his whole previous life, predominated over the sterner and more stormy passions ; indeed, he never entered into those violent feuds and outbursts which were so characteristic of the period, unless when forced into them by some unjust and aggressive act, which rendered self-defence upon the part, either of his person or property, indispensably necessary. His enemy, on the other hand, was unquestionably brave and intrepid ; but his courage was darkened and degraded by that savage spirit of cruelty which might be said to constitute a love of blood and strife for their own sakes. In all his transactions with the world, he was not only unscrupulous, but treacherous and perfidious to a proverb. No man who knew him would rely upon his oath, much less upon his word or his honour ; so that in truth his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him—a state of life which was perfectly consonant to his remorseless and tyrannical disposition.

Scarcely had the fosterer and the two boys left the room when Grace entered it. She had been out walking with her maid or tirewoman, and came to her father without having taken time to change her costume. This was at once striking, easy, and graceful ; and in some parts of Connemara and the islands about, it may be found, with very little change, to the present day. She was dressed in a rich blue petticoat, which came down somewhat

more than half way upon her limbs, of which there was just enough visible to betray their exquisite beauty and proportions. Her bust was covered by a short dress, still worn by the peasant girls in the remoter parts of the country. This was gracefully confined by a drawing-string, which was tied in front, and revealed the beautiful symmetry of her figure. Over this was thrown a scarlet cloak of the finest cloth and colour, and this was joined across her breast by a silver ring, which was brought over until it slipped into a hook of the same metal, which was fastened on the other side. Her head-dress consisted of a party-coloured kerchief, which was tastefully wound, somewhat in the shape of a turban, about her head; but in such a manner as allowed the ends of it to float down her shoulders and over her scarlet cloak, thus producing a very picturesque effect.

Such was the dress of that day peculiar to females of her age and condition of life, the difference in it being, that upon important occasions, and among the higher ranks, the silver ring and hook were exchanged for those of gold.

"Father," she said, "is it true that the Red O'Reilly is coming to harry the ten townlands?"

"So it seems, Grace; but we shall prevent him."

"Ay, but there may be risks, father. If any thing happened *you*?" and as she uttered the words her eyes filled with tears.

Her father looked benignant and tenderly upon her, and very rarely did ever a more beautiful creature stand in a father's presence. She was just nineteen, and in her sparkling countenance was centred all the brilliancy and effulgence of Celtic beauty. Her hair was a beautiful brown, being, as it were, a middle tint between that of her father and mother. Her eyes were a rich, dark blue, and possessed an expression which may be sometimes—but rarely—still seen where the purity of the Celtic blood is unmingled. Its character can be conveyed by no other word than that of *depth* of look or meaning, which leads one to feel that the eyes of the female who possesses it look not at you from

the head, but directly from the heart itself.

"My darling Grace," replied her father, "why should you feel alarmed? We shall meet him at least man to man, and under such circumstances do you fear for the fate of the M'Mahon? But, indeed, my dear girl, I don't or can't imagine that this movement of O'Reilly's—that is, if he intends to make it—is any thing more than a mere empty proceeding calculated, as he thinks, to intimidate a man who is naturally peaceful and averse to strife. When he finds us prepared to defend our rights and our property, believe me he will not dare to put the matter to the issue of blood, aware as he is that he has no legal claim to the property in question. Do not, then, fear, my darling, for his foolish threat, it will end in nothing; or if he should urge it to violence, it can terminate only in defeat and disaster to himself."

"They say, father," replied Grace, "that his sons don't resemble him in his cruel and inhuman disposition."

"So it is said, Grace, and I believe with truth. I have reason to know that they attempt to restrain him in his excesses, but to little effect. He is headstrong and licentious, and will listen to no remonstrances against either his passions or his interests whenever he thinks they are concerned. Now, my darling, leave me to myself, I have many things to think of; and don't feel the slightest alarm concerning to-morrow. You may rest assured that this ruffling of his feathers is more a trial of skill than of strength on his part; but feel no apprehension for me, my darling child; the God of justice is on my side. Now leave me, and may God bless and preserve you."

He placed his hand upon her brow and kissed her; and as he did, she looked up tearfully into his face, and said, "Ah, father, dear, I cannot help feeling great anxiety about this broil."

"Go, darling," said he, "go. You have no cause. We are not provoking or courting this outrage; we are simply defending our own rights. Let that satisfy you."

She then left him; but left him with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER II.

THE OMEN-SCENE WITH REFERENCE TO THE APPROACHING CONFLICT.

IN this state we leave M'Mahon and his family. Accompany us to O'Reilly's Castle of Clogh, in the county of Cavan. This O'Reilly was said to have been of illegitimate descent from *the* O'Reilly; but, as the Irish reader knows, the fact of illegitimacy was scarcely even then imputed as a disgrace, and in matters of property it was not at all unfrequent for the bastard to supersede the true heir, especially if he was remarkable for high personal qualities, and a favourite with his father. Be this, however, as it may, a temporary elevation in life, acquired through any thing but a spirit of chivalrous honour, placed this deadly foe and rival to M'Mahon in a position which the general voice of that portion of the country pronounced him unworthy to occupy. Seldom, indeed, was a stronger contrast presented than that which might be read in public opinion between those two men. M'Mahon mild, humane, honourable, benevolent—yet of the most indomitable courage when pressed to the weapon. He was, in fact, not only a general favourite, but almost worshipped by his followers and tenants; whilst O'Reilly, savage, impetuous, and unprincipled, without even the possession of domestic affection to rescue his reputation from the odium which his crimes had attached to it, had to encounter the difficulties which the high honour and manly spirit of the legitimate portion of his own family brought against him. Even his two sons, then young men of about nineteen and twenty, began, now that they were able to go into the world and think for themselves, to feel with shame the consequences of their father's conduct and proceedings.

O'Reilly was named "the Red," from the colour of his hair, as well as from the deep rubicund hue of his complexion, which was rough, surly, and as savage in expression as the corresponding spirit within him was in fact and feeling. His conversation was boisterous and overbearing to his inferiors, and without deference or respect either to his superiors or equals. His private habits, too, were licentious, and he was known besides

as an outspoken scoffer at religion and its ministers. The only vice, perhaps, which he did not possess was hypocrisy; and certainly that was one with which not even his worst enemy ever dreamt of taxing him.

It was the evening before the day of the raid—for, in point of justice and fact, it amounted to nothing less—he was sitting in his dining-room, swilling copious libations of usquebaugh, as whisky at that time was termed; he seldom saw company, for his society was generally avoided, and he consequently spent most of his evenings in solitary indulgence. His wife and two sons—for these constituted his only family—seldom or never sat with him. His brutality to his wife was probably the means of alienating the young men, not only from his habits of life, but from any thing that might almost be termed the affection due by children to a father. From the time they were able to think and to reason upon what so frequently passed before their eyes, they ranged themselves on the side of their mother, who taught them such lessons of probity, temperance, and honour as, strengthened by the ferocity and violence of their father's life, prevented them from being corrupted by his example. It was, then, on the evening before the premeditated outrage that he found himself alone.

"Ah," said he, knocking furiously on the table with a strong silver vessel which he had just emptied, "those whelps of mine are rebels to my authority; they will not drink nor sit with me. Their puny snake of a mother has corrupted them, and they are the enemies of their father in his own house. To-morrow is a day which should try their spirit, if they have spirit; and now, where are they? I have got together all my tenants and followers; I have publicly stated my intention to gather in my rents before to-morrow's sun sets; I have made my preparations well and duly; they are now men; every thing is prepared; arms and ammunition secured; but they abandon me at the last moment; and, by the sacred elements about us, their mother is at

the bottom of it. In the meantime I shall have them face to face with me. The cowardly young dogs shall not skulk from to-morrow's enterprise. Hallo! I say, Miles and Fergus, where are you? Is there no one in attendance? Callan—M'Phillips—where are you, scoundrels? Oh, you have appeared at last; send the young gentlemen here—instantly, mark, and replenish this vessel with usquebaugh."

In a few minutes the sons entered, and immediately afterwards appeared the usquebaugh.

"Well," said he, in an angry tone, and he helped himself to the whisky—which, like Shane O'Neil, he drank in its purity—"well, gentlemen, I presume you are prepared for to-morrow. You are aware that I go to raise my rents from the ten townlands in the morning. You will both have an opportunity of showing yourselves chips of the old block."

The young gentlemen looked at each other with countenances that were evidently perplexed, but at length Miles, the eldest, spoke.

"Sir," said he, "to speak our minds freely, we would rather you gave up that project. We believe it is out of all question—that you have no legal right to that property."

"Oh, indeed," replied his father; "is that your opinion?"

"It is," replied his son; "and I believe, sir, there can be but one opinion about it. It is my wish, father, that any enterprise in which I am called on to engage should be a just one."

"A legal right, say you? Ah, what a loyal youth you are; and how conscientiously you respect the Sassenagh laws. I have possession of those lands—and possession, you know, is the strongest point in the law; but even if I had not a legal right, I have a moral right, and, by the right hand of my body, I will exercise it to-morrow."

"Sir, you must not expect us to accompany you. The Black M'Mahon—a good and amiable gentleman—has been reinstated in those lands, and it is quite clear, sir, that you have neither right nor title in them *now*, whatever you may have had. When the Lord-Deputy Fitzwilliams hanged M'Mahon, of Monaghan, before his own door, a forfeiture of his lands

took place, and your father, as the—ahem!—you the near relative of the *Queen's O'Reilly*, had those ten townlands conferred upon you. So far, sir, neither you nor yours are justified in abusing the Sassenagh laws; but, in the meantime, Mountjoy, feeling how treacherously M'Mahon had been treated by Fitzwilliams, restored the family to their original property, which they had never forfeited by any act or violation of the law that could be brought against them. This was but an act of justice on the part of Mountjoy. Now, father, I put it to your own sense of justice and of common policy, whether your claim upon those lands can stand against the deed of restoration which has been granted to the M'Mahon family?"

"This is all very impertinent and very ignorant on your part, sir," replied his father. "Is not one deed as good as another. We got a deed of gift from Fitzwilliams; and he got a deed of restoration. What do they do? Both deeds but cancel each other, and leave the property to be occupied by the strong hand."

"Yes, sir; but reflect that the M'Mahon deed is subsequent to yours, and supersedes it—renders it, in fact, invalid, and, as a claim to the property, of no earthly value. Your intended expedition of to-morrow, then, sir, is simply a violation of the law. I warn you against it, father, and I wish to say, as I have already said, that it is not the intention of either myself or Fergus to accompany you."

"*Chorp an dioual*, sir, are you a son of mine? These are the words of a coward and a degenerate bastard; but I will look to your mother for this. Had she not played me false, no one bearing my name would dare to avoid danger when it is before him. I disown you."

"I am *not* a coward, sir; and you know that I have given ample evidence of my courage in defence of your own character."

"It is no great proof of courage to abandon your father to-morrow, when I am about to resist my bitterest enemy."

"He is not your enemy," replied his son, "nor any man's enemy; but you are his. If your quarrel was just I would follow you, accompany

you side by side to the death. You know that well, father."

"It is your duty to obey me," replied O'Reilly, "when I command your obedience as I do now; but not your duty to inquire into my motives. You talk about deeds and documents, and about the power of law. You know I was in Dublin last month. Now, how can you tell that I did not get a deed from Wentworth, our present Lord Deputy, confirming me in the possession of these lands?"

"Well, but if you have got such a deed, why not produce it at once," replied his son.

"Simply because it has to make its progress through the law offices of the Crown; and I must consequently wait until it is properly and duly made out. In the meantime, I must consider this property as not only virtually, but legally mine, and as such I will retain it in my possession. Still, Miles, I am afraid that from such a stand-up fight as, I know, we must have to-morrow, you are rather anxious to skulk. It may be a hard fight, and I may require the assistance of both you and your brother; but I do not press it. Only, if I should fall, I will be able simply to reflect (should I have time for reflection) that I leave two cowards to perpetuate my name."

"Father," said Fergus, who had not yet spoken, "say no more. Be your quarrel right or wrong, just or unjust, we are your sons, and will not desert you. I speak at least for myself; do I speak for you, Miles?"

"I shall go," replied Miles, looking affectionately at his brother; "but as for you, Fergus, you have not yet fleshed your weapon as I have. You are too young—too soft and unpractised in the use of arms to come where skill, strength, and energy are necessary. Father, do not ask him to come."

"By the hand upon my body, but he *shall* come," replied his father. "It will be a good opportunity for him to try his hand—to taste blood for the first time."

"I shall go," said the young man; "why should we abandon our father in such a crisis as this, especially when he says that a deed of grant to the lands in his favour is going through the law offices of the Crown?"

"That is well said, Fergus," replied his father; "and by sun, and moon,

and earth, and sky, we will make to-morrow a black day to the Black M'Mahon."

The die was cast, and let the consequences be what they might, both brothers had resolved to accompany their father upon the expedition.

The next morning M'Mahon and his followers were prepared betimes. Grace and her brothers were early up, and met their father in the dining-room. He was well armed, and they could read on his noble and handsome countenance an expression of determination and courage, shaded by those deep but melancholy traits of affection with which they were all familiar.

"Father," said Con, "I wish I was twenty years of age, ay, or even eighteen, I could then meet Miles O'Reilly."

"Ay, and I nineteen, ay, or seventeen, I could then meet his brother, Fergus," said Art.

Their father smiled, looked from one to the other, and said:

"Well, my dear boys, you will, I hope, grow to it; but I trust that before that time comes we shall bring Shane Roe to his senses."

He then embraced them both, and, having joined his retainers, he and they proceeded to the ten townlands, five of which were in the county of Monaghan, and five in that of Cavan.

Pass we now to O'Reilly's house on the morning of this important meeting between those two families and their followers.

He, as well as M'Mahon, was early up. The first thing he did was to take a draught of whisky; he then sat down, with his sons, to breakfast, to each of whom he recommended a dose of the same liquor, which was declined. Their mother had not yet appeared; but he seemed to care little for that, for she was a quiet and peaceful woman—virtuous and honourable—and a firm opponent to the principles which regulated her husband's general course of life. She was one of the M'Kennas, of Trough, and the indomitable spirit of her family was not easily overcome.

When breakfast was half done, she entered and sat down quietly at the table; but her sons could observe that her face was full of alarm and sorrow.

After a little time she looked upon her son Fergus, and said—

"Fergus, why did you not speak to me in the short gallery last night when we met? and, again, where did you go to?"

"In the short gallery, mother? Why I was not in the short gallery last night."

"You must forget yourself, darling! I met you there, and asked you what you wanted."

"When was that, mother?" asked Miles.

"Why, about eleven o'clock. I asked him what brought him there, but he made no answer. I thought he went backwards, but still with his face—and it seemed full of sorrow—towards me, until he reached the room door at the end of the gallery, into which he entered. I went into the room with the candle in my hand, but, on examining it, I found he was not there. Shane," added his wife, "you will leave Fergus at home to-day?"

"Why should I leave him at home?" he asked. "He is now a man, and must act as one."

"If you take him with you he will come home a corpse!"

"*Chorp an diual!* what cowardly nonsense is this?" replied her husband, with a scowl. "You a M'Kenna of Trough!"

"Yes," said she, "I am so. But last night—and it seems true by all I hear—I saw my child's wraith: he will come home a corpse! But I will not let him go!"

"You will not let him! Why, what authority have you here?" he said, in a violent tone of voice; "what right have you to enter into men's affairs? I will bear no such silly and sickening nonsense!"

"I have the right of a mother's love," she replied, "and a mother's anxiety for the safety of her children—a good and a sacred right, Shane Roe! Fergus, you will not go?" she said, addressing her son.

"I cannot think of abandoning my father now," he replied, sorrowfully; "he may stand much in need of Miles and me this day. Don't, then, oppose me, mother; for although neither Miles nor I can understand the justice of my father's proceedings, still it is our duty, so long as there is danger, to defend and protect him. Both Miles and I, then, are resolved to go."

"Shane Roe," she said, turning to

her husband, "let Fergus stay at home—see, I go down upon my knees to ask it of you. My heart tells me that I will never see him living again!" As she spoke she knelt, and the tears gushed in torrents down her cheeks.

"Come, boys," exclaimed their father, "we must start. Begone, madam, and leave us! We have no time for such nonsensical snivelling."

"Farewell, mother! only for a day," said Fergus; but, as he spoke, his voice trembled, and he could with difficulty repress his tears. She threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him with a sorrowful fervour, as she placed her head upon his bosom, where she wept bitterly.

"Ay," said the husband, "kiss him into cowardice—do! I desire you," he added again, in a voice of thunder, "to begone!"

Miles took his mother by the arm and led her out of the room; and, whilst he did it, his father observed that he had grown deadly pale, and seemed much and deeply disturbed.

"If I had fifty sons," he exclaimed, "she'd make cowards of them all!"

On uttering these words he rushed out of the room, slapping the door violently after him, and in a few minutes was mounted on a strong steed, and at the head of his retainers.

Shortly afterwards the boys, having mounted their horses, galloped on and overtook their father, who looked upon them with a sulky and sullen silence.

The tenants upon this fine property—at least a great number of them—felt themselves in a very painful position. Some of them had been placed there by O'Reilly while it was his; but, on its restoration to M'Mahon, they were assured by Shane Roe that the restoration was a fiction, and that his own title to it was still valid and unimpeachable. Some of them, consequently, paid their rents to him, and some of them to M'Mahon. O'Reilly, however, being profligate and reckless in his expenditure, stood always in need of money, and was, consequently, forced into harsh and oppressive measures in order to get as much as he could out of them. On this account he was no favourite, unless with a few who received more indulgence at his hands, with a hope that they might support him in his violent proceedings against the rest,

who refused to pay him anything, but from whose property he often levied his demands without the legal forms of either law or justice. At this period the state of property was very insecure and unsettled; and it frequently happened that one man, by the aid of the strong hand, exercised a right to which he was not entitled. And not only was this the case, but many valuable portions of forfeited property lay waste, and, in point of fact, unoccupied, until the rival claims for them should be adjusted by the Crown.

Both parties reached the disputed property much about the same hour—but, in point of numbers, O'Reilly's retainers predominated; and, indeed, had they done so in respect and attachment to him, M'Mahon would have had but a slender chance in the approaching struggle. Although the numerical advantage was in favour of O'Reilly, yet the general impression that his quarrel was not just told powerfully in favour of his rival.

At length the parties met, and it was found necessary, as a preliminary step, for the two leaders to discuss and justify the presence of each other upon the ground.

"Now," said M'Mahon, addressing his followers, "I request that you will hold yourselves aloof until the Red O'Reilly shall satisfy me why he and his party are here, and why he and they are tumultuously and illegally trespassing upon my property."

"Your property! don't dare to call it yours, sir," replied O'Reilly. "Do you not know that when your scoundrel ancestor was hanged about fifty years ago the property was transferred to the O'Reillys? I am in possession, and will retain it at the risk of my life, and with the last drop of my blood. I and my people are here, because we have a right to be here—a right which you have not."

"On behalf of my ancestor, who was treacherously and inhumanly executed, I fling back the false term of scoundrel in your teeth," replied M'Mahon, whose eye blazed with indignation. "You know, as who does not, that these lands have been restored to us by the Lord-Deputy Mountjoy; and you know too that we have got a 'deed of restoration,' and that that 'deed' has been duly

and publicly registered. Why, then, I ask, are you here?"

"Simply, M'Mahon, to collect my rents, which, you may take my word for it, I shall do; and it is not a pitiful and stingless drone like you who shall prevent me."

"I suppose, as usual, you are drunk, O'Reilly," returned his adversary; "because I cannot imagine that if you were sober you would have the insolence to speak as you do."

"*Chorp an dioual*, sirrah, do you dare to talk about drunkenness? Do you remember the treachery of your drunken ancestor—the traitor of Kinsale—who betrayed his country to Mountjoy and Carew for a bottle of usquebaugh? Come," added O'Reilly, "this is idle talk, and only fit for women. Will you put your title and mine to this property—and I know I make you a generous, but at the same time an unjustifiable concession—will you then put your title and mine to the decision of single combat?"

"Most assuredly not," said M'Mahon; "such an issue would infer a doubt of my legal and established rights."

"Ah," replied O'Reilly, with a sneer of disdain, "I expected as much; your words are the words of a craven and a coward."

"Red O'Reilly," said M'Mahon, "do not for a moment mistake me; I would not put to such a decision the rights of my children; but apart from that, and maintaining these rights, if you are for single combat, on its own account, I am here ready and willing to accept it. My property shall not be involved in this, but my life may. Now are you satisfied?"

"I am not," replied O'Reilly; "let the result of our quarrel determine our respective claims to the property."

"The general opinion is," said M'Mahon, "that you possess as much of courage as you do of cruelty, and that is paying you a high compliment; but here is the rapacious calculation of the coward, who will not fight except upon selfish principles. I question now, and, indeed, under any circumstance, whether I should cross weapons with you. I believe any courage you may have evinced,

has been exhibited in the cause of rapacity ; in other words your courage is that of the common robber, who risks his life for the sake of another man's property. If you will fight me as a man, say so ; and here I stand ready to meet you as one, but surrendering no right of property. I now await your decision."

O'Reilly jumped off his horse and met his opponent half way between the two parties, each of which awaited the contest with a silence which evinced the profound interest they felt in the result. The only thing observable on either side was the fact that Miles and his brother Fergus drew their swords, prepared to render assistance, as it might occur, if any necessity should require it ; whilst on the part of M'Mahon, the fosterer Eman bane observing this drew his also, in order to hold himself ready to defend his master, should any foul play, on behalf of those fiery young men, render it necessary.

Midway, then, between the two parties those bitter enemies calmly met, and after viewing each other sternly, the combat, which was one for life and death, was about to commence, when O'Reilly paused a moment, and said—

"M'Mahon, I now meet the man who deprived me of the only woman I ever loved ; I have never forgotten it, nor forgiven it ; and this quarrel, I give you fair notice, is, so far as I am concerned, one of vengeance. Prepare yourself, for it shall be to the death of either one or both."

"And I," replied M'Mahon, "shall oppose you strong in the memory of her virtues, of which she felt that you were unworthy."

In a moment their blades flashed in the noonday sun, and the contest commenced. Each seemed to be a perfect master of his weapon, and in the early part of it O'Reilly appeared to have the advantage. He was, it is true, a stronger man, but the other was more active and muscular. The conflict, at all events, was long and doubtful, but the intemperate habits of O'Reilly began to tell against him ; his wind failed him, and his breathing became thick and oppressive, which, in addition to his want of temper and coolness, gave M'Mahon a decided advantage. By a sudden

jerk of the elbow he spun his sword several yards out of his hand, then closed with him, and almost in a moment had him down ; the next instant his sword was at his throat.

"Now, O'Reilly," said he, "ask your life, and acknowledge yourself vanquished, or you die."

"Never from you !" he replied ; "death sooner !"

At this moment Fergus, seeing his father down, and about, as he imagined, to be despatched, with the speed of lightning flew to the scene of contest, and ran his sword apparently through M'Mahon's body, whilst almost at the same instant that of the fosterer went through his own heart. His death was instantaneous ; and immediately the two parties engaged in the general conflict. It did not last long. After a short skirmish O'Reilly's party gave way and fled, bearing the dead body of Fergus along with them ; nor would his father have escaped a living man were it not for the intervention of M'Mahon himself, who felt that the loss of one life was more than should have occurred on the occasion. Several were severely wounded on both sides, but, with the exception of the death of Fergus, no other fatality occurred.

A very severe flesh wound along the left ribs occasioned M'Mahon, when the short conflict was over, to feel very weak from the loss of blood ; but his return home was hailed with gratification on its being ascertained that he had received no dangerous injury. That he must be confined to his bed for a considerable time was stated by the surgeon who attended him ; but that, he asserted, was the worst that could be expected.

It would be impossible to find language or thought in which to describe the feelings of O'Reilly, as he and his discomfited party took their mournful way home on that disastrous occasion. Of his two sons, Fergus was he who possessed the greater share of his affections ; and, although he deemed it unbecoming of him, and unworthy of a man remarkable as he knew himself to be for strong and reckless determination, to yield to the solicitations of the boy's mother, yet he had felt an impression which his pride prevented him from admitting, that he

ought to have yielded the point, and allowed Fergus to remain at home. His only refuge now from remorse was in vengeance; and much of the grief which he ought to have felt for the death of his son was lost in his plans how to execute it. O'Reilly was an obdurate and a tearless man, in whose hard and impenetrable disposition neither sorrow nor tenderness could find a moment's resting-place. Not so his placid and affectionate wife. During the whole course of that day she sat, as we may well term it, under the shadow of death.

Of the strange omens and superstitions peculiar to our country in past times it is difficult to speak with freedom. The progress of knowledge has nearly banished them from the land, and the finger of ridicule and scepticism is pointed at them whenever they are mentioned. Circumstances have occurred, however, intimating the existence of an invisible world and an ongoing life about us, the evidence of which, if applied to a common murder, would hang any man living. Be this as it may, the loving and apprehensive mother sat alone the whole day in a state almost bordering on agony. The shades of evening fell, but no tidings of the return of the party. Night advanced, but every thing about the castle remained dull and silent. To portray her terrors would be to inflict unnecessary pain. There was only one image in her heart—that of her darling and beloved Fergus. She never once thought of her husband or of Miles, simply because the omen of the preceding night had awakened all her affectionate apprehensions for Fergus's safety. As midnight approached she left her room, and, in a state of distraction, ordered out the servants to try if they could hear their approach, and if not, to proceed along the road by which she knew they were to come. At length the party were heard in the distance, and, on reaching them, the messengers were astonished at the slow and silent order of their march. O'Reilly himself rode at their head, and immedi-

ately behind him, upon a temporary bier of wattles, lay the dead body of his son, Fergus.

In the meantime, while the messengers were absent, Fergus's mother had gone to the bedroom where he and Miles always slept. Here she attempted to alleviate her grief—although the effort only increased it—by surveying the bed and kissing such of his garments as hung upon the wall. She then passed to the same gallery where she had seen his wraith or fetch on the preceding night. She held a candle in her hand; and our readers may judge of her feelings when he seemed once more to stand before her—but not with his usual expression of countenance. His face seemed deadly pale, and he stood with his right hand upon his heart, looking at her with an expression of deep but affectionate sorrow. She was unable to speak; but she approached him, and, as on the previous night, he receded before her, and disappeared into the room at the end of it. She followed him; and, after having examined the room without finding him, she heard a noise below stairs, and rushing down with the candle still in her hand, the first object on which her eye rested was the dead body of her darling son. Miles took the candle out of her hand—she gave one fearful scream—fell upon it—and all was silence.

"Raise her up," said her husband—"raise her up. Stand aside and give her air. Eveleen, be a woman! He fell in defending his father. Come, be a woman, and leave revenge to me!"

She was raised up. But the symptoms of death are always easily understood. She was examined; her heart and pulse did not beat; her head and arms fell down lifelessly. Every means were tried to restore her—but ineffectually: she was dead! When her husband understood this, he approached her, and, taking her hand in his, simply said--

"Eveleen, I should have loved you better!"

STERNE IN THE STEREOSCOPE.

VOYAGE SENTIMENTAL.

THE world has been a little rough with the Reverend Laurence Sterne, sometime Vicar of Sutton, Cuxwold, and other places. It has worked itself into prodigious heat on this score; protests it has been taken in as by a reduced respectability, going round furnished with letters and a well-got-up tale; and now, through the public prints, cautions well-meaning and benevolent persons against being imposed upon by sham sorrows and maudlin tears. They hawk him about ignominiously as a sort of moral Guy and arch-conspirator against our tender feelings, having long ago attempted to blow up King, Lords, and Commons, into the air, with his sensibility! He is Belphegor, the showman; he is an ecclesiastical mountebank; he goes round to the fairs, carrying his Punch-and-Judy frame upon his shoulders; in his shabby bag are his Monks, Grisettes, Corporals, Yoricks, Tobys, Chaises, and other properties; he is a sacerdotal charlatan; he has swindled us of our tears and laughter, and money too, under false pretences; he must be brought up and summarily dealt with—the old begging-letter impostor!

This is about the tone of popular opinion in the present day, with respect to the famous clergyman; that is the rough chalk sketch of him with which the public is familiar. Of most characters that have become public property, there are such rude sketches handed about—good wearing, traditional things, which the multitude may grasp easily, and recognise as it does the traditional sketches in the *Weekly Charivari*, or the *British Sailor* or *Bucolic Yorkshireman*, at the Royal Transpontine Theatres. And so Paterfamilias, plunging both hands deep into those mysterious front pockets of his, which are his travelling banks, distends his cheeks, and looks wise and moral, and whispers concerning “my wife and daughters, sir! Mr. Sterne is now proved, sir, to have been a highly irregular ecclesiastic.”

He is, in fact, that terrible black monster, or *bête noir*, from which decent society shrinks—a disorderly clergyman. So when the lacquer and the sentimental tinsel are stripped off, it will be found that the Reverend Laurence Sterne is no more than a sanctimonious mummer, and ugly satyr, and what is more revolting, a satyr in the pulpit. This is Mr. Sterne—Sterne in the Stereoscope, as it were, and as the public know him.

Is not this change of opinion a little hard on the poor clergyman? Is it not a little cruel of the strong, vigorous writers of our time, to lean thus heavily on, perhaps, the best scholar that Rabelais ever turned out? We know no more of him than did our great grandsires who lived in his day, and were of his company—(and famous company it was)—and yet they who met him at the Wells of Scarborough, at the York Races, at what was then called “The Spaw,” and at the Baron D’Holbach’s intellectual soirées—in short, wherever men of wit and quality most did congregate—could weep and whimper over the old Monk and his Snuff-box—over Moulins, Maria, and the rest of them. We may be sure that where there were such prints as the town and country magazines, with the little scandalous *tête-à-têtes* of Col. W. and Mrs. H., illustrated with medallion portraits of the naughty pair, united by a ribbon, that the light doings of the Rev. L * * * S * * * must have been just respectfully hinted at in that or other miscellanies. They read, and what was better still, bought and subscribed for the delightful divine; they gave him their tears abundantly, and did not stop to hold inquisition as to whether these fine thoughts clashed with his practice. It is a nice question that, after all, whether an author’s moods, and passions, and fury, and sarcasm, be in his ink-bottle, or in his heart; with which questions, perhaps, mere outsiders have no concern. They may not—as they say in the law—go behind the written instrument. In

the courts we are not allowed to use parole testimony for the purpose of varying the contents of a solemn deed. "The world has imagined," writes Mr. Sterne, himself, to a noble earl, "because I wrote *Tristram Shandy*, that I was myself more *Shandean* than I really ever was; 'tis a good-natured world we live in, and we're often painted in divers colours according to the ideas each one frames in his head."

But suppose we *do* look behind the covers of "*Tristram*" and the "*Sentimental Journey*," and try those works by the test of the man's own life and nature, it will be seen in an instant whether they were the bright sparkling effervescence that wire and cork cannot stay, or the oozy drippings of an artificial humour. Was he a genuine *Gamin*, the titular wit and life of his *quartier*, or a mere street contortionist, after the performance, bundling on his cassock over his spangles and tight-fitting hose? Why, it is certain, if we know any thing certain of that last century and its social ways, that he was heart and soul *Shandean*—that this strange, fitful, spasmodic humour, sentimental as well as droll, permeated his whole system, dancing out at his fingers' ends, alternating his moods with the wildest starts and changes, and lighting up that thin white face of his with the strangest flashes! Was he not always astride upon that hobby-horse? How did he stand, socially, with his peers? Look at his dinner-list, which prandial barometer is no mean test after all. "I never dined at home once since I arrived," he writes to a Yorkshire friend—when he came up to town at the Christmas of 1760 to publish *Tristram*—"am fourteen dinners deep engaged into now, and fear matters will be worse with me in that point than better." Which pleasing fears were presently to be justified; for was he not "to preach before the judges on Sunday," and to beg pardon in a P.S. "for this hasty scrawl, having just come from a concert where the Duke of York performed. I have received great notice from him, and last week had the honour of supping with him." Was he not "going down for a day or two with Mr. Spencer, to *Wimbleton*," and was there not to be "a grand assembly at Lady N——'s," for which Rev. Mr. Sterne would

have to hurry up from *Wimbleton*. About this time Johnson was laying down the law in his club conclaves on social matters, and solemnly gave judgment to Goldsmith and others—"Nay, sir," said he, "any man who has a name, or *who has the power of pleasing*, will be very generally invited in London. The man, Sterne, has had, I have been told, engagements for three months." It is likely that the "big man" had this information from David Garrick, Esquire, who was a special friend of Rev. L. Sterne, and who is afterwards informed from Paris of another tide of dinners. Poor Goldy, continuing the conversation, hazards an opinion on Mr. Sterne's powers, "and a very dull fellow," he adds, half doubtfully. "Why, no, sir," says the great autocrat. That short "Why, no, sir," is great testimony from such a quarter. Truly it cannot be denied that this lively clergyman led the most inconceivably rattling life that can well be imagined. Indeed, he was no anchorite; and, perhaps, the best thing that could have befallen him would have been that his noble friends the Earl of Sandwich, or Sir G. Macartney, or Sir Francis Dashwood, could have fitted him with the chaplaincy of the British embassy at Paris, or else dis-frocked him altogether.

How he did "hear the chimes at midnight" with the best of them, in spite of that feeble, weakly frame, which he had to take into the suppers with him. "After seeing Mr. Ch——y to-night, at Ranelagh," he writes to another friend that, "on Monday we set out with a grand retinue of Lord Rockingham's (in whose suite I move), for Windsor, for a grand dinner;" hints, also, that he saw Lord George Sackville "at the opera, on last Saturday." "Yesterday morning" he went to breakfast with Mr. V——, "who is a kind of right-hand man to the secretary"—which secretary is, no doubt, Mr. Charles Townsend, "who bid me wish him joy of it"—and with whom he was on a delightfully familiar footing. Then flying across to Paris, he falls in with congenial society in that gay capital. "*Le bon et agréable Tristram*" is welcome *partout*: in the famous deistical, atheistical, witty, and most piquante coterie, the quaint Yorkshire parson falls upon

his legs as it were. How is it with the prandial barometer there? "Have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands; my application to the Count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly; the Count de Limburgh, the Baron de Holbach, has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue, than you will do. This Baron is one of the most learned noblemen here; the great protector of wits; keeps open house three days in the week; his house is now as yours was to me—my own." Then he is introduced to the Count de Bissie, "which I was at his desire," and is made much of generally; is going, "when this letter is wrote," with Mr. Fox and Mr. Macartney, to Versailles; "was last night with Mr. Fox to see Madll. Clairon;" on and "by virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke the Frenchman in London, in which Preville is to send us home all happy—I mean *about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction* who are now here and *live well with each other*." He is "under great obligation to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good breeding and of good-nature!" In short he hopes within the span of a fortnight—and, indeed, it was time—"to break through, or rather from the delights of this place which, in the *savoir vivre*, exceeds all places, I believe, in this section of the globe."

Now, holding rein a moment in this carnival programme, let us ask, had Mr. Sterne been such "a very dull fellow," and one whit less entertaining than he was on paper, would he have been made free of this famous guild of Holbach, Crebillon and Company?—in which to enter, and more difficult still, to keep your place, there was need not of blazon or purse, but simply letters of wit and humour. His was just the vein—spasmodic, wild, erratic, gay and grave, lively and serene—to carry him through that strange company with all acclaim! That lean, ungraceful figure could scarcely have succeeded in being "introduced to one half of their best goddesses, and

in a month more be admitted to the shrines of the other half," unless there was hidden inside some wonderful powers to recommend itself to those wilful dames. We need only read that curious chapter, headed "Paris," in the "Sentimental Journey," to find a hint of his method, and a clue to his success. Does he not explain it himself to David Garrick, "Be it known *I Shandy it away fifty times* more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than you ever heard me talk, and to all sorts of people." Is there not a tone of rollicking high spirits in this sentence, which speaks a whole history of the man's social nature? So did he continue—to use that happy phrase—to *Shandy it* on among the Paris men and women; and so did he, in truth, "Shandy it" all his life. This is his definition for that agreeably social philosophy. "I have ten thousand things to tell you; I cannot write; I do a thousand things which cut no figure *but in the doing*." And, again, "it (the comic opera) is a tragical nuisance in all companies as it is; and was it not for some sudden starts and dashes of Shandeism" (from what quarter we may easily guess), "which, now *and then, either breaks the thread, or entangles it so that the Devil himself would be puzzled in winding it off*, I should die a martyr—this, by the way, I never will." Again—another text—"I live altogether in French families; I laugh till I cry, and, in the same tender moments, cry till I laugh. I Shandy it more than ever; and, verily do believe, that by mere Shandeism,* sublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much against infirmities as I do by the benefit of air and climate."

No, at those supper parties, "upon the Tuileries," where he only wishes Mrs. Garrick had been, to annihilate a thousand French goddesses "in one single turn," Monsieur Sterne must have been *charmant*, running over with a will-o'-the-wisp esprit. The lean ruefulness of his face, and sepulchral hollowness of his cheeks must have lent a grim point to his sallies; he must have been genuine all over, or he could never have so taken.

* Is there any play upon the word "Deism," as applied to the fashionable unbelief of the day?

Else would Crebillion—Crebillion fils of *The Sopha*—scarcely have entered into that queer, quaint, roystering scheme of his; he, Crebillion, to write “an expostulatory letter upon the indecorums of *T. Shandy*,” and “*Rev. L. Sterne* to do the same, on the score of the other’s improprieties.” They are “to be printed together—the copy to be sold, and the money equally divided.” What a pity that truly Shandean scheme never came to any thing. The bare notion is a rare one; and we may just conceive how it was first launched in some brilliant salon, sent back and forward like a shuttlecock by the comic pair, put in all manner of droll lights, spiced with allusions, some profane, we may be sure, and well sprinkled with those “sudden starts and dashes of Shandeism, which, now and then, either breaks the thread, or entangles it so that the Devil himself would be puzzled in winding it off.” It would have been a treat to have been by. No wonder that Choisel, quite bewildered with this strange parson’s humour, so different in its order from that of the smooth abbés about him, was heard to exclaim, “*Qui le diable est cet homme là*”—C’est “*Le Chevalier Shandy*,” was the answer.

When he could no longer Shandy it here, but was driven southwards down to Toulouse by his wretched health—which must have been a dull banishment for one of his temper—nothing, indeed, but his being at death’s door could have so relegated him to provinciality, tempered with conjugal society; we find him presently extracting a choice spirit out of this valley of desolation. Harken how he chirrup. It is the old story again. “We begin to live extremely happy,” he writes, “and are all together every night, fiddling, laughing, and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarcely believe the news I tell you. There are a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in making dresses, &c.” This turns out to be only a pleasant way of conveying that the company was of Mr. Sterne’s own familiars, and that he himself was to play a leading part.

Curious to say, Mr. Sterne did not pick up the French tongue readily; but, no doubt, his broken patois,

half English half French, and those lively gestures, and language of eye and of expression, which help a man of genius out of his difficulty, gave an additional piquancy to the Shandean flavour of his discourse. Those “sudden starts and dashes of Shandeism” were pointed not a little by this agreeable argot. “You will find I speak French tolerably,” he writes to Mrs. Sterne, after a six months’ residence in Paris, “but I only wish to be understood;” and a month later he tells Lady D. that he can “splutter French,” so as to be intelligible. However, being brought before the police, to account for his cab horse, which he had taken for a drive in the country, falling down dead on the road, he tried to make out his case, to the presiding official, in the language of the country; since, to use his own expression, “he might as well have whistled as to have spoke French.” Then falling back on his salon, the ingenious Mr. Sterne actually succeeded “in obtaining justice—no common thing, by the way, in France.” It would seem a little hard, indeed, that he should be made responsible for the condition of a common hack horse.

We presently find him writing of Mr. Fox, as “my worthy friend,” and not long after glad to be home again at his cure. Then laying out a brilliant fortnight at Scarborough, “and going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness.” “Lord G——g is to be there—what a temptation!” “Some will have it, there is much company there, and some say not, and I believe there is neither one nor the other, but will be both, if the world will but have a month’s patience or so”—“kind compliments to Sir C * * * D * * *.”

The attractions of that watering-place must have been even greater than was anticipated, for he stayed three weeks—“*ever since the races*”—in the society of Lord G——g and other agreeable persons, “and have received marvellous strength, had I not debilitated it as fast as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord G——g and Co., too much.”

So the roll runs on. At foreign places it is the same story, everybody is glad to have the social clergyman. “I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there, dining and supping every day at the command-

ant's," (even the free soldiers took to him). "Lord F. W—— left there, and about a dozen English. If you see Lord Ossory, Lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawford, remember me to them. If Wilkes is at Paris yet, I send him all kind wishes." Does he not desire in another letter, to be borne in mind by "the other demoniacs," which suggest Sir Francis Dashwood, Wilkes just mentioned, and other free monks of Medmenbaun abbey? On November twenty-eighth he is "just leaving Turin with Sir James Macdonald for Milan," &c., having "spent a joyous fortnight here, and met all kinds of honours." Within three weeks he is at the ambassadorial paradise, Florence, and stays "three days to dine with our plenipos, Lords T——d and C——r, then flies on to Naples, where he is as happy as a king."

Now, the conclusion these extracts from Mr. Sterne's pleasure log-book help us to, is that he was not a mere artificial comedian, a pure street saltimbanque, tumbling for booksellers' halfpence, with his funny dress lying on the back of a chair beside his desk and inkhorn, but a genial eccentric, who wrote what he felt, and because he could not help it. But granting that Sterne was a genuine saltimbanque, as free of his humour when the pantomime was done as when he was before the foot-lights, it was in that other portion of his business—the whimpering and sentimental—that he put on his paint and patches. In this, at least, was he not a pure pen-and-ink Tartuffe—a genteel Job Trotter, swindling the charitable and soft-hearted of the community out of their precious tears and sympathies? Was he not the original Mr. J. Surface, only now entered into orders, with ever so many grisettes instead of "little French milliners" behind his screen? Is not this again Mr. Sterne in the stereoscope sentimentality, and a cheap slide? Let us look into this for a short while.

The sentimentality of Mr. Sterne's age was not of his making. Long before the Yorkshire clergyman had come up to town, with his first and second volumes of "Tristram," it had caught this sickly Werther-like tone, and the men and women of fashionable London purposely cultivated a

highly strung state of nerves; they had administered to them a fitting pabulum, in the shape of dramas and romances, as highly strung. It was "à la mode" to have tender feelings; and though the griefs, over which the reading public dropped genuine tears, were purely fictitious, and, if real, could have amounted to no more than "a delicate distress," still the sympathies evoked were not the less poignant. The young lady of our own time, who has been feasting privately on romances, can go on devising nicest sorrows and imaginary wrongs, until she brings herself to be the most wretched being in the universe; but she does not suffer the less because these woes are fancied. The sentimental novel and the sentimental comedy were the proper sustenance for this sweet sensibility of Mr. Sterne's time. Comedy of this character, as Mr. Forster has shown, had taken possession of the boards so far back as Steele; and with such a strange vitality, that it kept its place there for more than a century. That weak, maudlin, whining thing, went almost nigh to shipwrecking Doctor Goldsmith's bright-eyed, sparkling, and most healthy comedy of "The Good-natured Man," flourished upon the unmeaning perplexities of "False Delicacy;" and "The Conscious Lovers" got some freshness into its cheeks under the hands of Richard Cumberland and George Coleman, Esquires, deepened at the beginning of the next century into ghastly contortion and bleared eyes, and relapsed with Mr. Thomas Newton into stale and sickly sentiment, about thirty years ago, when it suddenly expired, and has never since been heard of. It had a long day. So, too, with the sentimental romance, which went through stages of much the same character, almost contemporaneously.

It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Sterne should fall into the tone of the age in which he lived. Most men do.

He found his fellow men and women weeping and sighing about him; and he could no more help going with the rest, than one can escape falling into the practical common-sense views of our own days. It is hard not to believe in your own sorrows, when they are making every one in the room weep copiously. But outside this it is hard not to conceive that

Mr. Sterne was genuine in these emotions of his, who was by nature, a soft, warm-hearted, gentle, and susceptible being. His very physique, presented to us in the famous and most characteristic Sir Joshua's portrait, conveys this very plainly, which, indeed, but few have been privileged to see, and fewer still know, only through the unpleasing engraving in his works. "Have you read his sermons," writes Mr. Gray, "with his own comic figure at the head of them?" Very different is the noble mezzotinto by cunning Arand, matchless and brilliant even for that age of matchless mezzotinting, coveted so hugely by collectors, when in its "early stage," that is, before it was cut down to smaller dimensions. But, whoever has studied Mr. Sterne's life and actions, and that short Leporello's list of little *affaires de cœur*, which almost seemed necessary for his mental health and well-being, will see that this sentimental tone was constitutionally a part of his nature. Unfortunately the materials for his life, outside his own letters and works, are singularly scanty; but even from these sources is to be got a sort of internal evidence which may be received without suspicion of the artificial complexion which usually attaches to letter-writing. The published letters extend from a date when Mr. Sterne was a young man of six or seven-and-twenty, to his last despairing epistle written on his death-bed (a span of some twenty-nine years or so), and yet we find him as sentimental in the beginning, in his letters of courtship to Mrs. Sterne, as at the end. If acting it was, what a long weary term of false tears!—what a fatiguing apprenticeship to pretended sensibility! "Praise be to God for my sensibility," he writes, only the year before he died, "though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all pleasures," &c. His best friends (Colonel and Mrs. James), excellent people, who loved and yet could reprove him for his follies—which certainly disgraced a clergyman—with them he was on terms of closest intimacy. Before these good people—the one a brave soldier, and the other a lady whom, from his death-bed, he requested to take charge of his daughter, it would have been ridiculous to be

playing out that pantomime; they would have seen under the mask; and yet, to them he writes constantly concerning his "bleeding heart" and "heaven's blessings," and of "this world being a school of trials, and so Heaven's will be done." To them he would scarcely have written that his "Sentimental Journal" suited "the frame of mind I have been in for some time past; I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better—so it runs upon these gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it. Adieu! and may you and my worthy friend Mr. James continue examples of the doctrines which I teach." They knew the man and his nature, and would have laughed at his fine preaching and profane blessings, did they not take him to be sincere. But those passages of platonic affection—those little pools of tendresse into which Mr. Sterne kept tumbling all his life—now merely wetting his feet, now getting hopelessly submerged above his head and shoulders—are themselves tolerably fair evidence that he was a genuine sentimentalist. It must have been hard work carrying on that Della Cruscan passion for thirty long years without any stock in trade.

We now enter upon a more delicate field of investigation—those very love passages, those bits of practical sentiment for which the life of the Reverend Mr. Sterne has been so remarkable. We allude to that Eliza or Draper business—to the Lady P—business—to that Montpelier business, where Mr. Sterne was "smit with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent," and to other minor attacks of the same order which visited him periodically. The prejudiced have called them positively wicked, especially the Eliza passage. Scoffers have smiled maliciously—as ten to one he would have smiled himself—and have poohpoohed the platonic element. Gentler-natured men have sighed over the matter as unclerical, but think there was no harm at the bottom of it all. Trenchant critics reviewing, scalping knife in hand, have dealt with it desperately, smiting him hip and thigh as a crafty, silver-tongued deluder, approaching under cover of his cassock, to which pattern a brilliant, vigorous portrait is bitten in. The Reverend Laurence

Sterne is not so bad as all that, though he would have been better employed in curing souls down at Cuxwold, than in ambling on those fancies of his, "cantering away" with them "so deliciously, always upon my haunches, along the streets." For all that, though a careless clergyman, he is not to be written down a satyr in orders. On this Eliza-Laurence business a point or two may be put forward in extenuation; and as Mr. Sterne himself wrote of the famous "desobligeante," "much, indeed, was not to be said for it, but something might, and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them."

Famous Mrs. Draper was married—married to Daniel Draper, Esq., of Bombay; Mr. Sterne was married also, which is not encouraging at starting. Certainly, it must be conceded that to read the letters of Yorick to Eliza, it would be a reasonable conclusion that Parson Yorick and Mrs. Eliza were on affectionate terms, such as perhaps D. Draper, Esq., had he been in the country, would not have approved of cordially. Our French neighbours, for whom the whole chapter has been a precious *trouvaille*, and one of those delicious sentimental complications, grown fashionable since Werther, will hold that the episode lacks point, unless there be underneath the necessary substratum of sin.

To which view has inclined also the popular impression which, as we have shown, is gathered from looking at the hackneyed portrait of the reverend gentleman as seen in the stereoscope. That little leaven of transgression brings out the lights and shadows much more sharply, otherwise that Yorick-Eliza business remains insipid and unmeaning. These things should have something of the positive underneath, or they degenerate into conventionality and schoolgirlism. Such a view squares very well with the "little French milliner" element which has been fitted to Mr. Sterne and stolen from Mr. J. Surface; but it is a pure mistake, there is less sin and more prose, as, indeed, it needs only one careful perusal of the letters to see.

One single circumstance determines the question almost conclusively. Do

clergymen with livings, prebendaries of York, who have just published some volumes of sermons "warm from the heart," hang their guilty doings out of windows for the passers-by to look at? Do they hawk them about in letters and conversations, and obtrude them familiarly on public places? Such more commonly shun the light by reason of their ways being evil. It looks very like the indiscretion of conscious innocence, Mr. Sterne's exhibiting his heart all torn and bleeding on the departure of Mrs. Draper in the Earl of Chatham Indiaman, to his friends, and seeking consolation from them in his trouble. His friends, the Jameses who have been mentioned, and who were excellent well-meaning people, and anxious for his interests, seem to have known of the whole business from the beginning, and to have loved "La Bramine" sincerely. Colonel James was a brave Indian officer, whom the historian Orme mentions with respect, and that Mrs. James was the one whom the deserted Yorick on his death-bed called on despairingly to take care of his daughter, is a safe test of what her character was. They knew and favoured this platonic intimacy all along, and viewed it as no more than the little Cadenus and Vanessa drama revived.

"I write this, Eliza," Mr. Sterne begins one of his letters, "at Mr. James's, whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl (his wife) is writing beside me to thee * * * * We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James and the Bramin have mixed their tears a hundred times in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, and thy graces."

Later he writes—

"I have been this morning to see Mrs. James; she loves thee tenderly and unfeignedly; she is alarmed for thee; she says thou lookedst most ill and melancholy on going away; she pities thee."

It will be seen that all through the matter Mr. Sterne keeps to the character of the man of intellect and much worldly knowledge, consulted for advice and direction by a young and beautiful woman. He was all the time the interesting and sentimental Mr. Yorick, and the *Reverend*

Mr. Yorick too, and yet old enough to be regarded with a certain filial deference and affection which might justly attract such confidence. A relationship of this sort is never displeasing to either party, and is highly flattering to the quasi Father Confessor. There can be no doubt, too, but that Mr. Sterne had a famous model in his eye; no other, indeed, than the great Dean of St. Patrick's, whose tremendous soul, weary with buffeting other tremendous souls, was titillated by the direction of a gentle girl's studies. He could not withstand the fascination of his huge, rocky angularities being washed by so limpid a stream. It was a pleasing fancy to liken oneself, and to be likened to the colossal Dean, and to have as fair a Vanessa to sit at one's feet and worship. "Not so Swift loved his Stella," he writes to Eliza, showing plainly what idea was running in his head; and so all his friends and acquaintances are let into the secret of this *grande passion*. His vanity, not meanly developed in Mr. Sterne, compels him to thrust it into daylight, and force the comparison on his familiars. Would it not at once strike the whole town? Here is our English eccentric, our British Rabelais, ecclesiastic like the Dean, playing Cadenus to Vanessa over again. So everybody must learn the interesting episode. "He" (Lord Bathurst, with whom Rev. Mr. Sterne had been dining), "heard me talk of thee with uncommon satisfaction, and a most sentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we passed; but thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and illumined the discourse." Not merely were my Lord Bathurst's company to be so entertained, but a far wider circle. "I have shown your letter to Mrs. B——, and to half the literati in the town. You shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it. You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits."

That he himself viewed the matter in this pupillary light is tolerably plain from a few passages in his letters. She is a "grateful and good girl;" and "Yorick smiles contentedly on all thou dost." That supervision of her pursuits also falls under the professorial character: "Thy

sweet little plan and distribution of thy time—how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in." "Write to me, my child," is what Mr. Sterne conjures his Eliza to do, towards the end of that letter. Very often is she "dear girl," "a good girl," and "dearest child." He is "ninety-five in constitution," and she but "twenty-five." Much on the same line, by the way, was the famous answer he gave to the French marquis proposing for his daughter Lydia.

It is conceded by those who take the least favourable view of Mr. Sterne's character, that his one redeeming point was that little tender corner kept in his heart for his daughter Lydia. The rest might have been a tasteless artificial rockery; but that little particle of green moss got room somehow, and flourished among the rough stones. After all, his soul was not as black as his cassock. Over her he watched carefully and jealously. There is a tenderness in his letter to her which speaks very strongly his anxiety for all that concerned her. If there had been in that intimacy with Mrs. Draper aught that Mr. Sterne might blush for, it would have been only consistent with this strength of affection to have shrunk from all allusion to the subject. Mr. Wilkes was notoriously *déreglé* in his life, and was about as doatingly fond of his daughter as was Mr. Sterne of his. Yet, see in Mr. Wilkes' letter to Miss Wilkes—so free and gossipy in other respects—how cautiously he steers clear of all that could touch on those delicate matters and awkward blue chambers. "But to the subject of your letter," writes Mr. Sterne, "I do not wish to know who was the busy fool that made your mother so uneasy about Mrs. ——" (this was written about six weeks before the sailing of the Earl of Chatham, when Mr. Sterne was playing Cadenus hard and fast); "'tis true I have friendship for her, but not to infatuation. I believe I have judgment enough to discern her's and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her answer, 'that she wished not to be informed, and begged him to drop the subject.'" Writing to Mrs. Draper, he

lays out pleasing Utopias, in which the beloved daughter has a place. "I will live for thee, and for my Lydia—be rich for the dear children of my heart; gain wisdom—gain fame and happiness, to share with them—with thee and her—in *my old age*." Rarely do we find sinning clergymen taking these harmless and pastoral ideas as a basis for future happiness.

The excitement and agitation of the parting with Mrs. Draper caused him to burst a blood-vessel, which bled the whole night long, "until four o'clock in the morning, and filled all thy India pocket-handkerchiefs," which is something of a proof that he took the matter warmly to heart, and was not the cold philanderer critics would make him. Only the very next year, the "poor fine-spun frame of Yorick's gave way;" and after a series of vein burstings, and all the ills that pulmonary disorder brings with it, had to give up its lively tenant in those lonely Bond-street lodgings. Mrs. Draper had fared no better, having been "bowed down with every burden that sorrow of heart and pain of body could inflict upon a poor being; and still thou tellest me thou art beginning to get ease, thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also;" which "ease" could only have been of a temporary order; for as the day of embarkation drew near, she relapsed once more, and the voyage became only, in Mr. Sterne's words, a melancholy history of "sufferings, continual and most violent rheumatisms all the time, a fever brought on with fits and attended with delirium, and every terrifying symptom." Neither did she, as might be expected, live very long after Mr. Sterne. It appears improbable that our two poor invalids should do more than condole together over their common symptoms. Such communion is sweet enough to all sick people.

The strong vigorous Fielding of our own day—whose fine common-sense style has a fresh healthy ring, and positively clears the air—has dealt very hardly with Mr. Sterne. He has stood up to him fearlessly, as it were in a round of the old English manly sport, and, in the language of the ring, has punished

the reverend gentleman severely. He was constrained to hang his picture in that Humorist gallery, but with its face turned to the wall. Not the least part of the injustice has been his reading of this Eliza business—in one point specially. It is famously put, and tells excellently against Mr. Sterne. Yet the reader will see there has been a mistake. A passage from the letters is quoted and then commented on. "I fear," Mr. Sterne writes, "the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew with which thou beholdest them. So was—YOU KNOW WHO—from the same fallacy which was put upon your judgment when—but I will not mortify you." "You know who," says the comment, "was of course Daniel Draper, Esquire, of Bombay, a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe," &c. At which point, no doubt, a pleased titter ran round the audience.

It does not so conclusively follow that the allusion is to Daniel Draper, Esquire. That phrase, "I will not mortify you," is scarcely one that would be used in rallying a lady upon being unfortunate in her husband. "A fallacy put upon your judgment" of that order, is not one on the score of which she could receive mortification. The allusion would seem to point to a matter of a much less serious character. Only the very letter before has he been cautioning her against an intimacy with a certain family to whom he had a special dislike. In all his previous letters he almost harps upon this one theme; the same conviction of their unworthiness is pressed upon her over and over again. To quote one passage will be sufficient.

"The ****s, by —, are worthless! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name. How could you, Eliza, leave them (or suffer them to leave you, rather,) with *impressions the least favourable?* I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee to the last hour of thy life. Yet thou toldest Mrs. James at last thou believest that they affectionately love thee," &c.

And so on to the same purport in many more passages, not merely to Eliza, but to his own friends. He did not love those people—known to

us by four asterisks only—whatever was the reason.

Does not “you know who” stand for those four asterisks? Read by this light: “from the same fallacy which was put upon your judgment when—but I will not mortify you,” points plainly to these objectionable people. It is as it were a playful shaking of the forefinger and expostulation; as who should say “you were out in that little matter of the ****’s; by not listening to me you were taken in; however, I won’t mortify you by saying more on the subject; you see your mistake now!”

Scarcely to be so satisfactorily justified is that playful proposition which begins with “talking of widows,” and in which Mr. Sterne suggests a very agreeable mutual arrangement. “Pray, Eliza,” he writes, “if ever you are such (i.e., a widow), do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long.” It does read unhandsomely, and yet amounts to no more than a piece of his favourite Shandeism. There was the extreme remoteness of the contingency to begin with, and the high improbability (in an insurance view) of the expected lives being the first to drop, which was indeed justified by the event; for some ten years later we find Daniel Draper, Esquire, flourishing at Bombay, and “much respected in that quarter of the globe;” and Mrs. Sterne, as is well known, survived Mr. Sterne. Mrs. Draper, too, was bound for the Indies—in those days a serious and unsentimental journey—and in a miserable state of health. Unlikely was it, therefore, that she should ever see England, or that the Reverend Laurence Sterne should undertake a nine months’ voyage to “that quarter of the globe.” For had he not always “some Dulcinea in head?” and most likely on the eventuality of that widowhood, Mr. Sterne would be too busy with some new sentiment to think of so perilous an expedition. That it was pure badinage is evident from the way in which he elaborates his proposal:—

“’Tis true I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this. . . . Tell me in answer to this that you ap-

prove and honour the proposal, and that you would, like the Spectator’s mistress, have more joy in putting on an old man’s slipper than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young. Adieu, my Simplicia!

“Yours, TRISTRAM.”

It is notable, by the way, that this is the only letter of the series signed *Tristram*—which shows that the Shandean vein was then upon him. It was altogether an idle, chattering speculation—a castle in the air of the Yorick build—never to have more substantial foundation.

“Approve and honour the proposal! The coward!” bursts out the painter of the English humorists, with a terrible earnestness; “the coward” (this is poor Mr. Sterne) “was writing gay letters to his friends this while, with sneering allusions to this poor foolish *Bramine*. Her ship was not out of the Downs, and the charming Sterne was at the Mount Coffee House, with a sheet of gilt-edged paper before him, offering that precious treasure, his heart, to Lady P——,” &c. Desperately hard hitting this. The relief of the picture is excellent. But how much of truth and faithfulness is there in it? where are these gay letters and sneering allusions? Not in those letters to his friends, the James’s, where—it may be objected naturally enough—he would not have permitted himself to sneer, had he even been so inclined. Not, surely, in those letters to A—— Lee, Esq., who, with Rev. J. Hall Stevenson, was one of the few to whom Mr. Sterne wrote in his freest vein of Shandeism. In those letters his pen seems to go cantering over the paper, and Mr. Sterne seems to speak with these special friends with a peculiar relish. And yet, in his letter to A—— Lee, Esq., is to be found the only allusion to Mrs. Draper—not by any means a sneer. “D—— (Draper) has obtained his fair Indian, and has this post sent a letter of inquiries after Yorick and his *Bramine*. He is a good soul, and interests himself much in our fate”—which is the single allusion that can be winnowed out of all the letters—lightly written, it may be said, considering to whom it was addressed—but the lightness (or sneer, if it must be so) is all at the expense of Daniel Draper, Esq.

But Lady P—— and the letter on

gilt-edge which he was writing in the Mount Coffee House, at this very time? There does exist such a letter among the correspondence—one of a very warm character too; but beyond the simple heading, “Mount Coffee House, Tuesday, 3 o’clock,” there is no date to the document—so it would be hardly possible to assign to it any distinct place in the events of Mr. Sterne’s life. It has been shuffled strangely, this mysterious letter to Lady P——: in the later editions being, perhaps from their tone, so much alike, immediately after the Eliza correspondence; but the earlier edition—published by Mrs. Medalle, his daughter—has this placed among the very last in the book. So upon this ground of position or collocation no argument can be fairly put forward to Mr. Sterne’s prejudice. The letter itself is of that free, affectionate character which clergymen only—and clergymen tolerably advanced in years—and further, such as so famous and witty and sentimental a clergyman as Rev. Mr. Yorick—is privileged to write. This sentimental nature of Mr. Sterne was by this time notorious: what might be love with others was with him mere sentiment. “It was a way he had;” and Lady P—— and others who might be so favoured, it is to be presumed, were rather flattered than otherwise by the receipt of such communications. That this Mount Coffee House despatch must have come out of Lady P——’s own keeping, is a proof that she looked on it in this light, and as something not exactly to be ashamed of. But is there not that “quoting the Lord’s Prayer with a horrible baseness of blasphemy” in this letter to Lady P——? Here is the passage, and the reader shall judge for himself whether that description be not a little too exaggerated. “It is but an hour ago,” Mr. Sterne writes, “that I kneeled down and swore I never would come near you; and after saying the Lord’s Prayer for the sake of the close of not being led into temptation, out I sallied like any Christian hero, ready to take the field against the world, the flesh, and the devil.” With all his imperfections he was a clergyman with an *ex officio* title to such scriptural allusions; and if he did so kneel down and pray for help, he was a more pious man than the

world has given him credit for. See, again, how roughly dealt with he has been under the hands of this fierce critic of the Humorists. It is the huge broad-chested navvy of English literature bringing down his great arm upon the delicate attenuated form of the Reverend Laurence. “I find in my copy of letters,” says this hard-hitting adversary, “that there is a note of, I can’t call it admiration, at letter 112, which seems to announce that there was a No. 3 to whom *the wretched, worn-out old scamp* was paying his addresses.” The justification for which uncomplimentary style of address rests on the following little note:—“Now be a dear, good woman, my H——, and execute those commissions well, and when I see you I will give you a kiss—there’s for you! But I have something else for you, which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my ‘Sentimental Journey,’ which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me, or I will give up the business of sentimental writing.” This is scarcely the tone of one “paying addresses.” It is more the practical business-like tone of a man who wished his little commissions to be executed properly. It is the familiar Shandean freedom expected from the famous author of *Tristram*, so eccentric and so agreeable, and who begins other letters “to my witty widow, Mrs. F.,” and yet is not on that account to be written down “a wretched, worn-out old scamp.” In which wicked and amatory epistle he can be so prosaic as to write, “How I long to greet all my friends, few do I value more than yourself, * * *

* * * * If this should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, and so adieu! Accept every warm wish for your health, and believe me,” &c.

But the truth is, in this matter of published letters no man has ever been so unfortunate as Mr. Sterne. There is usually a certain discretion on the part of executors and friends of the family, which pares down and shapes jealously, or wholly suppresses such papers as it may not be advisable the public should look on. Such discretion has always been largely exercised, and wisely. How many good and sober men have, in a fit of lively Shandeism, scribbled off

light letters, full of trifling and nonsense, and sly things, without a thought that they would endure longer than the time necessary for their perusal, or for twisting them into allumettes for the chimney-piece? We should like to ask literary executors, who of late years have had the sifting and marshalling of papers of deceased notabilities, how many little notes of this order have passed under their eye and been suppressed? With Mr. Sterne it has fared very unhappily in this respect. Every little scrap, every private letter (even one written in Latin, to be the more private) has been unfairly thrust upon the public, unpruned and unrevised. Scarcely has that "bale of cadaverous goods been consigned to Pluto," when a crude and ill-digested collection of his letters is made up hastily and sent out for pecuniary views. The larger and more bulky in collection, the larger the bookseller's payment; and so friends are importuned for their papers in aid of the widow and daughter left destitute, and the thing is huddled up anyhow. In justice to the departed wit, this should be kept in view by all who read his remains; nor should they be unmindful, by way of corrective, of a short passage which he himself has written, and which may be found in a letter to Sir W., of September 19, 1767. "Now, I take heaven to witness, after all this badinage, my heart is innocent; and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick and galloped away. The truth is this, that my pen governs me—not me, my pen." Most characteristic passage which is the key-note to the whole character of the man.

Perhaps the most popular and firmly rooted of all the Sterne traditions is that which supposes him to have been the cold, careless, and neglectful husband—the fashionable, smooth-tongued diner-out, but the cruel and unfeeling tyrant of his home. This slide, of all the series known as "Mr. Sterne in the stereoscope," is the most in request. People stare if its truth be questioned. Wasn't he the fashionable parson, fed by persons of quality, while he left his poor wife and daughter to starve in a foreign country? Is there not that loose, floating good thing, spoken by some wit, touching

his preferring "to whine over a dead ass, to relieving a living mother." It is astonishing how such fables can have been so long in circulation, when there have been lying open before the public materials for testimonials to character of the most famous description. So far from any shortcomings in this respect, Mr. Sterne has just claims to be enrolled among the band of thoughtful, provident, and generous husbands. Let us now, for a short span, look into this matter more closely.

In this respect, the heavy sledgehammer before alluded to has descended with crushing effect. "And it is about this woman," writes the author of the *Humourists*, after quoting some of Mrs. Sterne's love-letters before marriage, "with whom he finds no fault but that she bores him, that our philanthropist writes, 'Sum fatigatus et ægrotus. Sum mortaliter in amore with somebody else!' That fine flower of love, that polyanthus over which Sterne snivelled so many tears, could not last for a quarter of a century!" Rather, it must be a good, well-wearing article that can stand so long. It is a very respectable period for marital affection to attain to; and it is not unlikely that there are some few husbands living, who, after five-and-twenty years, begin to get a little bored in the company of their wives. But to expect that the delicate honeymoon bloom—that introduction of polyanthus and other flowers—will last out for so long a span—'tis an absurdity—nay, an impossibility. "I remained near twenty years at Sutton," writes Mr. Sterne, in that hasty sketch of his life. He had married in 1741: so Mrs. Sterne was with him all that time. He had not published as yet; and was turning over *Tristram* in his head. He was the country parson; he did duty at both his Yorkshire livings; had very good health, and followed the harmless amusements of "books, painting, fiddling, and shooting." Mrs. Sterne was the country parson's wife; and for all this time no charge has been made against Mr. Sterne's deportment. To have thus accounted satisfactorily for twenty years of wedded life is some small credential to respectability. Whatever backslidings have been imputed to him must be charged upon the last

seven or eight years of his life, when he went up to London and became famous. But let us take the matter by stages.

Even from his courtship can be extracted something that can be set down to the credit side of his character. Mr. Sterne was of good family, and had good expectations: Mrs. Sterne had only a small property—so small that she long hesitated whether on such foundation she ought to embark in matrimony. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Sterne courted her ardently for two years; and there must have been some good dispositions in the man, when a dying lady is found to tell him that she has left him her fortune. However, Mrs. Sterne recovered, and they were married.

At the end of the twenty years he went up to London. Then set in the fashionable racket, and the dinners a fortnight deep. The delightful Yorick was everywhere; was noticed by royal dukes; went nigh to having his head turned by flatteries and attentions. "The man Sterne" was the rage. Yet from out of this fashionable whirl he finds time to write to friends in the country, and to have thought of those for whom he had taken the house at York. It is hard to say why, at the date of his own going up to London, he thought to move his family from the dull country parsonage to what was then a gay provincial city; but we might be almost justified in setting it down to a kind and thoughtful motive—that while he was taking his furlough among the attractions of the town, they might have, on a smaller scale, their share of amusement. In the fashionable journal set out in Mr. Sterne's letters of this date there is almost always a word for those who were far from him. "Pray, when you have read this, send the news to Mrs. Sterne" is the postscript to one letter; "I return you ten thousand thanks for the favour of your letter,"—begins the next—"and the account you give of my wife and girl." As to which it may be remarked that Mr. Sterne had not even now, among his country friends acquired that character of neglectful husband and father, otherwise they would not have "bored"

him with such family details. "Mrs. Sterne says her purse is light," the same letter goes on—"will you, dear sir, be so good as to pay her ten guineas, and I will reckon with you when I have the pleasure of meeting you." Again, to a Yorkshire lady, he writes concerning his wife and daughter: "The latter is to begin dancing, &c. If I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at least give her an education." That "&c." stands for many more things besides dancing, though put in that modest way by Mr. Sterne. One of the most amiable men living—perhaps the first of naturalists—has told the writer of these pages how, at the gay York balls, his father had often led out Miss Lydia Sterne for the dance.

This dissipation did not last very long after all, and the notoriety which Tristram brought him, together with his promotion to the curacy of Coxwold ("'tis seventy guineas a-year in my pocket, though worth a hundred"), showed that the jaunt up to London was not so imprudent a step. On the 21st of September, 1760, we find him writing from his new cure a pleasant sketch of his domestic life. "'Tis a very agreeable ride out *in the chaise I purchased for my wife*. *Lyd has a pony* which she delights in. Whilst they take these diversions I am scribbling away at my Tristram . . . My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters." It may be as well to note here another serious charge which has been made against Mr. Sterne, founded on this very passage,* viz., the impropriety of getting a young girl to copy such a book. But it so happens that the fifth and sixth books, upon which he was then at work, are the most harmless of the whole work, having not more than one or two doubtful passages, and those so disguised in asterisks, as to be incomprehensible, save to those who had graduated in the mysteries of *equivoque and double entendre*; besides this, the words are "helps" to copy, which qualification enabled him to find her services useful, without endangering the delicacy of girlhood.

In the beginning of the following

year we find Mr. Sterne at Paris—in the vortex of that gay capital's attractions, but still "very ill, having broke a vessel in my lungs. Hard writing in the summer, together *with preaching*, is ever fatal to me; but I cannot avoid the latter yet." This letter is addressed to a person of quality, Lady D——; and still he contrives to make mention of his family. "I shall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, else my stay could not be so long." But this was a mere *façon*, says Mr. Sterne's opponents, to get credit for the social virtues with fashionable Lady D——. No; for take his April letter of the same year, to Mr. Garrick, and we find the little plan mapped out quite distinctly. His Lyd has been "martyred" with a sad asthma; change of air will do it good. So they shall join him at Paris (it must be recollected what a troublesome business this would be, considering that the countries were not on terms of peace); they were to stay with him a month in the gay capital, and all "decamp together for the south of France." This was not so bad for the careless, thoughtless husband. Before May the travellers are getting ready to set out from York, and this dissipated, neglectful parent and husband, for whose portrait the Duke of Orleans was then asking, whose every moment is absorbed by the great, the noble, and the witty of Paris, finds time to write anxious letters, each following upon the heels of its predecessor, and filled with superfluous, minute directions for the journey. He is anxious about the dresses which they shall buy on reaching Paris, and is quite up in millinery learning; has made inquiries from fashionable Paris friends. "Lydia must have two slight *negligées*." Painted linens are to be bought. Altogether he calculates the expense of equipments at sixty guineas. He draws a pleasant little picture of their travelling in the chaise to the south. That vehicle properly only holds two; but there is a contrivance, called "a cave," which "lets the person who sits over against you down with his knees to your ancles, and by which you have all the more room. Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns. Sometimes I shall take a *bilet* (a little post horse) and scamper before; at other times I shall sit *in fresco* upon the arm-chair,

without doors, and one way or another will do very well."

That breaking a vessel in his lungs was too serious a business to be neglected—not, certainly, by one who had "bled the bed full," and who had "to lie speechless three days" upon his back, before he recovered. So in August the whole family are comfortably established in a little paradise of a French villa, at Toulouse. He has got "a good cook;" his wife, "a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good looking *laquais*."

The lively Yorick was bored to death in that dull provincial place. "If I do not mind," he writes, "I shall grow most stupid and sententious." Miss Lydia is "hard at it" all this time learning her music and dancing, with French masters, &c.; Her good-natured father spared her nothing. "I propose," he goes on, "to spend two or three months at Barège, or Bagnières; but my dear wife is against all schemes of additional expenses, which wicked propensity, though not of despotic power, yet I cannot suffer, though, by-the-by, *laudable enough*." This was written to the Rev. Mr. Hall Stevenson, one of "the jolly set," who knew the mysteries of Mr. Sterne's household perfectly, and, perhaps, knew Mr. Sterne himself, having been boys together, better than any other man of his time. On Stevenson, therefore, it would have been idle to palm any false plating of conjugal complaisance; and Sterne well knowing this speaks to him with the strongest frankness.

But Mrs. Sterne had her way. We find this tyrannical husband still moping in dull provincial Toulouse at the very end of June of the following year.

By October they have migrated to Montpellier, another Slough of Despond, but recommended by its excellent air, and, perhaps (to Mrs. Sterne) by its famous opportunities for economizing. They were to stop the whole winter in this locality; and he presently enters into speculations and plans touching the future. After that winter's probation he thinks he will set out in the spring for England, "where my heart has been this six months"—and we can believe him. "My wife and daughter purpose to stay a year at least behind me." That

was written in the October; and in the February following he is getting ready for the journey. "My wife returns to Toulouse. I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church in Yorkshire." Then follows a memorable bit of philosophy. "We all live the longer—at least, the happier—for having things our own way. This is my conjugal maxim. I own 'tis not the best of maxims; but I maintain 'tis not the worst." And presently he adds—"My wife chooses to go to Montauban rather than stay here, in which *I am truly passive*." And again—"My wife returns to Toulouse, and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnières."

It is plain there is an *aigre* tone and soreness in these passages, which, translated, signifies there had been a dispute between Mr. and Mrs. Sterne as to their place of residence. Such things have happened before and will happen again, even between clergymen and their wives. The world knows nothing of the merits of the business; but it is possible, on the facts before us—rather, on one small fact—to hazard a guess as to who was in the right. Had not Mr. Sterne been now absent from England fully two years, and surely that sacred "wife" of his in Yorkshire had some small claim upon his attention. His health was tolerably restored, and the agreeable Yorick, if he looked for further preferment, and consequent provision for his wife and daughter, had best not keep his brilliancy entombed under a bushel in obscure French towns.

Taking her for all in all, is it uncharitable to conjecture that Mrs. Sterne was a good, well-meaning, but sadly plain and humdrum, sort of person—just the disposition that would fret and tease the irregular genius she called her husband. Eccentric genius has somehow the knack of getting yoked to such counter-irritants, who—from no fault of theirs, poor souls! but of their proper nature—do chafe and stimulate their wilder partners. By her he was not understood—perhaps from a fault on his side, for his nature was scarcely domestic. That humdrum element in her made him impatient. The old story of the fashionable husband going abroad into gay circles and the wife sitting at home in self-inflicted

dulness, repeats itself over and over again. Was there not a certain poet of all circles—dead but yesterday—the most delightful company in the world, who went abroad into those circles ceaselessly, and left behind him one Bessie, to sulk and sit up for him by the fire; only that she wisely took the matter very gently and uncomplainingly. Are there, or have there been, in the long, weary calendars of fashionable life, no husbands addicted to clubs and routs, and to hearing of the chimes at midnight, with patient wives waiting for them at home, that we now lift up our hands and cry fie! and shame! on a man whom nature and the world had spoiled for domesticity, and made irregular.

Of Mr. Sterne's wedded life, which was twenty-seven years long, we have now accounted for twenty-three—and satisfactorily, it is hoped. There remain but four, which, for the sake of previous good conduct, have a title to be dealt with leniently. He is now living in York by himself, and we shall see how carefully he bethinks him of those who are living far away from him, in a foreign country. "Tell your mother," he writes to Lydia, "that I hope she will write to me; and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia. Kiss your mother for me, and believe me, &c."

Very carefully did he continue to furnish them, not merely with such unsubstantial means of support as kisses, but perpetual remittances—going in debt, and drawing on his bankers in advance, for their benefit. He allowed them 5,000 livres a-year, not very regularly paid, it is likely, but a very handsome allowance, considering his means, and the singular cheapness of living in France. At Toulouse they had a charming hotel near the town, with the use of a country house and gardens, both well furnished, gardener supplied—all for the sum of thirty pounds a-year! Every thing else "very, very cheap."

It would be wearisome taking the reader through the series of letters which follow, mostly addressed to M. Panchaud, the well-known Paris banker. They are all to the one tune. In September—"I had this week a letter from Mrs. S——, in which she tells me she has occasion for fifty

pounds immediately: will you send an order to your correspondent, &c.; but, as her purse is low, for *God's sake* write *directly*." In November, he has sent "ten days ago a bank bill of thirty pounds, and this post one of sixty . . . and if my wife should have occasion for fifty louis let her not wait a minute." That same month he writes again to let Mrs. Sterne have more money if she wants it. He is anxious, too, that Mrs. Sterne shall have "her two volumes of *Tristram*." In 1765 (the following year), he is setting out for Italy—by no means a frivolous excursion. He was going to "spring game" in that country—to look for adventure and travel—his treatment of which, in the Shandean manner, the public had learned to relish in the later volumes of *Tristram*. His old enemy, too, seemed to be pushing him hard "This plaguy cough of mine seems to gain ground, and will bring me to my grave in *spight* of me; but while I have strength to run away from it I will. I have been wrestling with it these twenty years past . . . but my antagonist presses closer than ever." But the winter was on him before he could get away; and at the end of December he is still at Cox-would. He had best have taken wing long before—"to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced."

Before starting he had paid into his London agent's hands the handsome sum of £600, as a rest for his own and Mrs. Sterne's expenses, and advises his Paris banker of the same. All along the stages of his journey—from *Turin*—from *Florence*—he encloses letters for Mrs. Sterne. From Naples, he begins a letter—"I desire Mrs. Sterne may have what cash she wants. . . . The beginning of March be so kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin with."

In May of this year he is returning through France from this Italian tour, and goes out of his way to seek his wife and daughter. They meet again after the separation of a year. "Poor woman! she was very cordial, &c." (how comically read those "&c.'s" of Mr. Sterne), "and begs to stay another year or so . . . I shall live these ten years, my Antony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that ac-

count." As it was, poor Yorick's span was nearly run out, and it is pleasing to read of such returning warmth between those who, after all, only misunderstood each other. Perhaps the sight of that poor shrunken frame, with the fatal consumptive mark on his cheek, may have touched the "*poor woman*," and prompted her to sink little differences for the short time they would be in the world together. He is with them but a short while, and posts it home to York; whence he writes again, and on financial matters. "Mrs. S—— writes me word she wants fifty pounds, which I desire you will let her have . . . I have such an entire confidence in my wife, that she expends as little as she can, though she is confined to no particular sum; her expenses will not exceed three hundred pounds a-year, unless in ill-health or a journey, and I am very willing she should have it; and you may rely, in case "it ever happens that she should draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand will be punctually paid." Mrs. Sterne is very ill, too, and on that score, "having paid the last fifty pounds into Mr. Selwyn's hands, I beg you to send her thirty guineas more." This was in October; but at the end of the next month a letter reaches Mr. Sterne "with the pleasing tidings," that she is out of danger. She has hired a chateau near the famous fountain of Vaucluse, "with seven rooms of a floor half furnished with tapestry, half with blue taffety; the permission to fish, and to have game (so many partridges a-week), and the price—guess!—sixteen guineas a-year!—there's for you Panchaud!" There, indeed! It is unparalleled in the books of house-letting. It is curious how Mrs. Sterne could have had need of so much money, which the thoughtful husband, in that same letter, provides she shall have. "About the latter end of next month my wife will have occasion for a hundred guineas, and pray be so good, my dear sir, as to give orders that she may not be disappointed." She, too, good soul, had her little amusements, and was setting off to spend her Christmas carnival at Marseilles. At which city she spent nearly two months; and before she leaves it Mr. Sterne takes care to have a hundred louis remitted to her.

Writing a fortnight later to his daughter, it appears that more is required ; for he asks "why do you say that your mother wants money. Whilst I have a shilling, shall you not both have ninepence out of it ? I think if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours." Neither did he : and the mother and daughter went about gaily, and pitched their tents, for variety sake, in different spots up and down the country.

A year has now gone since seeing his wife and daughter, and it is now run to April, 1767. Mr. Sterne is writing to his Lydia from his Bond-street lodgings, and tells her how he has lost a sum of fifty pounds ; then proceeds in this strain—"I am unhappy ; thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such a destitution. For God's sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation." A reasonable importunity. He was now ill again, with death "knocking at his door," and his body "worn down to a shadow." By July they are setting out ; she draws for fifty louis at Paris for travelling expenses.

He is bad again with a spitting of blood, yet writes cheerfully to Lydia, and lays out in his own pleasant way a picture of their fireside. "My poor cat sits purring beside me. Your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of the fire ; but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused." They are to "buy whatever they want at Paris ; 'tis an occasion not to be lost ; so write to me from Paris that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise, with my long-tailed horses." They shall find a letter waiting for them at Paris. "Adieu, dear Lydia, believe me what I ever shall be, your affectionate father, L. Sterne."

On the 2nd of October they arrive, and we find the Reverend Laurence announcing the circumstance with great jubilee in all his letters. "My girl has returned an elegant, accomplished little slut. My wife—but I hate to praise my wife ; 'tis as much as decency will allow to praise my daughter." To his friends, the Jameses, he writes in raptures of his daughter. "She is a dear, good

creature, affectionate and most elegant in body and mind ; she is all that heaven could give me in a daughter—but like other blessings, not given, but *lent*. For her mother loves her, and this dear part of me must be torn from me to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers . . . for she is as accomplished a slut as France can produce." There is a significant postscript which illustrates that view of Mrs. Sterne's character, we offered just now ; it just hints to us that she had that cold unsympathizing nature, which, though based on a strict moral feeling, and, therefore, not approving where it thinks it may not conscientiously, becomes the most fatal hindrance to conjugal harmony. Most difficult of all tasks is it to disguise the censor under the wife ; some little hypocrisy and finessing is almost justifiable in this regard. "My 'Sentimental Journey' will please Mrs. J—and my Lydia. *I can answer for those two.*" This pointed exclusion of Mrs. Sterne seems to show that she looked coldly on that famous Journey, and its tone. It is presently December the 7th, and they are still with him. "I have great offers, too, in Ireland. The bishops of C. and R. are both my friends, but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. S. and my Lydia could accompany me thither . . . Mrs. S.'s health is insupportable in England ; she must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it. My heart bleeds L—e, when I think of parting with my child"—and so this affectionate parent runs on descanting tenderly on the virtues of this favourite child. This burst of genuine feeling, "my heart bleeds, &c.," was written to one of those choice familiars with whom he was wont to be Shandean, and by whom such a solemn tone might be but ill understood. Towards this Christmas, too, he was wretchedly ill ; he was "weak both in body and mind," and his friends, the Jameses, in Gerard-street, are warned they "will see him enter like a ghost." He has left Mrs. and Miss Sterne for a short while (not before he had been with them some three months), and had gone up to town to the Bond-street lodgings. With his good vicar-

age down at Coxwold, he had still taken for them a furnished house at York, where Miss Lydia might enjoy herself, and have her dancing.

On February the 20th he writes his last letter to Lydia, complaining wearily of his want of health. "Be not alarmed," he adds, with that affectionate thoughtfulness which seems always to have pervaded him, and which his enemies would christen sentiment, "*I think I shall get the better of it.*" Then he speaks calmly of the person whom he had chosen to be her guardian, not Mrs. Draper, in India, whom some unkind person had been suggesting he meant to consign her, but to Mrs. James. He alludes to this matter apparently much wounded, and it is not an unfair construction to suppose that it was Mrs. Sterne who was filling her daughter's mind with these apprehensions. "But I think, my Lydia, that thy *mother will survive me; do not deject her spirits with apprehensions on my account.*" Psha!—sentiment!—affectation! Scarcely, for his last sickness had already laid its gripe upon him. As he wrote, that poor, feeble chest (always the weakest portion of him) had nearly done with breaking of blood-vessels and hacking coughs. Most amiable does he appear in the last stage of all, sending her down little tokens in the shape of "a necklace and buckles, and the same to thy mother." Does it not seem only just that he who was all his life no more than an invalid, should have had those little follies and extravagancies extenuated and set to the account of infirmities? And that even if we take the harsher view, they should have been overlooked and gently tolerated by those whose lot was cast with his. A strange, flighty, irregular temperament, with excitable nervous system, rendered more excitable by constant disease, is not to be stretched to the same strict canons as more quiet and healthier natures. As he wrote himself in that last letter of his, "forget the follies which my heart," and he might have added his physical sufferings, "betrayed me into." One little question lifts very much from his shoulders this share of that charge of conjugal neglect. Why were not the wife and daughter, to whom, nearly a month before his

death, so plain an intimation of his danger had been given—why were they not about him, to tend and watch over the dying Yorick?—the poor spent Shandean whose torch was fast flickering out; and yet for such company he was longing. "I wish, tho', I had thee to nurse me; *but I am denied that.*" Denied it he was, until the 20th of March, when he quietly expired in his lonely Bond-street lodgings, without a friend near him, and a hired nurse rubbing away from his shrunk limbs the encroaching frosts of death.

It is hard to write down such a man a pantomimist and a tumbler; it is a cruel wronging of the dead to gibbet such a spirit as an "impostor" and dealer in sham sentiment, of whose good heart we have on record such certain proof; it is time that the old clumsy figure, with the painted cheeks and the affected leer, be cast down and knocked to pieces. Let there be an injunction to restrain the sale of the slides known as "Mr. Sterne in the Stereoscope," and all copies delivered up to be cancelled.

Even those light shifting traits—those little libels that have got afloat concerning him, testify somehow to his excellence. That scene we find in the Memoirs of M. Dutens, and which sets out so comically Mr. Sterne at a Paris dinner party, describing, with infinite humour and effect, the person and peculiarities of M. Dutens, not knowing that that gentleman was sitting opposite to him and listening. With the excruciating merriment of the company, which Mr. Sterne took to be merely homage to his powers of description, and so kept dealing out fresh quips and points more exaggerated than before. This scene, we say, is but a chapter from Tristram, and pre-eminently *Shandean*. 'Tis only a snatch of the man's famous humour—a knot in the bent twig that formed his mind. But the sequel, told specially to discredit him, namely—how, on this mistake being made known to him, he went to call on the gentleman, and loaded him with apologies, and embraced him with earnestness—seems specially honourable to his character. It would appear to be hinted there was a nervous anxiety of the consequences and cautious timidity, which suggested

this step ; to which there is one sufficient answer—that his cloth was his protection. When, through the carelessness of his curate, his parsonage house at Sutton is burnt to the ground, with all his furniture and books (a loss of nearly four hundred pounds), how amiably does he take the misfortune ; and when the luckless presbyter, who had fled, with his family, in terror of the consequences, is confounded by receiving a message to come and take up his residence with the rector he had so unwittingly injured. Again, early in life, when all his hopes of preferment rested upon his uncle, who, as an earnest of what he might do, got for him the Prebend of York, he did not scruple to break with this patron when he was “required to write party paragraphs in the newspapers.” His parishioners were always sending him in game and presents of vegetables, tolerably certain proof of their estimation. Finally, he had always an affection for animals and pets. No man so inclined can have a cold or cruel nature.

The sum of the whole, then, is this—Mr. Sterne was not a model clergyman. So had been unlawfully dealt with the Rev. Doctor Swift, D.S.P.D., perhaps the excellent Dr. Warburton, with a host of other stormy clergymen. Such have to fight their whole lives long, struggling with their

canonicals. The robes get about their limbs and hamper them. Of such was Mr. Sterne, more to his misfortune than to his fault. He was a flirting clergyman, too, that loved ladies’ society ; and yet, during his five-and-twenty or thirty years of sacerdotal life, he was not absent from his parochial duties, adding all his excursions together, more than four years, which, too, must be set to the account of his ill health. Preaching, it will be admitted, was not a fit exercise for a man who was periodically breaking vessels in his lungs. We must think, too, of his temptations, for no man in his position was ever more beset with temptations. From his youth, when he was reared with a dissolute clergyman and neighbour, and whom he never could after shake off, to the infidel and licentious coteries of Paris, into which, by his talents and genius, he was necessarily flung, his whole life was a snare. His head went nigh to being turned with praise. He was bid for, as we have seen, in dinners a fortnight deep. In short, he was a thoughtless, careless, but well-meaning soul—an amiable eccentric, not too strict, as are never eccentrics—a weak, irresolute man ; yet full of amiability—one who would be good if he could—whose follies were of the heart and not of the head.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER X.

THE BARONESS GUNHILD KEMPERHIMMEL.

BERTEL ROVSING's melancholy, the offspring of disappointments and trials, and of hope deferred, was only temporarily checked by his visit to King's Cairn, and his singular interview there with Captain Vinterdalen. The ensuing day he brooded much over the questions of Vinterdalen and the vague ideas they excited; but although he racked his brain for images and memories of his childhood, he could neither recollect any thing explicatory of Vinterdalen's allusions, nor could he remember when or where (if ever) he had seen the Captain before. This mental research had the unhappy effect of recalling too vividly to mind his childish sorrows, and the distresses and miseries of his youth and early manhood, and the consequence was that they speedily re-acted on his morbidly sensitive temperament, and once more he became a supremely miserable man. When these dark fits of mental anguish came over him he shrank from all contact with his fellow beings, and, secluded and solitary, tortured himself with vivid reminiscences of every sorrow and trial he had experienced, every folly and sin he had committed, and with the wildest and most fearful anticipations of what the future might have in store. He wilfully shrouded his soul in thick darkness, and no spark of hope, no gleam of heavenly light could penetrate the self-woven web of misery and despair. His anguish was heightened by the ever-present consciousness that he was wicked and ungrateful towards both God and man by thus nourishing the hell-born vipers which gnawed his heart. Either normally, or as the result of long years of sinful indulgence in dark thoughts and wretched broodings o'er his unhappy lot, his intellect had undoubtedly become to some extent clouded, and his brain diseased, yet ever and anon the noble nature of the man burst the bonds of mental thralldom, and triumphed glowingly over every Satanic impulse and influence. On

the present occasion he struggled in vain against the evil spirit which enthralled him, and at length yielded inertly to its fiendish power, as though he felt that his good angel had for a time utterly abandoned him. He thought of the scene of conjugal happiness he had witnessed at the Cairn, and how hopeless it was for him to indulge in the idea that he, too, might in time become as happy a husband and proud a father as Vinterdalen. He almost cursed the hour when he first met with Olüfina, and bitterly bewailed his hapless fate and her own.

"Why did I win her love?—why link her destiny with mine?" moaned he. "She was happy as the lark which carols amid the sunlit clouds floating above the summer's mead, ere she saw me. I knew that inexplicable curse was upon me. I knew my mysterious Destiny forbade me ever to expect happiness on earth—and yet I selfishly bound up her life with mine. She must now share my misery—share my fate. Knowing what the past has been, I can dimly conjecture what the future must and will be. Woe is me! Why was I born?—why do I live?—Do I fear death? Why should I fear him? Can he be more cruel unto me than life?"

His wretchedness only increased with the flight of time. The morning of the third day subsequent to Captain Vinterdalen's return, he was half-maddened with self-inflicted misery. Life itself had now grown hateful to him, and a morbid desire to seek refuge in the coward's last resource gnawed his very soul. Thus he sat, a picture of inert, wicked despair, when roused by a loud knocking at the door. He heeded it not, until it was again and again renewed, and then, with an imprecation, he arose, and dashing back the bolts, threw the door wide open with a stamp of his foot, and a bitter reckless sneer on his lips. To his surprise he beheld a servant, attending a richly-dressed lady, who stepped forward,

and in a few words informed him that whilst passing through the town she had casually learnt that a painter of talent resided in the old castle, and she had therefore called to request to be favoured with a view of his pictures—adding that she might possibly become a purchaser.

The young man seemed bewildered by this address. Never before had any individual above the middle class crossed his threshold, but the present visitor was evidently of rank. Indeed, she was the Baroness Gunhild Koem-perhimmel, wife of a nobleman distinguished for his liberal and discriminating patronage of native artists, and it was probably the amiable desire of giving pleasure to her lord by introducing to his notice the young painter of Svendborg Castle, that had induced her to make this visit. Bertel stammered a few words of assent, and the Baroness, ordering her servant to remain without, entered the studio.

"Ah, what a romantic old studio you have!" exclaimed she, casting a quick searching glance around. The Baroness was an exceedingly noble-looking woman, apparently about the age of five-and-thirty, and there was something peculiarly winning in her bearing, and in the sweet accents of her voice.

"It is both my studio and my home, madame," bitterly answered the young painter; "and I probably shall never have a better until I get my six feet of earth!"

The lady started at this strange speech, and cast a scrutinizing glance at the painter. She seemed to divine his character, intuitively, and gently answered—

"No one can tell what the future may bring forth."

"I will bring forth nothing but misery for me!"

"It is wrong, sir, to say that," gravely replied she. "I myself had once more reason to say so than you."

"Impossible, madame!"

"You know not what you say, sir. But permit me to examine your works."

She paused before a cartoon, and made a few brief remarks which evidenced that she well understood the principles of art.

"Ah," said she, passing on to a wild conception on a large sheet of canvas, "there is genius in this—although

misdirected. But what have we here? A lovely face! An ideal?"

"No, madame, it is from life, but the lady never sat for it."

"So: she must have deeply impressed your fancy?" and the Baroness Gunhild glanced keenly at the young man.

Bertel blushed, bowed, and remained silent. It was a portrait of Olüfina.

One after another the visitor examined each of the many paintings, nearly all of which were more or less unfinished, and she made observations, sometimes disapproving, sometimes warmly admiring and praising, but every word thrilled the heart of the painter, for he felt that he listened, almost for the first time, to one who was capable of delivering sound judgment, and who spoke freely and sincerely.

"Pardon me, sir," said the Baroness, somewhat abruptly; "but are your parents living?"

"No, madame, I am a friendless orphan."

"Ah, I also have been both an orphan and friendless; yet I ever had a Father and a Friend in Heaven!"

The painter gazed at her as her eyes filled with tears, with a feeling of inexplicable sympathy.

The lady at this moment perceived the little domestic scene which Bertel had himself destroyed in his frenzy on the night of the storm. She gently drew the fractured portions of canvas to their proper positions without any interference on the part of Bertel, and then she thoughtfully examined the irreparably damaged painting.

"This *was* a gem," said she, "and I know one who would have given ample value for it, had it not been thus ruined. How did this accident happen?"

The inquiry was too much for Bertel. All his misery passed in review, and with a groan, he burst into tears.

"Sit down, my young friend," said the Baroness, in a soothing voice, and she gently forced him to obey her, whilst she seated herself by his side. She felt singularly attracted by the manner of the painter, and determined to learn his history. With the tact of an accomplished and kindly woman, she speedily drew from him the story of his life, since his arrival at Svendborg, for he declined to speak at all

of his career prior to that epoch. His toils, his struggles, his love for Olüfina, his poverty, his despair, all were revealed.

When he grew more composed the Baroness seriously spoke a few words to him, which caused his heart to swell and his eyes to flash. She appreciated his genius—she sympathized with his unrewarded toils—she would gain for him powerful patrons, and he should yet be happy!

"But what hidden picture is that?" and the Baroness pointed to a recess in the dense old wall, where the lower portion of a painting protruded from beneath a faded curtain of green silk.

"You shall see it, madame," and he promptly drew aside the curtain.

The painting revealed was beautifully executed, and represented a simple, yet touching scene. There was a wintry landscape and a snow-covered highway, on which stood an aged, blind man, with a young girl by his side. A little boy was offering a cake to the old man, who was represented in the act of laying his withered hand on the child's head, as though blessing him.

Hardly had the Baroness glanced at this, ere she started, became very pale, and gazed at it with absorbing emotion. The painter was amazed, and yet more so, when she exclaimed in a voice of extreme agitation—

"In the name of Heaven! sir, tell me what prompted you to paint that picture?"

"Madame!"

"Tell me, sir, is it a mere fancy of your brain, or can it be possible you ever beheld such a scene?"

"It is from life, madame—or rather, I ought to say from memory."

"From memory! How so?"

"I will tell you. Twenty-one years ago a happy child rambled one Christmas day some miles along the road leading from Randers to Viborg, in Jutland. That child was myself. I was then about four years of age. I met with an aged blind man, accompanied by a young girl, and both were in extreme distress. I heard them converse, and I understood that they even lacked bread. I had a cake—ah, madame, you are ill?"

"Go on, sir," ejaculated the Baroness Gunhild, with a great effort.

"Well, madame, I offered my little cake to the old man, and he accepted

it, and blessed me. I cannot remember his words, but I know that he blessed me. The incident made such an impression, that, young as I was, I never forgot it, and I recently painted this picture to preserve it green in my memory. The figures are represented as nearly like what I can remember as my art could compass."

"That picture," cried the Baroness with vehemence, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, "is mine, and a thousand dalers are yours!"

"Oh, madame!" stammered Bertel.

"Listen, sir!" and she tightly grasped the arm of the astonished painter. "You tell me that the aged pilgrim blessed you, but his words you do not remember. I do! He said you had that day cast your bread upon the waters, and he prayed the Almighty that after many days it might return to you again. It has returned to you on this day, after one-and-twenty years have sped, for God has directed me here to fulfil the promise of His holy word. Know, young man, that I was the girl, and that aged man was my grandfather—or, as I have now reason to believe, one who only assumed that relationship. I was then a poor orphan—I am now the wife of a nobleman. Your fortune and your happiness are henceforth my care!"

"O, madame!—my God, what is it I hear?"

"Words of truth, young man: a promise which shall be sacredly fulfilled as surely as I live."

"O, O!" cried the agitated painter, clasping his hands together with a great sob, "and this happiness is vouchsafed me at the very moment when I madly imagined that God himself had forsaken me, and when I wickedly arraigned His infinite justice, His all-embracing providence, and was almost tempted to impiously rush unbidden to His awful presence!"

"Ah," said the Baroness, tenderly, yet solemnly, "surely thou never will again mistrust the sleepless providence of thy Creator, nor arraign His sovereign wisdom in the inscrutable disposition of events? Heaven and earth shall sooner pass away than that one jot or tittle of God Almighty's sacred promises should fail of ultimate realization."

"I see!—I believe!" ejaculated Bertel. "And, oh! never more will I murmur against my Maker's will,

nor yield to a sinful retrospect of the past, and yet more sinful forebodings of the future!"

"Amen!" fervently cried the Baroness. "We must not part at present. Compose yourself, my dear young friend, and come with me."

"To the end of the world, if you wish it, madame!" enthusiastically exclaimed the impressionable painter—ever (true child of genius!) constitutionally prone to extremes of evil or good, sorrow or joy, grovelling despair, or ecstatic hope.

CHAPTER XI.

A COLLOQUY AT KING'S CAIRN.

"O, I am so thankful, Vinterdalen, that you had not to bring your ship to a Baltic port this voyage!"

So spake Amalia Vinterdalen to her husband, as they sat together in their luxurious little parlour, which was carpeted and otherwise furnished in the English fashion, in deference to the acquired tastes of the Captain. The long gloaming of a Danish autumn evening had at length died away, and a cold rising wind eddied around the exposed villa, but it only increased the feeling of comfort experienced in the brilliantly-lighted and closely-shuttered room.

This was the third evening since Captain Vinterdalen had returned home, and hitherto he had not once quitted the Cairn, avowing that he was much too happy in the society of his wife and boy to care to go an inch beyond the shadow of his dwelling. The only visitor to the household during this period had been Mads Neilsen, who came regularly in the morning and evening of each day, with an offering of fresh-caught fish, and was invariably welcomed and hospitably entertained by Captain Vinterdalen.

"So thankful! Why?"

"O, because that terrible Rover, Lars Vonved, has been frightfully active of late."

"Ay?"

"Yes; have you not heard that he still pursues his wicked career? and his very name strikes terror in the breasts of our honest seafaring countrymen. His last exploit—the explosion of the Falk—surely you have heard of that?"

"I have read about it in *Fœdrelandet*."

"Is it not indescribably awful? O, what a demon, what an incarnate fiend that Vonved must be!"

"Do you really think so, Amalia?"

"Think so! ah yes! and everybody thinks and says so. Don't you?"

"Not precisely," replied Captain Vinterdalen, with a curious smile. "It is not charitable to believe all the evil attributed by rumour to any living being."

"Why, Vinterdalen," cried his wife, "I do declare you are almost as provokingly sceptical as Mads Neilsen! Mads actually pretends that he does not even believe that Vonved is a corsair at all!"

"Mads is a remarkably sensible fellow. I am myself very much of his opinion."

"O, come, Vinterdalen, you should not jest on such a horrible subject. What would become of you were Vonved to capture your ship as he has done so many others?"

"I am not afraid that such a calamity will ever befall me."

"Who knows? You may have to navigate the Baltic by-and-by, and if that merciless Rover should board you"——

"We shall clink glasses together, and drink to a longer acquaintance."

"O me! how can you laugh and chuckle at such a dreadful idea?"

"Why not, Amalia? Do you think Lars Vonved would refuse to pledge an honest mariner?"

"He pledge! They say he scuttles every ship he seizes, after making the crew walk the plank!"

"They say that, do they? And who are *they*?"

"Why, the newspapers, and the people, and—everybody!"

"Everybody but Mads Neilsen, eh?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Why, then, this terrible Lars Vonved must be very little better than a pirate?"

"Pouf! you know well enough that he is the most atrocious pirate,

corsair, sea-monster, who ever sailed the salt seas?"

"So?"

"Yes, so! Captain Wilhelm Vinterdalen!"

"Don't pout, Amalia mine! By my troth, I should like to hear more about this Lars Vonved—pirate, corsair, sea-monster, as you describe him to be! What sort of a man is he? Does he at all resemble—myself, for example?"

"Heaven forbid! But I know nothing about his personal appearance."

"No? Well, does he sail under a black flag, decorated with a death's head and cross-bones?"

"O, I know nothing about his flag—though it cannot be blacker than his heart!—but I do know that if you jest much longer in that way I shall be exceedingly angry with you. Ah, Vinterdalen," added she, tenderly, "little did I imagine what it is to be a seaman's wife when I married you! You don't know what sleepless nights I have lately passed, listening to every roar of the surf on the beach, and every howl of the wind, thinking of the danger in which you might then be in; and since I read that hideous narrative in *Fœdrelandet*, I have thrice awoke in the dead of the night, almost shrieking with horror, because I dreamt that you had been captured by the blood-thirsty Baltic Rover!"

Captain Vinterdalen made no immediate response, but gazed steadily at his wife, and the longer he gazed the more inexplicable grew the expression of his countenance. Fond, grateful love, painful reminiscences and misgivings, and something altogether undefinable, all were betokened by his mobile features and eloquent eyes.

He spoke after a prolonged pause.

"Amalia," said he, and there was no longer a trace of badinage or railery in his grave tone; "do you indeed believe that this Lars Vonved is the monster popularly represented?"

"Surely I do!"

"I am sorry—very sorry for it."

"What! Do you not believe it is true that Vonved is an atrocious miscreant?"

"No."

"A corsair—a pirate?"

"No."

"An outlaw?"

"Yes."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing worse, I hope."

"And is not that bad enough?"

"Ay, truly it is."

"Come, Vinterdalen," laughed Amalia, "I am at any rate glad you admit Vonved to be an outlaw."

"Yes, he is an outlaw, and do you not pity him?"

"Pity him? No! I pity his innocent victims a million times more."

"His victims? Who are they?"

"I marvel you can ask such a question so gravely, Vinterdalen! Who are they? Why, the honest seamen he has murdered, the wives he has widowed, the children he has rendered orphans, the merchants he has ruined—they are his victims!"

Captain Vinterdalen's eyes gleamed strangely as he listened to these passionate words of his wife, and he appeared to control with difficulty the rising emotions of his soul. Deliberately uttered was his response—calm and yet most mournful and touching were its tones.

"And so," said he, "because Rumour attributes to Lars Vonved the commission of atrocities of which he is incapable, you, even you, a gentle, generous-minded lady, give full credence to all that is laid to his charge. Ay, without inquiry, without reflection, without examination, you hesitate not to brand Vonved as a monster, a demon, a fiend incarnate!"

"Vinterdalen!" ejaculated Amalia, "what do you mean? And why do you look at me in such a way? I only have said that of Lars Vonved which all the world says."

"All the world!" bitterly reiterated Vinterdalen. "All the world says that Vonved is a corsair, a pirate, a remorseless murderer, a monster who daily violates the laws of God and man! And *you* echo what all the world says of him?"

"O Himlen! Vinterdalen, you frighten me with your look and your words!"

"Lars Vonved," resumed Vinterdalen, speaking in a very slow, emphatic way, and dropping his words as though each was given on solemn oath, "is neither better nor worse than myself."

"O, Vinterdalen, how can you speak such horrid nonsense?"

"It is only nonsense, if truth is nonsense. I know Lars Vonved as well as you, my wife, know me."

Madame Vinterdalen uttered an ejaculation of terror and amazement, and gazed at her husband with an expression of vague alarm, mingled with some faint lingering trace of incredulity.

"You actually know the pirate Vonved?"

"No, I do not know the pirate Vonved," said Vinterdalen, with a sad and bitter smile, "but I know the outlaw Vonved. He is an outlaw and a sea-rover, but not a corsair, not a pirate."

"What is the difference? Is not a rover a pirate?"

"No; a pirate is a rover, but it does not necessarily follow that a rover is a pirate. Some rovers are pirates, but Vonved is not one."

"And you have seen him—have spoken with him?"

"His voice is as familiar to my ears as your own, my wife."

"You speak of him as if he were even a friend?"

"He is a friend."

"A friend of yours? O, surely never!"

"Ay, a friend of mine, an old friend, a friend every event of whose life is known unto me."

"O, this is dreadful!" agitatedly exclaimed Amalia. "You are, you must be in danger yourself! O, how little did I dream of this!"

"In danger because I have confessed to my wife that I am an old friend of Lars Vonved? By my troth! do you threaten to turn traitor?"

"Are there not others besides me, who know of your friendship with him?"

"None whom I fear—not one whom I mistrust more than my wife!"

"By what fatality did you become acquainted with this wicked, this miserable outlaw?"

"Our acquaintance is of a very old date. I knew him long before he was either a miserable or wicked man, or a hunted outlaw."

"And yet you have hitherto kept all this a secret from me!" cried Madame Vinterdalen, reproachfully.

"It may be that it were better if I had still permitted you to remain ignorant of the fact," thoughtfully responded the Captain.

"No, Vinterdalen, I do not think that. You ought not to have kept such a secret from me. I am your wife and have a right to share your confidence: you will never find me unworthy of it."

"I am sure I never shall, Amalia."

"Then tell me all about your knowledge of the history of this rover, who, whether guilty or innocent, has earned such fearful renown."

"Ah, you would indeed pity rather than condemn him—you would admit that he is more sinned against than sinning, if you only knew the true story of his life."

"Then tell it me! Not one syllable of it shall ever be repeated by me to living being, without your permission."

"You may repent having made this request, Amalia."

"No, that I shall not!"

"I would I were sure of that."

"I am sure!"

"Why?"

"Because I know—because I *feel* so!"

"A true woman's reason!" and he smiled, but his smile was mournful and abstracted.

"Come, Vinterdalen, begin! for you have excited my curiosity to such a degree that I shall never rest until you tell me all about your friend the pirate—no, rover, I mean!—Lars Vonved."

"Ah, it is a long story."

"So much the better! for we have a long night before us, and we shall not be disturbed, for Wilhelm has thoroughly tired himself with play to-day, and has gone early to bed. Now, Captain Wilhelm Vinterdalen, spin your seaman's yarn! and I'll promise you an attentive listener."

Madame Vinterdalen spoke with an assumed air of cheery light-heartedness, but in reality she was very much disturbed, and nervously anxious to learn the true history of the Baltic Rover, since she now was for the first time cognizant of the (to her) alarming fact that her husband was an intimate personal friend of that outlaw of terrible celebrity. Vinterdalen looked at her with a keen and thorough appreciation of what was passing in her mind, and a twitching of the corners of his lips seemed to indicate that he felt a painful degree of reluctance to tell her what he knew.

"Be it so, Amalia: be it so, my wife!" exclaimed he. "I verily little thought this night that I should relate unto thee the story of Lars Vonved; but what is said is said, and it may be the will of Heaven that what I have never yet breathed unto thee shall now be fully revealed."

He spoke in a subdued, yet peculiarly solemn and tender tone, that vibrated to the heart's core of his

wife. She shuddered, she knew not why, as she tremblingly cried—

"In the name of Heaven, then, confide all thou knowest of that man to the wife of thy bosom, Vinterdalen!"

"I will, Amalia! I will, my wife! Thou shalt know the true story of Lars Vonved—and may God incline thine heart to judge him mercifully!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRUE STORY OF LARS VONVED.

"OUR Danish monarchy," commenced Captain Vinterdalen, "is, thou knowest, one of the most ancient in Europe, and its greatest dynasty was that founded by Sven Magnus Estritson, in 1047. Sven had noble successors in Knut [Canute] and Valdemar the Great. The sixth Knut and the second Valdemar conquered great possessions on the shores of the Baltic, but King Valdemar II. was at length defeated, taken prisoner himself, and his conquests in Courland and elsewhere wrested from him by his German enemies. His native kingdom of Denmark was so shaken and weakened, that in 1241, he divided it among his sons—an unwise arrangement, which naturally led to internecine wars. At length it came to pass that"——

"What is all this you are saying, Vinterdalen?" interrupted his wife in a tone of surprise and vexation. "You promised to relate the true story of Lars Vonved, and instead of that you begin to narrate passages from our Danish Chronicles, about the kings of the grand old race which ceased to reign long centuries ago!"

"Precisely," replied Vinterdalen, with much composure. "And unless you carefully bear in mind what I have just said, and what I shall further say of the royal line of Valdemar, be assured that you cannot understand the history of the man Lars Vonved."

"Pouf! Whatever connexion can there possibly exist between the old kings of Denmark and Lars Vonved the living rover?"

"An intimate connexion, as you will speedily comprehend, if you will only quietly listen."

"Well, it may be so. Go on, then, only pray don't tantalize me with old-

world traditions any longer than you can help."

"When Olaf IV.," resumed Captain Vinterdalen, "died, Margaret, a daughter of his grandfather Valdemar III., succeeded in ascending the throne in 1387, and that truly illustrious woman speedily raised Denmark to a pitch of grandeur and power it never had attained before, and probably never will again. Within one year after becoming queen regnant, she united Sweden to Denmark and Norway, having defeated the Swedes, whose king was slain in battle against her army. In 1397, the celebrated Treaty of Calmar solemnly ratified this union of the three Scandinavian kingdoms under one imperial sceptre, but the successors of Margaret the Great had neither her genius nor her good fortune, and at length the line of Valdemar ceased to reign. The Count of Oldenburg ascended the throne in 1488, as Christian I., and the House of Oldenburg continues to the present day the royal dynasty of our country. The line of Oldenburg soon lost Sweden, and"——

"Yes, yes, Vinterdalen! I know all about the history of our Valdemar and our Oldenburg sovereigns, and their conquests and their defeats, their acquisitions and their losses," again interrupted Amalia, "but, once more, what has all this to do with Lars Vonved?"

"I will tell you in a word, Amalia, since you are so impatient. Lars Vonved is a lineal descendant of Valdemar the Great, and he is the present legitimate head of that illustrious race of kings, princes, warriors, heroes."

"Lars Vonved! Vonved the outlaw! Vonved the rover!"

"The same."

"*He* the living head of the glorious line of Valdemar!"

"It is as true as the stars shine above us. In the veins of Lars Vonved flows the pure unadulterated blood of the royal and once mighty line of Valdemar—Denmark's ancient kings. And," added Captain Vinterdalen, in a singularly melancholy and bitter tone, "King Frederick knows it. Ay, he who now holds the sceptre swayed for centuries by the Valdemars, knows that his outlawed subject Lars Vonved is the undoubted heir of the kingly predecessors of his own ancestors!"

"O, Himlen!" ejaculated Madame Vinterdalen, now beginning to appreciate the startling new light thus thrown on the history of the outlaw Vonved; "can it be that our king indeed knows that?"

"Ay, that does he, as well as I know it myself!"

"It ought to have inclined his heart to pity and mercy."

"Pity and mercy! Ay, you may well say so, but the fact that the Rover is of the blood of Valdemar, only steels King Frederick's heart against him."

"But how is it that the legitimate heir of the line of Valdemar bears the name of Vonved?"

"Simply thus: The brother of King Valdemar III., married a Swedish princess whose family name was Vonved. She was the only child of the renowned Sven Vonved, a prince whose memory is yet cherished in the popular traditions and minstrelsy of his country, as he was unrivalled in his age for personal strength, valour, and generosity—manly qualities which ever render a prince the people's favourite. It was for reasons partly political, but principally for the sake of preserving to posterity the name of this great Swedish prince, arranged and solemnly stipulated at their marriage, that henceforth the family name to be borne by the eldest son (and the eldest son only) of the united race of Valdemar and Vonved, should be that of the latter. Queen Margaret the Great, a few years after she succeeded in uniting Sweden to her dominions, created her relative, the then Prince of Valdemar (who was the only living male descendant of their line and of that of Vonved),

Count of Elsinore, and this title, for reasons of a singular nature, was ever after the only one borne by the heirs of the race. When the Count of Oldenburg ascended the throne of Denmark in 1448, as Christian I., he was not unmindful of the proud claims of the sole surviving branch of his mighty predecessors, to be peculiarly honoured in the realm. He not only confirmed to the line the title of Count of Elsinore—a title of significance and grandeur, inasmuch as Elsinore is the key to the Baltic and all its kingdoms and powers—but he also bestowed on the count and his lineal legitimate heirs, in perpetuity, a certain portion of the revenues derivable from the Sound Dues at Elsinore, as a free gift from the crown, to enable the representatives of the illustrious race of Valdemar to uphold the dignity of their house with becoming splendour. This generous conduct of King Christian was warmly appreciated by the line of Valdemar. Not only did they forbear from disturbing the reign either of himself or of his successors by secret or open prosecution of claims to the throne, but they ever maintained the Oldenburg dynasty, and many of their race fought, bled, and died in its support. They nevertheless were not forgetful of their royal lineage, and even unto this present day only one of the Counts of Elsinore has married beneath his rank."

"That is to say," briskly cried Amalia, "only one has married a lady *not* of royal, or at least of princely blood. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes."

"And who was that one?"

"Lars Vonved himself."

"Lars Vonved! And *he* is the present Count of Elsinore?"

"He is."

"And is that unhappy man really married?"

"Ay."

"O, how I pity his wife!"

At this natural exclamation of Amalia, an expression of intense anguish flitted athwart the countenance of Captain Vinterdalen.

"Yes," continued he; "it is indeed true that Lars Vonved is the very first of his race who has married a lady beneath the rank of a princess; but, I believe, that not one of his ancestors wedded a nobler-minded woman, or one who would, under

happier auspices, have more worthily upheld her dignity as Countess of Elsinore."

"God help her," sighed Amalia; "what a fate must her's be, whoever she is!"

"You think she must necessarily be very miserable because she is the wife of Lars Vonved?"

"Miserable! Ah, me! my heart bleeds for her!" exclaimed Amalia, with deep womanly emotion.

"During the four centuries subsequent to the advent of the Oldenburg dynasty," continued Vinterdalen, "the patrimony of the Counts of Elsinore gradually grew less and less, and it was mainly expended in the cause of the royal line which succeeded that of Valdemar on the Danish throne. When Knut Vonved, the grandfather of Lars Vonved, became Count of Elsinore, on the death of his father, in 1765, the family property was almost entirely dwindled away, and little remained to uphold the dignity of the race of Valdemar but their share of the Sound Dues, which had become at least seven-fold as much as what it was when originally granted by Christian I. Count Knut Vonved had entered the army very early in life, and in 1766, when Christian VII. ascended the throne, the Count held the rank of a general. In 1772 occurred that infamous plot of the Queen mother and her son, Prince Frederick, who contrived to persuade the half-imbecile King that his young and innocent Queen, Matilda, sister of George III. of England, was conspiring with her alleged paramour, Count Struensee, the prime minister, to dethrone her husband. Queen Matilda was thereupon seized and closely imprisoned for some months in the castle of Kronborg, at Elsinore; and she would probably have been put to death had not her brother, the English King, demanded her liberation, and backed his demand with a powerful fleet. She was then sent to Zell, in Hanover, where she died broken-hearted three years subsequently. Count Struensee and his friend, Count Brandt, were mocked by a pretended trial and barbarously executed. All Denmark knew that they were perfectly guiltless; but such was the terror inspired by the policy and power of the malignant and merciless old Queen Dowager that hardly a voice was raised in

favour of her victims. One nobleman only had the courage to chivalrously assert their innocence and indignantly demand their honourable acquittal. He stood alone; but his was a protest of great moral force and significance, for he was the acknowledged head of the Danish nobility, and next in rank to the princes of the reigning royal family."

"He was the Count of Elsinore?"

"Yes. Knut Vonved, grandfather of Lars Vonved, was the man who thus openly braved the whole court in defence of helpless innocence!" and as he spake, Captain Vinterdalen's countenance glowed with singular pride.

"'Twas an act worthy of the fearless and generous blood of Valdemar!" exclaimed Amalia, warmly.

"Ay, and when Count Vonved found his intercession and appeal disregarded, he threw his general's commission at the feet of King Christian, as he sat in full council, and drawing his sword, he snapped its blade across his knee, solemnly swearing that never more would he serve a sovereign who had dishonoured his country by such an act of hellish injustice."

"Glorious fellow! Methinks his long line of kingly ancestors would look down with approval on the representative of their race, if it were permitted unto them!"

"Yes; Knut Vonved was not a degenerate descendant of Valdemar the Great; but dearly indeed did he and his eventually suffer for the manly part he took in defence of Queen Matilda and poor murdered Struensee and Brandt. At that time he was still in the prime of life, and his disposition was much too martial and energetic to permit him to languish in inactivity. As he had sworn never again to serve King Christian, he resolved to seek foreign service. He was the more determined to this step, because he had incurred the bitter hatred of the Queen mother, and of her son, the Crown Prince, Frederick, our present sovereign. Let me do justice to the latter. Count Knut Vonved himself believed that Prince Frederick, far from being the originator, was not even a voluntary prime mover in the infernal plot which blasted the reputation and destroyed the life of Queen Matilda. His wicked mother was the mainspring of the

plot, and the young prince weakly yielded to her influence, and lent himself to aid her in her design—the object of which was to secure to him the succession to the throne. Still, making every allowance for his youth, and his mother's pernicious influence over him, he was guilty of a foul and abominable crime in becoming an active accessory to the fiendlike scheme, unless, indeed (which is certainly possible), he actually believed, on the faith of his subtle mother's representations, that Queen Matilda and Count Struensee were really guilty. Be this as it may, Count Vonved boldly taxed him to his face with complicity in the monstrous plot, and told him that in his dying hour he would bitterly repent having thus dishonoured his family and his country. This, of course, incensed the Crown Prince against Vonved, and mutual expressions of acrimonious anger induced a violent personal quarrel; for the proud Count of Elsinore feared the face of no man upon earth, and holding himself, by birth and descent, the equal of Prince Frederick, it was with the spirit and freedom of an equal that he spoke his mind.

"From that hour the star of the House of Valdemar was eclipsed. Count Knut had married a Russian princess, who died five years subsequent to their union, leaving him two sons, the eldest of whom, Valdemar Vonved, was at this epoch only three, and Erik, the youngest, two years of age. Their father's resolution was speedily taken. He made arrangements with his friend, Baron Hindstrand, to receive the children and bring them up in his own family, and then he himself offered his sword to Catherine of Russia. That sagacious Empress received him with distinguished honour, and at once gave him a high command in her armies. She was prompted to this by various motives. Count Vonved was of a far loftier royal lineage than herself; he was a soldier of well-known ability and European renown; he was connected with her by his marriage; and last, though perhaps not least in the estimation of Catherine, he was personally a magnificent and exceedingly handsome man. He served with great distinction during several campaigns against the Turks and other nations on the south-eastern frontiers

of the Russian dominions, and was rapidly earning a brilliant name as a general, when a quarrel with, and the subsequent ceaseless animosity of one of the Empress's jealous favourites—the favourite of the day—compelled him to quit her service in disgust, although Catherine herself condescended repeatedly to request him to remain. He permanently returned to Denmark in 1783, having made almost yearly brief visits to it during the ten years of his service in Russia; and at every visit he found ample reason to be satisfied with the guardian of his boys, for Baron Hindstrand had sacredly discharged the important trust he had undertaken.

"In 1784, the miserable King Christian was officially declared insane, and thereupon Frederick, as the Crown Prince, assumed the Regency, which he held without an interval for twenty-four years, when, at the death of Christian, he mounted the throne of the country of which he had been so long the virtual sovereign. At this time, Count Knut's eldest son, Valdemar Vonved, was fifteen years of age, and Erik was fourteen. Count Vonved himself was now a middle-aged man, and he felt that his own active career as a soldier was terminated. The future of his sons was henceforth his chief care in life. He carefully tested their individual inclinations, and found that both were passionately desirous to embrace the profession of arms in the service of their native land. Valdemar Vonved particularly wished to enter the navy, somewhat to the disappointment of his father, who would have preferred that his eldest son, and the heir to his illustrious title, should have been a soldier, like himself and so many of their ancestors. Erik, on the other hand, longed to enter the army. The question was—would the Crown Prince consent to receive the sons of Count Vonved in his service after what had passed? Long did this question occupy the mind of the Count, and many a discussion had he on the subject with his intimate friends. He even wrote to the Empress of Russia, frankly stating his dilemma, and Catherine returned him a most friendly answer, assuring him of her undiminished friendship, and stating, that if the Regent of Denmark would not give commissions to his sons she

would do so, and would charge herself with their future advancement. But Count Vonved was peculiarly anxious that, if possible, his boys should at least commence life in the service of their native land ; and to insure this he, after many a pang, bowed his proud spirit to solicit an audience with the Crown Prince, whom he had never met since their angry rupture in 1772. Frederick accorded him an interview, listened coldly to his request, and declined to give an immediate reply. Within twenty-four hours, however, Count Vonved was summoned to the palace. In the interim the Crown Prince, yielding to the more generous impulses of his nature, and probably, also, materially influenced by the advice of his ministers, had resolved to receive the youths in his service as cadets in the professions they had respectively chosen. He personally announced this to Count Vonved, and said, that although past events would preclude him from ever giving the Count himself a command in his army, or a seat at his council-board, yet that should not operate to the disadvantage of his sons, whom he pledged his royal word to promote according to their merit. This gracious and unlooked for promise affected the stern old general exceedingly. He answered the Crown Prince that he sought nothing for himself, as he considered his martial career ended, although he could not help adding, with pardonable pride, that were he disposed to again seek active service, there were many foreign courts which would gladly receive the offer of his sword. But his ancestors had invariably commenced life in the service of their native sovereign, and he expressed his heartfelt gratitude that his sons would also be permitted to do so. Frederick made a suitable and not unfriendly reply, and the audience terminated. The friends of Count Vonved were now sanguine that, in course of time, a thorough reconciliation would ensue between him and the Regent ; but he himself had no such expectation, nor even desire, except for the sake of his sons.

"Valdemar Vonved was forthwith received as a midshipman in the Danish navy, and Erik entered the Royal Military College, to be educated for the army. At the expiration of a couple of years, Erik successfully

passed an examination and was presented with a commission in the artillery. His subsequent promotion kept pace with his merit, as Frederick had promised, for within ten years he attained the rank of colonel. His elder brother received a lieutenant's commission immediately after he had served the necessary length of time to qualify him for that rank, and by the close of the century he was a commodore. During this interval their father had lived in retirement, his chief happiness being derived from watching the progress of his beloved sons in their professions. He was now an old man, for in 1800 he completed his three score years and ten ; and yet, notwithstanding the many hardships he had undergone during his long and active military career, he was as strong and full of vitality as many men thirty years younger. Valdemar Vonved was now thirty-one, and Erik thirty years of age, and, according to all human probability, both of them might reasonably anticipate a long and honourable, if not a brilliant career. But it was not to be. Providence willed it otherwise, and in mercy, also, I have sometimes thought."

Here Captain Vinterdalen paused, and appeared for the moment profoundly abstracted.

"Did they die prematurely?" asked his wife, who had listened with gradually-increasing interest to the singular narrative.

"Ay ; if to be killed fighting in defence of their native country can properly be called a premature death."

"It is a glorious death !" warmly ejaculated Amalia ; "and whoever dies in such a sacred cause should not be lamented as having lived too short a span. He who is old enough to fight for his country is not too young to die for it—nor has he died too soon !"

"Nobly said, my wife ! Thou hast the heart and the spirit of a matron who may, by right divine, become mother of a race of patriot heroes !" and Captain Vinterdalen's eye kindled as he gazed at her with pride, love, and admiration—strangely dashed, however, with a tinge of melancholy and bitter remorse.

Amalia flushed brightly and proudly at this merited encomium from the lips of him whom she loved more than all the world—for was he not the husband on whose bosom she

slept, and the father of her boy?—but the next instant she sighed deeply, as she remembered how her father, Colonel Orvig, was killed fighting in defence of Copenhagen in 1807.

"Go on, Vinterdalen!" exclaimed she, in an eager, yet subdued, tone. "Tell me how Count Vonved's sons fought and fell, and—yes, above all, speak about Lars Vonved!"

Captain Vinterdalen drew a long, quivering breath, and, as it were, roused himself from the half-pleasant half-painful abstraction and reverie into which he had temporarily fallen.

"Ay, I will tell thee," said he; "and it may be that thy true woman's heart will throb with sympathy. It was of Valdemar Vonved and Erik that I last spake. I said that up to the year 1800, each had prospered well in his profession. In his twenty-third year Valdemar married, with the full approval of his father, the youngest daughter of Prince Otteraa."

"Otteraa! Surely I have heard of him? He was a Swedish prince!"

"He was; and, in the female line, he was directly descended from the illustrious monarch, Gustavus Vasa. But the house of Otteraa is now entirely extinct. The prince in question was the last male of the race; and of his three daughters two died unmarried, and the youngest became the wife of Valdemar Vonved, as I have said. She brought no dower whatever to her husband, for her father had none to bestow. Count Vonved, however, was mightily pleased with the love-match of his eldest-born—for a love-match it was—his pride of race being gratified at the thought that a descendant of Sweden's mighty patriot-hero and monarch was united to the heir of the line of Valdemar of Denmark. He cared not for her poverty, proudly declaring that his son could always worthily maintain the dignity of their united race with his sword alone. One child only was born to the young couple; and the mother died in giving him birth, on the third anniversary of her marriage day."

"Ah!" cried Madame Vinterdalen, with much emotion; "and this boy?"

"Ay, this boy," replied Vinterdalen, with mournful emphasis, "who cost his mother her life the hour he first drew breath, they christened him Lars."

"Lars Vonved?"

"Verily."

"Lars Vonved the Outlaw! Oh, it sounds like a wild dream to me!"

"Ay, Lars Vonved the Outlaw—Lars Vonved the pirate, and sea-monster, as you called him—is also Lars Vonved, Count of Elsinore, and in his veins flows the mingled blood of Valdemar the Great of Denmark and Gustavus Vasa of Sweden."

"Oh, Himlen! what accursed fatality can have driven the descendant of such mighty heroes to become an outcast felon?"

"Call him an outcast and an outlaw if thou wilt, but link not felon with his name!" austere exclaimed Captain Vinterdalen, glancing at his wife with a sudden flash of anger and reprehension.

"O, pardon me, Vinterdalen!" cried she, deprecatingly; "I thought that"

"Hear the true story of Lars Vonved ere thou thinkest aught of him; and, once for all, dismiss from thy mind the abominable lies which malignancy and hatred have promulgated to make the ignorant believe that Lars Vonved is a ruthless villain. He is what he is. Felon! That word ought never to have passed thy lips in connexion with *his* name!"

"It never shall again. Forgive me, dear Wilhelm, and continue the story!"

Vinterdalen's brow and flashing eyes softened in their expression, as he resumed his narrative.

"In 1800 a serious misunderstanding occurred between Great Britain and Denmark, in consequence of the former power capturing the frigate Freya, when convoying some merchantmen said to be laden with goods 'contraband of war,' or intended for the use of the French. This unhappy affair induced the English king to send an ambassador-extraordinary to Copenhagen, and he succeeded in procuring a temporary settlement of the quarrel; but Russia and Sweden took the part of Denmark, and, in conjunction with it, formed what was called the Northern Armed Neutrality; and as Great Britain had reason to fear that this confederation would eventually assist Napoleon, or openly declare in his favour, a powerful fleet was despatched to the Baltic, early in 1801, under Admirals

Parker and Nelson, to act at discretion. Copenhagen, it soon became known, would be attacked; and to do the Crown Prince justice, he behaved nobly at this most trying juncture. Every possible preparation was made to defend the capital; and on the second of April ensued that tremendous conflict which the English call the Battle of the Baltic. Both the sons of Count Vonved were intrusted with important commands on this momentous occasion. Commodore Valdemar Vonved commanded a ship of the line in the inner harbour, and his brother, Colonel Erik, one of the formidable Trekoner batteries. Their father, Count Vonved, having vainly solicited a personal command, actually fought throughout that fatal day as a private volunteer on board the ship of his own son, Valdemar; and, though above seventy years of age, not a man was there who more distinguished himself by dauntless bravery, skill, and activity. Ay, the glorious, lion-hearted veteran fought with even more than his youthful ardour, and was an inspiring example even to the bravest of the brave who battled by his side. Our countrymen fought for Denmark, their capital, their homes, and all that they held dear, and did this in the very presence, as it were, of their families. Almost at the close of the tremendous fight Valdemar Vonved received a musket ball through his heart, and fell dead at the very feet of his father. The grey-haired veteran himself escaped uninjured; but could he have foreseen what the future would be unto him, he would have prayed that he might have died by the side of his first-born. Erik was severely wounded; but he and the Count followed Valdemar to his grave in the Oesterbrö cemetery, and saw him interred in the midst of his fellow-seamen, who fell gloriously in defence of their country.

"It is said that the sensibilities of the aged are mercifully blunted, so that they do not feel losses and afflictions more acutely than their enfeebled strength can bear. Be this as it may—and, doubtless, it is so generally—Count Vonved most severely felt the loss of Valdemar, and much as he had before loved his grandson, little Lars, he now experienced a tenfold affection for the orphan boy. He

could hardly ever bear him to be out of his sight—his whole being seemed to be wrapped up in that of the heir to his name and race. Possibly, he clung the more to the child because Erik had, in one respect, grievously disappointed and offended him."

"How so?"

"Thus. Prior to the Battle of the Baltic, Colonel Erik was stationed several years in Slesvig and Holstein, and there he either privately married or formed an illicit connexion with a foreign lady. Confused and contradictory rumours of this from time to time reached his father, who naturally was exceedingly angry, and peremptorily demanded to know the truth from his son. For some private reason, Erik either refused to comply, or prevaricated in such a manner as amounted to an evasion or refusal, and Count Vonved was so incensed that he ceased to hold communication with a son who had, he thought, dishonoured him. Valdemar did his utmost to reconcile his father and brother, but with little avail; and although the strong affection which had hitherto subsisted between the brothers remained undiminished, Erik did not confide the story of his secret marriage—if marriage it was—even to Valdemar. When the British fleet passed the Sound, in 1801, and Erik was recalled to aid in the defence of the capital—his skill as an engineer and artillery officer being highly estimated—a temporary reconciliation ensued between him and his father; but after the excitement of the struggle was over, and the old Count had bewailed the death of Valdemar, he again recurred to the painful question of Erik's marriage, and whatever replies or explanations Erik made, they were not satisfactory, and father and son parted in mutual anger—Erik being ordered back again to Holstein, as chief artillery officer of that Duchy.

"Time passed on. More than six years had elapsed since the Battle of the Baltic, and once more Denmark was destined to bear the brunt of Britain's vengeance. A second time Copenhagen was exposed to the horrors of a hostile attack; and for the second and last time Erik was recalled to serve in its defence. During three days of September, 1807, the doomed city was cruelly bombarded by the

British army, under Lord Cathcart, and compelled to capitulate after sustaining a frightful loss."

"My father died a soldier's death on its ramparts!" ejaculated Amalia, mournfully yet proudly.

"He did. I have spoken with one who fought by the side of the brave Colonel Orvig, and saw him fall. On the same fatal day, too, Colonel Erik was mortally wounded. He was, at his own earnest request, immediately carried to the house of Count Vonved, which was situated in Rosenborg Gade, just within the Nørrebro Port. 'Father!' cried he, 'I have done my duty! I have fought my last fight! I am come home to die!' 'My son! O, my son!' cried the aged soldier, 'must thou, too, die before me? Shall I not have one child left to close my eyes?' 'It is God's will, my father, and thou shouldst not repine. I die a death which thou hast often taught me to look forward to as the most glorious of all—I lay down my life for my country!' 'It is true, my son! but oh, why did death spare me in an hundred fights, and leave me a worn-out veteran, whilst Valdemar was slain in his first battle, and thou art cut off in thy second.' 'I have lived long enough, my father! and ere sunset I shall rejoin my brother Valdemar, and he will greet poor Erik, for I have not disgraced our lineage. But, father, forgive me, and bless me ere I die.' 'I do forgive thee, Erik! I do forgive and bless thee, my dear son!' sobbed Count Vonved, embracing the dying warrior. 'I am going fast,' whispered Erik; 'let me talk to thee alone, my father.' Father and son were left alone, and what passed between them was known only to the survivor. One hour subsequently, Count Vonved was found by his servant sitting at the head of the couch in an attitude of stony despair, clasping his dead son in his withered arms, and utterly unconscious of the horrors of the bombardment in his immediate vicinity, although the adjoining apartment had just been shattered by the explosion of a shell."

"Erik confessed the truth regarding his reputed marriage, to his father, with his last breath!"

"He undoubtedly did."

"And," continued Madame Vinterdalen, with strong interest, "had

Erik really contracted a secret marriage?"

"I cannot positively tell. Count Vonved rigidly kept the secret confided to him by his dying son, whatever that secret might be, but his friends well knew that not only was his stern heart softened by the death of Erik, but that he proudly and thankfully acknowledged that Erik had not disgraced him in the manner he had so long suspected and feared. Moreover, he employed confidential agents in a mission of inquiry and search for the foreign lady and her children, his object being, it was supposed, to acknowledge and adopt the latter. No trace of them could be discovered, and the mystery of their disappearance was an additional shock and grief to Count Vonved."

"Ah, then, rely on it poor Erik was really married to their mother, or the grand old Count would not have wished to openly acknowledge his grandchildren."

"I hope so, and I believe in my heart that you are right. Much would I give to know the full truth, and to trace those children and their mother!"

Captain Vinterdalen spoke with so much earnestness and deep feeling, that his wife was surprised at the emotion he manifested.

"Why, Vinterdalen, you talk as though you were yourself of near kin to the Valdemars! You could not have known Erik, for you must have been a child when he died!"

"Ay, only a child."

"Then how is it that you speak of these secret family matters so familiarly, and with such profound personal interest?"

"Have I not told you that Lars Vonved never had a secret that I did not share?" replied Captain Vinterdalen, with the same peculiar gleam in his eyes, and inexplicable expression of countenance which he wore when he first commenced his narrative. "All that Lars Vonved knows of his family, I know."

"Then," quickly rejoined Amalia, "does your friend Lars know more concerning Erik and his reputed wife and offspring than you have just told me?"

"He does."

"Ah! I thought as much! Then of course you know it also!"

"I do."

"Tell it me—tell me all!"

"Nay, Amalia, I have already told thee more than I had intended."

"Pouf! you have merely whetted my curiosity."

"I may not reveal more."

"Say, rather, that you will not."

"As you please," calmly replied he.

"What!" cried Amalia, with a coaxing smile, "will you not tell your own wife?"

"No, I will not tell my own wife any more concerning Erik and his secret marriage. I only promised to tell you the true story of Lars Vonved—not that of his uncle Erik. Perhaps, indeed, at some future day"—

"Oh! well, never mind!" pouted Amalia; and, woman-like, she at that moment secretly avowed that the "future day," so vaguely alluded to, should in reality be very early indeed, if all her wifely wiles were of any avail. "Continue your story of Lars Vonved, which is certainly the main thing!"

"After the death of Erik," resumed her husband, "Count Vonved's affection for his grandson Lars became yet more concentrated and absorbing. The boy was the chief link which held him to life, for Lars was now the last of the race of Valdemar. The Count had him educated by various masters in his own house, and he talked with greater pride of any boyish feat, either of an intellectual or physical kind, performed by Lars, than he did of his own great services and exploits as a general; and this was the more remarkable, inasmuch as aged men are almost invariably garrulous concerning their deeds of prowess performed in the vigour of manhood.

"In March 1808, King Christian VII. died, and the Crown Prince, who had ruled Denmark for the past twenty-four years, ascended the throne as Frederick VI. The previous month Denmark and Russia had declared war with Sweden, because Gustavus had entered into alliance with England, and Sweden soon afterwards attempted the conquest of Norway, but was repulsed. Count Vonved, excited by old reminiscences, old friendships, and above all, probably, by the fact that the mother of young Lars was a descend-

ant of Gustavus Vasa, unhappily was excited to make a vigorous effort to induce the grand council of his country to avoid, or at least to postpone, this fratricidal war with Sweden, and several of his ancient friends, men of high rank and influence, joined him. King Frederick took mortal umbrage at this interference of Count Vonved, and their former quarrel, which had slumbered so many years, was bitterly renewed. Count Vonved, old as he was, retained so much of his characteristic fiery pride that he vowed to quit his country and never to return whilst the war with Sweden lasted. He actually sailed forthwith for France, a country which he had not visited since his youth, taking his grandson and a few favourite old followers with him. The vessel, however, was captured by a British cruiser, and the crew and passengers were conveyed to England as prisoners of war. The Count was very kindly treated, parole being immediately granted him to reside in any part of England during his detention, and his attendants were permitted to continue with him, on his bare pledge for their good conduct. These indulgences were very unusual, for so great was the mutual exasperation of Britain and Denmark at that period, that prisoners of war were generally subjected to great severity in both countries. Count Vonved, however, had a powerful friend at the English court; and his age, misfortunes, and distinguished rank and renown, entitled him to profound respect. His detention was advantageous to his grandson, for London offered unrivalled facilities for the education of Lars, who rapidly acquired a thorough mastery of the English language.

"In December, 1810, Charles XIII., the new King of Sweden (his predecessor, Gustavus IV., having been deposed) made peace with Denmark, and no sooner did Count Vonved receive tidings of that, than (his vow being accomplished) his heart yearned to return to his native land, to spend the brief remainder of his span at the spot where he first drew breath. Although Count Vonved was more than fourscore, he still retained his bodily strength to an amazing degree, and his mental faculties were very little impaired. He

now eagerly made interest to get exchanged ; and his longing desire was quickly gratified, for early in January, 1811, he and his grandson and their servants, were sent back to Denmark in a 'cartel.' Young Lars was by no means enthusiastic at the idea of returning to Denmark, for he had intensely enjoyed his 'captivity' of twenty months in England, and the mighty and brilliant metropolis of that country was to him a much more fascinating city than his native Copenhagen."

"How old was Lars Vonved then?" curiously inquired Madame Vinterdalen.

"He was born in January, 1795, and therefore his age at that time would be just sixteen."

"Born in January, 'ninety-five? Why, then he must be almost precisely the same age as yourself?"

Captain Vinterdalen gave a quick penetrative glance at his wife, assented to her remark, and continued his narrative.

"As soon as Count Vonved had once more settled at Copenhagen, he was plunged into fresh perplexity and trouble. He had, in imagination, devoted his grandson, heir, and sole representative of his kingly race, to the military profession, of which he himself, and all his illustrious ancestors, had been distinguished members ; and inasmuch as he had been grievously disappointed when his son Valdemar obstinately resolved to enter the navy, he flattered himself that Valdemar's only child, Lars, would make amends by becoming a soldier. Alas ! for the fond wise schemes of hoary old ! Young Lars not merely resembled his dead father in person, but his predilections were similar. The sea was his passion, and much as he loved the glorious old man who had been to him both father and grandfather, he could not conquer his distaste for the life of a soldier, nor subdue his ardent longing for the life of a sailor. The inevitable result was, that, after many a sad struggle and melancholy misgiving, Count Vonved yielded to the innate impulses of his grandson, and consented that he should enter the navy. But what navy? Frederick the Crown Prince had only received Valdemar, the father of Lars, into his navy as a royal favour ; but would

Frederick the King consent for Lars to enter his service after the recent bitter renewal of his ancient, and now irreconcilable quarrel with Count Vonved? The question must be quickly decided, for Lars was already older than cadets usually are when they enter the naval service. Count Vonved nevertheless knew that he had ample interest to get his grandson immediately received in the navy of Russia, and had peace then prevailed between Denmark and England, he could readily have procured Lars a midshipman's berth in a man-of-war of the latter mighty naval power. Still his old heart beat true to its rooted natural loyal instincts, and personal enemy as the King of Denmark was to himself, he once more bowed his proud spirit to request Frederick to receive Lars in his navy, even as he had solicited the same favour for the father of Lars nearly thirty years previously."

"And did King Frederick grant the prayer?"

"He did."

"That was magnanimous !"

"In one sense it certainly was, as regarded his personal hostility towards Count Vonved ; but on the other hand it must be borne in mind that within the last ten years the father and the uncle of young Lars had both died in defence of the capital ; that Count Vonved had served his country with honour and renown in a former generation ; and that young Lars was the very last branch of the grand and mighty old tree of Valdemar, which for many centuries had borne fruit for Denmark in the shape of kings, warriors, patriots, heroes. Rely that these potent considerations alone induced King Frederick to overcome his repugnance to the family of Count Vonved, when he consented to receive Lars in his naval service."

"And so Lars Vonved actually began life in the Royal Navy?"

"Ay, and proudly did his young heart throb when he first trod the quarter-deck of the old two-decker 'Herkules,' one of the very few ships which the English had left King Frederick, to form the nucleus of a fleet to replace that which they had taken away in 1807."

"I thought that the British admiral, Gambier, had taken away with

him every man-of-war Denmark possessed at the time?"

"Ay, I myself saw the British sail through the Sound with our surrendered fleet. I counted eighteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, six brigs, and twenty-five gun-boats, all of which now bore the English flag instead of our Danish national cross. The Leopards of the Sea had at length humiliated us to the uttermost, and a very complete haul did they make of their prey. The lines of the Scottish poet, Walter Scott, are literally true—

" 'A royal city, tower, and spire,
Redden'd the midnight skies with fire,
And shouting crews her navy bore,
Triumphant to the victor shore.' "

"But they left us the 'Herkules,' it seems?"

"For a sufficient reason. The old craft was deemed unseaworthy, and they had not time to patch her up sufficiently to enable her to be navigated to England. After their departure, she was repaired and re-fitted with all despatch, and an admiral hoisted his flag on board of her, for the government had no better vessel to give him for his flag-ship. But when Lars Vonved was received on board of the 'Herkules,' she was no longer a flag-ship, but was employed as a cruiser in the Skagerrack and the Belts, and although she bore the notorious reputation of being the oldest, the ugliest, the slowest, and the most unhandy two-decker afloat, she nevertheless somehow managed to pick up an extraordinary number of English merchantmen, and twice she sustained gallant and bloody actions with English liners of superior rate, and fairly beat them off—which proves that the race is not always won by the swift nor the battle by the strong. Lars Vonved acquitted himself so well in both actions, that he was each time mentioned with warm praise in the official report of his captain."

"How proud he would be!"

"His grandfather was yet prouder!" replied Captain Vinterdalen, with a mournful smile, and an involuntary gesture, as though he with difficulty repressed some secret emotion evoked by the reminiscence.

"And how long did young Vonved continue in the navy?"

"The 'Herkules' was his only ship, and you will soon learn the terrible event that terminated his career in

the profession to which he was so enthusiastically attached, in which he fondly hoped to attain high renown.

"Bernadotte, the celebrated French marshal, had been elected Crown Prince of Sweden in 1810, and he speedily became the virtual ruler of his adopted country. At his instigation, Sweden declared war against Great Britain in November of the same year, but when the French seized Swedish Pomerania in 1812, Sweden hastened to make peace with the English, and Bernadotte engaged to actively prosecute hostilities against his late master, the great Napoleon, on receiving a secret pledge from the allies that Norway should be separated from Denmark and given to Sweden as a sort of compensation for the loss of Finland by the latter in 1809. In other words, because Russia had robbed Sweden of Finland, Sweden now was to rob Denmark of Norway! This iniquitous scheme was probably originally suggested by Russia, in order to pacify Sweden for the loss of Finland, and as Sweden was too weak to compel Russia to restore that ill-gotten prize, she eagerly assented to the proposal of robbing her nearest and weakest neighbour in turn. At this period, King Frederick was negotiating a peace with England, but did not succeed, and Denmark, in July 1813, resumed her close alliance with France, and declared war anew against Sweden, and also against Russia and Prussia—both of which powers insisted on the surrender of Norway to Sweden. Bernadotte soon mastered Holstein and Slesvig, and Napoleon being already driven to bay within his own frontiers, could not aid his northern ally. The result was that Denmark was compelled to sign a disastrous peace at Kiel, whereby she gave up Norway to Sweden, merely receiving the paltry province of Swedish Pomerania, and the renunciation of some pecuniary claims, in exchange for a kingdom. Danes and Norwegians alike bitterly bemoaned this humiliating surrender, and the latter even vainly took up arms, under the Prince of Holstein, to resist incorporation with Sweden.

"The very foremost of the Danish nobles who protested against the annexation of Norway to Sweden was the now very aged Count Vonved.

He headed a powerful party who insisted that Denmark would be forever dishonoured if her king gave up Norway, which had been an integral portion of the Danish dominions for four centuries. Their opposition was in vain, and indeed the Danish government could not possibly avoid yielding to the grasping demand of their enemies, and were absolutely compelled to make peace by the sacrifice of Norway. But King Frederick, already dreadfully irritated by the humiliation of his kingdom, and its dismemberment, was stung to the quick by the indignant and daring protest of the Count of Elsinore, which he erroneously attributed as much to personal spite as to patriotism. The fire of his ancient quarrel with the Count, which had never been extinguished, now burst forth into a flame, and was fed by the recollection that Count Vonved had been a determined opponent of the declaration of war with Sweden in 1808. The incensed monarch this time resolved to utterly crush the man whom, all his life, he had both hated and feared. He caused Count Vonved to be suddenly arrested on a charge of high treason, and kept him closely confined as a State-prisoner in Citadellet Frederickshavn, until charges could be prepared, and arrangements made for his trial—if trial it could be called."

"And where was young Lars Vonved at that time?"

"Far away. His ship was on a cruise to Iceland and the Danish settlements on the coast of Greenland. Had he known at the time what had befallen his beloved and revered grand-sire, his proud young heart would have burst, or he would have gone mad. The friends of Count Vonved—for he yet had some powerful and devoted friends—were no less indignant than alarmed at his imprisonment on such a monstrous accusation. They attempted to interpose on his behalf, but the king only became the more irritated and fixed in his purpose, nor did he fail to hint to them that they had better attend to their own safety. He also intimated that it would have been well had Count Vonved shared, in 1772, the fate of Counts Struensee and Brandt, whom he had so chivalrously defended, as well as Queen Matilda. And perhaps it would," added Captain Vinterdalen, in a

strange voice, after a musing pause; "for although his life thereafter was one of brilliant renown, yet had he, too, been legally murdered even as his queen, and Counts Struensee and Brandt were murdered, he would have been spared the inexpressibly maddening blow which befel him when his age far exceeded the span prescribed by the inspired Psalmist. But God only knoweth what is best, and what is right and what is wrong, for man does not and never can."

"What, then, was the fate of Count Vonved?" asked Amalia, in a tone of sorrowful sympathy and awe.

Captain Vinterdalen's features sharply contracted, and a sort of spasm passed over them, whilst his flashing eyes and dilated nostrils betokened the emotions of his soul. Yet his voice was calm and measured as ever when he replied:

"They impeached him, after a long imprisonment—impeached the heroic old soldier, whose honour was as bright and unstained as his sword—impeached the descendant and representative of Denmark's ancient kings—impeached the noble-minded, unselfish patriot, whose first thought had ever been for his country, and his last for himself—impeached Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore, at the age of eighty-five, on the charge of high treason!"

"And the result?" breathlessly demanded Amalia.

"The result was, that the creatures of the court succeeded by desperate and unscrupulous exertions in obtaining his condemnation, although even they felt at their heart's core that a more hellishly unjust verdict never was pronounced. Count Vonved was attainted of high treason, his property, rights, privileges, and heritages, of every description, were declared forfeited, and he was sentenced to die a traitor's death, on the scaffold."

"O, Himlen! and did King Frederick authorize the execution of that grand old man?"

"He dared not! There are limits to the vengeance even of a despot. All Denmark thrilled with horror and burning shame and indignation when the sentence on the glorious old Count of Elsinore was promulgated, and the king hastened to mitigate it. He confirmed the attainder and forfeiture, but, by an act of 'royal mercy,' he

spared the life he dared not take, and contented himself by a decree of banishment from the kingdom. Ay, at the age of eighty-five, Knut Vonved, accompanied by one old and devoted servitor, was cast forth from the country which his ancestors had ruled for many centuries, and for which his more immediate progenitors, and himself, his sons, and his grandson, had fought and bled, and some of them had died to defend. In his extreme old age he was ignominiously banished, and forbidden to return under penalty of death."

"The great-hearted, majestic old hero! Could he survive *that*?"

"Thou may'st well ask the question, my wife; but he did survive it, and he does survive it."

"Does?"

"Ay."

"What! Do you really say that the Count of Elsinore yet lives?"

"Lars Vonved is the Count of Elsinore."

"Then, his grandsire cannot be living?"

"You forget the attainder of that grandsire. A noble loses his title and dignities when attainted; but although his property and heritages are forfeited, his heir, in an exceptional case, may succeed to the title. No sooner was Knut Vonved attainted of high treason than his grandson, Lars, legally became Count of Elsinore."

"But the glorious old man! tell me, is he living?"

"He is."

"O, me!"

"Ay, he who for fifty years *was* the Count of Elsinore is now simply Knut Vonved, a degraded and banished man."

"He must be a century old?"

"More than that. He is in his hundred and fourth year."

"And where is he?"

"I do not fear to tell you, my wife. He is in his native country."

"Then he has been pardoned?"

Captain Vinterdalen smiled bitterly.

"King Frederick has not granted a pardon, and Knut Vonved never sought pardon, for that would be tantamount to an admission of guilt. He would reject a 'pardon' with unutterable scorn, unless accompanied by an admission of his innocence and a restitution of his rights; and that he would deem a reconciliation, not a pardon. He, long years ago, returned from his penal exile, and, at the risk of his life paying forfeit, he has continued to secretly reside in the very capital of his country; for his love of Denmark has only increased with his years and his unmerited wrongs; and he hopes that the last breath he inhales will be native air."

"The risk of betrayal must have been great?"

"Very few, indeed, know who the centenarian recluse is; and they are men who would die rather than betray him. I believe, too, that if he were denounced, even King Frederick himself would not wish to re-banish him, nor permit him to be further molested. He who would pursue with legal vengeance a man more than a century old would be execrated by mankind. The king will probably never pardon or forgive Knut Vonved in his heart, for he must feel that he has hideously wronged him; yet Frederick, albeit he has been cruelly vindictive, is not a monster, but a man of kingly qualities, and capable even of great generosity and magnanimity, as I have heard and believe."

"I am glad, Vinterdalen, that your love for your outlawed friend does not render you unjust towards your sovereign. And now, tell me what befel that friend, for your story of his life approaches a great crisis, I conjecture?"

"It does so; the pivot of his career now turned, and in the twinkling of an eye his future life was awfully stamped with the adamant seal of inexorable destiny."

EPITAPHIAL MEMORABILIA.

THE erection of monuments with inscriptions was, from the earliest times, connected in some undefined way with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Yet, it is melancholy to reflect how dark and misinformed were the minds of the most eminent worthies of Greece and Rome on this important question: the grand fact of the resurrection of the dead was but feebly shadowed forth in any heathen system of Philosophy; the Egyptians only seem to have had it in view in their remarkable practice of embalming the dead, a process which, notwithstanding our present advanced knowledge, still challenges inquiry. But it was reserved for the elevating light of Christianity to clear away the mist which hung over mankind, and show death under the peaceful similitude of sleep. Hence, the early Christians styled the place of interment "*Κοιμητήριον*," a sleeping-place, from which is derived our term, "Cemetery;" and their epitaphial inscriptions were the tributes of sincere affection to departed worth, and eminently calculated to hold forth glowing examples of excellence, and urge the survivors as well to emulate the shining virtues of their friends as to learn the solemn and weighty lesson that death awaits all men.

The term "Epitaph" may be held to mean any inscription on a tomb, and is not confined to praise of the deceased; nor yet, though contrary to its obvious derivation, is it restricted to tombs or places where burials occur, but may be applied to any memorial writing.

The earliest, of which we know any thing, are, undoubtedly, the Egyptian inscriptions on the sarcophagi of mummies, enumerating the name, rank, and functions of the deceased, but not referring to character or merit. Although the discovery of the mummies themselves is an affair of recent date, and the deciphering of Egyptian hieroglyphics is a triumph of still later years, yet, from the industrious assiduity with which antiquarians have investigated these writings, great progress has been made, and considerable certainty attained, in the translation.

Mr. Layard and Colonel Rawlinson, during their researches at Nineveh, found several tombs, containing skeletons, with inscriptions, in some cases, on slabs of stone, as well as on lions, bulls, pillars, and other sculptured remains. These were of an historical nature, written in memory of kings; and, in several instances, refer to the Assyrian campaigns against the Jews, always confirming the statements of Holy Writ. The Cuneatic character was studied by Colonel Rawlinson, and after great labour, he succeeded in deciphering several of the inscriptions. They were trilingual, and by pursuing a course somewhat similar to that adopted with the Rosetta stone in Egypt, many of them were successfully translated. M. Bonomi in his interesting work, "Nineveh and its Palaces," enters fully into the various attempts to decipher the Cuneatic character. Colonel Rawlinson, in his "Outlines of Assyrian History," gives the inscription in memory of Sennacherib, recording that monarch's war with Hezekiah. Every circumstance is faithfully detailed, *except* his fatal overthrow before Jerusalem. After enumerating all the smaller towns he took, the King is made to say,—“but I left him Jerusalem, his capital city, and some of the inferior towns around it.” As he always captured every place and thing he could lay hands on, his omitting to take Jerusalem is here tacitly acknowledged to be neither the result of his clemency or policy, but the certain consequence of his miraculous punishment.

“For the Angel of Death spread his wings
on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he
passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for
ever grew still.”

The Jews, to this day, preserve in their epitaphs those national features which now, as when the daily sacrifice was offered in the Temple, proclaim them to be “a peculiar people.” They termed a cemetery, in striking language, *Beth hahaim*, “the house of the living.” And while their national ex-

istence has been long swept away from the land of their fathers, tombs are shown close by Jerusalem, as those of Zechariah, James the Just, Jehoshaphat, and Absalom's pillars, at which last the Jews still throw stones as they pass in token of their abhorrence of his filial impiety.

In European countries their epitaphs are generally written in Hebrew, and also in the language of the place in which they reside. The style of the Hebrew inscriptions is Rabbinical. Thus, on a Rabbi at Leghorn:—

"Lament over wisdom which is perished;
Lament over the law which is a clod of dust;
Lament over light which is darkened."

At the head of many gravestones are the words, "Let his soul be bound up in the bundle of life;" and truncated pillars are used to denote a young person cut off in early manhood. The grave of a priest is marked with a figure of two hands in the attitude of blessing; sometimes with the inscription, "On this wise shall ye bless Israel." That of a Levite by a figure of a hand pouring water out of a cup. Various other devices are used, such as a crown, with "*Kether Shemtov*," "the crown of a good name," written underneath; a cluster of grapes, lighted candles, an eagle, a gazelle, and many too numerous to mention, but all of the simplest nature, without any attempt at literary exhibition.

The ancient Greek epitaphial writings are characterized by great beauty and elegance of style. The Athenians only wrote the name of the deceased, with the epithet, "*Κρήστος*," *ἥρως*, or *καίς*, to denote their good wishes; the name of the person's father and the tribe were sometimes added. The Lacedæmonians allowed epitaphs to those only who died in battle, or to women remarkable for virtue.

Herodotus gives one of the earliest of the former class as inscribed on a pillar erected at Thermopylæ to the memory of Leonidas and his followers, viz.:—

"Stranger to Sparta, say her faithful band
Here lie in death, remembering her command."

Many of these were written in Elegiac verse, and afterwards in prose. In the "*Anthologia Græca*" numerous specimens may be found, with translations in all respects worthy of the originals. The following version

of one on Sophocles, by Simmias of Thebes, will be recognised as forming the words of a well-known "Round" by Dr. Hayes:—

"Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
So shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung."

The practice of burning, rather than interring the dead, obtained very generally among the civilized nations of the West, particularly with the Romans, who placed their epitaphs on the highways and public places of resort outside the city; hence the use of the phrases, "*Siste viator*," "*Cave viator*," "*Aspice viator*." They consisted merely of the name of the deceased, and also those of the Consuls then in office, to show the date. Letters were carved above the inscriptions, such as D.M., for *Diis Manibus*; D.I.M., *Diis Inferis Manibus*; D.M.S., *Diis Manibus Sacrum*. In after times some of these were turned to Christian uses; and so, for instance, D.M. came to signify "*Deo Maximo*," when placed over a Christian grave. Emperors and vestal virgins were the only persons allowed to rest inside the city; besides which another peculiarity existed—that of burying in families, as distinguished from our practice of interment in cemeteries common to the general population. Thus we have tombs of the Scipios, Nasones, and other illustrious Romans in places where none but members of the particular family were inurned.

The Catacombs with which Rome, like Paris, Alexandria, and other cities, is undermined, became the burial-places of the early Christians. At first, taken from the lower classes of the people, they, like other poor Romans, brought their dead to be interred in the subterranean quarries and sand-pits of which we speak. With them, however, this preference of interment to burning did not result, as in the case of the poorer sort of heathen Romans, from a want of means, but from a desire to commit their bodies to the earth, called by Bishop Hall "*God's cabinet or shrine, wherein He pleases to lay up the precious relics of His dear saints until the Jubilee of Glory*."

Times of persecution followed, when

these intricate and winding passages became their residence as well as their refuge from their enemies.

Constantine, on the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the State, set apart as a cemetery these regions which had long since been consecrated by the sufferings and deaths of the early martyrs. Those farthest in soon became unfrequented, and finally the windings were unknown. The rush of barbarians in the fifth century obliterated the main passages, which were soon blocked up; and, although some, being outermost, were decorated and preserved, the more ancient ones remained closed for 1,000 years, until, in a dispute about relics, under the Papacy of Sixtus V., A.D. 1590, it was resolved to commence the work of exploration. The recesses were searched; multitudes of inscriptions were brought to light, and conveyed to the Lapidarian Gallery in the Vatican, where they are placed on one side, in contrast, as it were, to the heathen tablets occupying the other. The sculpture has, in most instances, been executed by a rude hand, and shows the work of the unlettered muse, who then, as in the later time of Gray, around strewn many a holy text—

“To teach the rustic moralist to die.”

The inscriptions are short, containing sometimes nothing but the name; e.g., “τοπος φιλεμωνις,” “the place of Philemon.” The simplicity of the following tells much, “*Birginivs Parum Stetit Ap. N.*,” Virginius remained a short time with us. Next we give one from the opposite side of the gallery to show the Pagan view of death, “*Procope manus Lebo contra Deum qui me innocentem Sustulit, quæ Bixit annos XX—Pos. Proclus,*” “I Procope lift up my hands against God, who snatched me away innocent; who lived twenty years; Proclus set up this.” Compare with this a Christian fragment, “*Qui dedit et abstulit—(Domini) Benedic. Qui Bixit—an—Pace—Cons :*” “Who gave and hath taken away—Blessed of the Lord—who lived—years—in peace—in the consulate of.” The meaning evidently intended to be

conveyed in this inscription is identical with that contained in the verse, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” No rank or titles were recorded.

It has been well said, that “the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.” Here we have modest and simple statements. “In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with his blood, he gave up his life for Christ: at length he rested in peace; the well-deserving set up this in tears and with fear: on the 6th, before the Ides of —.” Also “Primitius in peace, after many torments, a most valiant martyr. He lived thirty-eight years, more or less. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well-deserving.”

On the question as to the antiquity of the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, much may be learned, as there are inscriptions to the wives and daughters of presbyters and deacons, besides a remarkable one to Leo, or Liberius, Bishop of Rome, erected by his wife. Other important doctrines are either alluded to and thus confirmed, or their novelty presumptively established by a total silence as to their existence; thus, while the belief in the Trinity, the resurrection, and other truths are affirmed, we seek in vain for any such allusions to prayers for the departed; the Virgin Mary is never once mentioned; and only a single instance can be adduced of prayer to a dead person, and that manifestly of a late date, when the church had yielded to innovating corruption.*

The symbols used in the catacombs were of three kinds:—1st, those of a religious nature; 2nd, symbols of a technical character, and 3rd, phonetic signs. Of the first-named class, the chief was the Cross, in its most simple form; it does not appear to have been used before the year 300, and its origin may be thus deduced, viz., the monogram $\chi\rho$ composed of the letters X and P, was first in use. This was a mere literary abbreviation of $\chi\rho\iota\sigma\tau\omicron\varsigma$; as we now write Xtian

* The writings of Roman Ecclesiastics, such as Aringhi, Bosid, Boldetti, and Bottari, prove the truth of this assertion.

and Xmas; sometimes we have α and ω joined with it, meaning thereby, "Christ the first and the last." This was occasionally surrounded by a circle, to indicate the eternity of the Godhead, and from the constant use of the $\alpha \text{X} \omega$ Dr. Maitland argues the reception of the Apocalypse in the Primitive Church. Next by decussation of X we have a second form thus X^\dagger : the P was frequently used by itself; but the decussated X (X^\dagger) continued to hold the place of the first monogram; and here having arrived at resemblance to a cross, it did not undergo any material alteration. When surrounded by a wreath, the monogram represented the resurrection and finished work of Christ, who triumphed over death and the grave. To this was due its place in cemeteries, for, as yet, it had no reference to the passion of our Lord, which required nought but living faith to apprehend it. The portable crucifix did not appear until the fourteenth century. Thus, as Dr. Maitland writes, "faith had been superseded by sight, and sight by touch."

The fish was another religious emblem, signifying belief in the divinity of Christ and the atonement for men. The initials of "Ιησους Χριστος Θηου Υιος Σωτηρ," Jesus Christ Son of God, Saviour, being the letters composing the word "ἰχθυς" (or fish). Tertullian further understands it to refer to those born of water in baptism. This symbol was commonly used to indicate profession of the faith, at a time when the exhibition of any emblem known to the Pagan world would have been attended with danger to the professor. Next we have the Anchor, which signified the close of a well spent life, the termination of a prosperous voyage. The Church was figured by a ship sailing heavenward ("ἡ ναὺς οὐρανωδρομουσα" of Clement). Dr. Maitland recognises in it an explanation of the phrase, "So shall an entrance be ministered to you abundantly," as referring to the prosperous entrance of a vessel into port.

The Crown and Palm, the symbolic

meanings of which we learn in the Apocalypse, were also favourite emblems. Some have supposed them to mark a martyr's grave, but by others this distinction is not considered well founded. Under symbols of the second class (i.e. technical) we may enumerate sketches of carpenters' tools, indicating the grave of one of the holy craft; also a pair of shoes placed over the grave of a shoemaker. Under the third class (phonetic signs), there are such as the figure of a lion over one whose name was "Leo," with a little pig over a lady euphoni-ously named "Porcella."

The reason of symbolism having prevailed to such an extent, is explained by the fact that reading was then confined to the select few, so that to most of the early Roman Christians, the lettered inscriptions we have quoted would have been totally unintelligible. The religious emblems conveyed to such many striking lessons: the phonetic signs told where such and such a friend slept; while the technical symbols told of the class from which the converts were taken, that "not many noble, not many mighty were called."

The monumental records of Ireland, before and subsequent to the introduction of Christianity, are numerous, and have been the objects of close research. The most remarkable are the Ogham stones, found in cemeteries. In the "Proceedings of the Kilkenny Archæological Society," vol. i., new series, is a paper of considerable value, written by Mr. W. Williams, of Dungarvan, entering fully into the interpretation of the Ogham character, and giving many sketches as well as epitaphial inscriptions, which he translates on the principle of the ancient character being of a musical or notatory kind.* Thus, at Castletimon, co. Wicklow—"Nuadhath for honouring the prop of his youth;" and on the "Oratory" monument at Ardmore:—

"Lewy, who died in the sea
On a day he was fishing,
Is deposited here
In the sanctuary of the grave."

At Dunbel, co. Kilkenny—"Sacred

* See also the result of Rev. Dr. Graves' investigations, in Mr. Wilde's "Catalogue of the Antiquities in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin," 1857, pp. 134-143.

stone of a wife who rested from her love young." Another class of inscriptions embraces those cut on the Ogham stones in after times when Christianity had made its way in the nation. Rev. Geo. H. Reade, in a paper contributed by him to the volume of the Kilkenny Archæological Society's Proceedings, already referred to, describes the inscription on the pillar stone in the Druidical cemetery at Kilnasaggart. He states it as his belief that, to exhibit the triumph of Christianity over the bloody rites of idolatry, it was customary (as in this case) to bevel off a portion of the Ogham writing, and cut an inscription in the subsequent Irish letter in which Latin words were occasionally introduced. Engravings of the back and front appearances of the stone are given to support this view, which he considers to be confirmed by the following extract from O'Flaherty's Tripartite Life of St. Patrick—"St. Patrick erected in the plains of Moy Slola, Domnachmor Cathedral, and had the sacred name of Christ inscribed, in three languages, on three pillars which had been raised there in the ages of idolatry, in commemoration of some transaction of Pagan rites." The inscription read by Rev. Dr. Reeves, and translated into Latin by Dr. O'Donovan, is as follows:—"Locum hunc consecravit Ternocus filius Cerani sit sub patrocinio Petri Apostoli."—"Ternoc Mac Ciaran consecrated this place under the patronage of Peter the Apostle."

Mr. Pettigrew gives some epitaphs of the early Christian period, with engravings in illustration. One stone, with a large cross and "vii Romani," supposed to refer to the burial of seven Roman ecclesiastics of St. Breacan's; probable date early in the sixth century; also a tombstone with "Blaimac" cut on it, in memory of an abbot of Clonmacnoise of that name, who died in 896.

English epitaphs, at first written in memory only of illustrious kings and warriors, were afterwards extended to ecclesiastics, and, in subsequent times, to persons who, during life had, or were presumed to have possessed, some virtues or good qualities over and above those of their neighbours. Before the eleventh century we do not find any, and for a considerable time they were written in Latin. In

"Hearne's Discourses" (vol. i. p. 248), the most ancient one on record is given as that of King Kenelme, who was said to have been murdered at the instigation of his sister Quendreda, and hid in a wood. It reads thus:—

"In clene sub spina jacet in convalle bovina,
Vertice privatus Kenelmus fraude necatus."

One of the earliest in the twelfth century is that at Lewes, on the tomb of Gundred, wife of William, Earl of Warrene, and daughter of William the Conqueror. Epitaphial inscriptions were next written in Norman-French, continuing in use so lately as the fifteenth century. A fine example is that in Canterbury Cathedral on Edward the Black Prince, who died in 1376.

In Lincoln Chapel, in St. George's, at Windsor, is buried Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury. In an arch opposite his tomb a breviary was deposited by his order. Its place is now supplied by an old black-letter Bible, fastened by a brass chain to a ring let into the stone, but the original inscription, in black letter, still remains as follows:—

"Who leyde thys booke here? Reverend flader in God, Richard Beauchamp, bisschop, of this Dyocese of Salisbury. And wherefor? to this entent, that Preestis and Ministers of Goddi's Church may here have the occupacion theretof, seyying therein theyre divyne Servyse, and for all othir that lysten to say thereby theyr devocyon. Asketh he eny equalle mede? yee as mouche as our Lord lyst to reward hym for his good intent; praying every man wos duty or devocyon is eased by thys booke, they woll say for hym thys comune oryson, Due Jhu Xye knelying in the presence of thys holy Crosse, for the whyche the Reverend flader in God above sayed hath graunted of the tresure of the Church to any man xl dayys of pardun."

Also in Higham Ferrers Church, Northamptonshire, on a brass of William Chichele (brother of the celebrated Archbishop), and Beatrice his wife, date, 1425, in black letter:—

"Such as ye be such were we,
Such as we be such shal ye be;
Lerneth to-dye, that is the Lawe,
That this Lif yow to wold drawe,
Sorroe or Gladnes noughte letten age,
But on he cometh to Lord or Page,
Wherefor for us that ben goo
Preyeth as other shal you doo,
That God of his benignyte,
On us have mercy and Pite,
And nought rememb'r our Wykednesse,
Sith he has bought us of his Goodnesse.
Amen."

In Rutland Chapel, at St. George's, Windsor, is one of later date.

"Within this Chapel lyeth buried, Anne, Duchess of Exeter, sister to the noble King Edward the Fourth, and also Sir Thomas Syllinger, knyght, her husband, who hath founded within this College a chantrie, with two prests singing for evermore, on whose soul God have mercy. The which Anne, Duchess, died in the year of our Lord a thousand cccclxxv., the dominical letter D, primum S, xiiij day of January."

At the Reformation sentiments very different from those already quoted began to find expression on tombstones. The grand subject of prayers for the dead, grounded on the supposed merits or virtues of the deceased, is no longer alluded to; and though there was a change for the better as regards orthodoxy, yet, in many instances, we fail to discern any phrases of a religious character, instead of those which, earnest though mistaken, were of frequent occurrence in other times. Written in the Roman letter, but spelled in the old style, is this stanch Protestant example:—

"At Bradly Parva—ob. 1584.

JOHN DAYE.

"Here lyes the Daye that darkness could not blind,
When Popish fogges had overcaste the sunne;
This Daye the cruell nighte did leave behind,
To view and shew what blodi acts were donne.
He set a Fox to wright how martyrs runne
By death to lyfe; Fox ventured paynes and health
To give them light; Daye spent in print his wealth.
But God with gayne returned his wealth agayne,
And gave to him as he gave to the poore.
Two wyves he had, pertakers of his payne,
Each wyfe twelve babes, and each of them one more
Als was the last encreaser of his store,
Who mourning long for being left alone,
Set up this tomb, herself turn'd to a stone."

At Wotton Church, Surrey, on a white marble, covering a tomb shaped like a coffin, raised about three feet above the floor, is this very excellent and expressive memorial of John Evelyn, writer of the beautiful "Diary" known by his name:—

"Here lies the body of John Evelyn, Esq., of this place, second son of Richard Evelyn, Esq., who having served the

Publick in several employments, of which that of Commissioner of the Privy Seal, in the reign of King James the 2nd, was most honourable, and perpetuated his fame by far more lasting monuments than those of Stone or Brass, his learned and usefull Works, fell asleep the 27 day of February, 1705-6, being the 86 year of his age, in full hope of a glorious Resurrection, thro' faith in Jesus Christ. Living in an age of extraordinary Events and Revolutions, he learnt (as himself asserted) this Truth, which pursuant to his intention is here declared—

That all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real Pisty."

Many of the learned have discussed at length the question as to what language is best adapted for monumental inscriptions. Dr. Johnson was a stern advocate for Latin, so much so as to answer a prudent suggestion, emanating from noted literati of his day, that Goldsmith's epitaph ought to be written in English, in such terms as the following:—"He (Dr. J.) could never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription."

Mr. Pettigrew sums up the views of various authorities, and advocates the opinion that all persons who have been remarkable in the field of science or literature, and have enjoyed a world-wide fame, should have their epitaphs written in Latin, inasmuch as it is universally understood by the learned; and as men of extended fame in learning are citizens of the world, and not confined to any particular nation, so their memorials should be written in the Latin language. Great statesmen and politicians should be treated otherwise, and their epitaphs decidedly ought to be in the language of their own country, with the history and leading events of which they may have been connected. Lastly, all others ought to be in the vernacular, as otherwise the perpetuation of the memory of the dead, the holding out examples worthy of imitation, and the mementos of the shortness of life and certainty of death (all of which are main ends to be answered by such monuments), would be completely frustrated, so far as the general public are concerned.

SAVOY FROM THE TOP OF MONT CENIS.

Chambery, April, 1860.

DEAR EDITOR,

If you had toiled all night crossing Mont Cenis in a snow-storm—if you had been upset out of your sledge—your hat battered over your eyes, and your beard stiff with icicles: if, added to all these miseries of a *tourmente* on the top of the Alps, you had lost the train at St. Jean de Maurienne and been forced to spend a day seeing the lions of Chambery (which amount to four elephants spouting water from their bronze trunks), you would learn to view the annexation of Savoy to France with more equanimity than the British public. The fact is, my dear Editor, the annexation of Savoy to France was inevitable from the day that Sardinia undertook the hegemony of States. The divorce of Savoy and Piedmont has been contemplated for many years, both by Liberals and Ultramontanes, as the necessary result of Sardinia espousing the cause of Italian nationality. It is too late now to start back and affect surprise. If Sardinia gains on one side of the Alps by heading the nationality movement, she must bear the loss on the other. She has no right to talk of United Italy with its natural frontier, the Alps, if she clings to a non-Italian province beyond the Alps. Let her stick to her hereditary possessions, and then good-by to the leadership of Italy; or adopt the leadership of Italy, and leave the hereditary and non-Italian possessions to dissolve connexion if they desire it. Sardinia has had the good sense to see the alternative before her, and has ceded Savoy as blood-money to the French Emperor, while she has relieved herself of a drag on her march to the primacy of Italy.

And now let me sit down in the little parlour of the Hotel Petit Paris, at Chambery, to explain why this annexation of Savoy to France is a piece of manifest destiny which we may grumble at, but cannot prevent. If you had climbed, as I have done for six hours, to the top of Mont Cenis, amid the horrors of an Alpine tempest, you would have pitied the Savoyard deputy called to do duty in

a Turin Parliament. Mountains, not seas, are the impassable barriers between races. The *dissociabilis æquor* may be bridged over by swift steamers running twenty miles an hour; but till Mont Cenis is tunnelled through (the plans of which only exist on paper at present), Turin and Chambery will be farther apart from each other than Chambery and Paris. Mont Cenis lifts its high back between the two provinces, turning the cold shoulder now to France and now to Italy, and chilling all advances by Savoy to sisterhood with Piedmont.

Stand on the mountain top with me while the train of fourteen mules is being unyoked, and as with bells musical over the ice they trot down the hill to their stables at Susa, you will see through the driving mist the streams parting company down the mountain's side never to meet again. The Aare feeds the Isere, the Isere feeds the Rhone, and the Rhone is the queen of French rivers, while down the Italian side roars the Riparia, a brawling little brook that makes a great noise about its nationality, and tumbles into the Po below Susa. If Mont Cenis, shepherding her fair fountains, sends one little flock of rivers to pasture in Italy and another in France, she indicates where the natural frontiers of Italy begin. If Mont Cenis were taken into the confidence of Cabinet Ministers she would give them a lesson in *la haute politique*, which they could not soon forget. It is easy to say there are no more Alps from a *bureau* in Paris, or Vienna, but if you were shivering with me before a damp log in the back parlour of the aforesaid Petit Paris, at Chambery, you would talk more respectfully of Alpine barriers. I am so thankful to have escaped with a few bruises from the upset sledge on Mont Cenis, that I shall ever, in future, respect the feelings of the Savoyard deputies. Flesh and blood could not stand that crossing the Alps in mid-winter to attend Parliament in Turin. I should have been a Repealer myself under such provocation. To be dragged over the frozen road in a box without wheels, grating, skating,

bumping, thumping, with a motion sickening as a ship in a ground-swell, to be stifled with heat if you close the shutters, for windows there are none, or starved with cold if you open them; to endure all this for twelve weary hours of darkness; to reach Turin only to find yourself in a strange country speaking a strange dialect; to be called to vote supplies and men for a patriotic war, in which Savoy has nothing to gain: this was enough to wear out the loyalty of the most loyal Savoyard. It has effectually done so.

Long since Savoy and Piedmont have been waiting, like many other suitors in the Divorce Court, for a release, a *vinculo*; and now the sentence has been pronounced it is too late to describe it as an iniquitous proceeding—the result of a guilty collusion. There may have been something of this kind on the part of France and Sardinia. It is certainly an ugly fact, that the divorce was not talked of till France had offered to take Savoy off her hands. There is this bad peculiarity about all divorce cases, that the parties seldom come into court without some such settlement in view. It is the one marriage that stops the way of the other. A disinterested divorce is more than we can expect from human nature—the *arrirepensee* will peep out, and all that is urged about incongeniality of temper, hopeless estrangement, and so forth, is but a plausible way of putting the old saw, “You must be off with the old love before you are on with the new.” We do not deny that there are suspicious particulars about this divorce case of Savoy and Piedmont. Sir Cresswell Cresswell would hit the blot in an instant, and perhaps turn the suit out of court as a case of impudent collusion. But it is not for us to be purists in these matters. We have patched up alliances unnatural enough already, and sundered others as natural. We may as well accept the annexation as inevitable, and set it down as a small drawback to the immense gain made by constitutional government during the last year in Italy.

France has thus obtained the price of her campaign last year in Italy. She can no longer pretend to have given her services for nothing, or in the Napoleon phrase, to have fought

for an idea. Whether Savoy was worth this loss of *prestige* it is for the French Emperor to decide. We should have thought, that if he sold himself at all, it would be for something of more worth. As it is, he has lost character out of all proportion to the value of the territory gained. He has put Prussia on her guard, and a march on the Rhenish provinces is now farther off than ever.

To listen to some timid talkers in both Houses, one would suppose that an annexation in one direction would help France to make bold in another direction. We anticipate the direct opposite. It took a long time to disabuse Europe of the idea that the new empire meant peace. But Europe is disabused now. Europe is on her guard at last; and under no possible circumstances is France a match for Europe, or even for Germany, once thoroughly aroused and united.

One of the most potent delusions in Europe is this exaggeration of the strength of France and the weakness of Germany. France is strong, it is true, because united, and Germany is weak, because disunited. But this weakness of Germany, so apparent in these piping times of peace, would vanish as the ropes from Samson's arms at the cry—“The Philistines be upon thee.” Prussia is so well able to defend her Rhenish provinces, that we think it impolitic to complicate the question of the annexation of Savoy by suspicions of the ulterior designs of France.

Let the French Emperor then annex Savoy. He will find in the long run that he has only gained a loss. Sardinia has parted with a troublesome little province that became less loyal as Piedmont grew more Italian. The patriotic policy of the King has lost him his only non-Italian possession; and it has fallen to France as the price of her intervention in Italy. But the losing side of the transaction for France is that she has aroused the wakeful jealousy of her neighbours.

“*Bona fides reipublicæ stabilitas*,” but she is trusted now no longer. No more indulgent excuses will be made for her, should she pick a quarrel on the Rhine or in Belgium. Character is worth something in the long run, as she will one day find out to her cost. The Spanish marriages did not arm Europe in a confederation against

Louis Philippe; but when he fell eighteen months after, there was none to pity him. When he landed as plain Mr. Smith, at Newhaven, the old intriguer had found his level. Honour is the life of kings; and if for a little rectification of frontiers or a half million of subjects, kings will barter away that precious commodity, character, they will find out their mistake when it will be too late to remedy it.

It is right to tell the Emperor plainly what a free people think of this annexation of Savoy. Not that we expect to deter him by our threats. For our own sake, if not for his, we discharge our consciences of all complicity with this annexation. It has been done in spite of our remonstrances, and now there is nothing for us but to treat the ruler of France with distant courtesy, as our nearest neighbour, and no longer our best ally.

Having discharged this duty of conscience, we may let Savoy go, with the best wishes that it may prosper under its new ruler. Its material interests will be better attended to under a French than a Sardinian administration; as to its moral interests, perhaps the best that can be said is that the Savoyards hated a constitutional government, and therefore that they cannot complain of being deprived of it. They have been taken at their word more truly than they probably expected or hoped when, a year ago, they raised a factious opposition against the war of liberation. They sighed then for Absolutism—the Ultramontane clergy began to moot the question of annexation to France. Much to their surprise and disgust, this has actually come about. For the whips of Turin they are now chastised with the scorpions of Paris, and to crown all, they have fallen under the sway of the enemy of Peter and the robber of churches. Who will be sorry for them? Ashamed as we are of this Savoy annexation, we have no pity for the Savoyard deputies—that obstructive Ultramontane faction, the Pope's brass band of Turin. We can imagine with what compla-

cency Count Cavour has handed them over to the iron rule of Napoleon.

If Europe only would allow it, France should be made a present of every troublesome retrograde little province which should be punished for its abuse of liberty by not being allowed to taste its sweets. The faction that loved despotism and hated the constitution, should learn in bondage not to malign liberty. It greatly allays our resentment at the unjust annexation of Savoy that the people of that province have brought it upon themselves. If they ever cast a longing look over Mont Cenis to the Parliament and free press of Turin, they must remember that they willfully shut themselves out from all these things, and that if a loyal monarch ever gave them back their allegiance, it was because they had clamoured for it.

I do not pretend to say that all these reflections were forced upon me on the top of Mont Cenis. To confess the truth, a fireside at Chambéry threw more light on the Savoy question than the moonshine all the night through the ascent and descent. But this much I did perceive through the snows of Mont Cenis, that if Savoy were detached from Piedmont, no wrong would be done to Italy. Nature put in no veto to this divorce of the two ancient divisions of Sardinia. They were divided in interest, and so the *divortium*, or turning aside to the right hand and left of an ill-yoked couple, was not like the dismemberment of a compact monarchy calling for remonstrance on our part in the first instance, and armed resistance if persisted in. Sardinia may part with Savoy as Shylock parted with Gobbo:—

"The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me

Therefore I part with him; and part with him

To one whom I would have fain help to waste

His borrowed purse."

OUR LINEN MANUFACTURE AND ITS RAW MATERIAL.

THAT a cheap and plentiful supply of raw material is indispensable to the progress and prosperity of any manufacture is a fundamental principle in political economy. Sir R. Peel, in his sweeping reform of the British tariff, amply recognised its importance, and that the Emperor of the French is fully alive to it, is testified by his late measures. But, while the removal of import duties on raw materials insures their being obtained by the manufacturer without any artificial enhancement of cost, it is not in every case that this alone will provide a supply adequate to the wants of a constantly-increasing consumption of the manufactured article. There are obstacles to the production of certain materials which cannot be removed by any purely fiscal measure; and new sources from which they may be obtained must be found, which require other means to be employed.

In the four great branches of textile manufacture—cotton, flax, wool, and silk—the increased demand arising from the improved means of consumers at home and the opening of new markets abroad, has given rise to frequent embarrassment, in consequence of the production of the raw materials not marching, *pari passu*, with the consumption. Cotton spinners have anxiously considered whether the Eastern hemisphere might not afford an important addition to the supplies, which have hitherto, for the most part, been obtained from the Western only. The capabilities of Hindostan as a cotton-growing country have attracted serious attention; and in the African discoveries of Livingstone it will be observed what stress has been laid on the fact that cotton has been found growing wild in the well-watered interior which his researches have displayed to the world. And if there be a dearth of cotton, it will be remembered that but for the immense spread of sheep-farming in Australia and New Zealand the woollen manufacture would have been placed in a similarly embarrassing predicament. But, in the case of flax, from the precarious nature of the crop and the amount of labour and skill required in the culture of the plant and the preparation of its fibre, the uncertainty of the

supply has been much greater than with any of the other three materials named; periodical dearths have been of frequent occurrence; and at present the linen trade is almost at a dead lock, while spinners and manufacturers have become seriously alarmed.

If we review the past quarter of a century, we shall find that the increased imports of cotton, wool, and raw silk have been all in a very much greater ratio than those of flax. In 1831, there were 288,674,853 lbs. of cotton imported; in 1857, there were 979,318,896 lbs. Of wool we obtained from abroad, in 1832, 28,128,973 lbs.; and in 1857, 129,749,898 lbs. Of raw silk the import was, in 1831, 3,235,868 lbs.; in 1857, it was 12,077,931 lbs. In the article of flax, 46,220 tons were discharged at the ports of the United Kingdom in 1831, while in 1858 the quantity had only increased to 64,195 tons. Thus, while the supplies of cotton had been augmented by 230 per cent., those of wool by 361 per cent., and of raw silk by 270 per cent., in the case of flax the increase was only 39 per cent. during the quarter century.

Had the home production steadily and uniformly increased, this would not have been so serious a matter; but the fluctuations have been very great. In England and Scotland so little flax is grown that it is needless to take them into account; but in Ireland this crop has always been an important one, and much attention has been paid to it as the aliment of our only great national manufacture. A special Government department, termed the "Trustees of the Irish Linen and Hempen Manufactures," during many years towards the end of the last and after the commencement of the present century expended a sum varying from £15,000 to £20,000 annually in the encouragement of flax-growing and in fostering the manufacture of linen by the now-exploded system of bounties: in fact, the Irish linen manufacture has been always a pet scheme with our rulers ever since the arbitrary enactment of William III. gave a death-blow to our native woollen manufacture and raised that of linen upon its ashes. The Huguenot settlers, who had been engaged in the linen manufacture in

their own country, were received with open arms, and were aided with Government money to introduce the French method in Ireland. When the Earl of Strafford was Viceroy, he consigned £6,000 worth of Irish linens to Spain, being the first shipment made to that country. An influential association of flax spinners, linen merchants, and landed proprietors was organised at Belfast in 1841, and for seventeen years zealously laboured to increase and improve the growth and preparation of flax, expending during the period of its existence upwards of £21,000, of which one-half was granted by Government from the Irish Reproductive Loan Fund. The exertions of this society were for some years eminently successful. The quantity of flax fibre produced in Ireland rose from 11,750 tons in 1844—which was the first year that authentic returns were collected by Government—to 33,374 tons in 1853; but from a variety of causes unnecessary to enumerate, a falling-off ensued, with considerable fluctuations, and at the close of the Society's labours, in 1858, the quantity produced had sunk to 26,599 tons.

Adding the amount of foreign flax imported, in each of the two last-named years, we arrive at a total supply from all sources, home and foreign, of 137,520 tons, in 1853, while, in 1858, it was but 90,794 tons. At the culminating point of Irish flax culture, we were enabled to export upwards of 1,000 tons, value for £45,000, to France, and smaller parcels to Belgium and the United States—a novel feature in the trade, and one likely to have led to more important transactions had the home growth gone on increasing.

From the foregoing details it may be gathered that, while other branches of textile industry may occasionally feel the want of larger supplies of their *pabulum*, the linen manufacture is now suffering from a positive dearth. It is not as if flaxen fabrics could always command a ready sale, irrespective of price, for the constant tendency of the cotton manufacture has been to supplant the linen, from the greater cheapness of its products. Cotton shirtings and sheetings have largely superseded those of linen; the linen duck trousers formerly worn by the army, as summer clothing, have been replaced by a cotton material; and

white cotton handkerchiefs in many cases take the place of linen cambric. Both at home and abroad the preference is given to the cheaper article, by the mass of consumers. The linen manufacture has, therefore, to struggle against this severe competition, aided by the gigantic capital, industrial skill, and enterprising habits of the Lancashire and Yorkshire cotton lords. No doubt, improvements in the spinning and weaving of flax, tending to reduce the cost of production, have been extensively introduced, while capital and energy are not wanting in Ulster. But the very insufficient supply of the raw material, and the consequent enhancement of its cost, are difficulties which effectually clog the wheels of industry, and threaten, ultimately, to make linen a luxury, only accessible to the wealthier classes of consumers.

The great fluctuations in the supply of flax, and especially of the coarser sorts, has led to the substitution, for many purposes, of jute, the fibre of the *Corchorus Indicus*. It is chiefly spun in Fife and Forfar shires; and this branch of manufacture has rapidly assumed great importance, the consumption of jute having risen from 1,136 tons, in 1838, to 45,000 tons, last year. And the great progress of this trade is chiefly owing to the supply of fibre keeping pace with the demand, while it can be furnished at one-half to one-third the price of flax.

It will be in vain, therefore, for our flax-spinners and linen manufacturers to endeavour to carry on a prosperous trade, if they cannot obtain the raw material in larger quantities and on better terms. They may expend thousands on improved machinery, and so reduce the cost of producing linens, by economising labour; but unless they have a cheap and plentiful supply of flax, the cotton manufacture will still gain ground upon them. Wet-spinning, improved hackling and preparing machines, power-looms, and many minor novelties, such as the adaptation of mechanism to the working of shirt fronts and the hemming of cambric handkerchiefs, are all in operation, but the great *desideratum* is unattained. It so happens that very few fibres are found suitable for the purposes to which flaxen fabrics are applied. Phormium Tenax (New Zealand hemp), Urtica Nivea (China grass), Crotonaria Juncea (Sunn hemp),

the fibres of the *Agave Americana* (American Aloe), and of a host of other plants, indigenous to the East Indies, South America, and the Isles of the Pacific, have been experimented upon, with unfavourable results. As yet it is found that only flax, hemp, and jute possess the requisite tenacity, suppleness, and spinning capabilities, and that none can compare with the first for the finer class of fabrics.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the thoughts of all who have their capital embarked in the linen manufacture should be anxiously occupied with the question as to how and from whence an increased supply of flax may be obtained. Besides Ireland, the chief flax-producing countries are Russia, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Egypt. France and Germany (with the exception of Prussia), export very little, retaining the bulk for their local manufactures. There are, therefore, but few foreign sources from which we can at present obtain any quantity; and of the entire import of flax into the United Kingdom, three-fourths are derived from Russia alone. Although we are her largest customers, we are yearly met, to an increasing extent in her markets, by French, Belgian, and German buyers, the progress of their manufactures having obliged them to look abroad for a portion of that raw material which they once found in sufficient quantity at home. It does not appear likely that there will be any very great increase in the production of flax in Europe, while the supply from the Valley of the Nile is necessarily circumscribed. It is also problematical whether Ireland can be expected to furnish a much larger quota than the average of the last ten years,—say one-third to one-fourth of the entire quantity consumed in the United Kingdom.

Flax is a crop which requires a great amount of labour in the details of culture and for bringing its fibre to a marketable state. It is a crop essentially adapted to small farms, and the tendency, in Ireland, of late years, has been to consolidate the holdings, and in numerous instances to convert tillage into pasture. Further, the flax plant, more than any other in general cultivation, is profitable or unprofitable according to the amount of care and skill exercised by the grower, and this deters many far-

mers from trying it in districts where the population is unaccustomed to this peculiar branch of agriculture, so that, notwithstanding the great efforts of the Belfast Society to spread it over all Ireland, it is still chiefly confined to those counties of the Northern Province where long practice has perfected the farmers and labourers in the various processes. Again, the distance of the southern and western provinces from the seat of consumption in Ulster, and the absence of local markets, are further obstacles. The farmer can at any time cart his wheat or oats, his potatoes or hay, to the nearest market town, and readily dispose of it; but if he sends a load of flax he finds no buyer, and is obliged to put himself in communication with some one in the flax trade in Ulster; then to forward the fibre to him, and to wait account sales. Had the system of factorage, which was extensively tried in several localities of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, been successful, there can be little doubt that large quantities of the crop would have been raised in those provinces, as farmers were quite willing to grow it, provided they could at once find a purchaser for it in the raw state, and so avoid the tedious and critical operations of steeping, grassing, scutching, &c. As a phase of the great principle of division of labour, this system promised well, but, unfortunately, it was not commercially successful, and the establishments which had been erected at so much cost were finally abandoned, to the great loss of the enterprising men who had undertaken this new branch of industrial adventure.

In addition to all this, those who are acquainted with the respective national characteristics of the Dutch and Flemings, on the one hand, and of the Irish, on the other, will admit that the latter are not likely to emulate the former in that phlegmatic and painstaking industry which comes so usefully into play in the treatment of a crop requiring so much care, and which causes it to yield a golden harvest in the Low Countries. In reviewing the foregoing points it must be apparent that our linen manufacturers would be wrong in relying too much upon the undoubted natural advantages which the climate and soil of Ireland offer for the profitable cultivation of the flax plant, and consequently in believing that where na-

ture has done so much, man will necessarily act his part, and furnish sufficient home-grown material for home manufacture.

In casting their eyes abroad, there is one country which appears to the spinners likely to meet their want—namely, India. There can be little doubt that the flax plant was originally cultivated in the East, and from thence introduced into Europe. Many allusions are to be found in the Holy Scriptures, to its culture, and to the fabrication of woven tissues from its fibre, while the Egyptian mummies are invariably swathed in linen cements, and the walls of sepulchres in Upper Egypt exhibit rude paintings of the distaffs and looms in use there 3,000 years since. Although experience has proved that the best and finest qualities of flax can only be produced in the littoral regions of the temperate zone, it is equally certain that a strong, useful fibre can be obtained from certain hot countries. Where a deep alluvial soil exists, and where there is sufficient humidity for the wants of a plant which delights in a moist bed, the heat of the sun does not prevent the maturing of fibre of sufficient length and strength for the ordinary purposes of manufacture. Thus, while the arid plains of Southern Africa could produce but a stunted plant, with a fibre scarcely worth preparing, the slimy banks of the Nile, after its annual overflow, are proved to be capable of giving a fair yield of strong fibre. And, analogous to this, while in the great plain of Central Hindostan, the flax plant can only be cultivated for its seed, it has lately been ascertained that in the Punjaub, whose five rivers overflow their banks, there are many localities highly suitable for the production of fibre. Below the region of eternal snow, which caps the great Asiatic chain of mountains, extends a range of fertile slopes, with a temperate climate and abundance of watercourses. Many districts, proper for flax growing, might be found between the spurs of the Himalaya, not merely within the confines of the British possessions, but also in the neighbouring territories of Nepaul and Bhotan. Certain places in other parts of India may also present the necessary requisites.

But it is to the Punjaub that especial attention has recently been di-

rected. The flax plant has been there cultivated for centuries; but solely for the seed, the fibre not being turned to any account. After the conquest of that country, it occurred to the local government, that since so large a quantity of flax was grown, and so extensive a demand existed in Europe for its fibre, if the natives could be brought to prepare the latter, much might be exported from the Valley of the Five Rivers. In order to attain this end, it was evident that adequate instruction in the mode of culture and preparation should be provided, and that, in the first instance, Government, by purchasing the fibre at a fair price, should give confidence to the growers, and induce them to change their present system. and so avail themselves of all the products of this valuable plant. Nothing, however, was practically done—although repeated inquiries and reports had been made—until the season 1854-55, when the Agricultural Society of the Punjaub recommended the Government to begin experimental operations, the results of which were first exhibited at the Annual Meeting of the Royal Flax Improvement Society at Belfast, in 1857. Much interest was there excited by a series of samples, some the produce of European and others of native seed; part having been grown by the Zemindars, and part by the Punjaub Agricultural Society. Subsequently, the first shipment of flax ever made to the United Kingdom from India, was received in London, from Kurrachee, the port of the north-west provinces. This was forwarded to Belfast, and it was there conceived, that in a matter of so much interest to all persons engaged in the linen manufacture, it was desirable that a portion should be sent to Leeds and another to Dundee, as the centres of that manufacture in England and Scotland; that it should be there held until all spinners desirous of examining it should have had the opportunity of doing so, and that it should then be sold at market value.

The result was that the average price obtained was £45 per ton, being intermediate between the coarser and finer Russian, and considerably above the bulk of Egyptian. A parcel subsequently sent brought £54 per ton, being equal to the finest Russian, and much above the best Egyptian. Its quality

for spinning into yarn was well thought of, and it was considered very suitable, from its great strength, for mixing with fibre of a softer but weaker character. At Dundee, spinners were of opinion that it would be admirably adapted for canvas and other fabrics, where great strength is required. The fiat, therefore, of the most competent judges, was to the effect that Indian flax may be advantageously employed in textile manufactures.

The question next arises, would the price which the British or Irish spinner can afford to pay remunerate the Indian grower? The answer appears conclusive. At a meeting of the Dundee Chamber of Commerce, held in January last, Mr. Steiner, a German, who had superintended the government flax experiments in the Punjab, made some statements, which, from his acquaintance with the country, and his practical knowledge of the subject, deserve implicit credence. He informed the meeting that the two principal crops cultivated in that province are flax and wheat—the former, as previously explained, for the seed alone. The value of wheat, in the bazaar, he stated to be 12 rupees, or £1 4s. for 12 *maunds*, the average produce per acre. The value of the average produce of flax seed from an acre of land, 6½ *maunds*, at 4s., was £1 6s., making a difference in favour of the latter of 2s. per acre, without reference to the fibre of flax stems. From his experiments it would appear that 22 *maunds* per acre had been obtained by him. At this rate, the value to the cultivator would be 14s. 6d. per acre, leaving altogether a balance in favour of the flax over the wheat crop, after allowing for the value of the wheaten straw, of 12s. 6d. per acre, or nearly 45 per cent. As it appears, however, that in some seasons no rain falls, irrigation is necessary to maintain the proper degree of moisture in the soil; and allowing for the expense of this, Mr. Steiner calculates that the extra profit of flax, to the native cultivator, over wheat, would be 20 to 30 per cent. Mr. M'Leod, Financial Commissioner at Lahore, has stated the result of an experiment made by Colonel Clarke, Deputy Commissioner at Goojranwala, who seeing the great import-

ance to the Punjab of turning to profit that valuable fibre, which, for centuries, has been allowed to go to waste, expended 1,500 rupees in making advances to the cultivators, engaging that every one should have at the rate of 14 rupees, or £1 4s. per acre, for the plant in the rough state, provided it were not under 2½ feet in height. In some instances as much as 33 *maunds* per acre were produced. The fibre, when prepared, was all sold to a firm at Calcutta, at the rate of £22 per ton. This parcel was what subsequently brought £45 per ton at Dundee and Belfast.

On the whole it may be gathered that flax fibre can be produced in the interior of the Punjab at £14 per ton. The present means of transport to the seaboard are defective; but as railways are in the course of formation, and steamers are about to be put on the Indus, this difficulty will soon be rectified. Once at Kurrachee, the freight to England will be about the same as it is on cotton. The Directors of the Dundee Chamber of Commerce, in their report upon the prospect of obtaining a supply of flax fibre from India, state, that "it appears flax can be grown from native seed, well adapted for manufacturing purposes; that it can be sold in this country at very moderate prices; that these low prices would leave a higher remuneration to the growers than they now receive from the cultivation of other crops; and that these advantages would be consistent with profit to the importers."

Every requisite for the successful production of the crop is present in the Punjab. The soil is either alluvial or a light clay, both highly suitable to the flax plant. Moisture is provided through the intersection of the country by the five rivers, and by canals, thus making available an extensive system of irrigation; and last year a new canal, through the Bari Doab, has opened up wide tracts, hitherto waste, through the absence of the precious fluid. Labour, which forms the great expense beyond all other crops in the culture and manipulation of flax, is at the rate of 3d. a-day. The people have long been accustomed to its growth, and are stated by Mr. Steiner to be docile, and easily brought to learn a proper system. All that remains to be done

is to provide instruction as to the best mode of preparing the fibre for the manufacturer, and to devise means whereby the producer can find a market on the spot for it, when so prepared. To these ends the attention of the Chambers of Commerce of Belfast, Leeds, and Dundee, has been particularly directed; and it is likely that they will be carried out by a company formed of those most interested in the matter.

It is of much importance also that the most efficient machines for separating the fibre should be provided. For a lengthened period the flax we received from Egypt was so indifferent in quality and so badly cleaned that it was with difficulty saleable at an extremely low price. Ibrahim Pacha, however, by the advice of experienced persons, took up the matter, brought over to Egypt European labourers skilled in the details of culture, and procured from Belfast the very best machines for cleaning out the fibre. The consequence is that that portion of the Egyptian flax now imported into this country, which has been cultivated and prepared under the new system, brings in the market nearly double the price of what was formerly imported, and is technically known as "Pacha's Flax."

Should the Punjaubees, as there is every reason to hope, ultimately economise the fibre of their flax crops, from which for so lengthened a period they have derived no benefit, and for which, chiefly, the plant is grown in Europe, what a source of wealth will it be to them! Even as it is, the seed alone is nearly as profitable to them as their entire wheat crop. The fibre merely, as shown by the experiment already detailed, would yield them one-half the profit of wheat, so that, taking the two together, it may be presumed that, before long, there will be a vast increase of flax growing in the north-west provinces of India. At the conclusion of the dreadful revolt, when the Government was directly transferred to the Queen, Her Majesty's proclamation declared, that as soon as tranquillity should be restored she should have an earnest desire to stimulate peaceful industry. To render the population busy and prosperous, through the development of the latent industrial resources of the

country, is recognised to be the best means of insuring quiet in future, and every measure of government since has tended to that end. In a preceding page reference was made to the activity shown by the cotton spinners and manufacturers in seeking to obtain increased supplies of their raw material from India, and their exertions appear to have already been very successful, as we find that last year the import of cotton from India showed an increase of 149,700 bales over the preceding year. The *Cotton Supply Reporter*, in mentioning this, adds—"A most remarkable feature in the re-export of cotton" (i.e., from England to the Continent), "is, that out of a total export of 435,900 bales, no less than 272,270 bales, or nearly two-thirds, have been East Indian, fully proving the importance of this class of cotton abroad." This suggests the wide market which the Indian flax-grower might likewise expect for his produce, since France, Germany, and Belgium are all large consumers of Russian flax, and, no doubt, would be glad to avail themselves of a supply from India, if practicable.

In an imperial and financial point of view, the production of flax fibre in India is also very important. It has been before stated that we derive our chief supply of foreign flax from Russia, and it forms one of the largest items of our imports from that empire. Russia is a very bad customer to us. Our free trade measures admit her produce almost, or quite duty free, while her highly protective, and, in some cases, prohibitive system, shuts out or presses heavily upon the admission of our manufactures. In 1858 we took from her to the value of nearly 12 millions sterling, while, in return, she bought from us only to the extent of 2½ millions. India, on the contrary, is a willing customer; indeed one of our very best. In the same year we exported to the latter goods to the value of 16½ millions sterling, and imported about 15 millions. Of what great importance, therefore, would it be for us to reduce the amount of the hard cash we now pay to Russia for flax, and transfer it to India, from which it would return to us in exchange for our manufactures. Thus India and the United Kingdom would be reciprocally benefited.

It is earnestly to be hoped, in the present critical position of our linen manufacture, that no effort may be wanting to stimulate and encourage the production of flax in India, not only in the Punjaub, but in all localities favourable to the growth of the plant; and, by this means, that we may obtain ultimately that cheap and plentiful supply now so imperatively demanded. The linen trade of Great Britain and Ireland, and especially of the latter, has certainly had a great expansion since the beginning of the present century. In 1800 the export was but 35,676,700 yards; in 1825, it was 55,113,265 yards; in 1858, 110,986,886 yards. This shows an increase in the last 60 years of 211 per cent.—large apparently, but unable to bear the least comparison with the increase in cotton fabrics within the same period. We have customers for our linens throughout all the civilized world; and where stringent tariffs do not thwart us, or differential duties place us at a disadvantage, we can make good our footing and defy competition. For cheapness, finish, and purity of bleach, Irish linens are unrivalled. In the face of a duty of 25 per cent., levied by the United States of America, upwards of 60,000,000 yards of our flaxen fabrics were exported there last year; and nothing but the scarcity and dearness of the raw material prevents the linen trade from progressing with the greatest rapidity. Were these difficulties overcome we should hear no more of “short time” in the Irish factories, or of mills standing idle (both entailing severe privations upon thousands), nor should mercantile confidence be periodically shaken by the failure of spinners, manufacturers, or linen merchants.

At the present moment, more especially, it is important to lay plans for the future. The French market, which has been virtually closed against our linens since 1842, has lately been re-opened, under the provisions of the International Treaty; and although the concessions are not what could be wished, yet is there every reason to believe that they are sufficient to give us a share in the supply of a nation of consumers who, according to Sir J. Bowring's calculation, use annually seven yards of flaxen fabric of all kinds per head of

population. Putting the population of France at 35,000,000, we have here an annual consumption of 245,000,000 yards; while, at the present time, our exports to all the world, of every kind of tissue of which flax, hemp, and jute are the raw materials, is little over 120,000,000 yards.

When we consider the vast importance of the linen manufacture to Ireland—the capital sunk in buildings and machinery—the number of persons dependent upon it for their daily bread—the habits of steady industry which it fosters, we cannot overrate the necessity of maintaining it, and of enabling it to progress with the times. Should it retrograde, its position may never be recovered; it might be then slowly crushed by its giant rival. There are, in the factories of Ireland, nearly 600,000 spindles, representing a sunk capital of fully two and a-half millions sterling. The sums invested in bleachworks, weaving factories, hand-loom, &c., in iron foundries and machine shops, and in all the other departments ancillary to the manufacture, cannot be much under an equal sum. Upwards of a quarter million souls are dependent, directly or indirectly, upon it; and the expenditure of their earnings is a main source of the prosperity of the rising towns of Ulster. In the supply of the wants of these, and in transactions connected with one or another branch of the great staple trade, the merchants of the principal seaports of that province accumulate fortunes. Fleets of coasters (the property of Ulster ship-owners, and manned by Ulster seamen) are occupied all the year round in carrying coals from the opposite shores of Great Britain for the use of the factories and bleachworks. Thousands of iron founders and engineers are working constantly at the construction or repair of machinery. Blacksmiths and tinmiths, turners and carpenters, are kept ever busy in furnishing the minor articles required. In a word, it is the linen manufacture which gives that industrial life to the North of Ireland, the absence of which furnishes so forcible a contrast in the quiet of the rest of our island. That so great an element of national wealth and prosperity may not languish for want of its necessary aliment is most ardently to be hoped.

TRANS MARE.

My spirit droops beneath these unloved skies,
 I ! the free daughter of the far-off hills !
 Born where the blue-peaked, misty mountains rise—
 Trod by the shining feet of many rills ;
 My childhood nursed amid a land's romance,
 Filled with the legends of a thousand years,
 For ever through my dreams its waters glance,
 For ever waves the corn its golden ears.

And yet this land is beautiful and young,
 Yea ! lovely as the new made Earth of God,
 When through its unpressed grass the first flowers sprung,
 Ere yet its silent valleys had been trod.
 Fair its dark woodlands sweep unto the sea,
 Cresting the low, soft hills with their green crowns,
 Through a most liquid azure sailing free
 The white clouds swim above the sunny downs.

And there are rivers rushing like wild steeds,
 Tossing the white foam far, their floating manes ;
 And soft the night-winds murmur through the reeds,
 And bend the long grass rippling o'er the plains.
 Starts from the forest path, the shy, fleet fawn,
 Brushing the heavy dew from strange wild flowers ;
 And glows warm summer over lake and lawn,
 Not with the half-veiled loveliness of ours.

But oh ! 'tis all too present, and too real :
 No memories crown the green and gorgeous land,
 No magic shadows from the old ideal
 Haunt the lone vale—the mountain gorges grand ;
 Floats o'er the bosom of the fair blue lake
 No legend, mingling with its wave, sun-kissed,
 No airy hosts their cloudy banners shake,
 Rising at evening from its purple mist.

No fairies dance upon the moonlit green,
 No Dryads linger in the scented woods,
 Ne'er the white Naiad's gleaming hair was seen
 Where dip the flowers into the silent floods.
 Here, childhood's self is wise, and weird, and pale,
 Nor long it listens with undoubting eyes,
 To Sinbad's travels in the "Diamond Vale,"
 Or how the "Giant Slayer" climbed the skies.

Nor long they weep above the leaves that shade
 The forgotten "Children of the Wood,"
 Or follow sadly through the summer glade
 Poor foolish, flower-loving "Red Riding Hood."
 This is the twilight land of thought, whereon
 The spent waves of old Europe's glory pour,
 Flinging the dancing foam afar that shone,
 A soiled, and ragged, selvage on the shore.

Oh, dreamer ! make not *here* thy rapt delay,
 Or fling thy finer fancies to the wind,
 As the wrecked swimmer plunging in the spray
 Flings his impeding vesture first behind.
 If, charmed, you listen to a siren song,
 Or watch the pallid glory of a star,
 Then shall you fall amid the trampling throng,
 And iron Progress crush thee 'neath his car.

THE REFORM BILL AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE truisms, that Parliamentary Reform is merely a means to an end, and that this end is the government of the British Empire, certainly require to be held well in mind whenever projects for this species of reform are brought forward, since they are true in their party meaning, and, moreover, in their grand national import. The Act of Reform was a bold and comprehensive measure: but it was demanded. This cannot be said of the bill now before the country. What was the ultimate aim of the reformers? Reduction of taxation; upon which, in 1830, they came into power. The direct object of the agitation was the repeal of the corn laws, which has since been effected. Happily, the result has not been to lower the condition of our working classes to a level with the state of their rivals on the Continent. What is the apparent aim of the present measure? Is it not—the avowed intention being to lighten taxation on our working classes—to enable their wages to be lowered? In effect the struggle is between men who are making money, and men in possession of real property.

That the strength of the democratic element is on the increase, and will ultimately predominate, by the working classes obtaining a majority of votes, and thus becoming the real masters of the country, is somewhat generally apprehended. For ourselves, we entertain no such apprehension, feeling confident that these classes themselves have a sufficient sense of justice not to desire a share in power to which they are not entitled, and the exercise of which would be prejudicial to their interests. Nothing better proves this sense than their continual forbearance on the question of extension of the franchise; and, though we do not admit that the present indifference of the unenfranchised with regard to their admission to the suffrage is a reason for postponing consideration of the question, yet this apparent apathy is a sure sign, not so much of the little value attached by our lower classes to possession of a vote, as of their

reason and moderation. During the agitation of 1831, the workmen of Glasgow embodied in a petition the feelings of their class in general upon this question in noble sentiments. They stated that they willingly abandoned for the present their claim on the franchise, in order to advance the measure under discussion; and, protesting that they deprecated the most distant idea of revolution, and that they envied neither wealth nor rank, declared they merely wished to enjoy the fruits of their labour in peace, and to raise themselves on their own resources to comfort and comparative independence. In our view, the franchise, like freedom, is most valued by the men who attain to it; and would be appreciated less by those to whom the gift of it, *en masse*, would render universal suffrage as common as universal nobilitation. It is essentially a state trust; but universality of possession would turn it into a class lever. There can be little doubt but that, during the agitation of the Reform Bill, extravagant expectations were entertained by the poorer classes as to the effects of the measure; and that disappointment of the expected material improvement has rendered them indifferent to the extension of what is merely an instrument.

All parties are now agreed that a considerable increase of the number of electors is highly desirable. The last Conservative bill was framed with this enlarged view; and would have placed the suffrage perhaps sufficiently within the reach of the meritorious among the mass of the unenfranchised. On the other hand, the main fault of the bill before the country is its want of comprehensiveness and proportion; for, while it would effect a revolution in the electoral power in large towns, by doubling, trebling, and even quadrupling some constituencies, it contains no openings in mitigation by which hundreds of thousands of respectable men, now excluded from the suffrage throughout the three kingdoms, would obtain admission.

In these important regards, Lord

John Russell's new measure is in reversal of the policy of the Reform Act. The purpose of that Act was to take the command of the representation largely out of the hands of the aristocracy, and to place it in those of the aggregate of the educated portion of the nation. It was a transference of power from the upper to the middle class. Its operation hardly reached the manually-labouring class, and went to disfranchise many thousands of the lowest degree, by the abolition of scot and lot voting, and by the disfranchisement of the freemen in small boroughs. The new bill is not in continuance of this distinct policy, which would be carried out further by some amalgamations of unrepresented towns with existing small boroughs, and the abolition of the most corrupt; by the enfranchisement of lodgers who would pay a certain amount of poor-rate; by lowering the qualification so as to admit a large proportion of the working classes in town and country; and, above all, by investing all who pay taxes with graduated suffrage in virtue of that payment. The measure we propose would certainly introduce an organic change in our representative system, viz., abolition of that equality of voting power which lies at the root of the whole difficulty, and embarrasses the entire question.

The present main questions of representative reform are two—extension of the franchise, and distribution of seats. The first question is, whether there are not some degrees of men in the social scale to whom the franchise may advantageously be extended; the second is, whether there are boroughs too small to entitle them to return two members, or even a single representative, to parliament; and whether there are any unrepresented places fairly claiming to be represented. Distribution of seats not being included in our programme, we will only offer a few general remarks, with these preliminary observations, that the question arises in consequence of adherence to the ancient English principle of representing, not the numerical amount of population, but various interests; and that if numbers were the basis, Ireland would return more members than her wealth entitles her to, and Scotland have fewer representatives than

the metropolitan boroughs of England. The primary object of the framers of the Reform Act was the withdrawal of the privilege of returning members from boroughs which had become insignificant, and the transference of the trust to important places. As Lord Grey elegantly expressed it:—

“Inutiles falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inserit.”

The supreme principles, that the franchise is a public trust, and that representatives should not be mere nominees, but responsible to a sufficiently considerable constituency, were asserted. Excellent results have followed. Character is more than ever the true claim on suffrages. However, the opponents of further abolition of nomination boroughs, still adhering to the idea that it is well to retain them to provide for men who would not otherwise be returned to parliament, yet whose services there will be valuable, are not inclined to concur with the observation of Lord Macaulay with regard to nominees, that “a greater service cannot be done to men of real merit than by destroying that which has been called their refuge, but which is their house of bondage; by taking from them the patronage of the great, and giving to them in its stead the respect and confidence of the people.”

At the same time, the doctrine of reasonable representation of interests being held in view, the question of distribution remains open. There is, however, a more practical question—that on which the Duke of Wellington opposed the disfranchisement of small boroughs, viz:—“How is the government to be carried on?” When introducing the present bill, Lord John Russell evinced a reversion to the reconsideration of this question, by pointing out that, as division of the representation into great county and great borough constituencies would be likely to deprive the country of the services of both its most independent and its most business-like members, it is essential to have small places returning representatives. Prior to that great change, the British government had proved itself an effective machine, and the Duke rested the expediency of reform on the true issue, when he asked his

famous question. Excepting during the temporary popularity of the cabinet that passed the bill, no government has, since its operation, enjoyed a strong, working majority. In truth, apprehension of further change now acts in creating so nice a balance of the Conservative and Liberal parties, which partake of power in England without seriously dividing her, that, unless some foreign question of national interest, involving prospects of war, is concerned, there is a too frequent shifting of government and administration from the hands of one to the other side of the House of Commons.

The able essayist, Mr. Greg, has given, yet in a not sufficiently forcible manner, a complete answer to the old radical cavil:—"What a scandal that Honiton, with only 3,500 inhabitants, should return as many members as Liverpool, with 376,000!" He shows, in reply, that *every* Liverpool, or large town, is represented, while only *three* out of sixty towns the size of Honiton return members; and he asserts, after giving statistics, that the member for Honiton and the member for Arundel—if regarded, as they ought to be, as representing all the unrepresented towns of their sizes—have a constituency as numerous as that of Birmingham and Southwark. Convincing as this reply is, it is not satisfactorily conclusive, since we cannot but regard the fact, also pointed out by Mr. Greg, as a blot in the constitution, that very many thousands of well qualified men residing in several hundred small towns in the united kingdom are unenfranchised, notwithstanding the decision that occupation of a £10 house is a sufficient qualification. They are competent, yet, because they do not live in one of the 185 parliamentary boroughs, they are incapacitated; and thus, those living in the 268 unrepresented towns, with more than 2,000 inhabitants, or in the far more numerous towns and villages below this limit, cannot exercise a privilege which the law declares, in principle, they ought to have. To meet this anomaly, some reasoners, alleging that there is no reason for keeping county and borough franchises separate, propose to put the qualification on terms of equality, with the aim of merging them in one universal level, in order

to lead to numerical representation. But any mingling, on large scales, of the town with the country suffrages would be in opposition to the English principle of representation, which is, not of numbers, nor of taxation, but of interests; and moreover, the condition of the hirer of land differs from that of the hirer of a small house, in that, being more independent of loss of employment, he is less subject to extraneous influences. Now, as influences, for good and for bad, are the vital moving powers in elections, the bearing and adjustment of these subtle, various, and potent instruments form the true subject for the consideration of statesmen who would make an organic change, however slight, in the elaborately formed frame of British society—a nation hardly less susceptible of harm from external and internal causes than is the human body and mind. For though Earl Grey might, coldly comparing our representative system to an orchard tree, justly speak of pruning here, and engrafting there, no statesman among our countrymen was ever more conscious that the great experiment he was then advocating was about to be made on the living form of a mighty nation. Rather, may we liken that ancient institution to an oak, yearly renewing its life, and throwing forth its shoots and acorns over the habitable globe. Before the act of reform there was, indeed, rottenness, not at the heart, but in some great limbs; yet—

"The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopped with care, a strength may give,
By which the rest may bloom and live,
All greenly fresh and wildly free!
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals."

Turn we now to the most important question—extension of the franchise.

It is calculated by Mr. Greg, in his *Essay on Political and Social Science*, that the labouring classes in Great Britain, not including Ireland, are THREE-FOLD more numerous than the class possessing property. It may be said, and should be borne in mind, that this vast majority of manually-working men do not possess sufficient property of any kind to prevent their feelings from being entirely on one

side in any question that may be raised between capital and labour. It would be inapt to style them all *prolétaires*, as the unpropertied, the needy, workmen of Paris are called; and, happily, industrious habits, freedom from the evil passion of envy, and respect for the law, have for many ages distinguished the English people. In France, on the other hand, the calculation is, that TWO-THIRDS of the entire population are proprietors—against ONE QUARTER in England. Out of 32,000,000 of souls, 20,000,000 were found to form the landed proprietary, 7,000,000 formed the town population, 3,000,000 were agricultural labourers and their families, and the remaining 2,000,000 were artisans employed in agricultural districts. Hence the vast majority of the French people feel the conservative interest attaching to the possession of hereditary landed property, while the vast majority of the English are dependent on weekly wages for their daily bread. It was that interest which, in 1848, refused to be taxed to find work and wages for the *prolétaires* of Paris, and therefore sided with the army when the insurgents were suppressed. Universal suffrage and the ballot are safely entrusted to the masses in a country where the masses pay the largest proportion of direct taxation; whereas the same power, if conferred in England, would, by giving the numerical majority the great voice in deciding legislative questions, be the predominance of the receivers of wages over those who pay them—the supremacy of the interests of labour over the interests of property.

The growing disposition to enlarge the rights of the less favoured portions of the nation has happily increased the attention of all public men, as well as of philanthropists, to the condition of the worse paid section of the classes working annually for wages, and especially to those exciting questions between wealth and work, which, on account of that tendency, demand satisfactory solution. Among the offspring to which literary labours on these questions have given birth, we incline to rank Mr. C. Morrison's work, "An Essay on the Relations between Capital and Labour," as pre-eminent for its masterly exposition of the principles on

which the present and future state of the working classes depend. Above all, its author takes his ground on the theory advanced by Malthus, supported by Mill, and self-evident, yet inadequately preached and practised, viz., that the standard of responsibility on the score of marriage and of production of children required to be raised in Great Britain and Ireland; and he has well worked out the conclusion that employers are not responsible for the lowness of the rate of wages they pay, by showing that it depends on the relative quantities of capital and labour in a country. The corollary is also clearly drawn, that the condition of the working classes can only be permanently improved either by limitation of their numbers, which depends on themselves, or by augmentation of capital, which depends on the degree of ability and disposition for accumulation among the classes who can save; thus manifesting that the former classes are deeply interested in the incentives towards accumulation. Several proofs are given of the strong tendency among the working classes towards a most pernicious variance between the *true doctrine* respecting the causes which determine their condition and the *false ideas* of these classes on the subject; and the author shows that the actuating idea has been to suppose that their condition can be greatly improved by the use of sufficiently energetic means for coercing and superseding capitalists.

The social questions to which an examination of the relations between employers and the employed gives rise, bear closely on a political problem, in comparison with which party politics sink into insignificance, viz., the discovery of the mode in which the growing political importance of the labouring majority of the nation may be rendered consistent with the stability of our national institutions, the security of property, and the predominance of high, independent, and refined intellects in the government. In effect, the problem for England is, how far the tenure of political power by the aristocracy will be compatible with the increasing element of democracy. The former party has all to lose, while the latter has all to gain.

Mr. Morrison fully discusses the

importance of interesting the largest possible number of the working classes in property, that their direct interests may remove the risk of their growing political importance being applied to the perilous undertaking of benefiting labour at the expense of capital; and if his views are not exaggerated, any legislative measures which will conduce to that result, without interfering with individual rights, are worthy of the serious attention of statesmen. Confining our present view to the problem of the fuller admission of the best of those classes to the franchise, we are glad to quote that thoughtful writer as suggesting that a vote should appertain to those who shall either have acquired a beneficial tenure of a certain length in a dwelling, whether a separate one, or an apartment in an improved lodging-house according to the Scotch system, or as an alternative, a certain moderate interest in some productive undertaking. At the same time he points out that the ultimate admission of those classes to power is pressed between two difficulties, for, on the one hand, the admission of the whole mass can, as he observes, "hardly appear safe even to the greatest admirer of democracy in the abstract, until a very great improvement in their intelligence and information on economical and social questions shall have been effected," while, on the other hand, it is difficult to contrive a qualification for the elective franchise, which shall admit those who are fit to exercise it, and exclude those who are unfit. Advocating the principle of a property qualification, he represents fitness for the exercise of political power as greatly dependent upon the previous acquisition of property by habits of energetic exertion and of self-denial, or, and above all, of the prudential virtues. These are, observes he, precisely the qualities in which a democracy is most liable to be deficient—we may add, especially a democracy that would, unlike the French prototype, want those individual rights of property which create the conservative sentiment; and our author concludes thus:—"Independently, therefore, of the direct influence of property in ballasting the working-men's judgment on questions on which the rights of property are concerned, it is

in most cases a fair test of his possession of qualities which are essential to his judicious use of political power."

The retention of the principle of giving equality of electoral voice to rich and poor will ever embitter the question how, consistently with safety, to entitle the latter to a vote. Representation of interests, not either of classes or of numbers, representation of tax-paying property, (not of ranks which would be separated, as the working-class is from the middle-class, and marshalled in distinct, horizontal, unamalgamated layers) being the basis of our representative system, the withholding of the franchise is founded on considerations of a social character, being maintained for the only purpose for which power can rightfully be exercised, namely, to prevent harm to society. And while members of the unenfranchised class have not individual stakes in the country equal to those of men of property, they are even more liable to suffer by the risks consequent on various forms of misgovernment.

Some of the greatest of these risks, such as the dispute between wages and wealth, and the locking-up of capital from want of confidence by either the domestic or the foreign fears caused by democracy, would obviously be aggravated if the working-class were to obtain ascendancy; so that, while no one can wish that numbers should be enslaved to property, no one can wish that property and intelligence should be sacrificed to numbers. At present, a man possessing an estate of forty thousand pounds a-year has no more votes than a man possessing a property worth forty shillings a-year; yet, despite this apparent absurdity, our domestic polity is notoriously based on two great principles—the retention of the powers of the State in the hands of the select and competent classes, yet leaving ingress to these classes accessible to all. In effect, the nation is governed by the aristocratic idea, which invests the chosen, the capable, the best men with authority, yet encourages every man to act on its principle, which is, to aspire and to excel. To apply this doctrine to the point in question, extension of the franchise, a voice in public affairs is not a right, but a trust, and should, there-

fore, rather be placed within the reach of all than given to any one. Those of the manually-labouring class now enjoying the franchise are the aristocracy of artizans, the "leading men," the distinguished or noble men of the workshop and the factory. The more of such whose claim can be facilitated by legislation, the better; for the more motives for self-elevation, for obtaining art and part in the State, and for self-respect, the better. In the sensible argument of an eminent advocate of the interests of that class, Mr. Mill — "The unenfranchised cannot be admitted to the same privileges as the rest of their fellow-citizens until they are raised to the same level of intelligence and independence." But, as these qualities do not form the recognised qualification for a vote, a criterion must be established, a touchstone sought, that shall prove the innocuousness of all claimants to exercise the power of moving the rocking-stone of State without disturbing its equilibrium.

Having referred to the disastrous consequences that would be entailed on the working-classes by any serious disturbance of the present balance of society, and also to the principles which form our social state, we may perhaps be permitted to draw some general view of the operation of these principles, and especially to contrast them with the working of opposite principles, upon which society is formed in France. It may possibly not be generally recognised that the wide divergence between the existing social and political condition of England and of France arises from the fact that the systems of these two nations are the results of applying to property two different ideas—liberty and equality. The state of society in the former country is the product of freedom, under which every individual may enjoy, or waste, or sell, or transmit to one or more heirs, or to any one, an unlimited amount of property, according as may seem good in his own eyes, provided he does not settle it on or bequeath it to an heir or heirs beyond the first generation. And no person has any thing secured to him by statute beyond the necessities of life, and only obtains them when, unable to acquire them, he applies for the poor law provision. Thus, beyond this right to be sup-

ported by property, every man, unless succeeding to previously-acquired wealth, is left to his own resources. French law, on the contrary, entitles no one to be supported at the general cost, but entails every one's property in almost equal portions on each one's issue. The effect is, that as there is no provision for paupers, a strong check is put upon improvident increase of population, viz., the fear that excessive subdivision will sink the family to the level of unprovided-for destitution. By that law, a general equalization of property is, to some extent, produced. It enforces partition as a substitute for relief, while the English law leaves property at liberty, charged, however, with relieving the poor. This latter opposite system has produced an excessive inequality of condition. However, as all schemes for changing this state of things aim at securing to every one a satisfactory provision independently of the efficiency of his exertion to procure it, they would, for this purpose, interfere with the liberty now given to individuals to acquire, employ, and bequeath property. Even no less an authority than Mr. Mill proposes to enrich the labouring class by limiting the amount of wealth to be possessed by others, as if the slight surplusage of the few rich could permanently raise the condition of the poor. Certainly, if we consider the extreme disproportion between the state of the rich and of the poor, nothing, apart from religious precepts, could reconcile us to it but the perception that it is necessary for the production of some good, which more than compensates for the evil. The first great and necessary effect of the miserable condition of multitudes of the working classes is to limit increase of population. The similar effect in France is sooner arrived at, by a different cause; and, indeed, the existence in England of a legal provision for the poor may be supposed to act, in a large degree, in removing that apprehension of future poverty which would otherwise attach to the production of many children. But, as it cannot be too frequently asserted, the prevalence among the mass of the people of strong prudential restraints on improvident marriages is of all others the first essential condition of their well-being.

When those restraints are universally wanting, any improvement of that condition must be temporary, because the facility to early marriages and procreation of children that would be obtained by improved command over the comforts of life would, in one or two generations, produce such an increase of numbers as must reduce the share of each individual to the same amount as before the improvement. Therefore, personal elevation is to be sought rather in self-denial, whether as to matrimony, or as to indulgence in what are luxuries rather than necessities. Any social reform which could succeed in securing to all a comfortable provision would, by removing the existing restraints on excessive rapidity of increase of population, merely postpone their operation, since they depend for their efficiency upon that characteristic in the present order of things, according to which the care of every man's lot and that of the family he may choose to call into existence is thrown upon himself; these restraints consisting in this, that where the responsibility they involve is disregarded, every one concerned is exposed to fall into destitution.

On the other hand, another great advantage exists in a state where wealth is not required by law to part with its superfluity, save for the relief of destitution, in presenting to every rich individual an undiminished motive to exert himself for that production of wealth, or increase of capital, which offers the preferable mode of preventing destitution by employment. Thus, while all men (except that very small proportion who have sufficient to enable them to live without productive industry) know that there is no escape for themselves and their children from pauperism, or at least from poverty, except efficient industry, the immense majority of the nation, drawn forward by the desire of employers for accumulation, by the happy need to work, and by the fear of want, are constantly under the operation of most powerful, and almost universally efficacious incentives to exertion. Such is the broad result of individual liberty, and consequent responsibility. To examine the results of their opposites, as working in France, would demand a larger range of observation

than we can now take; we, therefore, gladly refer our readers to the excellent conclusions of Mr. Morrison's chapter on the *Advantages of the present state of Unlimited Competition*. Let us, also, request their consideration of this philosophic paragraph in W. Von Humboldt's "Sphere and Duties of Government:"—"The grand leading principle," writes he, "towards which every argument unfolded in these pages directly converges, is the absolute and essential importance of human development in its richest diversity." Obviously, this desideratum must proceed with most freedom in a land of highly civilized liberty. What is the system in France? The exact converse—being directed to educate men into uniformity, to drill them into obedience, and to govern them into passive mediocrity. Their minds are dwarfed, in order that they may be docile instruments. This is ever the aim of despotism, whether autocratic or democratic. It cripples the faculties and degrades the characters of all who live under it. Instead of, like the aristocratic principle, calling forth the spirit of manly self-reliance, it constantly endeavours to reduce the whole nation to that dead level of mediocrity which, Mr. Mill apprehends, is the final destiny of modern civilization. The worth of the crew is the worth of the ship; and the worth of a state is, in the long run, the worth of the individuals composing it. While, in England, every precept and tendency are towards self-help, self-elevation, self-government, and self-reliance, it is probable that, in France, the weakness of these motives, which are so intense, and which produce such progress in England, is the cause why so much is left to be accomplished by the government. The inferiority of the industry of persons in government employment to the standard of private industry is markedly exhibited in England in the case of the royal dockyards. A joint stock company occupies an intermediate degree in the industrial scale between government and individuals, and the operation of the same law of weaker motives is seen in the small efficiency of one of these companies, compared with individuals, whenever the working of the two, in respect to economy,

enterprise, and progressive improvement, can be fairly compared. Hence the limited interest workmen must have in any co-operative associated manufacture would hardly enable them to compete successfully against individual capital. The well-known effect of protection in diminishing the spirit of improvement and energy against difficulties proceeds from the same principle.

Socialism and communism, the last words of forced equality, have been proved absurd in France. There have not, very properly, been wanting inquiries, whether theory cannot propose a practice superior to the existing social system in England. Among the various schemes propounded, Mill has suggested an extraordinary remedy for the advantage of the labouring classes, in proposing to fix a limit to the amount of wealth that may be obtained by bequest; yet this measure is hardly calculated to reach down to the lower ranks. In an agricultural state, general diffusion of property can only be produced by great subdivision of land. When the *latifundia* of the great patrician families of Rome, contrasted with the destitution of the plebeians, or mass of miserable citizens, were seen by the tribunes, or demagogues, to be inconsistent with the stability of republicanism, an agrarian law was the only remedy that presented itself. But in a country eminently commercial and manufacturing, and where large capitals are an essential feature, sound motives give special value to great landed estates; though, at the same time, multiplication of small capitals, and facilities for the increase of small freeholds, may well be combined as a conservative political measure. Among the motives alluded to, it suffices to refer to the objection to very small farms and smaller properties, namely, that as they afford little surplus produce to supply the demand of a great manufacturing population, if England were so subdivided she would be dangerously dependent on foreign countries for food.

Having alluded to the traditional influences which bear on the broad law of English liberty, we venture to offer a few remarks on this important and interesting, yet delicate subject. It is ordinarily said that England is

governed by public opinion; but, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that she is self-governed by opinion, and governed by traditional influences. This is the most liberal mode of governing an ancient nation, and is in direct contrast to the *régime du sabre* of France, the earliest and most barbarous form. Many and well-chosen words would be required to delineate the various and changing action of traditional influences in England; a few will suffice to describe the operation of ruling by the sword in France, where, subordinate to this instrument, the control exerted by the provincial municipalities, and the vigilance of the Roman Catholic clergy, are the immediate means by which the imperial government assures itself a majority of "representatives of the people." Frequently, the name of the "government candidate" is not promulgated. On the day of election, all men whom "the authorities" can marshal being drawn up in lines, the *serjeants de ville*, each armed with a sword and a bundle of small, folded papers, proceed to distribute them to the electors in the presence of the mayor, who sometimes checks any curiosity on the part of an "independent elector" as to the name inscribed in those mysterious documents, and who surveys their deposition in the prescribed receptacle. So far the system works securely; and it is supported by the additional attention of the priests, who seldom fail to satisfy themselves that electors unsubjected to government impressions have voted for the orthodox candidate. Such is the way in which they manage these things in France. As we have observed, it would not be so easy to describe British influences briefly.

We know some phases of political dependence of farmers upon landlords, but must avow ourselves ignorant of the practical operation of the degrees of dependence of town mechanics upon great employers. This latter, so far as regards employment, is expressed in France by the term *le patron et ses ouvriers*, "the patron (of a manufactory) and his workmen," a semi-patriarchal, semi-feudal expression; for which our language has no equivalent. In that country the law forbids trades-unions and strikes, the liberty of workmen being restricted by the political preponderance of the peasant proprie-

tary. In ours, the dependence of tenants on their landlord arises most forcibly from any dereliction in the fulfilment of their obligations. The debtor is servant to the creditor. In England, the screws put by employers on their workpeople vary, from reduction of wages to dismissal. But, happily, the *ultimæ rationes* are seldom exerted by either landlord or capitalist, whose strongest influences are the most valuable, as arising from attachment to respected authority. No man, be he duke or artizan, can take an absolutely independent part in public affairs, since no one is either socially or politically isolated, dependence being, in one form or other, the common lot. Although our electoral system is based on the supposition that the inferior ranks of voters possess some independence, yet the preservation of the open vote leaves authority, education, and wealth their due influence; and, while the anomaly existing in France, of a millionaire and a prolétaire having equal voices, is avoided, the prejudices of the numerical and uneducated majority of the people are precluded from exercising an overwhelming potency. Moreover, by the instrumentality of the open vote, shares in patronage do not flow, as in France, from a single source, but are disseminated through a thousand channels to the various degrees of dependence, which range from that of the rich man, who desires rank, to the wealthy farmer, who wants something for one of his sons, to the operative, who fears he may some day want employment. In effect, influence in parliamentary elections is the result of giving equality of voices to unequal qualifications, and is the modern, but peculiarly English, form of that universal, inevitable feudality which, binding the interests of man to man, induces the dependent to please him on whom his fortunes hang, and is, in reality, the vital principle of all authority.

The working masses who fill the great industrial towns are out of the pale of that semi-paternal superintendence on the part of a few patrician individuals, which is solely adapted to the circumstances of a rural population. It is true that there are noble and increasing exceptions, in which influence of the very highest order is admirably exerted. But the

rural district system, which hinges on the authority and care of the squire and parson of the parish, and to which considerable influence is attributed, is, with all its other peaceful attributes, absent; and the town mechanic, in full possession of democratic newspapers, within ear of popular orators, and mingling politics with his daily talk, is apt to receive his political impressions from sources of very imperfect purity. Thus, a great falsehood and a truth were enunciated in the same breath by one of the speakers advocating the claims of labour at a public meeting held on the 2nd February, 1854, at the National Hall, Holborn:—

“The aristocracy and the capitalists are the natural foes of the people, on whom, however, they depend for subsistence.”

Let us reverse this dictum by saying, that, since the possessors of large property and of capital are dependent for the value of the one and the increase of the other upon the labouring classes, they are, naturally, their friends; and that dependence shapes all human society, whether the feudality is from the Giver of all Good, or whether it is that of the peer or of the workman. The manner in which the most intelligent of the working classes, including even that superior class, “the Amalgamated Engineers,” have occasionally been misled by false and delusive advisers, renders it a subject of serious consideration how far it would be advantageous to the interests of those classes themselves, to give a preponderating power to the voice of this largely numerical body, who, when in pursuit of what they might vainly believe to be their own interests, might try to compel the adoption of measures which would be injurious or even fatal to the whole community. Their tendency to the doctrine of Equality is observed by Mill, in his recent essay on its opposite, *Liberty*: he writes:—

“The bad workmen, who form the majority of the operatives in many branches of industry, are decidedly of opinion that bad workmen ought to receive the same wages as good, and that no one ought to be allowed, through piecework or otherwise, to earn, by superior skill or industry, more than others can without it. And they employ a moral police, which occasionally becomes a physical

one, to deter skilful workmen from receiving, and employers from giving, a larger remuneration for a more useful service."

Mr. Morrison's Essay naturally dwells on the topic of combinations and strikes among workmen, such as those which, last year, attracted much attention, and which, since they arise from fluctuations in demand and supply of labour and in the price of bread, are certain to be continuous. These intermittent, feverish phases in the labouring body are aptly compared by our author to a local symptom of some constitutional affection, which can only be efficaciously treated by remedies suited to improve the general health, and any violent suppression of which might only have the effect of driving it back into the system, to break out afterwards in a more dangerous form.

"So long," observes he, "as their education and condition remain the same as at present, their employers must be prepared for periodical secessions of the manufacturing plebs to their Mons Sacer; and they will hardly find a Mene-nius to bring them back until a failure of their funds assists the effect of his arguments."

The relation of the working classes with their employers necessarily includes the questions which they are most eager to deal with, but on which they, as a body, hold views contrary to the received doctrines of political economy. It may, therefore, be reasonably held dangerous to admit a large element of democracy into our government until the majority of those classes have intelligently adopted the received conclusions, because neither history nor contemporary experience furnishes a single example to prove that a majority of voters, living by wages, will permanently abstain from tampering with the rights of property. At the same time, as Mr. Morrison observes—

"In those critical periods to which every country is in turn exposed, any separation of feeling and action between the superior classes and those who, like the skilled and intelligent artizans, ought to be a link between them and the labouring masses, would be a grave defect in our social state."

Want of property and want of the franchise are the two sore and, as yet,

unwelded gaps in the social chain; and it is most desirable that the leading men of the factory, the "warrant-officers of the workshop," should feel that they have both permanent part and sufficient voice in the country. Admirable as was the spectacle generally presented by all classes on the memorable 10th of April, 1848, there was a defect which cannot be recalled without shame for the past, and anxious thought of remedies for the future. The workmen, as a class, showed little of that zeal for the defence of law and order which was demonstrated by the middle and upper orders; and the superior artisans, the *élite* of the labouring population—the natural leaders—the *prærogativa centuria*—very generally exhibited no inclination to come forward. If it is the fact, as we have premised, that representation of interests is the principle of the British constitution, the working classes, contributing so largely as they do to the wealth and taxation of the country, should be reasonably represented. And though, on that occasion, they had far too much good sense to desire either to take part in any physical force movement, or for aids to be forced from others, towards raising their own condition, or for subversion of society, which were the aims of the French Communists, there was no concealment of their indifference, or of their feeling that it was the business of those who are most interested in property and government to put themselves forward in defence of them. No doubt they also knew that, though individuals might gain by turning the lottery-wheel of a social revolution, the insecurity resulting would be ruinous to the masses. The example of France—that "perfect mine of political wisdom, little worked by the natives"—had not been lost on our democracy any more than on our aristocracy. English polity is grounded upon, and owes its safety to, two great principles, viz., retaining the powers of the state in the hands of the select and competent classes, yet making ingress into these classes accessible to all. The old regime in France fell by denying the second; the weakness of the new regime consists in having negatived the first. Both may be resolved into the ideas of aristocracy,

which are, a government by the best, open to all who acquiesce in the leading idea, which is to aspire. The old French idea was, on the contrary, caste exclusiveness, and the new one is equality. Both these contain destructive elements; while, on the other hand, the English ideas are constructive and conservative. In effect, the latter arise from the basis of our institutions, the perfect law of liberty; and in their development, as forming three cardinal political virtues, Security, Ambition, and Fraternity, may not unfitly be compared to the three theological virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

"Quo nihil magis meliusve terris
Fata donavere, bonique divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum."

These abstract and broad truths are not more evident than that the poorer classes will be readier to acquiesce in the propriety of the possession of superior advantages by a few rich persons, the more proofs they have that these advantages are reasonably as far as possible within their own reach. A more general diffusion of personal property, as a conservative substitute for general division of land, with some combination of the latter, such as increase of small holdings in the neighbourhood of towns, thus admitting of garden culture, and of some of the family partaking in town occupations, seem to offer the expedients best adapted to the natural condition and artificial wants of the English nation.

Of old, many of the lower classes regard the suffrage, not as a means of controlling the aristocracy, but as something they can sell to the rich.

Any great extension of constituencies will obviously largely extend that corruption which is the worst result of the present system of giving equality of votes to all classes of electors, and which, with intimidation, is the baneful mode of counteracting this unsound system; and the consequence will be an increased outcry for the ballot. This, if obtained, would, in combination with the increase of voters on the principle of equality, throw the power of governing into the hands of the poorest and least educated portion of the nation. The existing system of patronage would require a thorough organic change,

and the social revolution would probably sweep away all hereditary privileges. The House of Commons, rendered a representation of the arithmetic majority of the people, would proceed to relieve the makers of incomes at the expense of the receivers, by imposing direct taxes on the latter in geometrical proportion to their receipts. Representation is, as every one conceives, merely a means to an end; and the end plainly professed by the reformers of the Manchester school is to give earnings the privilege of immunity from taxation, which can only be done by throwing the burden on property. The object of employers is low wages, which may to a certain degree be effected by remission of indirect taxation. Yet as Government protects not only all that men have earned by past industry and hoarded by self-denial, but provides that peaceable state of society which enables men to earn, it is just that the earners should contribute their quota to its expenses. According to our view, each man's degree of power to control taxation should vary according to the degree of his contribution. This theory, however, is not preferable to the present practice; for what are the results of this system, which is based on the anomaly of giving equality of voting power to inequality of interests? We see these broad results. Nearly a million of voters continually choosing the majority of their representatives from the aristocracy; and the national assembly, in which the working classes are said to be unrepresented, engaged for the last seventeen years in transferring the burden of taxation from the great mass of the people to the very class to which that Parliament principally belongs. This last fact cannot have escaped the observation of those classes; yet they may still be unconscious that the value of their labour cannot be heightened by means of relief from taxation in anything like the proportion that would arise either from diminished supply of labourers or from increased demand for them. The relief would, indeed, be largely profitable to their employers, and would, perhaps, with other advantages, enable English manufacturers to compete with those of the Continent, but at the cost to English workmen of falling to the level of the

condition of Continental workmen. In fact, the Manchester school wish to introduce the democratic element largely into the control of the national exchequer, as a prelude to a fiscal, and it may be, a social revolution. But it is probable that they themselves and their children would rue the day when the destinies of England fell from the hands of those who have most to lose into the hands of those who hold most to the idea of gain. If the elective power were given in proportion, not to the number of men, but to their arithmetic contribution to direct taxation, the principal objection to the ballot would have disappeared; while, on the other hand, its value, in abolishing corruption and intimidation, would be enhanced by its effect of causing choice to depend on the conscience of the voter, and thereby leading him to elect representatives solely on account of their character. Considerable purity would also be gained in the matter of government patronage. Against these vast gains, certain impending risks, to which we will not now refer, demand to be placed in the grand balance. So far from the examples of France and America, in their use of universal suffrage and the ballot, being good, we deem them good only as showing something to avoid. What the influences brought to bear in the former country are, we have shown; and we cannot understand how Englishmen propose to adopt a system only adapted to the New World, unless they are blind to the divergence between it and the Old—between the state of a densely-peopled island, where employment depends on the security assured to capital, and the condition of a half-peopled continent, where the needy and the turbulent can find channels for honest labour. Surely the maturity of the British Empire involves social and political arrangements widely different from those suited to the youthful condition of the North American people, who have the world before them in the untenanted world behind them. If we examine the action of manhood suffrage in the great transatlantic republic, we see that it contributes less to the common wealth than to the enrichment of municipal functionaries. Again, its alleged Spartan economy is not a fact, for, though the

country is separated by an ocean from the menace of the huge armies of the Old World, its military establishments have increased in a ratio almost equal to that of despotic France and aristocratic England, and its civil expenses have augmented in proportion. Naturally a democracy, and especially a nation forced, like the French, into poverty by the law of partition, endeavours to multiply and seize hold of government offices. An account of the present civil expenditure of the latter nation would probably show that the extraordinary contrast between the numbers of salaried office-holders in France and the Three Kingdoms, which existed in the time of Louis Philippe, has not much changed, to the diminution of the great lesson it teaches. There were then thirty-seven times as many, or 800,000 employés in one country, against 23,000 in the other! Here is a contrast between the results of democratic centralization and of aristocratic self-government! The well-known axiom, that centralization leads to corruption above and oppression below, may also be recollected. If Mr. Bright is to be believed, our aristocracy is the hothouse for forcing, raising, and increasing all employments, under the State, civil and military; yet he cannot point with much unction to the superior disinterestedness of the Republicans across the ocean, or to the self-denial of Absolutism combined with Democracy across the narrow strait in the matter either of civil or of military establishments; for truly we find there a triumphant reply to those who impute state extravagance to "the sordid intrigues of an aristocracy intent only on its own profit."

The existing difficulties, as to the extension of the franchise, plainly arise from persistence in the old practice of admitting the principle of the equality of one man's vote with another's, which may be suitable to France, where the laws are framed for the purpose of producing equalization of property, but is contrary to the principle on which, as we have shown, the social state of the United Kingdom is based.

Inevitable and continuous extension of the franchise will, sooner or later, force the consideration of the question how to justly balance the

votes of the rich classes against those of the poor. It is obvious that every one has not an equal interest in being well governed, for disparities create inequality of risks. Nor has every one an equal claim to govern other people by means of the suffrage. The claims of different men to such power differ in material weight, as also do their qualifications for exercising it beneficially differ in moral weight. In the words of Mr. Mill, in his "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform":—

"If it is asserted that all persons ought to be equal in every description of right exercised by society, I answer, not until all are equal in worth as human beings. It is the fact that one person is not as good as another, and it is reversing all the rules of rational conduct to attempt to raise a political fabric on a supposition which is at variance with fact."

Few will dissent from this denial of an equality, which hardly requires argument to prove that it does not exist, or at least cannot be judged for legislative purposes in any description of human qualities, whether moral or intellectual, or physical or material. There has ever been the division of classes between rich and poor; and we have no notion of a Utopia such as Mr. Mill, when soaring, on one occasion, above the plain regions of political economy, describes as a condition of society where the labourers shall be "affluent"—which seems to involve a contradiction. Indeed, the idea conveyed is as little clear as that of the Irish emigrant who, on being asked if, in America, one man is not as good as another, exclaimed:—"Ay, is he, and better!" In France, the law for producing equality of property was no mere tub thrown to the whale, but was avowedly promoted by the First Napoleon in order that its operation might shatter the rich families hostile to his dynasty; and similarly, universal suffrage and ballot were given by the Third Napoleon in order to secure his election as Emperor. But the motives and the securities that formed his inducement have no parallels in England. In admitting many millions of his subjects to vote, he merely gave the suffrage to the small proprietors, who support his dynasty; he reckoned, at the same time, on the influence of the inferior

priesthood over the political conduct of the rural populations; and was prepared, in additional providence, to carry out that stupendous system of dictation which sends down "government candidates" to town and country, and takes care that they be returned as "representatives." Thus, while the educated classes and the moneyed interest in France are thoroughly swamped, the voice of landed property is also overruled.

Viewing at once the need for electoral reform in that country, and the adaptation of the Gallo-Latin race to Roman institutions, it is probable that any measure in the direction of reconstructing a reasonable franchise, that shall remedy the danger of a prolétaire and a millionaire having an equal voice, will be in imitation of the Roman *Comitia Centuriata*. This political contrivance, acted, as our classic readers are aware, in solution of the problem, how to reconcile the admission of all citizens to political power with the preservation of the less numerous upper class from being reduced to insignificance by the mass of poor citizens. The method of taking suffrages consisted in the formation of "centuries," or bodies representing equal portions of the public taxation. The votes were taken by centuries, and not by individuals. And though the number of individuals in the "hundreds" of the rich was small in comparison to the number in those which consisted of the poor, yet the latter saw that their small individual share of power was just, since the degrees of elective potency were based on the degree of weight of the public imposts. This system stood not only the test of reform, but operated in full vigour until liberty was overthrown, in default of an active and large middle-class, by military usurpation:—yet, not before, as observed by Mr. Morison, "it had given to Rome that long and brilliant series of eminent public men which is without an equal in the history of the world," and had enabled the middle classes to keep a tolerable balance for ages between the aristocratic and democratic elements in the constitution. That able writer, though drawing a contrast between this and our system of representation highly favourable to the former, does not venture to trench on

old English prepossessions further than to express his opinion that

"It is probable that such a principle of election, if it could be established and accepted by the nation, would conduce more to good legislation and administration than any other. For," he concludes, "while such a system would give to every part of the nation, even the poorest, the power of making their wishes and opinions felt, and inspire them with that active feeling of patriotism which results from direct participation in the government, it would save the more refined and highly educated minority from being swamped by the votes of the numerical majority."

Other ancient nations than the Romans did not grant universal suffrage, but, like the Americans, excluded slaves, and, like the English, did not admit the lowest class of manual labourers.

Aristotle considered as citizen he alone who needed not to work for his daily bread. "A good constitution," he observes, "will never rank the artisan among citizens; the quality of citizen belongs not to men by the simple fact of their being free, but to those who have no necessity to labour for existence. To work for the personal wants of an individual is to be a slave; to work for the public is to be a mercenary." The philosopher implies that the man who works for himself is the independent labourer. Although the text in the Book of Ecclesiasticus does not draw so formal a line as does the Grecian sage, the implication of the unfitness of the manual labourer for political and judicial counsels is equally strong, in the contrast drawn between "the wisdom of the learned man and of the labourer and artificer." Then the preacher asks:—"How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks?" Of these it is declared, that "they cannot declare justice and judgment." It is, of course, possession of property and contribution to taxation which not only give the preservative sentiment, but the right to a voice in the imposition and expenditure of that taxation. Yet in the just argument of one of the most judicious of French statesmen, M. Guizot, the suffrage is not the right of every individual: but

whoever claims to exercise a voice in election is bound to prove that he will do so according to reason. Hence youth, women, criminals, the insane, and the utterly dependent are not admitted. "Qu'importe, en effet," asks another writer of that nation, "que la loi en ait fait un citoyen dans la plus large acceptation du mot, si la défiance d'éducation, les nécessités de la vie, ou les exigences de la profession en font une brute ou un esclave?" Though the difference between a *propriétaire*, however small his property, and a *prolétaire*, or a man dependent on being hired, is more marked on the southern than on the northern side of the channel, it is well known to every canvasser at elections, that the petty tradesman has the conservative instinct as strongly developed as the richest duke. Indeed, a man with a few pounds earned, saved, and lodged in a bank is probably more tenacious of the rights of property than another born to riches he has never learned to value. It is the sense of comfort that engenders conservatism. The National Debt is the national sheet anchor; and the mechanic who has invested his savings is little disposed to sympathize with any plans that might weaken his security.

The question of extending the franchise is simply one as to *rate*, or *degree*; but the question as to the best tests of qualification is exceedingly obscure and intricate. Simplification both of the title to a vote and of the mode of registration is, of course, one of the most desirable features in any measure that shall constitute the franchise. It seems to be universally agreed that there is no other test which can be compared for universal applicability to the qualification of residence. The amount of rent paid for the hire of an abode is a rough and vulgar criterion in comparison to the test of intelligence: yet still it is practically as good as any other universally applicable criterion of moral and mental qualifications, since it is an evidence of those good qualities in a workman which obtain him the better salary that pays the qualifying rent. In practice, this latter quantity is determined, for enfranchising purposes, by the degree of rate paid for the support of the poor; and we consider this system sound in theory, and valuable in its moral operation. By con-

tinually acting as a reminder that the poor-law rate is the first charge on all fixed property or investment in land and buildings, the payment of this tax induces frequent consideration of the causes which, as affecting the poorer classes, create the need for the payment. If, on the contrary, the franchise were based on the payment of a tax imposed by the state, the inclination of the payer would be to attempt to diminish the burden, either by shifting it on others, or by advocating state retrenchments. The test of residence is also recommended to many by the fact that it is the old franchise of England. We must eliminate our own theory of proportional contribution to taxation, and we incline to eliminate any qualification, or "fancy franchise," that does not stand on that ancient threshold of the national right to vote, viz:—*the fact of being a local-rate-paying housekeeper.* Such was the "scot and lot" voter in the oldest English towns, i.e., a man charged with the original shares and applotments of the local rates. Such was the "freeman," who obtained the *franchise* of a borough by a certain term of residence; and such the "potwalloper," whose right to vote arose from his having boiled a pot in the town for six months. In 1793, Charles Fox and Mr. afterwards Earl Grey, were unanimous in approving the constitutional proposal of Mr. Flood, of confining the extension of the representation to the ancient form of franchise, namely to "housekeepers," as the description of men who as house-bands, or heads of families, are best calculated to carry out the representative system prudently. By the Act of 1832, a house of £10 occupation value was made the sole substitute, with the exception of ancient forty shilling freeholds, in the borough constituencies, for the many franchises which then existed. But this Act has two great defects: in leaving all townsmen, who are in principle declared qualified, without votes when resident in unrepresented towns; and in not admitting all comparatively qualified lodgers to the franchise. There is also a defect in its theory of borough qualification, viz., its inequality in different towns. This is aggravated by the new bill. At present, a £10 house in a small borough is inhabited by the same

class of men who in London or in Manchester would inhabit one of £15 or £20 rent. Hence the franchise is in reality *already* far lower in the latter cases than in the former. If the new bill should pass, its £6 qualification will admit multitudes of the working classes in the metropolis and the great manufacturing towns, but will continue to exclude the same class in all the numerous smaller towns. Its effect will, therefore, be to admit almost all the operatives in a few huge towns, yet not to admit, what is most desirable, the higher class of workmen throughout the kingdom. Again, if such admission is dangerous, the proposed selection is pregnant with danger, for it enfranchises the workmen clustered by thousands in excitable masses.

As it has often been proved in Paris, and as is the case in England, 100,000 needy workmen in a city are, when their passions are aroused, an overmatch in politics for tenfold the numbers of electors who live scattered and quietly in the country. Therefore, any large lowering of the qualification for boroughs demands minute calculations as to the practical effect of the proposed amount of reduction. Were it possible, it would also be desirable to gauge the measure of the dependence of various knots of workmen upon those great employers who might use their power for political and financial objects. Again, it would be well to compare the numbers of the quiet, respectable men, with those whom Mr. Greg thus contrasts with them:—

"There are two sections of workmen: there is the steady, peaceful, industrious artizan, who desires nothing more than to support his family in comfort and independence by honest and unremitting industry, and to pass his leisure hours in the enjoyment of their society; and there is the *soi-disant* enlightened artisan, fonder of talking than of working, a reader of newspapers rather than books, a frequenter of the public-house, the club-room, and the union; who prefers the company of fellow politicians to that of his wife and children, and whose languid performance of his personal duties is a poor guarantee for the conscientious discharge of his patriotic ones. For the first of these men, a day lost at elections or in a canvass is a real and unpleasant sacrifice; it is a supper the less or the scantier for his children, it is

an unfinished job, a lost engagement, an interrupted labour. The excitement and general idleness prevalent for many days during election times interfere with his regular duties, and diminish his already inadequate earnings. His vote is to him a nuisance and a loss. For the second, the noise and tumult of hustings and committee-rooms form a natural and favourite atmosphere; he is in his element in popular commotions, and for him the oftener they come the better. The result is, that the one whose vote we wish to have, whose opinion we should be glad to know, is silent; the other, whose vote is of no value, either intrinsically or as indicative of the genuine feelings of the labouring class, never misses an occasion of recording it."

Briefly, the statistics on which the new Bill is founded are these:—The population of England and Wales is 20,000,000. In 1856-57, the counties had 506,000 electors; the boroughs, 439,000; total 945,000. In 1858, the total was, 943,248. An £8 occupation would enlarge the number to one million, or a twentieth of the national population. Half of this population are women, and half the remainder are under age, leaving five millions of male adults, of whom only one-fifth would be enfranchised. Desirable as it may be to admit a considerable proportion of these four millions, it must, at the same time, be remembered that the majority cannot read and write, and that their interests are virtually represented by the superiors of their order who possess votes.

The value of house property varies so much in different towns that, whilst a £10 qualification admits every householder in Marylebone and other boroughs, in others, as Liverpool, Birmingham, Portsmouth, &c., the constituency would be doubled by reducing the test to £6. This proposed new borough franchise would virtually be a household one, because there are few tenements of less value. The effect on parties in the House of Commons would not be produced through the large boroughs, which are already Radical, and which would only more fully represent the manufacturing interests; but through the smaller boroughs, where the constituencies would become less locally influenced. On the other hand, while the present large constituencies would be doubled and trebled, the smallest constitu-

encies would remain hardly increased, thus strengthening the argument against the petty boroughs, and advancing the unsound doctrine of numerical representation. The number the new Bill proposes to enfranchise in English and Welsh boroughs (occupying houses rented at between £6 and £10) is estimated at upwards of 200,000. At present the total number of town electors is 440,000; so that the increase in the borough constituency would be an addition of 45 per cent. to the present borough roll, or nearly one half, and would amount to a transference of power in one-half the boroughs to the new class of electors. But this estimate is the government one, and is apparently framed on insufficient information; for, according to statements made in the House on good authority, an increment of the franchise in boroughs alone, to the extent of some 200,000 or even 300,000 more than the framers of the Bill anticipated, may be expected. No town counterpoises are provided against this revolution, such as would be obtained by a lodger franchise, and by some provisions for empowering inhabitants of unrepresented towns to vote. An enfranchisement of lodgers, to a certain extent, would be a counterbalance to the projected increase of force of numbers.

The Bill recently introduced by the Conservative party included, among the other proposed new franchises, lodgers, in actual occupation for twelve months, paying a rent of not less than 8s. a-week, or £20 per annum. Their admission would have been that of a superior class of electors; and there seems no reason why they should not have the suffrage after a certain fixed term of residence, when it is proposed to give it to holders of tenements of so low yearly value as £6. The two faults of the proposition are, that the registration is not made dependent on payment of either the poor-rate or some species of direct taxation; and that the qualification takes too high a figure. The proposed franchise has not been stigmatized as a "fancy" one, as it would merely be an extension of the ancient right of suffrage founded on house-keeping, justified by the change produced by civilization in introducing a new mode of habitation. Not only are lodgers often the superiors of those of whom they

hire apartments, but the practice of living in model and other lodging-houses is growing among artisans; and although such an inhabitant is not strictly an householder, but merely one whom a house holds, he is often the very man whose "vote and interest" it is highly desirable to secure. Without wishing to trench into the province of details, we would suggest that the lodger qualification should depend on a previous occupation of six months, and that registration should depend on payment of rates to the relief of the poor. A new Poor Law Act would be requisite for the rating of lodgings—but this need be no impediment. The system of model lodging-houses is one so desirable to extend, that it would be well to stimulate it by admitting to the suffrage such of the occupants as would be rated in accordance with the franchise to be adopted. As respects mechanics, it is much better suited to afford them a convenient dwelling than any society formed for procuring freehold cottages in suburbs. The order and cleanliness it insures attract decent men and their wives, while it repels drunkards and slovens. For this, in other ways, it holds out a sort of premium to the avoidance of improvident marriages, and also of the burden of too numerous a family; and thus operates morally in checking redundancy of population. Ownership of separate apartments under the same roof by different persons is common in Scotland as well as in France, though little customary in England. Indeed, the Reform Bill of 1852 for the former country, recognised the necessity of meeting the case of lodgings, by proposing to enfranchise men living in a house rated at £5. Such convenient buildings are likely to increase, either provided, as at present, from motives of philanthropy, or more surely still by capitalists, for the sake of profit, or erected by joint-stock associations of the working men themselves. The application of their savings in the purchase of some permanent tenure in a lodging-house, is clearly more advantageous to the common weal than that their money should remain in a bank, whence it can be drawn for the purpose of supporting strikes. Lord John Russell's

Bill of 1854 proposed to grant a vote to all persons who held £50 in a savings bank for three years—a provision expressly intended to meet the case of labouring men. Attention to all legislative propositions, such as the new idea of "Penny Post Savings Banks," having for their object to facilitate and otherwise encourage saving among these classes, is very desirable.

It is sometimes asserted, even in influential journals, that "taxation gives a right to vote." Certainly it gives the best claim. But inequality of taxation should be attended by inequality of power. In the three kingdoms, where occupation of a £10 house and possession of £10,000 a-year confer equality of suffrage, the equipoise to this unjust balance consists in influence of various sorts—"independent electors" being as fictitious a phrase as "equal rights of man." It is, however, almost time to abandon the old feudal practice of giving equality of voices, yet swaying them by influence, overruling them by intimidation, and perverting them by corruption. Graduated suffrage is the true theory of electoral power, and there seems no reason why it should be confined to civil purposes, or why it should not be applied to political use. Besides the example of Germany, plurality of votes is practised at home in many cases, where the interests of the institution are more immediately affected by the voting power than in the case of parliamentary legislation—the system in question being the basis of election of Poor Law Guardians, of directors of joint stock companies, &c., and its incontrovertible principle is applied to a franchise recommended by Mill in his "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform." The qualification this eminent economist proposes as the basis of graduated suffrage is not taxation, but education. To take the measure of knowledge is, however, too difficult: intelligence, gauge it by what test you will, is too Protean to be seized, bound, and marked on a scale as a universal qualification. Even the Germans have adopted a more practical method, instead either of the antiquated English equality of franchise, or of the modern French equality of universal suffrage. Prob-

ably the retention of our ancient system is preferable until the time shall arrive when its reconsideration can no longer be postponed. There is, meanwhile, the danger lest possession of equality in voting power may lead our young democracy to desire to extend the doctrine in the direction it has taken in France—a doctrine diametrically opposed to public and private liberty. Except in the instance of the franchise, the Procrustean plan of laying rich and poor alike on a bed of equality is French, not English.

Let us, then, look forward to the adoption of an electoral measure more in harmony with the national principles and with the law of circumstances. It will be indispensable whenever the ballot becomes the law of the land. The influence of opinion will ever continue the wholesome element of power: but let us look forward, also, to the abolition of intimidation and corruption, which ought to be as “un-English” as the ballot is declared to be. As matters are now tending, extension of the franchise will largely increase those hideous evils, and those who are not free-traders in corruption will demand the protection of the ballot. But what protection will there be against the political Frankenstein thus created?

- What would be the effect of secret voting by hundreds of thousands of London operatives under the present franchise, which restricts to a single vote the owner of such a property as the India House, now to be sold, valued at £250,000? Rothschild himself, proprietor of this huge place of business, would weigh no more in the scale than one of his porters, under the systems of equality and ballot, of which he might say, with the M.P. sung of by Pope, that they,

“ From a patriot of distinguished note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.”

Equality of votes would fill the ballot-box with all the ills let loose from Pandora’s box, yet not include hope.

The Chartists were much divided as to a programme of future operations whenever they had obtained their “five points” as a lever; but the propositions of the Manchester School leave no doubt as to the two steps

whence the manufacturing interest expects the most prompt and certain advantages, viz.: “equalization of burdens,” or compelling the rich to pay that “fair share” of taxation which it is asserted they now evade; and retrenchment of the national expenditure. That primary step is plainly more feasible than the still more popular idea of insuring, either by means of legislation or by trade combinations, “a fair day’s wages for a fair day’s work,” being easy to accomplish by the substitution of direct for indirect taxation.

The designs of the capitalists and of the workmen are the same in principle, viz., to shift burthens from every man’s means, as tested by income, upon those who have acquired property; to increase the gains of active capital, whether money or human labour, at the expense of fixed capital.

The poorer classes, always ready to adopt the doctrine that their distress arises from their burthen of taxation, eagerly listen to any demagogue who, pointing to the state employments of the aristocracy, proposes to relieve want by cutting down government expenditure. Public extravagance is an evil demanding cure; but retrenchment would not relieve such a patient as our vast population more than penny wisdom would better the condition of a man who has to support a dozen children; and economy may degenerate into pound foolishness, as when it so diminished the navy of Britain as to have produced the degrading spectacle of the panic lately caused by the danger thus incurred.

When the workmen of Paris began the experiment whether their earnings could be increased by a change in the organization of labour, they overthrew the political institutions of their country, in order to make a clear space to erect their new machinery upon. This was as if some passengers by rail should upset the train because all could not go in the first class. The incessant struggle between democracy and aristocracy is valuable, if not pushed to extremities; and it is far better that the only revolution be that of the wheel of fortune, enabling *roturiers* to rise to the level of aristocrats, rather than that there be an upset of the social machine, wheels and all, leaving them to turn

indeed, but levelly or horizontally, and, therefore, uselessly. The complete failure of democracy on the other side of the Channel has, by its example, greatly contributed to content the masses in England with her ancient and free constitution. They now comprehend the whole results of the revolution of 1848, and have no desire to see an English Bonaparte warring against the French one. They see, briefly, that while that revolution was effected by a grand strike of manual labourers, with the object of forcing the state to provide them with "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," the impossibility of carrying out this idea was soon proved, and that then, the millions of peasant-proprietors, disgusted with the selfish and foolish attempt, called on the army to put down the French "Labour Parliament;" and thus government by labourers received its death-blow, and was metamorphosed into military despotism.

On the principle of representation of interests we affirm the propriety of the working classes and of democracy having their interests distinctly and fully represented in the House of Commons, which, in its origin and nature as the High Court for the redress of grievances, is the legitimate channel for the remedy of all remediable causes of complaint. It is most desirable that these classes should look to Parliament with thorough confidence; and they have already learned to distrust the demagogues who state in their harangues what they dare not repeat in an assembly capable of confuting errors. Indeed, harmless, and even valuable as an English demagogue is, the place he is most harmless in is Parliament. Considering the national, steady character of English workmen, and the many proofs they have had of the ill results of disturbing the security of property, it is to be expected that, as they become more competent to judge of economical and social questions, they will see more clearly the impolicy of menacing capital, and of attempting to counteract the natural laws of trade. Meanwhile, it is not to be believed that the middle and upper classes are prepared to hand over the political power which they have so long and worthily used to

classes which have never exercised it, but which have given proof in their own trade organization of the manner in which it is likely to be employed. However, as it is both just and expedient that their interests be fully represented, the admission of a reasonable increase to the franchise will give additional strength and durability to the Constitution.

In our view, the whole difficulty presented by the question of enlarging the franchise arises from the present use of the principle of equality, which is not only inconsistent with the general spirit of English institutions, but is especially inappropriate for conferring rights of suffrage. So long, however, as this principle is maintained it must be accepted with all its faults; and, on the other hand, whatever means may exist to counterbalance and remedy these should be carefully retained and delicately adjusted. Based on equality of voice, a measure for representative reform must endeavour to reconcile a vast number of contradictions. It should widen the base of representation, without too largely admitting elements dangerous to the purity of election, injurious to the independent and intellectual standard of the House of Commons, or capable of enforcing the evils of democratic government and class taxation. Instead of creating discontent by any real disfranchisement, its aim should be to direct all the best blood in all the veins of the nation towards strengthening and warming the heart of the constitution. It must draw an arbitrary line between the franchised and the unenfranchised; yet it should make this barrier easily *enfranchisable*, by giving every means that will aid men who act on the principles of English society, which are not political suppression and social equality, but liberty and ambition. Such means are among those which the free man extends in the true spirit of fraternity. The line should not be drawn too high or too low for the mere sordid sake of securing a party triumph. It must be an honest limit, and should be based on the ancient ways, the time-honoured landmark of the constitution—namely, on the claim arising from the payment of rates and taxes.

The growing tendency to apply the

principle of Free Trade to our taxation is, of course, more an employer's question than one which permanently affects the condition of the employed. It may be expected that the class of employers will use whatever opportunities arise to enable them to carry out their designs short of investing the employed with a power absolutely dangerous to capital. Meanwhile, before distress shall force the question of supremacy by means of representation to a hasty conclusion, and whilst the conduct of the class proposed to be enfranchised continues deserving of respect, seems to be the very time for the admission of the largest reasonable number to the suffrage. The Bill before Parliament is not calculated to excite any strong popular enthusiasm, such as might, during a period of calamity, be aroused by a cry for manhood suffrage and vote by ballot; yet, for that very reason the bill is not likely to encounter any very bitter hostility, and, were it modified and improved, would probably be accepted by the House of Lords as an indispensable measure.

Since the Act of Reform, the political battle has been, not between men of property and men of none, but between its possessors in different kinds; viz., landed proprietors and capitalists. The Act left preponderance of members to the counties for the acknowledged purpose of giving supremacy in the national councils to proprietors of the soil. It has been asked, as by Mr. Roebuck in his "History of the Reform Bill," why, in a country where fitness for the franchise is measured by the degree of wealth possessed, as the test of intelligence, should some fifty small boroughs return 100 members, though inferior in aggregate riches and voters to Manchester? The

reply, we conceive, lies in the fact that the different natures of landed and manufacturing wealth create different sorts of political intelligence and objects; for while settled property is naturally conservative, and is ready to be taxed for the sake of being protected, floating capital, in all industrial shapes, owes less allegiance to the soil, is jealous of taxation, and is ready to shift the burthen on fixed property.

The struggle is between those who are making a fortune, and those living on fortunes made.

Representative reform will probably continue to be a lever for ousting either the conservative or the ultra-liberal party from power; yet we believe there would be almost unanimous approval of a statesmanlike measure that should propose the very desirable service of admitting as large a proportion of the manually-labouring classes to the franchise as is compatible with their own security, and that should, at the same time, justify the admission of a large proportion by providing the counterbalance of admitting every description of man whose claim is either superior or equal. The present opportunity is a happy one for perfectionating the representative system, or for bringing to a moderate and safe settlement this important question, which is exactly one, being a debate as to redistribution of power, that ought to be discussed when, the country being in the full enjoyment of tranquillity and prosperity, the public mind is calm.

The first Reform Bill passed rapidly, and with the violence of rapidity, because a just measure had been too long delayed. But the English aloe, conservative progress, should not require forcing to make it blossom.

CHARITY AT HOME.

ARISTOTLE tells us that "when a man doth think of any thing that is past, he looketh down upon the ground ; but when he thinketh of something which is to come, he looketh up towards the heavens."

But this rule is not without its exception. The social reformer is most prone to walk *demisso vultu*, when he beholds the magnitude of his future work. It is when he compares the world of the present time with the world a few generations back, that he is most in danger of undue exultation.

There are, indeed, two ways of measuring the advance that is made by a nation. If we, as Englishmen, compare our present state with the condition in which we were a century, or even fifty years ago, we find reason for self-complacent congratulation, and we "devolve our rounded periods" about "the progress of the age." But if we contrast existing society with that ideal policy which has been the dream of the greatest minds of Greece, Rome, and Modern Europe, our rejoicings are changed into a sorrow that is largely made up of shame and despair. Neither extreme is seemly. Our complacency should be tempered with modesty—our despondency should be cheered by hopefulness.

In placing the present side by side with the past, there is one marked feature of difference which, at first sight, is matter for rejoicing.

The philanthropist, who is contemporary with the "Association for the Promotion of Social Science," meets with no such difficulties as beset his predecessor of Georgian times, when fatherless boys were publicly hanged for picking pockets, and starving men judicially murdered for stealing sheep. Howard setting forth on his journey among the prisons of Europe found few friends to wish him God-speed, and no fellow-travellers to cheer him in his pilgrimage. But the modern Social Reformer is sure both of sympathy and help. He has no need to commend his subject by elaborate apologies.

So far all seems well. The good seed sown by one of England's most enlightened judges has not been fruit-

less. Each day since that sad morning, when the earnest eloquence of Talfourd was so abruptly stopped, and the kindly heart which prompted these words was stilled for ever, have the various classes of the commonwealth been brought into nearer intimacy ; and though, for a time, the stormy speeches of angry democrats have stirred up strife, the union is closer than it has ever been.

But this improvement of feeling is not all that is needed. The greatest of English divines has warned us against yielding ourselves up to those "passive impressions which weaken active habits ;" and it is here that our danger chiefly lies. We are tender-hearted enough to shudder at the execution of a murderer, and to be pained at the punishment of the most cold-blooded villain. We are interested in the facts presented to us by sanitary commissioners and authors who, like Mr. Godwin and Mrs. Bayly, testify of what they have seen. We read that the wretched abodes of our poor are the centres from which radiate cholera and fever, even into our own neighbourhood ; we listen to the vehement warnings of men in earnest like Mr. Kingsley ; we assent, and do nothing.

Thus the sympathy of the present day is too often wasted, or, if not allowed to die out through inactivity, is often frittered away on unworthy objects. The merchant who exported skates and warming-pans to the Brazils, finds his counterpart in the numerous Mrs. Jellabys who busy themselves in sending out flannel waistcoats to the Hottentots. The philanthropist seeing how large is the field that lies before him, and how little of it he can cultivate, has a right, and indeed is bound to consider where his labour will be most profitable. An Ojibbeway chief, when visiting this country a short time since, rebuked, and the more severely, because unintentionally, that spurious form of philanthropy which can see no object for pity nearer than Boriobula Gha. He suggested that we should do well if we were to retain some of our missionaries for home-use, instead of despatching

them across so many miles of ocean to his land, were, he said, "we have no such poor children among us; we have no such drunkards or people who abuse the Great Spirit—Indians dare not do so."

English Continental travellers, on returning to their own shores, are forcibly convinced that their country is a land of great extremes. As if to compensate for the dull uniformity and the hueless grey of our firmament, our social lights and shadows are strongly marked. Our suns never shine with the white intensity, nor cast the depth of shade which render the glories of Milan cathedral almost too dazzling for mortal eyes. But with us stately squares and crescents, lordly palaces and mansions, are close to narrow lanes and alleys, wretched lodging-houses and cellars. Dives lives next door to Lazarus; beggars take up their abode in the most magnificent of our *faubourgs*, the wealthiest of our *quartiers*.

This state of things, disastrous in itself, is rendered still more so by the fact that the population who required this sort of house accommodation was rapidly augmenting at the very time when there was least chance of supplying its wants. The effects of overcrowding soon became manifested in severe visitations of cholera and fever. It was not, however, till 1837, that government instituted its first inquiry into the condition of the dwellings of the labouring classes. The exciting cause of this first Parliamentary movement was the breaking out of a violent and extensive epidemic of typhus in eastern London. Doctors Southwood Smith, Neill, Arnott, and Kay (now Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth), examined the state of other metropolitan districts, and the reports of these and subsequent visits revealed a state of misery of which the public had formed no idea. The deep impression made by these deplorable statements resulted in combinations of philanthropists, and deliberations of senators, with a view to the devising of remedial measures. In 1839 the Health of Towns Association was formed; in 1840 Mr. Slaney obtained the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons to pursue the investigation, whilst the subject was taken up earnestly by the late Bishop of London, in the House of Lords.

In 1841 the Marquis of Normanby, then Home Secretary, introduced and carried through the House of Lords the first legislative remedial measure; but, owing to a prorogation of Parliament, it never reached the Commons. In 1842 the Report of an Inquiry into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population was published. With this report Mr. Chadwick's name is inseparably associated. In 1842 a royal commission for inquiring into the state of large towns and populous districts was appointed. The final clause of instructions to this commission directed inquiry to be made "as to how far the condition of the poorer classes of the people, and the salubrity and safety of their dwellings, may be promoted by the amendment of the laws, regulations, and usages." The reports of this commission appeared in 1844-5.

The immediate result of these investigations was the establishment of two now well-known societies, "The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes," and "The Society for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes." But the Legislature itself was not idle. The Public Health Act was passed in 1848, and the Nuisances Removal and Diseases Prevention Act, in 1849. The latter of these was amended in 1855, the former in 1858. The General Board of Health was established in 1848, and continued in operation until superseded by a system of local government according to the Act of 1858. In 1851 two Acts relating to lodging-houses were passed. That introduced by Lord Shaftesbury, and amended in 1853, is compulsory in its provisions, and renders it imperative on the local authorities to carry into effect certain conditions relative to cleanliness, ventilation, avoidance of overcrowding, and the separation of the sexes. These provisions were intended to apply to lodging houses alone, but were found to work with such good effect that a Bill for the prevention of overcrowding in the dwellings of the poor was carried through the House of Lords in 1857, but was withdrawn from the Commons towards the end of the session. Under the Local Government Act, power is possessed by the city of London of applying the Lodg-

ing-house Act to private dwellings. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to test the wisdom of this arrangement, although there can scarcely be any doubt that its success will be so great as to render it expedient to endow other cities with a similar privilege.

In 1855 a bill for promoting the building of dwelling-houses for the labouring classes, and providing for the registration of joint-stock companies formed for that purpose, was passed, under the title of "The Labourers' Dwellings Act." In the same year another bill was passed for effecting the same object in Scotland, with the addition of a power whereby "owners of buildings faulty in their original construction, or fallen into a state of dilapidation, or being in a condition which may cause disease to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood," may, on their neglecting to remedy the defects, after due notice, be compelled to surrender the property at a fair valuation to any duly constituted association applying for it to the proper authorities. Ireland, also, has received the benefit of a similar law. In 1856 an Act was passed which provided a summary remedy for landlords who have built suitable cottages, of which the tenants have become defaulters or committed nuisances.

This brief historical *resumé*, which we condense from Mr. Roberts' exhaustive paper, read at the Liverpool meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, proves that the dwellings of the labouring classes have already received considerable attention from the Legislature. This is, indeed, a vital question. There is an intimate relation of cause and effect between the homes of our poorer classes and the moral and physical well-being of the whole community. Neglect of ventilation and drainage is followed by infectious diseases more or less virulent. The over-crowding of sleeping rooms, and the absence of any provision for the separation of the sexes, are invariably attended by an increase of crime and immorality. The fact that lodging houses are under the supervision of the police, is itself no slight check upon the designs of the thieves who patronize such establishments; while the enforced respect to decency removes one great source of illegitimate births, and the consequent increased poor-rates.

But as yet, the great social reform is only inaugurated. Its progress has been somewhat hindered by the spurious liberalism, which stubbornly insists upon the inviolability of the English home, and the right of Englishmen to live in an atmosphere heavy with fever, and in the very nursery of immorality, and which affects a constitutional dread of placing power in the hands of the central government. The tendency of recent enactments has been unfortunate, in so far as it has yielded to the foolish outcry against centralization, and has yielded that power which should have been wielded by the Legislature to the local authorities, and which it is almost impossible that they should use rightly. "It is an almost universal complaint," said Mr. Kingsley, at the Liverpool Congress, "that the local power is getting into the hands of a lower and lower class; that the educated and refined cannot get elected without surrendering their independence of thought and action, and deferring to the opinions and prejudices of those they know to be mistaken, and that they will not encounter the disagreeables of parochial and municipal elections." Responsible posts are thus left to be filled by those people who have a direct interest in the non-fulfilment of the duties attached to them. It is not to be expected that the owner of inferior house and cottage property will be very vigilant in enforcing sanitary regulations that would involve him in numerous expenses. Property of this description is generally too little remunerative to allow much room for the exercise of a costly philanthropy; although, where the proprietors have been more than usually free from the cumbersome luxury of a conscience, the gains have been enormous. Mr. Kingsley urges that this difficulty should be met by a system of vigorous inspection. He supposes that the owners of inferior houses could not afford to comply with the government requirements, and would sell at all risks, and thus a sudden depreciation in the value of this class of property would follow.

But, here again a grave practical difficulty arises. "These house-owners have long ago agreed as to the results of government inspection; and, therefore, it is to be expected that if sanitary reform be made a public hustings

question, for one educated man who asks, 'Will you support sanitary reform as a sacred duty to your country and countrymen?' we should have three from the uneducated classes asking in return, 'Will you promise to ignore sanitary reform, and leave us and our house property alone? for if you do not, elected you shall not be.'"

If this be a true representation, there is danger not only that municipal and parochial offices, but that the most important of all trusts, will be abandoned to the men of all others most unfitted to hold them. It would indeed be a sad day for the British Constitution when the popular portion of it was represented by legislators whose wealth and "respectability" blinds the eyes of the world to their sordid meanness and avaricious cruelty. "How is this real and radical evil to be met?" asks Mr. Kingsley. Not homoeopathically. The remedy and the disease have little in common. Many of the working classes believe that extension of the parliamentary franchise is the one great boon or right, to obtain which they should devote all their energies. But if their wish were granted they would in too many instances be more than ever placed in the power of their chief foes. Who are the men that lord it over the poor with the most grinding tyranny? Not the nobleman, not the country squire, not the educated gentleman, not the merchant, farmer, or manufacturer; but the small tradesman who has invested his savings in the purchase of a court or alley, and has but one thought, how he shall make the most of his purchase. To give the tenants of such dwellings political privileges would be to strengthen the bonds by which they are holden in subjection. Doubtless, it is the policy of our *bourgeois* to talk largely about the extension of the franchise, both because their own power would be increased, and also because attention is thereby diverted from the social reforms which are truly needed. It is a very sad delusion by which the lower classes are persuaded that political reform is the panacea for all their miseries. Give them universal suffrage, the ballot box, and all the points of the charter, and what are they the better so long as they are doomed to live in noisome dens.

Here are matters which it is the duty of a good government to see to at once. But these are not questions of political reform. They and their consequent faction-fights may well be postponed. There are other reforms more urgently needed, although less imperatively demanded. The greatest sufferers are not the dealers in noisy treason. There is a depth below the seditious poor. Out of the depths in which the "quiet poor" lie hopelessly, no voice is heard of anger or complaint. Life itself to them is of no value. What, then, will it profit them to endow them with political privileges?

What are the duties of the Legislature towards that social reform with which we are now concerned?

1st. The extension of the provisions of the "Common Lodging-houses' Act," of 1851, to all tenements let below a certain weekly rental (say 3s. 6d.) per room. By such means the local authorities would be enabled to enforce upon the owners of the lowest class of dwellings certain regulations which would secure cleanliness, ventilation, avoidance of over-crowding, and the separation of the sexes. This power already exercised in the city of London under the "Nuisances Removal Act," may, however, be to some extent evaded, and in that case evil instead of good is wrought. Thus it has been found that the old tenants of houses thus under surveillance have been ejected, in order to make room for others who would pay a slightly increased rent. But notwithstanding this trick, there must still remain a large number of dwellings where the weekly payments do not exceed 3s. 6d., and where authoritative supervision is much needed.

2nd. By an amendment of the laws relating to the transfer of real property the working classes would be as much benefited as the classes above them. If the legal expenses for conveyance were reduced within reasonable limits, or better still, if conveyance were superseded by simple registration, arrangements might often be made by which the tenant might become the owner of his dwelling. Such an arrangement is already common with the societies established at Berlin, Munich, Mulhouse in France, and Locle in Switzerland. In those places the tenant may either rent his dwell-

ing at a rate that shall yield a net return of five per cent. on the outlay, or by paying a higher sum for a fixed period, he becomes at length owner of the building. His house has thus been to him a savings-bank.

3rd. An alteration of the English law of settlement is urgently needed. Under the present system the destruction of cottage property in the rural districts of England is disgraceful. It was stated some years ago that in the neighbourhood of Norwich this practice had reached a fearful extent. It was impossible to obtain a piece of ground for building purposes in any of the villages within eight or ten miles of that city, while not less than 500 agricultural labourers were compelled to walk every day from Norwich to their work distances from three to seven miles. To say nothing of the wickedness of this practice, it entirely defeats its own end. Cunning has overreached itself. "It cannot be expected that the man who has to spend a considerable portion of his strength in travelling to and from his employment will be able to work with the energy and vigour of one whose occupation lies close to his own door. Poor-rates are paid by the *whole* parish. The farmer *exclusively* reaps the benefit of improved labour. He will do well to ponder these things."*

4th. A most useful measure would be the extension of the "Land Improvement Act" in Ireland so as to include the erection of labourers' dwellings in its provisions, and the passing of an Act for England and Scotland which should enable the owners of estates to borrow money on interest from the Government for the purpose of building cottages. The latter proposition is merely an adaptation of the "Land Draining Act," Vic. 9 & 10, c. 101, and which was so eminently successful in its operation. The former requires fuller consideration:—

"It appears from the last General Tenement Valuation Returns, that in the union of Mullingar alone, which may probably be taken as exhibiting an average state of the dwellings of the labouring population in Ireland, there are 820

mud cabins valued at from 5s. down to 1s. a year; whilst there are no less than 777 in one parish in the West of Ireland the annual value of each of which is but 3s., about one-third of the whole number being valued at 2s. a-year. It is well known that when such cabins are valued at 1s. or 2s. a-year, this valuation is merely nominal. They are in truth valueless; and when it is found that cabins valued even at 7s. are mere mud-wall huts, scarcely kept from tumbling by the wooden prop or the loose stone abutment, with old thatched roofs decayed to blackness, wet clay floors below the surface, a mere apology for windows, the fireplace on the rude hearth without flues, the smoke curling out at the ill-filled doors, or making its way through holes in the thatch, it may well be asked, what must be the state of the hovels valued at 5s., still more of those valued at 2s. or 1s. a-year?"†

Now, the "Land Improvement Act" provides for the improvement of the soil and the erection of substantial farm buildings, and determines how the labourer shall be paid. But while all this is done a most important provision is neglected; and through want of it the better class of labourers migrate to England for work, and the Irish farmer finds himself short of hands at the very time when he is in haste to gather in the harvest.

It has been objected that Irish labourers are generally too poor to pay the increased rent that would be required for the improved dwellings. There is force in this objection, and we can only reply (omitting all appeal to the philanthropic spirit) that if the condition of the Irish labourer continues to improve at the rate of recent years, there need be little fear but that the outlay will have yielded a fair interest by the time that the money advanced has to be repaid. Moreover, "it could be shown," adds Mr. Levinge in the pamphlet already quoted from, "that in some of these cases where the most doubt existed at first as to the propriety of making loans, lest the works should not pay the rent-charge required by the Act, the most striking and remarkable improvements have been effected." As a practical answer to all doubts, reference can be made to the General

* Messrs. Spender and Isaac on the Agricultural Labourer. "Journal of the Bath and West of England Society, 1858."

† "Reasons for extending the 'Land Improvement Act' to improve the Irish Labourer's Dwellings." By W. S. Levinge. 1859.

Land Improvement Company, in London, which is already incorporated by Act of Parliament, for a purpose similar to that which we have been advocating.

In Scotland some authoritative arrangement is needed to check the enormous evils of the *bothy system*. In the country where the finest farming in the world is to be seen, the farm labourer is worse treated than in any other except Ireland. In fact, the conduct of Lothian farmers, who are men of large capital, is more reprehensible than that of the Irish agriculturists, whose means are stinted. It has been thought cheaper to hire unmarried labourers, who are compelled to reside together in a bothy, which is generally an old barn or loft of a stable, which is never clean nor weather-proof. In this one room some-half-dozen men have to sleep and feed. To render matters worse, a number of unmarried female labourers are lodged in another part of the same building. The result is easily foreseen. In those counties of Scotland where the bothy is most common, the number of illegitimate children is far larger; and in Aberdeenshire, where the system chiefly prevails, the percentage of illegitimate births is nineteen, so that nearly every fifth child is a bastard. The miseries of the bothy have lately been forcibly described by the author (himself a labourer) of a prize essay on the condition of the agricultural population. He tells us that "the end of a mere lumber-house has, in some instances, been found to form the sleeping apartment of farm labourers, wherein dressing and undressing were acts of penance in stormy weather; for we have actually had ourselves to sleep in places where, in cold stormy mornings, the snow was lying alongside, and our own clothes frozen stiff."*

The Rev. Dr. Begg brought this subject before the late Congress at Liverpool. He stated that many of the proprietors of land in Scotland held their estates under a strict entail; and by a recent decision of the Court of Session, building houses for working men does not constitute an im-

provement, for which the estate can be burdened.† To meet the difficulty Dr. Begg proposed that the bothy should be prohibited by law, or else, according to Hugh Miller's suggestion, be heavily taxed. A more effectual remedy would be to empower owners of entailed estates to erect cottages, or else that the tenants should build them, and retain the price when they pay their rents.

5th. A scarcely less important measure than the preceding would be an Act which should enable municipal corporations to levy rates for the erection of dwellings. This would be an adaptation of Mr. Ewart's Act for the establishment of public libraries. It might, indeed, be urged that the cases were widely different, inasmuch as in one case the money would be spent for the whole community, while in the other only one class would be benefited. But this objection has no weight; for the new property, if rightly managed, would bring in a yearly revenue that would lessen the rates of succeeding years. While, if we consider how enormously the poor have to pay for miserable accommodation, we may well suppose that, having to pay a lower rent, they would require less parochial relief, and thus the poor-rate would again be lessened. Perhaps a more convenient mode of applying this principle would be to frame a clause similar to one already existing in the English poor law, which provides that "the ratepayers, convened in public meeting, may direct that a sum not exceeding half the average yearly rate of the three preceding years, be raised or borrowed as a fund for defraying the expenses of emigration of poor persons residing in the parish," substituting the building of dwellings for emigration.

6th. In default of direct legislation, and, indeed, under any circumstances, Government should afford every facility for the formation of incorporated societies. At present the cost of obtaining a Royal Charter is enormous. We are informed by Dr. Jukes Styrap, the founder of the Salopian Society, that this expense must be reckoned at about £1,500. This sum would of

* "Essay, by Alexander Fraser." Aberdeen, Brown & Co.

† "Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, for 1858."

course be a prohibitive duty to all but very extended associations, which, like the Salopian, include several counties; or, like the Metropolitan Association, which spent £1,430 in obtaining its charter.

7th. We would recommend that the aid which Government affords by advancing money to commercial enterprises, such as Indian railways and the Atlantic Telegraph Company, should be extended to societies for improving the condition of the working classes. These are as much national enterprises as those; and if it be asked how Government shall be guaranteed a return for the money so expended, we would answer, that were no actual dividend paid, a fair return would be gained in the shape of diminished expenditure for the relief and punishment of the lower classes.

8th. Lastly, a most important, and in every way justifiable measure, would be one which should enforce upon all companies, or individuals, engaged in the construction of works that involve the demolition of inferior house property, the necessity of erecting suitable dwellings for the lower classes. This law would be obligatory on railway, dock, and similar companies. Through want of such an enactment incalculable misery and evil have resulted in London; and "at the present time," adds Mr. Roberts, "similar results arise out of the gigantic and unprecedented destruction of low-class dwellings in Paris, where, however, it is now, beyond doubt, a part of the government policy to disperse and to eject, at least from the heart of the metropolis, a considerable portion of the working classes."*

But reliance upon state aid and waiting for government assistance are not the characteristics of Englishmen. That eclectic race, made up of the flower of British, Saxon, Danish, and Norman strength and energy, is not given to utter useless cries, nor like the waggoner of the fable, slothfully beseech Hercules to help it out of a difficulty from which it will make no effort to deliver itself. While some few legislators have been exhorting a not very attentive audience to inaugurate the great work of Sanitary Reform, they have exerted themselves with greater effect outside "the House," by establishing societies in-

dependent of the three estates of the realm, which should strike the first blow in the crusade against dirt, disease, and vice. To chronicle the doings of all the societies which have been founded throughout the kingdom for the one object of improving the condition of the working classes, would be to write a voluminous history; nor would a cumbersome folio narrate the deeds of these philanthropists who, singly, have devoted their efforts to this enterprise. We must content ourselves with a brief outline of what has been accomplished, and of what remains to be done.

The years 1842 and 1844 saw the establishment of these two societies which have not only taken the lead, but have maintained their prominent position to the present time. The "Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes" speedily succeeded its predecessor, "The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes." These companies have been followed by many others, both in London and elsewhere; but as the above named are the most important, an account of their operations will serve as a sample for those of other associations. The Metropolitan Association has expended a capital of £91,015; the gross yearly rental is about £7,000, and deducting rates, taxes, repairs, cost of management, the net receipts are about £2,000, and do not allow of a greater dividend than 2 per cent. The capital has been laid out in four different kinds of investments: the first consists of new buildings for single men: this property has proved but slightly remunerative, and yields only $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; the second class comprised old and improved dwellings for single men: here there has been a loss of nearly 10 per cent.; the third description includes new buildings for families, the average profits have been nearly 4 per cent. on £62,000; the remainder of the property consists of old and improved dwellings for families, on which the returns are at the rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes is established purely with a philanthropic end; any profits that may arise above a moderate rate of interest are applied to the extension of its

* Transactions in 1858, page 591.

operations. The returns, however, have not been sufficiently large to enable the shareholders to add much to the original capital of about £37,000. Doubtless the want of commercial success that has attended these two societies has arisen in great measure from the novelty of the undertaking. It is not until an experiment has been tried several times that a perfect result is obtained. In an enterprise of this description there was very much to learn, and experience is a costly means of education. Great judgment is always especially required in the purchase of standing property and of land. It might have been thought that there was less risk in buying old houses than in building new; yet the balance sheet of the "Metropolitan Association" shows a greater profit on the latter than the former. This however is probably an exceptional case, since it is clear that the first and most important consideration is the choice of site. In selecting the locality on which to build, the mere cost per acre must be postponed to the question of whether any particular spot is convenient for working men. Lay your foundation-stone in an out-of-the-way locality, and however perfect a "model" your house may be, it will not fill. A baker or butcher might as well open a shop in the deer-forests of Scotland, as a society erect dwellings for the working man in a neighbourhood to which he has never been in the habit of resorting.

Warned, probably, by the errors of the above-mentioned societies, "The Windsor Royal Society" has been far more successful in providing cottages for the rural classes, built after the model cottages of the Great Exhibition in 1851, and containing living-room, kitchen, and scullery, three sleeping-rooms, and garden, which are let either altogether at 5s. 6d. per week or in portions. It would take long to mention all the other associations that have been formed with a similar object. We would mention, however, "The Salopian Society," founded by Dr. Jukes Styrup, of Shrewsbury, with a capital of £100,000 in £5 shares, with power to triple the amount. This society is constituted under a royal charter, and has for its object the providing of improved dwellings, baths, and wash-houses for the poor of Shropshire and

the adjoining counties. It has met with hearty support among the leading nobility and gentry and clergy of the district, and promises to be successful. The Hastings Society, beginning humbly, has eminently prospered, and has paid its shareholders six per cent. In Scotland, especial attention has been paid to the dwellings of agricultural labourers, and, as we have already shown, improvement was urgently needed.

But while the associations for the purpose of providing our poor in town and country with decent homes are numerous, the number of individuals who have devoted their time and money to so good an object is past counting. The array of names would include the highest persons in the realm. The Prince Consort has given great attention to the subject. In Lambeth, a pile of workmen's houses has been built exclusively out of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster. Mr. Akroyd, formerly M.P. for Huddersfield, has erected dwellings for a thousand workmen at Copley Mill. Mr. Titus Salt has built 400 houses at Saltaire, near Bradford. Miss Burdett Coutts, first in every noble work, has established a little colony in the heart of Bethnal Green, London, where fifty-two families are lodged in a continuous pile of buildings, the roof of which forms a playground.

Having had some experience in erecting cottages, and having given considerable attention to the domestic requirements of the working classes, we venture to recommend the following plan as one both cheap and efficacious:—

1. That cottages in agricultural districts be erected in blocks of two, semi-detached, with a quarter of an acre between the two houses.

2. That, with rare exceptions, for aged and single couples, each cottage contain a living-room, say 12' x 12', scullery 8' x 12', pantry, and three bedrooms. The last provision is essential for the due separation of the sexes. Where cheapness is a great consideration, a meat-safe might be formed in one corner of the scullery, the same having perforated zinc in the wall opening to the air.

3. That, to promote comfort, the cottages be floored instead of paved, and that a convenient kitchen-range be fixed in the living room.

4. To promote ventilation, it would

be well to provide that one casement in each room should be made to open, and that Dr. Arnott's ventilator be fixed in each room in connexion with the chimney.

5. It would always be well to choose such an aspect as would add to the cheerfulness of the cottage: this is, however, a point that would occur to all.

6. The roof should be of a simple description, so as to dispense with valleys.

7. It would be well to arrange that the stairs should open into the lobby, rather than into the living-room.

8. A porch or lobby should always be provided so as to prevent the rush of cold air into the living-room.

A double cottage of the character we have indicated could in most districts be erected for about £250.

It will sometimes be found desirable, in rural districts, to erect dwellings specially adapted for young and unmarried farm labourers; for the Scotch bothy system, though terribly faulty in detail, is right in principle. It too often happens that the farm-servant, when arrived at manhood, is either compelled to continue to sleep in the one room where lie his parents and adult sisters, or, worse still, is taken in as a lodger in a numerous family, who have but one bed-room for parents, children, and stranger.

In connexion with dwellings for the agricultural working classes, should be noticed the allotment system. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a law was passed which forbade the erection of any houses in rural districts unless a certain quantity of land were laid to each. All abodes failing in this respect were termed "silly" cottages. Modern progress has not enforced this enactment, and the result of our superior wisdom is seen in crowded beer-shops. It is not to be expected that working men, especially young men still living with their parents, will spend their evenings quietly by the fireside, when the one room that does duty for kitchen and parlour is full of squalling children, and, perhaps, reeking with the steam given off by clothes hung up to dry. Had they but a garden, they would gladly pass their spare hours in it, and would thus not only keep free from the harm that they are sure to get at the beer shop, but would

derive a positive advantage from profitable employment. To supply this want, there exists in some villages an allotment ground, varying from one small enclosure to fifty or sixty acres. But this is only a partial remedy for the original deficiency. In a variable climate like ours, it is important that the garden should be close to home, so that the children, who should be early taught to dig and delve, may get under shelter in rainy weather. Besides which, it often happens that the allotment ground is a mile or two away from the centre of the village, and the farm labourer, who has had quite sufficient locomotion during the day, is compelled to take an additional hour's walk whenever he pays a visit to his little plantation, an amount of toil that sometimes proves fatal to the continuance of the enterprise. With regard to the quantity of land that should be granted to the labourer, it is generally thought that he cannot advantageously cultivate beyond a quarter of an acre, and that more than this would demand a degree of exertion that would render him too weary to do justice to his employer. There is force in this remark, and as most practical farmers are agreed with regard to it, we must accept their decision, with this reservation: that no absolute rule should be made, but that where the family is numerous, and the number of mouths and hands is increased, a larger piece of ground should be allotted than to the unmarried or childless applicant.

By the Statute 8 & 9 Vic. c. 118, on the Enclosure of Waste Lands, it is provided that portions of the waste to be enclosed shall be allotted to the labouring poor, on which a rent-charge shall be fixed similar to that for the commutation of tithes, and that that sum shall not exceed the net annual value of the allotment at the time of making the same. This is a very useful provision, especially in cases where there is a manufacturing population of which the children are employed and the parents often cannot obtain work.

The trouble attending the collection of cottage rents has often been complained of. We, ourselves, have found no such difficulty, and we believe that this success is due to a very simple expedient: the donation of a small sum, say sixpence, in every pound,

provided the rent were paid within a fortnight of the audit day. The efforts that will be made to secure this trifle will also generally secure punctuality; but in cases where the inducement has failed, the arrears should be firmly enforced. The repairs are another source of complaint. The tenant is not always so careful to prevent dilapidations as he might be. It is therefore expedient to make the interest of tenant and landlord identical. This object would be attained by letting a cottage at a somewhat higher rent than its value, and by returning the excess in case no repairs had been done, or the balance, if the repairs had not equalled the extra charge.

But all these little matters of detail are trifles compared with the obstacles which the city philanthropist has to overcome. Where every square foot of land has its market value, his operations are necessarily limited. It has been well remarked, and the observation will apply to most of our large towns, that "There are whole streets of houses in this neighbourhood, (Kensington Potteries, London), whose appearance gives you the idea that they were originally designed for a higher class of people; and yet the builder must have known that the supply of such houses was already far beyond the demand, and that if let at all the inmates must be poor. Nothing, however, adapts them to this class of inhabitants. Five or six families may occasionally be found in one such house, with no more provision for health, comfort, and decency, than ought to be made for each one. The houses professedly erected for the poor are still more deficient. They are sometimes built below the level of the road, so that the drainage is to them, instead of from them. The basements are consequently fearfully damp, and the whole atmosphere in every part of the house is impregnated with the effluvia from stagnant sewage. The materials used in building are so bad, and the workmanship so inferior, that the floors are always loose, and everything seems constantly getting out of order. We have whole streets of small six-roomed houses let out entirely to the poor, so that three families frequently live in one house.

There is no outlet to the air at the back of these dwellings, either by door or window. One long blank wall is all that is to be seen. Frequent illness prevails among the inhabitants of these streets, and I can never forget the scenes presented there during the visitation of cholera. In a small room on the top floor of one of these dwellings, I found, one morning, that a woman and a child had died in the night, and another woman, though still living, appeared in a dying state. I shudder when I think of that room; no pen can describe its horrors. It was a close hot morning in July; not a breath of air was stirring. The window was thrown up at the bottom—it could not be opened at the top; and as there was no draught through the house to draw the air into the room, very little relief could be obtained. The only possible expedient that suggested itself to me, was to have some of the bricks forced out of the back wall. This was done; but all was in vain: the poor mother died, surviving her husband only a few days; and the little children either cried in the streets or were cared for by a neighbour, till they were taken away to the workhouse."* Mrs. Bayly then wrote a letter to the *Times*, calling attention to the construction of these houses and asking if nothing could be done to make such contrary to the law of the land, and so prevent this awful sacrifice of life. It was satisfactory to see that the editor had embodied her remarks in a powerfully written leading article; yet nothing has been done practically. We are still without an ædile who would forbid the occupation of all houses where the first laws of hygiene were violated, and where the inhabitants would infallibly become victims to fever or cholera, or would have to endure that slow undermining of the health and strength which is surely depriving England of those strong arms and muscular chests, that are the foundation of her trade and commerce, and her best defence in time of war.

When we read such stories as the above, and the still more harrowing tales in Mr. Godwin's "London Shadows," we cannot help asking whether the nation would not gain by abolishing Gentlemen Ushers of the Black

* "Ragged homes and how to mend them."

Rod, Silver Sticks in Waiting, and other sonorous sinecures, and giving their emoluments to officers who should be charged to inspect every house built throughout the kingdom, and to ascertain if the necessary arrangements respecting drainage, ventilation, water supply, &c., were made.

Not until the signature of such inspector was obtained should it be lawful to inhabit the house. At intervals of a certain number of years it should be incumbent upon him to re-examine every house, and to see that no deficiency had arisen in the original arrangements.

The enormously rapid increase of our population, and the continued encroachments of the town upon the country, bid us almost despair of ever overtaking the wants of the age. How can we insist that no house shall be inhabited in which the laws of health are violated, when the working man has no choice between this home and no home at all. All our sanitary measures are mere palliatives, and not cures. Our model lodging-houses, standing here and there, are the few oases that lie in a vast wilderness of moral and physical desolation. It seems as if the time must soon come when in our great marts of commerce all the old dwellings will be converted into warehouses and offices; as if not only the banker and the merchant will take a fifty miles journey every day that he goes to his business, spending just the working day in town, and no more, and returning to his country-house in the evening, but that the banker's clerk and the merchant's porter will follow the example of their employers, and that cities like London will have a shifting population migrating each evening and returning each morning. It would be well for many reasons if such a social change could be brought about. It is sad to think how many hearts are yearning and pining for an occasional sight of green trees, clear waters, and blue skies.

It appears from recent scientific investigations that over density of population, independent of other considerations, is in itself a fruitful source of disease; indeed one inquirer into the matter states that cholera and fever are more likely to arise in a very thickly peopled district—such as a camp—than in a neighbourhood where

the air is loaded with miasma and the gases given off by putrefying matter. If this assertion be true, there is the more reason why we should adopt some such expedient as that proposed above.

Hitherto we have spoken only of what is to be done *for* the working classes. This, indeed, is much, yet small compared with that which must be wrought by themselves. The amelioration of any class of society must be effected mainly by the members of that class. It is a common, but dangerous error, to suppose that the poor man is to sit quietly in the slough of poverty, dirt, disease, and vice, while the philanthropist is labouring to help him. In reality, do what we may we cannot remove the responsibility of action from off their shoulders. In the journey of life a word of encouragement may often cheer—a helping hand often sustain; but there can be no vicarious travelling.

The duty of the well-wisher of the poor is, therefore, plain. Let him remedy the evils that he can by his own efforts, or by the united exertions of others similarly disposed; let him, if he think necessary, invoke government aid; but when he has done all this let him not stop, for he has only begun. There still remains for him the most difficult task of all—that of teaching the poor themselves how they can best secure their own well-being and happiness. He will have to teach again and again the same lessons of temperance, prudence, decency, and morality; he will have to administer many a rebuke (more unwelcome to him who gives than to him who receives), when he sees the working man squandering all his earnings in the beer-shop, or the neglectful wife leaving her home to go to rack and ruin, while she spends every sixpence that she can earn at the gin-palace. Even where drunkenness is not added to prodigality, there will be many occasions calling for the voice of the friendly censor. Many times the really honest, and not merely sentimental philanthropist, will have to give unwelcome advice; but this, if followed, will ultimately obtain the gratitude of those to whom it has been offered.

MAY MORNING.

THE heaven stoops to kiss the earth,
'Tis that which maketh May.
The olden world takes a new birth,
And a fresh life to-day.

There's not a bird holds tongue, I swear,
If not the round-eyed owl,
That sits, like Capuchin, with lair
Of ivy-tod for cowl.

To-night he'll cry tu-whit, tu-whoo—
But none of us will stay
With omens nocturn to imbrue
The sunlit dawn of May.

The trees are in their Lincoln suit
Of gladsome forest green,
With maiden buds, that promise fruit
To the bridegroom sun, I ween.

Right royally to a bridal scene
The jolly sun comes forth,
Forgets no act of princely mien
To south, east, west, or north.

The lark has gone before to sing
Him in his bower of light,
And flutters, like a mote, on wing,
A speck betraying sight.

The runlets kiss their velvet bank,
In frolic wild then run ;
No rill so small but it will prank
Its jewels in the sun.

Come, boys and maidens, sing the birth
Of magical young May ;
And, weaving garlands, keep with mirth
Her spring-tide holiday.

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

WE may study the habits and customs of the French workman with advantage. He has his faults, and they are grave ones. He has his virtues, and these are conspicuous. But his dignity as a man—his *dignité d'homme*—is his most remarkable characteristic. You may touch his pocket, impinge upon his liberties; but beware how you tread upon his corns. Take the lowest and most despised class of French workmen, viz., the Paris rag-picker, and you will find a curious touch of dignity in the man who searches the gutters at night for rags and refuse.

I have been in the dark wine-shops of the rag-pickers' quarter of Paris, when blue-fleshed men were drowning care in rag-pickers' brandy, or, to use the rag-pickers' word, "camphor," and where hunger, dirt, and disease appeared to have played their worst tricks upon the guests; and even here I was advised by my French companion to be on my guard, lest I should wound the delicate susceptibilities of Paris scavengers. These rag-pickers attract me because they, the lowest class of workmen, exhibit many of the qualities which are peculiar to the most cultivated French artisans. They neither crouch, nor whine, nor knuckle-under to respectability. They have their holidays, balls, and dinners, in humble imitation of their betters. And for this reason, that no Paris *chiffonnier* is a born rag-picker. The *chiffonniers* ranks are recruited among all classes of the Parisians. When an honest mechanic or small shopkeeper has drunk himself, or idled himself, into the rag-picker class, he has done his worst. He has dropped from the lowest step of the social ladder, into the mud. And he will wallow in it. The dirty gipsy life will harmonize with his vagabond nature. He will never wish to return to settled employment. I have known rag-pickers who had held highly-profitable situa-

tions, in which they must have been accustomed to comforts which the most fortunate rag-picker could never hope to enjoy. Still the life is a free one, and not without its excitement, since it is a perpetual game of chance. On any day the rag-picker may find a silver spoon, or a five-franc piece, or even a greater prize.

One of the greasy fraternity—known all over Paris as the Philosopher—picked up, while searching the gutter for rags, a purse, containing that only pleasant form of rags, known as bank-notes. Now, it was the Philosopher's bounden duty to hand over this prize to the care of the police, who, if it had not been claimed within a fixed time, would have given it back to him, and he would have become its lawful possessor. But, unhappily, the Philosopher's studies had not included that of honesty. He was not a moral philosopher, and so—he put the bank-notes into his pocket.

Unhappily, however, for our rag-picking Philosopher, man is not, naturally, a solitary animal. As Dr. Brown has wisely taught us in his lecture on friendship, man feels a strong desire to impart his joy or sorrow to his neighbour. In an evil hour the Philosopher, with the bank-notes burning in his pocket, communicated his good fortune to a companion. In return for this confidence, the Philosopher's companion declared that he should feel an irresistible desire to speak on the subject to the police, if he did not receive a fair share of the prize. In the end, the friend turned informer, and the Philosopher had an opportunity of perfecting his system of morals in the prison of Mazas.*

But the rag-picker, who was the best type of his class I can call to mind, was the well-known Tra-la-la—so known because he was a most joyous, sociable rag-picker. For many years, wielding his hook over Paris

* For a statistical account of the earnings, &c., of the Paris *chiffonniers* see "Imperial Paris."

sewers, he picked up every soiled bit of paper that came in his way, as though he had found one of the world's great prizes. He, indeed, made a sunshine in the very shadiest of places. He hoarded old rags, and bones, and rusty iron in a garret, the window of which was never seen open; and he slept upon his odoriferous store, a contented man. He was found lying upon the heap, dead, while I was in Paris in October last; and a little provision for his old age, which he had kept in a bag, was discovered buried under Tra-la-la's hoarded labour.

The natural gaiety and politeness of the French hides much of their misery. How gay are the poor cocoa-merchants, vending their farthing tankards of liquorice-water to workmen in great factories! Conceive an English workman cheering his work hours with liquorice-juice! How merrily the hawkers of "the four seasons" push their barrows along the narrow uneven streets of the Quartier St. Antoine, or the Quartier Latin! How blithely the men and women, who rise with the sun to sweep the streets of Paris, flourish the besom!

In the great industrial quarter of St. Antoine (now kept in order by gigantic barracks), where the skilled workmen of Paris fashion that matchless upholstery which furnishes the palaces of Europe, the bees hum merrily, when, indeed, the bees are not building barricades.

Let any very great personage drop in to watch them at their work, and they will receive him kindly, deferentially, but without self-disrespect. For, in France, the relations between class and class, between employer and employed, between mistress and servant, are freer and more friendly than these relations are in England. In France, even under Bonapartist despotism, and despite the love of luxury which afflicts every grade of the community, the Revolution's mark remains. Everywhere there is respect for the able man, even when he has sprung from the lowest social depths. The soldier who has fought his way from behind the bar of a village inn to the rank of Marshal of France; the forlorn peasant-boy who has turned a five franc-piece into a splendid fortune; the humble girl

greatly matched; all find, even in show-adoring Paris, a welcome, hearty and sincere, in the circles to which they rise. In Paris poor boys who have become great men may be seen any day airing some bronzed Normandy dame, in the high cap of her native village, proud indeed of a mother or a sister. If there be a section of the Paris public, however, where exceptions to this healthy state of feeling may be found, the inquirer must seek it in the sombre streets, and behind the ponderous gateways of the Quartier St. Germain. Here may be found shrivelled old people, nursing, in hereditary ruins, the hereditary prejudices which belong to them. Here we find, in the dilapidated section, the hopeless section of French society—something like the feeling which is prevalent in the genteel world of England, where anxious lives are passed in steering clear of acquaintances engaged in business. That distance so jealously guarded by gentility between class and class, which good Judge Talfourd deplored in his last speech from the Bench, does not exist in France, save among the old nobility.

Among our neighbours, masters and servants meet in a frank, gracious way. Mistresses talk with their servants: your gate-keeper will broach the topic of the day with you. This general friendliness shocks many English visitors to Paris; yet its effect upon the people of France has been most salutary. It has refined the humbler classes, and it has broadened the view of the richer classes. It has given dignity to every kind of labour; and the general respect for labour has imposed self-respect on the labourer. A vain and frivolous race has become a thrifty race and a sober race. You may see drunken rag-pickers any day in Paris, but you must make a very long day's journey, indeed, before you will come across a drunken artisan. There is much, then, to tempt an Englishman to inquire into the peculiarities of the work-a-day world of France. The laws which govern the great industries of our neighbours, the combinations of workmen, the social economies carried out by societies like *l'Humanité* of Lille, must interest a rival manufacturing nation. We may get some useful lessons from a survey of the working population of

Flanders and Alsace. The writings of Audiganne, Violeau, and Mollet may be consulted with advantage. Indeed the code of the French workman, as drawn out by Judge Mollet, is full of remarkable suggestions.

We propose to glance at the great centres of French industry, in the first place; and in the second place, to review the laws which govern the French workman. The history of the working classes of France, from the Revolution of 1789 to the present time, includes descriptions of extraordinary combinations and extravagant dreams. Industrial Utopias by the dozen, labour parliaments, Icarian visions, socialist and communist phantoms, have risen by turns, and have been successively laid. French artisans have, at length, fallen from their Socialist chiefs, and, forgetting the days of their wild delusions, have turned manfully to their work. We propose to glance at them in their workshops—not in their old Socialist *cabarets*. In the North, where the great Flemish and Norman populations are busy:—at Lille, Roubaix, Turcoing, Amiens, Abbeville, Saint Quentin, and Sedan, we shall discover some of the peculiarities of our neighbours' industrial economy. In this great industrial district, which extends from the frontiers of Belgium to the mouth of the Somme, and comprehends five departments, are the most important mills and workshops of France. Cotton and woollen and flax manufactures, as well as iron-works, are here carried on on a large scale. Wool is spun at Lille, Roubaix, Turcoing, Sedan, and Amiens, and woven at Abbeville, Saint Quentin, Roubaix, and Amiens. The centre of the cotton district of France is Lille. But cotton weaving is still carried on on a vast scale in the agricultural districts—the weavers working at home, as of old. At Cateau, where the greatest weaving establishment of France is situated, there are twelve hundred operatives in the mill, and twelve thousand operatives belonging to the firm, who weave at home. Again, at St. Quentin, where between eighty and a hundred thousand operatives find employment in cotton manufactures, seven-eighths of this vast population are dispersed over the adjacent villages working their looms at home.

The cloth mills of Sedan show a more advanced state of things, for here, out of eight or nine thousand operatives, not more than eighteen hundred work under their own roof. But Lille is the manufacturing city of the North which takes the lead in intelligence and in energy. And it is hither that we shall draw the attention of the reader; hither, among the quiet Lille workmen, who do their hard work under a sombre sky and in a cramped city. There are no fine views at hand to refresh their sight when work is done—they are hedged in by sombre mills and encompassed by ramparts. Naturally sociable and hospitable, these good Flemish folk must meet and throw off the fatigue of labour, if not by the bank of a noble river or in shady lanes, then in club *cabarets*. They must have their clubs and economic and religious associations. There must be common ground for amusement, and prayer, and economy, on holidays.

The Society of St. Joseph is an excellent example of these Lille associations. It is a society which furnishes its members with the means of passing their leisure agreeably and honourably. For the winter, there is a town house which includes all the games in vogue in clubs; for the summer, there is a country villa, where rural sports may be pursued. A short prayer, said at nights when the doors are about to close, is the only religious ceremony enforced by the society. About one thousand Lille operatives support this rational institution. There is a fraternal cordiality among the members; and their constant efforts tend to "moralise pleasures" and to diminish the influence of the wine-shops. There is something touching in this great association of operatives with its parting simple prayer. The spirit that keeps the prayer to close evenings of rational amusement, is an honour to the good workmen of Flanders. This club of St. Joseph has been called a Roman Catholic inn, and this designation is a truthful one. The club members are not ascetics, but they are Christians.

St. François-Régis has given his name to another Lille society, the success of which is a good sign. This society facilitates marriages among the operatives—marriages which have

the effect, in France, of legitimatizing natural children. So far back as 1854, the society had promoted more than two thousand eight hundred marriages, and the legitimatization of a thousand children. A more useful society could not be established in the midst of a manufacturing community than this, which tends to destroy the evil effects of the congregation of large masses of men and women in factories and workshops. The society pays some of the ordinary costs of marriage, and undertakes to procure the documents necessary in France to the legal performance of the civil contract. It watches over the young who are tempted, and calls back wanderers to the paths of honour. As I write, a case falls under my eye, proving the good that might be done in Great Britain by societies of the St. François-Régis pattern.

John Keating, an Irish shoemaker, has appeared before the Lord Mayor of London, charged with assaulting Ellen Lawler by stabbing her in the face with a knife, whereupon a highly-instructive conversation took place. The lady stated that her name was Ellen Lawler, and that her husband's name was Pat Brésshahan. It required all the dexterity of the chief clerk to elicit from the lady, whom Pat described as "a rale beauty" at fighting, that she and Pat were not man and wife. The magistrate asked Pat why, if he admired the pugilistic acquirements of his fair partner, he did not marry her? Pat declared that indeed he had often talked about it, but now he would do it. "And faith, yer worship," said the lady and the "rale beauty" in question, "I'd not object to that." This couple would have been man and wife years ago had they fallen within the influence of a society like that which St. François-Régis patronizes in the good town of Lille.

There are, moreover, societies which take charge of apprentices: there is the St. Vincent de Paul Charity, and there is the religious Society of St. François-Xavier—all active among the Flemish population in and about Lille. These watch over the morals of the people. But Lille has still other societies—societies which promote the material interests of the operatives. Foremost among these, until recently suppressed by Govern-

ment authority, was an association called *l'Humanité*, to which we have already alluded.

Passing the little singing clubs and curious benefit societies which abound in Lille, the *patois* songs of local poets, and the lively verses of Dupont, let us examine the constitution of *l'Humanité*.

This remarkable society was established on the 7th of May, 1848, while France was still in the throes of a violent revolution;—while still Europe was disturbed by the cowardice of the head of the House of Orleans. It sprang unquestionably from the bold ideas that, during the months when the working classes held the destinies of France in their hands were set forth by their rash representatives. Its aim, however, was a rational one. "Our necessities, or rather our limited means," said the operatives, "compel us to buy the necessities of life in small quantities. We must, therefore, pay the retailer's profits. Now why, since, collectively, we require so many sheep and oxen every week; why should we not join to buy cattle, and divide the meat among us at cost price. More, why should we not combine in the same way, to purchase bread, clothes, and fuel?" In the absence of a satisfactory answer to these questions, a few foremost operatives called all their honest companions together; and bade them pay a weekly contribution of 15 centimes, or three half-pence, to defray the expenses of administration. In June, 1851, there were 1,432 members inscribed on the society's books: each member being the head of a family. The members were divided into groups of twenty each, and elected a *vingtainier*: five groups together elected a *centainier*. These officers composed a general commission; and there was an annually elected president. There were, moreover, sub-commissions, that superintended respectively the eatables, clothes, finances, &c.

With this constitution *l'Humanité* distributed bread, clothes, and fuel among its members, of a better quality and at a lower price than the bread, clothes, and fuel sold by Lille shopkeepers to the mass of the operatives. This association started its own slaughter-house, and went boldly and successfully into the cattle-market.

The result was that it could distribute meat to subscribers three-halfpence a pound cheaper than the butchers sold it. But, not satisfied with these successes, the *vingtainiers* and *centainiers* of *l'Humanité* asked themselves why cooking should not be economically done also? A kitchen was established; it was a model of order and cleanliness. Here the operatives found meat and soup ready for their dinner at a lower price than that at which they could prepare it in their own homes. In the midst of an orderly and intelligent working population such a society should have been a permanent one. It was not based upon wild dreams, Icarian, or of the Paturot school: it was a cheap distributing agent—nothing more. Still it had its enemies. The Lille shopkeepers were interested in its downfall; and they had an arm of strength by which they could injure it. The society could not give long credits: the shopkeepers could. To the unprovided an extravagant price to be paid at some future time is more tempting than a low cash price. The shopkeepers thus secured improvident operatives, and lured members from the rooms of *l'Humanité*. Other difficulties grew upon this admirable institution. It had sprung out of the turmoil of the Revolution of 1848; and although "No politics allowed," was a placard that adorned the walls of kitchen and commissioners' rooms, the Lille police could not believe that the passionate politicians of one year had agreed to forswear politics for the future. As the hand of the Emperor grew strong at the helm, the police became bold; and by 1854, they were empowered to disperse the members of *l'Humanité*.

But there are benefit societies left among the Lille operatives, peculiarly constituted. Some of these are said to be more than two centuries old. They generally bear the name of a saint; and their old statutes betray their indebtedness to the priests. Some bear still upon their charter, words to the following effect:—"To the greatest glory of God, and of the glorious Saint Nicolas." These old societies are apart from the mills; and include all kinds of operatives. They generally levy a weekly twopence or twopence-halfpenny from each member. This subscription is collected at the members' houses by

an official who is called a valet. He has ten per cent. of the subscription; and, generally, two pairs of shoes (or one pair, and one mending) for his trouble. A workman is allowed to belong to one of these independent societies only. For his subscription he receives two advantages: while he is ill he may claim four or five shillings a week; but after a certain time the allowance is diminished; and should his illness become chronic, the allowance ceases. This appears to be a necessary law; since these societies wind up their affairs and dissolve every year, on the fête day of St. Nicholas. On this high festival the balance in the valet's hands is divided among the members; and when it has been spent, a new society is formed. In the merry month of May, every year, the weavers' patron saint is fêted for three days. The mills are closed, and holiday clothes are donned in honour of the fête of the *broquelet*—to use the local *patois*. Masters give men who have not been fined in the course of the last twelvemonth, a "gratification," and the dances are merry in the villages round about.

There are mill societies at Lille, which are limited to the operatives employed in each mill. These societies deduct a certain weekly sum from operatives' wages; and receive all the fines that are levied in the mills. They protect their subscribers in sickness. Let us observe that before 1848 masters pocketed the fines they themselves levied. To the Revolution the operatives owe the just law of to-day, which punishes infractors of mill rules, but turns the penalties to good account.

The sociable citizens of Lille are fond of societies of all kinds. They are pleased to band themselves together for all purposes. If the government will not permit them to organize an economic common kitchen, it has left them the right, with the permission of their prefect, to sing together; and their singing clubs flourish still. Here M. Pierre Dupont is the presiding spirit: *vice* Beranger and the Marseillaise, banished by the prefect, in the cause of public order. Local poets doth Lille boast also—poets who can sing in the Flemish *patois* (when the mill is closed), and of incidents of life at Lille. Some of these songs are printed, and sold in large numbers.

There is one, issued by the Crick-Mouls (a singing society so-called) that recounts the reception of Lille troubadours by a stingy singing society of Troyes. The poet declares that the Crick-Mouls were received like dogs; and Troyes was, to speak without ceremony, as lively as a cemetery, and its citizens as polite as turnkeys. Boisterous laughter, over evening wine-cups, has rewarded, long since, the avenger of the Crick-Mouls. Another local matter has given rise to a famous *patois* song, "M'Cave et min Guerrier"—my cellar and my garret. This song sings the advantages of the cellar over the garret; it being the firm conviction of working men at Lille, that a room underground is more comfortable and even healthier than one two or three stories above the road-level. Doctors had been busy, however, with these obstinate inhabitants of Lille cellars—hence the poet's sarcasm. He declared that while he was underground his family never required the attendance of a *médecin*; and now, driven from his cellar by the vexatious interference and domi-

nation of salubrity-mongers, he casts a regretful eye upon the dark old place. Not that he is much in cellar or garret: being a mill-operative, he *must* have company. If he cannot drink with his companions, he is content to pay a sou a week to the *cabaret* proprietor for the privilege of frequenting his establishment, without being compelled to order refreshment. He is in the habit of paying sous for all kinds of privileges and pleasures: for the carnival, for his winter dances, he must visit little treasurers of societies that get up these amusements. He rejoices in all these cheerful institutions. He is a Crick-Moul: he belongs to the St. Nicolas Benefit Society: he was a *centainier* in *l'Humanité* of sad memory; he is well known in St. Joseph's Society, for his billiards and skittles. He can borrow three francs to-morrow, if he require them, from any of his clubs. It is true that he will pay sixty-five per cent. interest; but then the interest goes to the common fund, of which he will have his share at the next *fête* of the *broquelet*.

PRESENT POLITICS.

THE projected re-organization of the Indian Army is the most important political step during the last month. It is superior in future moment to the recent aggrandizement of France, because a measure by which the British army will gain numbers, weight, and prestige must undoubtedly conduce much to check further peril to the peace of Europe. The general question as to the expediency of the proposed amalgamation of the forces of India with the army of Great Britain and Ireland is, indeed, not to be decided on Indian, but on imperial grounds. The fusion would, of course, leave the question open as to the retention of certain numbers of local and of indigenous forces, and also as to all such other matters as particularly affect the security of Hindostan. With regard to this essential point, it may be borne in mind that whatever nation is mistress of the seas may, humanly speaking, expect to continue empress of a peninsula vulnerable along a vast seaboard, much depend-

ent on commerce, and inhabited by discordant and opposed heathen races. The policy of keeping India by means of British bayonets is now universally admitted; and all steps that will consolidate and strengthen the imperial army will render it less liable to be contrasted by foreigners, to its disadvantage, with the superior armies of the Continent.

In the recent course of events, we note the increase now being given, by the exhortations of the press, to the current of recruits to the Volunteers, as the next procedure of moment. It is the military spirit evinced by the formation of volunteers that enables Great Britain to speak with dignity to the Continent, and that will allow her, whenever necessary, to reply with firmness to any menace. The patriotic movement will not produce its due weight abroad until the levy shall have reached a number more in proportion to the forced levies of France. Meanwhile, our young volunteers are learning discipline, which implies sub-

jection to authority and steady devotion to prescribed duties—virtues all the nobler whenever they are fulfilled voluntarily. England is setting an example of disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, and genuine self-respect ; for while no country can less desire war, to be prepared for it is an act of respect England peculiarly owes to herself. It is hardly to be anticipated but that the present movement will undergo one of those recoils which are as inseparable from mental excitements as from material explosions ; and it is hoped that Government will be prepared to fire the national martial spirit again and again by such stimulants as may be best adapted to sustain the general ardour, and to keep that sort of men attached to the Volunteer Corps whose services are indispensable.

The other evening, at a Paris soirée, we were amused by overhearing the following observations of an Englishman, who was impressing a countryman with the fact that the dominant idea among the French is neither politics nor commerce, but war:—"Sir," said he, "all their thoughts are concentrated on the endeavour to find out the longest distance at which they can kill a man !" Certainly, at present their allies are not unoccupied in this interesting aim ; and, it seems, it is the success of Armstrong's and Whitworth's wonderful weapons that is exciting French emulation. There is no doubt that, should a rupture unhappily occur, the fight between Great Britain and France will not be "a handkerchief duel" at close quarters, but a game at long bowls, in which the larger the object the surer the blow. The French Government, ever quick to adopt improvements in warfare, have already recognised the inevitable revolution in naval operations, and have commenced fortifying the Island of Chausey, in Jersey Bay, for the purpose of providing an impregnable roadstead for a fleet of small vessels. The island in question lies opposite the new harbour of Granville, and the projected haven will be protected by two strong batteries on the mainland, and by four or more forts on the island, the first of which is in course of construction. It is calculated that some hundred gunboats and other vessels of light draught will find complete shelter in

this land-locked bay, and that they can be manned at a few days' notice, under the system of inscription, by the hardy maritime population of the northern coasts. This new force will make a formidable auxiliary to the means of offence now existing in Cherbourg, and can only be kept in check by increasing the defences of the Channel Islands. Every one is aware of the active preparations now proceeding at Alderney, where the principal works have, most prudently, been effected, and where it is estimated they will afford shelter to fifteen sail of the line, thus forming a *lunette* against Cherbourg.

After twelve years' labour, Alderney is become the Malta of the Channel. But its harbour is very small, however impregnable it may be. Hitherto all efforts have been concentrated here ; it is time that attention be turned to the formation of a harbour at Guernsey, which offers the next point of importance in proximity to Cherbourg. Beyond the obvious value of whatever shall tend to diminish the risk menacing us from the French Sebastopol, the strengthening of this archipelago is necessitated by the likelihood that it will be the theatre of any future war. The well-known recommendation of the Duke of Wellington to provide a good naval station at the Channel Islands is now much enforced by the change in maritime tactics to which we have adverted. In fact, if the French carry out their present scheme of fortifying Chausey and forming a light flotilla, the defences of our islands, great and small, will become a more imperative object of study. The rich and beautiful Jersey is much coveted by our neighbours. Some years back a large harbour was commenced on the east side, in St. Katherine's bay ; one of the two piers or breakwaters is, however, all that is completed, but, being unprotected, would suit the French admirably for landing their artillery.

The little map, entitled "*L'Europe de 1760 à 1860*," lately published in Paris, is remarkable on account of the fact that the geographer is Sagansan, who was employed by the Emperor to make maps for the Italian campaign. Its notable feature is the copy it contains of a "*Carte d'usurpation sur la France, préméditée et éditée à Berlin, avant la bataille de Solferino, 1859.*"

This design, deemed usurpatory, was published without any official character; but indicated, as torn from Germany, the provinces of Alsatia, Lorraine, and Flanders, with the manifest view of suggesting the recovery, from France, of the towns and territories of Strasbourg, Mulhouse, Nancy, Colmar, Lille, Arras, Douay, St. Omer, Valenciennes, Cambrie, Plombières, and Dunkirk. The northern and most valuable portion of this region formed, with Belgium, the famous "Low Countries" of the Austrian empire, while part of the southern district, Lorraine, was the ancient seat of the ducal house whence the Austrian Emperors descend. This latter territory, with Alsatia, is peopled by a race almost exclusively German. Its boundary on France proper is naturally and distinctly defined by a barrier which, anciently, was less *enfranchisable* for commixture of races than even the rapid Rhine itself, namely, the fine range of hills called the Vosges, whose wooded and barren tracts once formed the desert line between Gaul and Teuton. The names of the principal towns, Wissembourg, Schelestadt, Sarrebourg, &c., as well as the language of the land, attest that the property of this old cradle of the Austrian dynasty is vested in the Teutonic race. It seems that France, jealous of any demonstration of the fact that she has usurped this district and the more important frontier of the Low Countries, now attempts to justify her recent usurpation of Savoy and Nice, on the plea that her tenure of the former territories was menaced by that Berlin demonstration. Perhaps she may propose to carry the plea further, and, grounding her argument on the insecurity of these disputed territories, proceed to demand the provinces of the Rhine. It is said that an intrigue is already on foot for their annexation. But the modern Franks, foes to freedom, and unworthy of their national name, vainly claim this noble river by either ancient or modern titles, being warned off further approach to its banks by the Teutonic song, which proclaims, in enthusiastic words:—

"They shall not have it,
The free, German Rhine."

The Bonaparte lust of aggrandize-

ment has, at length, unfortunately manifested itself; and *L'Empire* can never be *la paix* so long as the French olive tree bears fruit as hollow and obnoxious as does her tree of liberty. Let us try and ravel out the threads of events which give the clue to the recent annexation.

It is now a matter of history that the agreement made at Plombières between France and Sardinia, prior to hostilities against Austria, stipulated for freeing Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic," provided for the acquisition by Sardinia of the whole valley of the Po, embracing the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, the Two Duchies, and the Legations, in order to construct a north Italian kingdom, of at least twelve millions of souls. In case this aggrandizement should be effected, Savoy and Nice were to be ceded to France; and it was further agreed that a central state might be built up in Tuscany, and the Cis-Appennine part of the Papal territory, in favour of Prince Napoleon Jerome. These provisions were, necessarily, dependent on the result of then coming events. As the war proceeded, the strong national unionist tendency of the central Italians developed itself; and it was on the appearance of the ambitious prince in the French camp, after the battle of Solferino, with the news that the expedition to Tuscany had failed, that the Emperor, thus foiled in securing a kingdom in Italy for his relative, hastily patched up the peace of Villafranca, determining that, if the Bonapartes were not to have their share of the bargain, neither should Victor Emmanuel. The new compact, however, was destined to yield to the better part of the old one. English diplomacy favoured the present union of the northern Italians to the exclusion of the French prince's claim; but, directly it was evident that the King of Sardinia was to obtain his stipulated complement of twelve millions of subjects, France demanded the reclaimable portion of her share agreeably with the Plombières bond, and has thus obtained her recent annexations. "*Plon-plon*," as the unpopular prince is usually called, has not yet risen to majesty. His *soubriquet*, by-the-by, quite merits the explanation that it does not derive from *plomb*, lead, as some suppose, or from any affinity of his head to this

dull metal, but from his marked dislike to bullets, an antipathy shown so often in the Crimea, where he acquired the habit of ducking whenever the whistle of a ball was heard, as to have led the soldiery to liken him to a dab-chick, called *plonplon* from its practice of diving, just as a water-fowl is called *plongeon*, a diver, or as we call it, a duck.

To return to a major explanation, as to the understanding that the ultra-Alpine territory of Piedmont should be transferred to the French Crown; it plainly depended on the result of the war. The proceedings of the two contracting powers have, as regards the annexation, been in principle consistent. Aggrandizement was the object of both; and this lust on the part of France is destructive of confidence in the continuance of peace. Materially, there has been no great gain, while morally, there is incalculable and irrecoverable loss. Louis Napoleon has increased his territory at the expense of his character and credit. Not only does the principle of spoliation arouse general indignation, but the manner in which it has been pretended it would be carried out, the new mode of universal suffrage, must long continue to excite the most serious apprehensions. We say *pretended*, for, obviously, it was an after-thought of the Emperor to propose to apply the manner by which annexations have been made to Piedmont to the case of Nice and Savoy. He was sure of his share without making any appeal to popular wishes; but he could not resist making the menace of saying: "See what the doctrine of popular choice, used against my ambition in Italy, may do for me!" The French restless spirit of aggression, once aroused, will not be soon sated. *L'appetit vient en mangeant*. Just now, the *carte du jour* is, Savoy for breakfast, the Rhine provinces for luncheon, Belgium for dinner, and Turkey, or a slice of it, for supper.

If, as may well be believed, the map in question has received instigation, or at least, approbation from the Tuileries, its political significance as to the future deserves study. Professing to be a figured and chronologic chart of the territorial acquisitions and changes made by the five Great Powers during the last hundred

years, it lays principal stress on the colonial losses of France, and corresponding gains of Great Britain. Its effect must be to exasperate the bitterness with which every Frenchman recognises the fact that, while a century ago, his country was the foremost colonial power, she has been stripped of almost all her transmarine possessions by England. The result of this revolution is, in our view, replete with danger to the peace of both countries, for, in default of colonies as an outlet for turbulent and adventurous spirits, our vivacious neighbours are compelled to be warlike; having no other safety-valve, no other means of providing for redundancy of population. If a new Captain Cook could find another uninhabited continent somewhere in the southern hemisphere, the discovery would be an immense boon to the two great allied nations; for though the French do not grow so fast as we, nor require, like the American sea-serpent, "to be measured for a new ocean," they cannot be expected to confine their superabundant energies to peopling the deserts of Algeria. We have beaten them out of Canada and the West and the East Indies, and have planted our exclusive flag on almost every island on the habitable globe, ranging from the insular continent of Australia to New Zealand, the Mauritius, Hong-Kong, and Perim. In short, the empire of the British Islands is become emphatically that of almost all the islands of the world, and has left *La Belle France* so completely in the lurch, that she has been able to acquire no more of these commodities than Otaheite and the Marquesas, those petty spots in the Pacific Ocean she now pacifically contests possession of with their mild indigènes. Yet, even thence she might derive a significant political lesson. It appears that one of the instructions to French soldiers and colonists among those dusky but meek islanders is, to avoid quarrels with the native neighbours, by refraining from stealing their pigs and wives. Accounts of the variance caused by such domestic razzias had reached Paris, and though it is urged that carrying off the latter is quite venial in comparison with seduction of the former, since these cry out much the loudest, the home authorities have classed the

two offences in the same category of conduct which should be abstained from. *Plumer la poule sans la faire crier* has always been a desideratum with tax-gatherers, and, of late, the Emperor of France has found out how to obtain an annexation of territory without much outcry on the part of the inhabitants. But it remains to be proved whether the native dynasts, his neighbours, will permit any further absorptions. The pregnant map under consideration declares that its mission is to reply to the "bitter and unjust accusations brought by foreigners against the pretended ambition of France." In proof, it shows that the accused country is (before the recent acquisitions) exactly of the same dimensions that she was a century back, while England has acquired, in Europe, the islands of Malta, Heligoland, and Ionia. Turning to the aggrandizements effected by the other great powers, the geographer remarks, enforcing his observations by the *subjecta oculis* of plans elaborately traced, figured, and coloured, that Austria, though she has lost her ancient hold on the Low Countries, and recently on Lombardy, has extended her dominion far more largely in other directions, by vast gains on her eastern frontier. Prussia has also spread her sway, even to obtaining those provinces on the Rhine which are believed to form the present special object of French covetousness. As for Russia, observes the map-maker, she has not merely effected, in Asia, such conquests and aggrandizements that it suffices to say she actually touches on the gates of Peking, but her encroachments in Europe have proceeded so enormously as that they are arrested only on the north by the frozen mountains of Scandinavia, and on the south by the factitious support given to the tottering fabric of the Mahomedan dynasty.

The question of dismembering the Turkish dynasty has lately been ventilated by a brochure, entitled *un Mot sur l'Orient*, and a statement has appeared in the journals that Rothchild, of Paris, avows that overtures have been made and listened to, for a coalition between France, Russia, and Austria, for partition of the Ottoman Empire. The firm refusal of the Sublime Porte to permit a canal to be cut at Suez has

probably given new occasion to the idea of cutting the knot of both difficulties at a single blow. Others say that the French tiger, having tasted human blood, and having begun to divide the spoils of war, will not be easily satiated. According to the programme of dismemberment, most favourably viewed, all Mussulmen are to be banished into Asia Minor; Constantinople and the Dardanelles are to be given up to the King of Greece, who represents a nautical, but not powerful people; while France, Austria, and Russia are to obtain certain portions, and the complicity of England is to be secured by the offer of Candia. The brochure takes another view. Giving full consideration to the predominance of the Greek element in the population, it is demonstrated that no power can expect to hold the country on terms implying that it is a conquered one, in the teeth of a native race eager for independence. Drawing an example from the Ionian Islands, the author observes that, though their government is almost national, England governs them prudently and generously, and preserves them from the Ottoman yoke, she is nevertheless hardly popular, because her protecting power wears the appearance of domination. Russia is declared to possess the soundest claims, on account of her identity of dogma with the general religion, to share most largely in the proposed partition. Some stress is laid on the fear felt, lest "Angleterre, ce voisin de tout le monde," should seize the occasion for new encroachments. In summary, the recommendation propounded is, that the five powers should combine, not to dismember, but to construct—not to banish the Mahomedan, but to put him in his proper place, beneath the Christian—not to enhance the power of any or of all of themselves, but to form a new and Christian state, with Constantinople for its capital, bearing the Cross triumphant over the waning Crescent.

Reverting to the new French map above quoted, showing the recent disturbance of the balance of power by Russia, it points to the day as not long distant when the Muscovite shall displace the Mongol in China. That huge wall, to which the barrier raised by Antoninus against the Scots and

Picts is a toy in comparison, has been long overleaped, and little is left to oppose the further inroad of Russian arms, than mandarin diplomacy, which depends on exclusion and on the monopoly of a traditional political dialect, unknown to the vulgar, and serving as the official caste instrument for sustaining all the mystification of Celestial routine.

The time is manifestly now come when it is incumbent on British and French forces to sustain the weak and unwieldy system of Chinese government in opposition to encroachments that would, if permitted, make but a single meal of the Mongolian as well as of the Turkish empire. What that government cannot accomplish both in their own defence and towards fulfilment of their recent treaty with us, it has become our political duty to do for them. Any severe warlike measure against that childish government of children, and certainly against the mass of infants, is surely to be deprecated. To take Peking would be to emulate their own swine-herd, Hoti, who burned his house to dress a sucking-pig. As Lord Elgin truly observed, "pressure on individuals never yet brought war to a close;" but of all governments, the Celestial is the least impressionable. Our objects are, to avoid hostilities, yet to compel the enemy to carry out, continuously, the treaty they concluded with us. As it is tolerably certain they will cease to do so directly our force is withdrawn, we shall sooner or later have to maintain a regular force at their five outports, that shall not only keep their government to their duty to us, but shall effectually break through the existing monopoly of our own merchants resident there, by opening the internal trade to fresh men and more capital. If we refrain from either destroying or occupying the obnoxious river forts, we must be prepared to check both them and the mandarin junks whenever attempts may be made to levy illegal customs, or to hinder that access which shall make Chinese commerce free and general.

In the verse of Cowper—

"The band of commerce was designed
To associate all the branches of mankind;
And, if a bounteous plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.

Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful nature's various scenes;
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use."

Mr. Fortune's interesting work, "The Tea Districts of China," shows that tea sells on the spot where it is grown and prepared for sale, at about three pence a pound. Now, as the article, even of inferior quality, is sold, at its destination, at about ten-fold that price, what becomes of the difference? The drawbacks are, the revenue levied by the native government, which, hitherto, was obtained by a mere land tax; but now by a local excise, of double the original selling value; and the commodity is further increased at the export town at about the same figure, raising the cost to our merchants there to about ninepence a pound. In fact, the mandarins have lately found out that they can raise a handsome revenue at the expense of every British lover of the liquid that cheers but inebriates not. Lord Elgin's treaty, however, provides that only a single and certain customs' duty shall be levied, and further, secures the not less valuable privilege of free access to the inland marts. Our imports, such as woollens and cottons, will be much advantaged by power to deliver them near the places of demand. In fact, liberty to use the Chinese rivers for commercial purposes is the desideratum. The impediments to free intercourse are rather the mandarin and the mercantile monopolist than the puny barrier and petty fort set up to oppose our progress. In China, as in Europe, custom-houses and monopolies are the real enemies to contend against. However, as the Celestials say, "rubs make men and gems bright," so the recent rubber on the Peiho, in which we lost the game, may serve to brighten our view of what our part in China ought to be. The other day, the murder of a Russian sailor in one of the Japanese islands, drew, at a moment's notice, twelve Russian men-of-war to the spot to resent the outrage, showing how strong the Lords of Siberia have taken care to make themselves in those Eastern seas. But if our pseudo peace party is to be listened to, the policy of London is to be frozen into isolation, while that of St. Petersburg is sunning and expand-

ing itself under the walls of Pekin and Constantinople. Do they not see that "Perish Savoy," and "Perish Turkey," will be but precedents for "*Delenda est Carthago*." How shall the notion of a system of isolation be maintained by the government of a people that is "the neighbour of all the world," and, moreover, a near neighbour of the most restless nation in the world.

A word as to the recent large purchases of spun cotton yarn at Rouen for manufacture in England, which have been pointed to by our free-traders as a triumphant evidence that protection has not benefited the French manufacturers. Now, without impugning the value of withdrawal of protection, we must say we conceive it is not protection that has enfeebled the industrial establishments among our allies so much as their law of partition of property equally among heirs, which causes continual subdivisions of capital, and thus prevents its accumulation and transmission in single hands. In effect, that law prohibits either an hereditary firm or an hereditary estate; and thus, *les grandes exploitations*, whether in manufacture, or in commerce, or in agriculture, are rendered comparatively far more difficult than under the English law of liberty. Let us estimate the effect of these difficulties on the mind of the French nation at its true value, for although they are self-created, their results will, in our opinion, conduce more to the disturbance of peace between unprospering Frenchmen and the people they envy than their sou-

venirs of Waterloo and St. Helena. What is this lately indulged-in love of annexation but the characteristic, on a large scale, of that greed for land which leads each *petit propriétaire* to devote all his capacities to adding additional patches to his petty possession instead of applying himself to its improvement. Now, if that nation, not content to occupy itself with domestic ameliorations, should revive the old schemes of aggrandizement, and, in its restlessness, make continual sacrifices to the Moloch of military ambition, how can its neighbours serve it best? They cannot endow it with a colony, for want of which war serves it instead. But can they not contrive so that it must centre its thoughts upon its internal business, and thus lead to the development of those liberties, without which it is a plague spot in the world? "*Les Grenouilles qui demandent la Liberté*" is the title of a pamphlet just published, but its idea is so sedulously mystified that we extract nothing, save the notion that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is regarded by the author as "King Stork." Domestic liberty has been knocking at the door of the Tuileries for a long time; and should her *tapage* assemble a crowd, war with Perfidious Albion will be the last resort. But if Great Britain would act as her own and France's friend, a combination with other great states will speedily throw the French back into their own concerns, and either abdication or rational reforms would be the result.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXX.

JUNE, 1860.

VOL. LV.

AN ANALOGY SUGGESTED BY "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."*

WHEN certain Tracts, Poems, and Sermons, began to issue from the University of Oxford, some thirty years ago, there was a cry raised, and that indeed, it must be admitted, rather by the ignorant and prejudiced than by the wise and thoughtful, that a revival of Romanism was at hand. It is plain enough that the instinct of prejudice was a truer prophet than the apology of wisdom. On looking back we wonder at our blindness. Yet, after all, in the earlier productions of the school in question, it is not easy to lay hold of the definite propositions which involve such momentous developments. There are few or none, taken singly, which have not been held by men, like Ken and Andrewes, who would have jeopardized their lives to death against Romanism. The secret lies rather in the convergence of heretofore scattered rays of thought to a single focus. There is a subtle something—call it tone, or colour, or scent, or what we will—which the philosopher can scarcely analyse, but the secret of which rough common sense can divine shrewdly enough.

To us it appears that the volume of *Essays and Reviews*, recently published by members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, bears precisely the same relation to an advanced infidelity, which the "Tracts for the Times" bore to Ultramontane

Romanism. Among the writers for the Tracts were men without Roman tendencies, and some of whom are still ornaments to our Reformed Church. Among the contributors to "Essays and Reviews" are men—like Dr. Temple, of Rugly, and Mr. Pattison—to whom we should be sorry, indeed, to attribute any thing inconsistent with a wise and enlightened Christianity. And yet, when we draw the tendencies of these papers to a centre; when we add result to result, and make up the column, we confess to an inexpressible dismay. It may be true, as Dr. Temple argues, that, "the Church, in the fullest sense, is left to herself to work out the principles of her own action, by her natural faculties," "that the principle of private judgment puts conscience between us and the Bible, making conscience the supreme interpreter." It may be true, as Dr. Williams informs us in a poetic strain, which is about on a par with the heavy lines that conclude his heavy lucubration, and with a metaphor about as accurate as that in which Lord Castlereagh informed Parliament, that "this was the feature on which the question hinged;" that "in Germany there has been a *pathway* streaming with *light*, from Eichorn to Ewald, aided by the poetical penetration of Herder, and the philological researches of Gesenius,

throughout which the value of the moral element in prophecy has been progressively raised, and that of the directly predictive, whether secular or Messianic, has been lowered. Professor Powell may be right in asserting that the value of evidence to external miracles is in exact proportion to the witnesses' knowledge of physical laws—not to his honesty or sincerity. For our part, we think that the New Testament miracles do not, generally speaking, cut athwart known physical, so much as unknown physiological laws; and we are old-fashioned enough to believe that a man of common shrewdness, and of uncommon uprightness, may be a very fair witness to such a fact, for instance, as the restoration of sight in a man born blind, though such witness be absolutely ignorant of Newtonian or Berkleian optics. But let this pass without argument, as also the assertion that there must soon be "an entire revolution of opinion in favour of the grand principle of the self-evolving powers of nature," and that the theory either of development or spontaneous generation, must be true, and supersede that of "creation." Again, Mr. Wilson may be as true as he is frank, in telling us that there are evident blunders and inconsistencies in the Gospels, in several important particulars. And Mr. C. W. Goodwin may be orthodox in stating that the Pentateuchic Hexaemeron is the speculation of a Descartes or Newton among the Hebrews, who asserted as a fact, what he knew in reality only as a probability. And finally, Professor Jowett may be correct in telling us that theological doctrines, founded upon old interpretations—such doctrines as the Atonement, the Trinity, and the Sacraments, are beginning to fade away.

It seems to us as if the analogy of the constructive movement, to which we referred above, might be extended still further to this destructive combination. An eminent convert to Rome, in a clever little work of fiction, represents his hero as coming to the clergyman who had engaged him to read the great works of Anglican divinity, and showing how they had strengthened him in his purpose. Add Anglican to Anglican, he argues, and you have Tridentine Romanism. Waterland, Bull, Jackson, Hammond,

Montague, Ken, Brett, alone, or read destructively, may make a man more Protestant. But Bull's dogmatic theology, *plus* Jackson's Tradition, *plus* Montague's Invocation of Saints, *plus* Waterland's Baptismal Regeneration, *plus* Ken's and Brett's Eucharistic teaching = Rome. With infinitely more truth may this peculiar sorites be applied, on the negative side, to Christianity, as exhibited in "Essays and Reviews." The young gentlemen of Oxford may come to Jowett of Baliol, or Wilson of Corpus, as twenty years ago they might have come to Newman of Oriel, or Ward of Baliol. One of them may be conceived to open his mind to this effect: "When I came up, three years ago, sir—I mention it with a blush of humiliation—I was an orthodox Christian. I believed that when Scripture appeared to mention any thing that was repugnant to my conscience, the repugnance arose from my imperfect acquaintance with the facts of the case, or from its being some isolated injunction under exceptional circumstances. I used verily to think that St. Philip knew something of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah when he expounded it to the Ethiopian eunuch, and that the Saviour meant more by applying to Himself the verse, 'And he was numbered with the transgressors,' than I should mean if I were to quote a line of Milton or Tennyson as aptly expressing my feelings or circumstances. I remember thinking that the sight of a man called forth in life from a grave where he had lain four days, or the attestation of such a fact by unprejudiced or hostile witnesses, would have had a great effect in producing belief in the Divine Mission of the awakener from the dead. Pardon this weak oblivion of the imperfect physical education of those who stood by the grave of Lazarus. There was a time when, whatever difficulty I might find in harmonizing the accounts of the Resurrection, I was yet able to make a distinction between the accuracy of a police report and that of fervid and impassioned hearts pouring out their recollections of the Resurrection of the Redeemer. The narratives of the Evangelists then appeared to me to have, not the stiff monotony of colour which betrays the human workman, but that 'fair variety of

green,' which is the bursting outwardly of the inner sap of truth and evidence. I can now see that the divergences are contradictions, and the varieties, blunders. Time was when I repeated at school, 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.' I recollect skimming over Paley one Sunday when I was in the sixth form, and being much pleased with what he says about the watch on the seashore, and the feather, and 'the prolixity of gut.' And when I turned back to Paley's *Life*, I was so delighted with the story of his standing over a pool full of shrimps, and exclaiming, as he watched their movements, 'how good God is,' that I inwardly resolved to put down all cruelty among the lower boys to rats, dogs, birds, and guinea-pigs. Besotted that I was, not to have discovered the luciferous principle that sea-weed, or the human organization, or the universe is 'something different in kind from the productions of man;' that 'the universe bears no such relation to a house, that we can with the same certainty infer a similar cause.' And when I first came up here, and was in old Dr. Humble's Divinity Lecture, he told us, neither on the one hand to be perplexed with geological objections to the Mosaic cosmogony, nor, on the other hand, to pin our faith upon well-meant apologies, which were sometimes based upon insufficient knowledge, but to content ourselves with remembering that the Bible was not intended to antedate astronomical or geological discovery, but to teach moral and spiritual truth: that each generation, from Galileo downwards, has had its own apparent scientific difficulties, which have melted away with the next. I know they say that Dr. Humble was an eminent man in his day, a contemporary of Sir William Hamilton's, and only inferior to him. But then he is old, wears square-toed shoes, is a kind of evangelical Puseyite, and displayed his disgraceful ignorance by saying one day, in a Logic lecture, when that clever fellow, Blazes (now a Priest of Humanity in the Positive Church of Comte), maintained that all consciousness is limitation, and that God must become limited to be conscious of Himself. 'Young man, young man, take care. This University has, un-

happily, at present, some clever dabblers in Hegelian speculation, and some young donkeys, who bray as they are taught, to which latter class you belong.' So, of course, old Humble knows nothing about it. But, in short, sir, I am in a fix. For, of the twelve Articles of the Creed, I am reduced to two; one, a belief that an earnest, moral teacher, called Christ, lived and taught some moral principles, remarkable enough for their day, which we have in the Gospels, encrusted with all sorts of myths; the other, a conditional acquiescence in the proposition that 'there is a God,' so long as it be not defined that He is Personal, or has created heaven and earth, or exerts what is vulgarly called Providence."

Just as Dr. Newman, whilst yet a Fellow of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's, must have been puzzled how to invent arguments which should reconcile some honest and fervent Undergraduate to his position in the English Church, consistently with the principles which he had imbibed from the last of the Tracts; even so, we should think, must the Vicar of Great Staughton, the Professor of Hebrew at Lampeter, the Savilian Professor of Geometry, and the Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, find a sufficient exercise for casuistical ingenuity in quieting the scruples in reference to communion with *any* Christian Church, which must, one would think, perplex any mind that has yielded to their influence.

We now proceed to give an outline of two essays of the series: one, the best, except Mr. Pattison's, in the issue—the other, no doubt, possessing ability, both logical and scientific, but pervaded by a tone of something like acrimonious hostility to all the received evidences of the Christian faith, and difficult to reconcile with the position of an ordained minister of the Church.

Dr. Temple's essay is entitled "The Education of the World." The fundamental position of the writer is that Progress is the law of the spiritual world. With a conception which may be described as a Christianized Comtism (though, in truth, the general thought is to be found in Augustine), he views the human race as one colossal man with a childhood, ado-

lescence, and virility. Each generation is something in advance of the last. The child of twelve, for instance, this year, stands, *cæteris paribus*, where, say sixty years ago, stood the child of fourteen—where, say five hundred years ago, stood the full-grown man. The three stages of this growth of Humanity are childhood, to which answers law—youth, to which answers example—and manhood, to which answers the spirit.

First, then, comes the childhood of the human race, distinguished by lust so unbridled and violence so passionate as to realize the spirit of some child in a frantic fit of rage, if we could suppose it endued with gigantic strength. This stage is represented by Lamech's lust and fearful wishes for revenge, by Noah's sin, and Lot's incest. Here, then, lies the necessity for a rigid, external law, taking in within the sweep of its enactments even trifling regulations, such as wise parents lay upon their children. This analogy is applied with great happiness by Dr. Temple to the intermixture of positive and moral commands, and to the minute injunctions in the Mosaic ritual. Indeed, we have nowhere met a *rationale* of much in the Levitical code which is distasteful to our modern modes of thought, so philosophical, comprehensive, and believing.

To the Law succeed the Prophets. We regret that Dr. Temple should have omitted a topic so germane to his subject matter, and to which he is so able to do justice, as the growth of Messianic prophecy, from the first dim notice in Eden till it expires "with the Gospel on its tongue." What a train of preparation before the martyr image is completed, before the Church is presented with the divinely-carved crucifix of the twenty-second Psalm! The figure of the Messiah is at first like a shape, swathed in the mountain mist, of which we cannot say whether it is human, whether it is of one or many: then, as the sunlight rolls away the fog, the whole form stands out distinct. Or it is like a divine picture which the Almighty drew stroke by stroke, each stroke adding something towards the completion of the idea, though the sketch stood upon the canvas at times for centuries without the addition of a single line. Any notice

of the education of the Jewish world which overlooks this development of Messianic prophecy must, we apprehend, be greatly deficient. It was said of Vitringa that he saw Christ everywhere in the Old Testament, of Grotius that he saw Him nowhere. There is no genuine reverence in forcing a more developed Christianity upon the Old Testament than its author has given it; yet we had rather err upon the Vitringa than the Grotius side. And Dr. Temple's whole treatment of the Law and Prophets—with all its merit—somehow reminds one of Coleridge's comparison of the Psalms without the Saviour to coloured lamps on the morning after an illumination, without the lights behind the transparency. The fact that the prophets, on the whole, appeal much more frequently to conscience and to broad ethical principles, is well and appositely handled. The discipline of the Captivity is a further step in the education of the Jews. By the waters of Babylon, the great truth of the immortality of the soul shaped itself out more distinctly. The spirituality of worship and the great duty of prayer stood out perforce in higher relief when the people were far from their ruined Temple, and when their sacrifices could not be offered in the appointed place. The two great products of Judaism are, according to the essayist, spiritually monotheism, and morally chastity. He accounts most philosophically for the constant relapses into idolatry, which have exercised the unbelieving wit of Shaftesbury and Gibbon, by showing that monotheism has so passed into the very texture of our thoughts by the world's long divine education that we cannot rip it away, but that in itself it is the slowest and hardest to be learned of all lessons.

Judaism naturally occupies the largest space in a believer's chart of the world's education, partly because he has divine direction along the whole route, partly because, on any hypothesis of the origin of the Hebrew Scriptures, the other religions of the world are comparatively destitute either of documents or (when they possess documents) of the means of interpreting them. But a scholar, like Dr. Temple, is not likely to overlook the other agents employed in training the youth of humanity. To

Rome, republican and imperial—and Rome Papal inherited the gift—was given the gift of Law. Greece, with her exquisite poetry, with her perfect logical forms, with her low conception of holiness, with the Beautiful (*τὸ καλόν*) placed by the greatest of her philosophers at the head of her most consummate ethical system, educated the world in Taste. A variety of circumstances—her very climate, her violent mutations in government without progress—made Asia the peculiar seat of those passionate yearnings after the Infinite and the vision of God which may be grouped together under the name of Religion. The Hebrews represent the unbending moral principle: they were the educators of conscience. The *second* stage, youth, is educated by example. The young man is more truly educated by his contemporaries than by his tutors. Here, then, comes in the Son of Man in the conjuncture of the ages, the perfect moral example. And below Him shine with reflected lustre His saints. Side by side with Greece and Rome stands up the early Church to teach the passionate youth of humanity. Most young men have had three companions or classes of companions. There is the clever, ready, brilliant man of taste, the poet, philosopher, and scholar. There is the bold, haughty, and daring leader. There is the saintly friend, with his gentle look of reproof, with his winning words, valued later than the others, but acquiring a deeper and more beautiful influence. Even such to the world's adolescence were Greece, Rome, and the early Church. And, finally, maturer age also has its discipline, moral and intellectual. There is a calm evening-light of thoughtful wisdom thrown over this portion of Dr. Temple's essay, for which we can find no higher praise than that we know not where we have seen it in such gentle beauty, except in some passages of "Wordsworth's Excursion." The intellectual discipline of manhood is traced with a master's hand. We are shown the dogmatic impetuosity of early manhood, rushing out with its tiny globe of a principle, wherewith to circumscribe all things in heaven, or earth, or under the earth. Then comes the trial, whether we will shut our eyes, or open them to a larger wisdom, and see that

there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in our philosophy. For our part, indeed, we know not whether it would not be better to put up with a little narrowness than to root up any principle which has ever been part of a man's inner being. It is a fearful risk. The wheat comes up along with the tares. They, perhaps, are wisest and happiest who, after a series of years, if they were asked to enumerate their leading principles, might possibly condense them into the self-same verbal *formulae* which would have expressed their earlier convictions; but who have learned to hold them in a wiser and more temperate *mode*, to make a tacit allowance for numerous exceptions, and so to colour and mould them that they are practically new, while they are old. Such men are thus spared, on the one hand, from that stereotyped dogmatism, which is the *asphyxia* of thought and too often of charity—while, on the other hand, they escape from that violent laceration and displacement of the mould of their convictions, which is too often an intellectual and moral landslip. Dr. Temple's application of this over-dogmatism to the early Church is, we think, too bold and not clearly enough guarded, while, however, he freely confesses that her decisions were, on the whole, right and true.

When the work of the most primitive Church was done, and a flood of young new life was poured into Europe, a task of education was before the Church not altogether dissimilar to that which the Law of Moses had to undertake. There was a wild childishness to curb and discipline, lust to subdue, and violence to temper. The mediæval Catholic Church, from Dr. Temple's theory, was a revival of Judaism. But, now that which is perfect being come, that which is in part is done away. We are no longer under tutors and governors. Law, as law, external, importunate, imperative, has passed away. Example has had its day. We are free, and under the Spirit. Toleration for others, the supremacy of conscience in our own case, are the expression of our highest duty and of our highest privilege.

It is a singular and capital omission that while Dr. Temple puts conscience between us and our Bibles as

a defence, and makes it supreme, in the last resort, over the Bible itself, he neither defines conscience nor tells us how conscience is to be regulated and enlightened. Perhaps she is self-illuminating, as we read that some mediæval saints used their fingers for flambeaux when they had no candles! Perhaps, at a future period, Dr. Temple will tell us *what* he means by conscience, *how* conscience stands between us and Scripture, *how* conscience is supreme, *whose* conscience is supreme.

This wise and eloquent essay requires to be read with caution. Analogies (we speak honestly, and to the detriment of our own analogy) are so flattering to the ingenuity even of wise men, that they are half wilfully carried away by their own inventions. The "Education of the World" promises a crop of fallacies in its very title. What richer theme for a philosophic scholar than the education of a man? There is only one more splendid and seductive, that education applied to Humanity. Is the human race one colossal man, with virility, adolescence, and childhood? Perhaps, in the loosest and most general sense, it may be. But, if we go beyond this vague, analogical comparison, how far can we get? how many ragged ends must we cut off with some Occam's razor before we can pack them into our theory? The human race is one man. It has its boyhood, youth, manhood. But who are the human race? It must be admitted that *chronology* has nothing to do with the matter, or else the Indian Sepoy or African fetish worshipper must be supposed to have attained the *toga virilis* of Humanity's manhood. Nor can *nationality* be the test. A clown in a Kentish hop-field and Dr. Temple hardly notch the same number in the score of intellectual and moral maturity. In short, any test which can be applied is vague and vacillating. Again, if Dr. Temple's analogy be as good for as much as he argues, it is good for a great deal more. Is the human race to come to a dreary dotage? is it to fall into second childhood?

Dr. Temple's own illustration of his conception of progress seems to us fallacious and extravagant. Does he really think a boy of fourteen now equal to a man of many centuries

ago? How many centuries will he go back? We do not believe that the boys in his third form (to whom, in this age of our nature's virility, we still hope that he gives the birch of Law as well as the lesson of example and the freedom of spirit) are equal to Plato and Aristotle. We rather believe, with a man to whom Dr. Temple will not think it disrespectful to be compared, that most of our greatest men are, beside Plato and Aristotle, mere "intellectual barbarians."

A host of minor objections will arise in the mind of most thoughtful readers. The able writer has been reduced to strange shifts to make all stones fit into his foundation, to torture all letters into squaring his words. By what right, on what principle of division, does he separate Asia from Judea, and conscience from religion? He does not surely mean to say that the hard, stern, moral law of duty did not, among the Jews, train on its disciples to yearn after the Infinite and Unseen? Was not David a Jew? The truth is, that a vicious and hasty system of generalization is creeping into our ablest books, learned from French schools of philosophy. A Frenchman will exalt a single fact into a type fact. In logical language, he will mark an I a particular, as A or U. It is an easy thing giving our intellect feathers instead of lead, to soar away into generalities. It is an easy thing to pick up all our stones and build them into a tower, and imagine that it commands the world. "Systems," Bacon tells us, "extort acquiescence by pretending to universal knowledge." It is plausible to assert that mankind is a colossal man with three ages: the assertion possesses a certain limited or regulative truth. But exalt it into a system of universal history, and the three ages of Dr. Temple have little advantage over the three ages of Ovid.

We have briefly examined an essay remarkable for its power and eloquence. Dissenting, as we do, from several of its statements, and considering that some of its premises are questionable, and logically lead to conclusions, from which we are constrained to differ, we yet bear willing testimony to its Christian and reverent spirit. It is not our's to brand as

heretical every statement with which we are unable to coincide; and of all the unpromising symptoms of the present religious world, we know none more painful than that tendency to "question-begging appellatives," which is so characteristic of the times. It is easy for the stupidest and most malignant of our race to get rid of an obnoxious individual, or of an inconvenient argument, by yelling out Popery or German Rationalism; but unless (to use old Sanderson's dry expression) "we sue out a writ, *de finibus*, as to what Popery" and Rationalism really are, we shall allow such mob-cries to go for nothing. But of Professor Powell's discussion, we know not how even the charity that thinketh no evil can honestly say less than that it cuts directly at the root of all objective Christianity.

It is necessary to be rigidly just. We do not then accuse Professor Powell of personal Infidelity. We believe him to be a man of large acquirements, and of a broad and comprehensive intellect. His fair and generous heart has been pained by the almost personal rancour sometimes displayed to the more respectable class of sceptics by Christian apologists, whose wounded susceptibilities have betrayed them into that "wrath of man," which "worketh not the righteousness of God." His candid intellect has been disgusted by statements of the objections to Christianity, which he regards as distorted, and by answers which he considers evasive. There is possibly an undertone of mingled sorrow and bitterness—in Dr. Williams also, we observe the latter, and in Professor Jowett, the former feeling, working in every page)—which may have arisen from a harsh and repulsive bearing in some narrow theological circles. It is simply just to Professor Powell to remember that while he exhibits the views of Sterling, Professor F. W. Newman, and others, with a loving tenderness very like intense sympathy, he yet distinctly states that "he speaks impartially and disinterestedly, since he is far from agreeing in their reasonings, or even in their first principles." It is also just to bear in mind that he asserts the whole objections of many unbelievers to be mere "petty cavils," and that with an evidently personal conviction he refers

the acceptance of Christianity, whole and entire, to that "faith by which we stand," and which rests "not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God."

Yet we fear that we must recur to the analogy from which we started. The "Study of the Evidences of Christianity" is the "Tract, No. 90," of the sentimental school of Rationalism in the English Universities. It is to the broader scheme of Christianity, as "Number 90" was to the narrower platform of Anglican orthodoxy. The Tract was occupied with mingling that which may not be mingled, and reconciling things which cannot be reconciled. The Chorus in the Agamemnon speaks of the attempt to blend oil and vinegar. A much higher authority forbids to the Jewish people the interweaving of wool and linen, the sowing of mingled seed, the gendering of divers kinds. It needs no prophet to foresee how the oil and wool of the English Reformation will coalesce with the linen and vinegar of Tridentine dogmatism. "Number 90" was also distinguished by a strange, apparent sympathy with certain Roman peculiarities, which its author disclaimed. But there stood those peculiarities, in an attractive guise, without a hint of a counter argument, on the score that it was fair to put them in their best light, and that there was no fear of our becoming Romanists. Professor Powell's relation to the theology of Sterling, Carlyle, F. W. Newman, Greg, and the *Westminster Review* is strictly analogous. There is the same suspicious, reckless candour in putting arguments in their strongest light: in delineating their moral features with the most engaging artlessness: in sneering down the pleas generally employed by the controversialists on the side occupied by the professed apologist; the same baldness in stating the defence, the same unction and exuberance in opening the indictment. It is possible, urged Dr. Newman, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Oakley, to hold all Roman doctrines and yet be an English Churchman. It is possible, urges Mr. Powell, to agree with Kant, Strauss, and Paulus as to the inability of miracles to prove spiritual truth—nay, to eliminate external signs altogether from the evidences of Christianity, and yet to be a de-

vout and believing Christian. We must own to our fears that an analogous result awaits these two classes of super-subtle speculation. After the publication of "Number 90," first one, then another, stole over to the opposite ranks; and finally the eminent author himself left our trenches. We rather sorrowfully wish and pray, than dare to hope, that this parallel will not be complete. We do not attribute to Professor Powell any conscious treachery in this matter, nor should we do so to Dr. Newman. Men's speculative tendencies take a certain drift, and set in a certain channel, sometimes before they articulately know it themselves. Bystanders see how the straws and chips are drifting, and prophesy that the tide is setting in from such a point. The prophecy is denied or scorned—but it is true!

The professed object of Professor Powell's essay is to sum up the exact state of Christian Apologetic, in reference to that branch of the external argument which is based upon miracles. We consider it objectionable to assume that miracles are co-extensive with the external evidences of Christianity. This is to ignore prophecy: to pass the sponge of oblivion over almost half of the Old Testament. In truth the essay might more justly be termed "A candid exposition of the weakness of the evidences of Christianity," or "Uselessness of Miracles," or "Anti-thaumaturgy, by a Christian," or "Miracles a difficulty, not a proof."

One main fault of Christian apologists Mr. Powell considers to be their confusion of two distinct elements, external facts and moral and spiritual doctrine. So far as this is true the defect is generally one of logical division. But there is an aspect under which this is unavoidable. When, for instance, the perfect moral beauty of our Lord's character is scientifically drawn out in accordance with the best results of the most advanced psychology and ethical philosophy—as by Ulmann in his "Sinlessness of Jesus"—there may, indeed, be an appeal to our moral and spiritual, rather than to our critical or evidential faculties. But then this idea is projected outwards. It passes from the sphere of feeling, sentiment, thought, to the sphere of palpable fact. Why is the apologist to be excluded from saying, "You

doubt about these miracles. Well. Account if you can for the great miracle of the Thaumaturgist Himself. Parallel if you can, the stainless purity, the mingled homeliness and Divinity, the unfaltering holiness and moral wisdom, of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Lay the Sermon on the Mount, or the Gospel of St. John, side by side with the ethics of Aristotle, or the Republic of Plato, with the Talmud, or Veda, or Confucius, and account for the difference on any known law of human nature." The *substratum* of the general idea of a positive external Divine Revelation, the essayist considers to be common in the main to Romanist, Anglican, and Protestant, with a difference only as to the ground of its reception. The "evidences," he considers to be exclusively Protestant, or nearly so. This, we think, is an inaccuracy. On Roman Catholic principles it would appear to be so. But, as a matter-of-fact, we believe that the arguments of Butler and Paley were not new arguments, but rather views and topics, floating through the entire church for centuries, collected by them, and cramped together with new links. They were "*non nova, sed nove dicta*;" very often, indeed, not even "*nove dicta*," but only newly arranged. Let any ordinarily intelligent reader take up Lactantius among the ancient apologists, Nieuwentijt among foreign Protestants of the last century, Butler and Paley among ourselves, Chalmers, among the Scotch, and Bautain's *Philosophy of Christianity*, among modern Roman Catholics, and he will find how much stock is common to all. No doubt, Professor Powell is correct, in noticing the changes in general opinion as to evidences. The tide set in especially during the last century, to the evidence from miracles. Grotius, Paley, and Lardner, were the great favourites. After this, the pendulum of taste swung back to Butler. The present age, Professor Powell tells us, feels new difficulties about the suspension of physical laws. Its disbelief in miracles, he assures us, is an intense mode of thought, a part of nineteenth century existence. Miracles, however attested, are simply, not evidences, but insuperable difficulties. The objection to them is even with many a deep religious re-

heretical every statement with which we are unable to coincide; and of all the unpromising symptoms of the present religious world, we know none more painful than that tendency to "question-begging appellatives," which is so characteristic of the times. It is easy for the stupidest and most malignant of our race to get rid of an obnoxious individual, or of an inconvenient argument, by yelling out Popery or German Rationalism; but unless (to use old Sanderson's dry expression) "we sue out a writ, *de finibus*, as to what Popery" and Rationalism really are, we shall allow such mob-cries to go for nothing. But of Professor Powell's discussion, we know not how even the charity that thinketh no evil can honestly say less than that it cuts directly at the root of all objective Christianity.

It is necessary to be rigidly just. We do not then accuse Professor Powell of personal Infidelity. We believe him to be a man of large acquirements, and of a broad and comprehensive intellect. His fair and generous heart has been pained by the almost personal rancour sometimes displayed to the more respectable class of sceptics by Christian apologists, whose wounded susceptibilities have betrayed them into that "wrath of man," which "worketh not the righteousness of God." His candid intellect has been disgusted by statements of the objections to Christianity, which he regards as distorted, and by answers which he considers evasive. There is possibly an undertone of mingled sorrow and bitterness—in Dr. Williams also, we observe the latter, and in Professor Jowett, the former feeling, working in every page)—which may have arisen from a harsh and repulsive bearing in some narrow theological circles. It is simply just to Professor Powell to remember that while he exhibits the views of Sterling, Professor F. W. Newman, and others, with a loving tenderness very like intense sympathy, he yet distinctly states that "he speaks impartially and disinterestedly, since he is far from agreeing in their reasonings, or even in their first principles." It is also just to bear in mind that he asserts the whole objections of many unbelievers to be mere "petty cavils," and that with an evidently personal conviction he refers

the acceptance of Christianity, whole and entire, to that "faith by which we stand," and which rests "not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God."

Yet we fear that we must recur to the analogy from which we started. The "Study of the Evidences of Christianity" is the "Tract, No. 90," of the sentimental school of Rationalism in the English Universities. It is to the broader scheme of Christianity, as "Number 90" was to the narrower platform of Anglican orthodoxy. The Tract was occupied with mingling that which may not be mingled, and reconciling things which cannot be reconciled. The Chorus in the Agamemnon speaks of the attempt to blend oil and vinegar. A much higher authority forbids to the Jewish people the interweaving of wool and linen, the sowing of mingled seed, the gendering of divers kinds. It needs no prophet to foresee how the oil and wool of the English Reformation will coalesce with the linen and vinegar of Tridentine dogmatism. "Number 90" was also distinguished by a strange, apparent sympathy with certain Roman peculiarities, which its author disclaimed. But there stood those peculiarities, in an attractive guise, without a hint of a counter argument, on the score that it was fair to put them in their best light, and that there was no fear of our becoming Romanists. Professor Powell's relation to the theology of Sterling, Carlyle, F. W. Newman, Greg, and the *Westminster Review* is strictly analogous. There is the same suspicious, reckless candour in putting arguments in their strongest light: in delineating their moral features with the most engaging artlessness: in sneering down the pleas generally employed by the controversialists on the side occupied by the professed apologist; the same baldness in stating the defence, the same unction and exuberance in opening the indictment. It is possible, urged Dr. Newman, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Oakley, to hold all Roman doctrines and yet be an English Churchman. It is possible, urges Mr. Powell, to agree with Kant, Strauss, and Paulus as to the inability of miracles to prove spiritual truth—nay, to eliminate external signs altogether from the evidences of Christianity, and yet to be a de-

adduced for the Christian miracles. In truth, we believe that ecstatic phenomena—such as those recorded by Görres in his *Mystique*—would receive only too ready a credence at the present day among educated men. We, therefore, think that Professor Powell exaggerates the sensibility of the scientific mind in this respect. Will he himself, for instance, accept the repeated challenges to scientific men by Mr. William Howitt, Dr. Ashburner, and Mr. Home, and furnish the unscientific world with any thing like a *rationale of mediumism* in its physical doings?

We cannot enter now upon the metaphysical question involved in the conception of *law*. Is it a speculative and absolute truth, or a *regulative* mould of our mind? A flea's eye has been so curiously placed under a microscope that men have made shift to see objects, as it were, through a flea's eye. What mental glass shall enable us to think with the thoughts and see with the eyes of God, or to pronounce that the subjective boundaries of our thought are objectively the boundaries of His thoughts? Mr. Mansel's noble contributions to Christian psychology may serve to remove this central difficulty in miracles. And the enlightened apologist has yet something to do in showing the soberness and good sense of the Christian miracles; their moral and symbolical uses; the laws of parsimony, of modesty, and of physical

consistency pervading them. Their distinction from legends, too, might be drawn out. For instance, the fact that legends increase as they go, like Falstaff's men in Kendal green: that a second legend, of the same kind, follows the first, like that which the northern children call a dog-rainbow, of a vaster and more indefinite arch, may be contrasted with the two miracles of the loaves, of which the second is greatly less wonderful than the first. Görres's *Mystique* would afford useful materials. That extraordinary collection of wonders is in the sharpest contrast with the Gospels. When one reads of lights and flowers: of Thomas, of Villenouva, hanging in the air, in the cloister, while he reads his breviary, or of others floating up and down churches like birds, one turns with relief to the simple words which describe the walking on the waters, or the glory upon Tabor, or the Ascension into heaven. The one is close and heavy with the morbid breathings of superstition; the other is pure and fresh with the breath of truth, like the cool air of a summer day, when the showers of God have laid the dust, and won a scent from every tree.

We purpose to return to "Essays and Reviews" at an early period, giving especial attention to Mr. Pattison's powerful essay, "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750," in connexion with Bishop Fitzgerald's edition of Bishop Butler's Analogy.

UTRUM HORUM? OR THE REVENGE OF SHANE ROE NA SOGARTH:

A LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN FAWN.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER III.

O'REILLY'S DESIGNS—MURDER OF THE PRIEST.

WE will not dwell upon the scene that followed. After the interment of the two bodies, O'Reilly and his son Miles—now the only remaining one—were seated in the dining-room after dinner, when his father thus spoke:—

"Miles, we were beaten that day. M'Mahon, though, is not a better swordsman than I am, but my breath failed me; otherwise it would have gone differently. Why, though, didn't Fergus give a surer thrust when he *did* interfere?"

"According to all the rules of fair fighting," replied Miles, "he was not justified in interfering at all. And one of my reasons for saying so is, that although M'Mahon had his sword at your throat, I don't think he had any intention of taking your life."

"Why don't you think so?"

"Why, because, if he had not interposed, his followers would have murdered you."

"I care not," said his father. "With the exception of yourself, he has left my hearth desolate. Fergus is gone—cut down by one of his followers. And I never knew the value of your mother until I lost her."

"That is an admission, father, which you should be ashamed to make," replied his son.

"Well, be that as it may, it is truth; but it is now too late to speak about it. Let her and Fergus pass. I have now but one thought, and that is vengeance."

"Surely, father, M'Mahon does not deserve vengeance at your hands. Remember, that although he had you down, and in his power, the other day, yet he saved your life, notwithstanding, when you were about to be cut down by his people."

"Miles, you know not what the spirit of vengeance is."

"No, father, nor do I wish to know it."

"So be it. Enter the Church, and become a monk. Your tutor, who is both priest and monk, has probably tampered with your principles."

"I thought," replied Miles, "that he was too much attached to your own interests to be suspected of estranging my principles from them."

"I know not about that," replied O'Reilly; "but this I know, that I, your father, am afraid to speak out my sentiments before him. I shall, however, overreach him; and I am much mistaken if I do not make him the instrument of my vengeance upon the Black M'Mahon."

"By what means, father, may I ask?"

"No, you may not ask, because I will not tell you. I know M'Mahon's heart, and his feelings with respect to his family. I know—but enough. You shall hear no more unless it be this, that I shall wring that heart into such detailed and protracted agony, that the extent of human vengeance can go no further. I hate the man ever since he won from me the only woman I ever loved. I hate him for coming in to deprive me of my property. I hate him for having overcome me in our combat. I hate him for being the occasion of Fergus's death, and, consequently, of that of your mother. I am a man, Miles, who never forgives an injury. And now you know me, if you never did before. As respects this property, Miles, I shall appeal to Wentworth."

"Oh, as to that, I have nothing to say against it, or any other course you may pursue; but when you know that a Deed of Restoration in favour of M'Mahon is already registered, I don't exactly see the use of such an appeal."

"No; but don't you know that what one Lord Deputy can do another can undo. Didn't Fitzwilliams deprive M'Mahon of this property, and didn't Mountjoy restore him to it?"

"Father," said the high-minded boy, rising up with a sorrowful countenance, "I have heard too much. Aware as you have been of this fact, you have entered upon property which you knew did not belong to you, and in consequence of that unjust act of aggression you have occasioned the

death of Fergus and my mother. Why, therefore, should you seek vengeance for this upon M'Mahon?"

"I think, Miles, I have already stated the reasons—I need not repeat them; but all I can say is, that the vengeance is burning in my heart, and it will consume either him or me."

"That language, father, is unchristian and awful. You will excuse me if I don't wish to hear it repeated." And as he spoke he put on his barrad, and was about leaving the apartment, when his father said—

"Send that tutor-priest—that reverend schoolmaster here. Say I wish to speak to him."

"I shall do so, sir," replied Miles, and retired.

"That boy is more of his mother than of me. I may want him, though, to execute my vengeance upon M'Mahon. But I fear his scruples will prevent him from being forthcoming. Perhaps this equivocal priest may render his assistance unnecessary."

As he spoke, the priest entered, and having as usual bowed to him, said—

"I understand from Miles, sir, that you wished to speak to me."

"Why, yes. I had something to mention to you which I think has gone out of my head. That was a melancholy event that occurred the other day. You have one pupil less now, Father Philip."

"Two melancholy events, sir," replied the priest. "You cannot forget the *Bantiernah*."

"It was of her I spoke," replied O'Reilly, ashamed and equivocating.

"Nor you cannot forget Fergus," added the priest. "He was brilliant and promising and great in his humanities. Yet, to be thus cut down by the hand of a vile kern!"

"Father Philip," said O'Reilly, interrupting him, "I owe you much for the education of my sons, and I trust you are satisfied with the compensation you have received?"

"Why do you ask me such a question?" replied the tutor; "did I ever complain of it?"

"I don't see how you could," replied the other; "but in the meantime, whilst I admit that you have advanced their literary education well and successfully, you have failed to cultivate the affections which they should bear to a father."

"The failure on that point," replied

the priest, "was yours. I instructed them not only in all the usual branches of a sound education, but, as far as I was able, in the principles of religion and virtue. You will pardon me, sir; but if there was any impediment in my way it was your own example."

"You are what I call a bold man, Father Philip—a bold man, I repeat; and you have read me lectures and lessons as if I myself were your pupil. You know my temper, and that for the sake of my children I have borne more from you than I would bear from any other schoolmaster-priest living. You were also distantly related to my wife; but there still is one point about you which is to me a mystery. You have been for years in my house, and I cannot understand you. We are at this moment strangers to each other."

"Excuse me, sir; I think not. I have rebuked your principles and practices too frequently, and your conduct to my late kinswoman, your wife, not to make you feel that I understand you too well."

"Ah, I am rude and rough; but as you say you are leaving the family, let me observe that before you go you could serve me essentially if you wished."

"I should be glad to do so, provided it be compatible with my duties as a Christian priest and an honest man. Will you be good enough to explain yourself?"

"You have seen Fitzwilliams' document transferring to me the right in the property of these ten townlands?"

"I have seen it, sir."

"Now, the truth is, that I have, as you know, been recently in Dublin, and got a grant from Wentworth of these same townlands. It is on its way through the government offices, and as all these documents are generally word for word, and mere forms, I would ask it as a favour if you would copy me the document of Fitzwilliams, leaving the names and the subscribing witnesses out."

"As to the mere copying it, there can be no harm in that," replied the priest; "but you are to understand that I shall not copy the names."

"I do not ask you to do so," replied O'Reilly, who was too full of his dishonest project to observe the scrutinizing glance with which the priest surveyed him.

O'Reilly was a rapacious man; but at the same time rash and without the power of projecting his plans with forethought or caution. He had attempted many things, which, if the vehemence and unscrupulous proceedings of the man had not been well known, would have stamped him with the character of a lunatic. There are few persons who have not met such characters—men, who, if they possessed power, would have been as selfish and shortsighted as O'Reilly.

"I shall copy the document for you," said the priest, "with the restrictions which I have mentioned."

"Thanks, Father Philip," replied O'Reilly: "I am but a poor pensman myself, or I would not ask you. I wish it to appear as a recent document. There will be a Commission: but no matter: Wentworth is an overbearing and hot-headed fool. He has little else to think of but his master, Charles. It seems we must pay for the Graces. I know the whole thing is a scheme to raise money for the King; but be it so: I don't care about either Charles or Wentworth. Is not your cousin educating M'Mahon's children?"

"He is."

"Well, I wish you to deliver a note from me to M'Mahon, and a message to your cousin, simply to say that I wish to see him, and that if he will call upon me here I will thank him, perhaps reward him."

O'Reilly sat down and wrote the following brief communication to M'Mahon:—

"*Black* M'Mahon, descendant of the traitor of Kinsale, I have such vengeance prepared for you as will make you the *white* M'Mahon in the course of one night.

"SHANE O'REILLY."

"Now," said O'Reilly, "I will rely on you, Father M'Cawel (Campel) to deliver that note into his own hands; assuredly and faithfully must you do it, or dread my resentment if you fail. Into his own hands must you place it, and you will watch well and report truly the effect which its perusal will have upon him."

"I don't much relish the office," replied the priest, gravely; "and I can assure you, that if the communication be insulting or offensive, and that I had been charged by M'Mahon to de-

liver it to you, I should beg to decline it. M'Mahon, however, is a gentle and kind man, who will not visit upon the messenger—but he is ill of his severe wound," he said, interrupting himself; "and, besides, my sacred profession will protect me with *him*."

"So will it not with me," replied O'Reilly, "if I ever find you treacherous. When do you purpose removing from the family?"

"About the end of the second month I shall have Miles's course of education completed, after which I go to the Continent."

On reaching M'Mahon's castle, the priest asked to see his cousin. He was shown into the parlour, where his relative almost immediately joined him.

"Brian," said he, "how is The M'Mahon?"

"Very poorly; his wound has been followed by fever."

"I have a written communication from O'Reilly to give him, and I am bound and have promised to present it with my own hands; but if you think it would be injurious to him, I shall not deliver it."

"I do not think he is in a condition to receive any communication that might excite him. Have you any notion of its purport? I cannot think it friendly, coming from such a source."

"I know nothing of it," replied the priest.

"At all events, I shall let him know that you have such a document, and then he can determine for himself."

In a few minutes he returned, saying, "He will receive you."

When he presented himself before M'Mahon, he was received benignantly.

"You have a communication from O'Reilly," said he; "but before I see it, I wish to express to you, and through you to him, my deep and bitter regret for the loss of his son. He must know that the boy brought on his own fate by unjustifiably interfering in a case of single combat. I shall now open the letter."

On perusing it, he desired the tutor to be called, and after handing him the document, he said,

"Get pen, ink, and paper; you must answer this."

When they were procured, the tutor

said, after having perused the brief note,

"What reply shall I make?"

"Write," said M'Mahon, "as I shall dictate :

"'Bastard, and worthy descendant of a traitor to his country and his religion—worthy descendant of 'the Queen's O'Reilly'—I know your villany, and will live to see your bones bleach upon a gibbet.'

"Now," said M'Mahon, "give me the paper, and ill as I am I shall sign it."

He accordingly did so; and after the priest had partaken of his hospitality, he departed, accompanied for a portion of the way by his cousin.

"I have a message to you," said the priest, "from O'Reilly."

"What is it?" said the other.

"I don't know," replied the priest, "neither can I conjecture: but this is all I know—he simply wishes to see you. He requests you to call upon him, and he will then, of course, disclose what his design in the communication with you may be. As for me, I cannot even guess it, unless, as I fear, it is some object of his vengeance against M'Mahon. You are a young man, Brian, and inexperienced in life, and I warn you to be on your guard against him. Take care that he does not tempt you beyond your strength."

"Farewell, Father Philip," said the young man, pausing at his last words, but with a countenance out of which not a single thought or sentiment which he felt could be gleaned.

O'Reilly, feeling that the state of landed property in Ireland was at that period very insecure, and that Wentworth was secretly working among the Roman Catholics with a view of getting them to support his master, Charles, in what were then termed the Graces, resolved on taking a step as bold as it was unprincipled and dangerous. He appealed to the Government for a commission of inquiry into the rival claims—as he was dishonest enough to term them—of himself and M'Mahon for the ten townlands. This was a daring and a desperate step, and taken with all the premeditation of cool and deliberate villany. And, what was still more frantic on his part, he had the assurance to produce a forged document in

his own favour, fabricated, upon after-thought, with some deviations, from the deed which he had got the priest to copy.

This cousin of Father Campel's, the priest, was a young man of a timid but sordid disposition. He waited upon O'Reilly, and our readers will perceive the object of that interview in the course of our narrative. We must suppress, the incidents of the commission—by no means an unusual proceeding in those days, especially where landed property was concerned—and merely say that O'Reilly's act of forgery was detected, and that the priest, whose name was clumsily appended as a witness to the document, indignantly proclaimed the fabrication of it as a forgery. He had left O'Reilly's family, and was then living with a relative near the town of Monaghan.

One night O'Reilly, accompanied by Brian Campel, M'Mahon's tutor, was lurking about the house in which the priest was stopping at the time.

"I hope you have no improper object in view?" said the young man.

"I have promised you a hundred pounds for *one* object," replied O'Reilly; "and whatever I am, or whatever it may be said I am, I believe that nobody has ever dared to say that I violate either my word or my promise. I promise you one hundred pounds if you perform a certain service to me. Do you rely on it, for most assuredly I will not pay you the money until the service is performed."

"I shall perform it," replied the other; "but what I wish to know is your object to-night in seeing the priest, my cousin?"

"What affair is that of yours?" answered O'Reilly.

"It is an affair of mine," replied the other. "He is the only evidence against you of the forgery of the document."

"Well, that is but a reasonable inquiry on your part," said O'Reilly, restraining himself. "You are to a certain degree in my confidence, and I shall answer you. I wish to buy him off as a witness against me. If he complies he will find it his interest to do so."

"And what will be the result if he refuses?" asked the other.

"What!" replied O'Reilly, somewhat forgetting himself, "*chorp an dioual*, am I not Shane Roe O'Reilly. Eh, how do you think—I mean would'nt I be a fool if I did not stretch my purse to keep him silent?"

"Well, Shane Roe," replied his companion, "I shall earn your money, but in the meantime, I must leave you. They will miss me at M'Mahon's, and I am afraid I have been seen with you this evening, a fact, which would seem strange when the circumstances connected with the two families are considered. If you wish me to work out your design—although you say it is a harmless one—it would be any thing but proper for us to be seen together, and you know that suspicion on behalf of M'Mahon's family might disappoint us both."

The next morning the body of the priest was found murdered near the house in which he then held his temporary residence; and O'Reilly had the satisfaction of knowing that the only man who could prove the act of forgery home to him was taken out of his way. The murder, however, was at once attributed to O'Reilly, but as there then appeared no stronger evidences of his guilt than suspicion, nothing could be done. The circumstances connected with it were soon forgotten, with one exception only. From that night forth, the public voice branded O'Reilly with the opprobrious nickname of *Shane na Sogarth*—or, Shane of the priest—thereby intimating that he had been guilty of his murder in order to save his own life, then upon the point of being forfeited for his crime.

The times of which we write were strange times, and the state of society in Ireland was so loose and unsettled that many iniquitous proceedings were attempted and perpetrated with success. Half barbarous, and half ignorant individuals, even of rank and property, frequently set all law, danger, and common sense at defiance, and, if successful in their rapacious projects, whether of secret fraud or open violence, were looked upon as heroes—just as some notorious and hardened criminal, who is sufficiently callous and impenitent, in recent times, to assert his innocence on the scaffold, becomes the popular hero of some doggrel ballad, and is held

forth as a worthy example for imitation.

Still—still the great object of Shane na Sogarth's life was vengeance. His attempt to wrest, by foul and felonious means, the property of the ten townlands from M'Mahon, originated as much in vengeance as rapacity. It certainly did not proceed from love of his children. To that pure and exalted principle the man's heart had been during his whole life absolutely indifferent. There is such a beautiful moral fitness in the instincts and principles of nature, that if he had experienced the power of parental tenderness, he never would have suffered his heart to settle on and brood over the savage project of revenge—and *such* revenge—but we proceed.

He felt himself now in comparative safety. The crime of forging important documents, and the names of several individuals, could not now—since the death of the priest—be proved against him. This was made evident on his trial, which ended in acquittal; and left him at full leisure to wreak as best he might, his blackest resentments against M'Mahon.

We have already stated that the tutor of that gentleman's children was sordid and vacillating. Nor can we rest here. He was one of those men whose heart was set upon the accumulation of wealth; but, on the other hand; he was weak and superstitious. The conflict between his conscience and his avarice kept him, and was still more likely to keep him during his life, in a state of moral struggle and agitation that divided his heart, as it were, between his sordid hankering after money and the remorse which accompanied, but could not extinguish it. The feeble struggles of that conscience against his prevailing vice were merely able, as we have said, to excite remorse but not repentance or reformation; and unless some striking event were to occur that might startle him by a double motive out of the miserable struggle which went on within him, it was not likely that he should ever prefer the dictates of conscience to those which allured him to his own baser and more selfish interests.

M'Mahon's illness was very long and severe, and his recovery, of course, much more protracted than

had been originally calculated upon. Still he *was* recovering; but patience was necessary; and it was felt that nothing but time could restore him to the full enjoyment of perfect health.

The conduct of the tutor, of late, had been strange; but, at the same time, there was a keen and vigilant eye upon all his motions. It was observed that he was very fond of bringing his pupils out to walk upon occasions, and during those periods that were appointed for their instruction. When questioned about this he said he brought them out for the sake of their health; and when told that their health was good, and that they had stated hours and stated places for taking exercise, he replied, with something like confusion, that it was not when health was gone that youthful exercise was valuable, but before it.

On that evening the faithful fosterer, who had free access to his friend and master, approached his bed, and after making his usual obeisance, addressed him as follows:—

“*Tiernah*, are you better? Is your strength increasing?”

“I am getting on slowly, but, thank God, surely, Eman.”

“*Tiernah*, be firm,” proceeded Eman; “let the M’Mahon heart be strong—and know this, that you have one true and faithful friend at your side.”

M’Mahon turned his head about and looked at him with surprise.

“I know that, Eman,” he replied, “you have given sufficient proof of it.”

“*Tiernah*, I have my suspicions of the tutor, Brian Campel, and I feel it my duty to mention it; but don’t let your heart be discomposed. In your illness I am the guardian of my brothers, of the young *denousils*, Con and Art, and of Grace as well.”

“But what is it you mean, Eman? You suspect their tutor? Of what?”

“He is anxious to bring the boys out to the woods. You know the message that Shane na Sogarth sent you; and listen, I have seen him and Shane in close conversation together: and listen again, I have been on the watch, and discovered suspicious-looking persons lurking among the woods. No longer ago than yesterday I saw them, and on my return home, I met the tutor and the boys

on their way out to where the persons I speak of were skulking, but I brought them back.”

“But, Eman,” replied M’Mahon, “that might and must be mere accident. How could Brian Campel become the tool of the man who murdered—or, at least, is supposed to have murdered his own cousin, and a clergyman besides?”

“*Tiernah*, I do not like him.”

“Even so; his treachery to me is simply impossible, I think; but, Eman, you probably may be right, and on this supposition it is better to be safe than uncertain. In future do not allow the boys to go beyond their usual play-ground, and even then never without a safe escort. I know O’Reilly and the plots of vengeance which he is capable of meditating and accomplishing, if he can. You know the diabolical warning he has given me. Be, therefore, on your guard, watch the neighbourhood well, and if you catch any of his scoundrel followers lying in wait, probably to carry off my sons or my daughter, or if you should find that they make any attempt of the kind;—I wish to Heaven I was able to be up.”

“*Tiernah*, do not be troubled. I will take care that every thing that can be done for their safety shall be done.”

“I know it, Eman, and have every confidence in your attachment and affection.”

An event occurred at this time which exercised a singular influence upon some of the characters in our narrative, as well as upon its ultimate catastrophe. The fosterer’s mother was seized with sudden illness, and in the course of a day or two died. There never lived a more affectionate son than Eman, and from the moment of her dissolution his presence was necessary at the house of death. He was her eldest son, and acted as a father to his brothers and sisters. His mother had been for some years a widow. He did not, however, even on this occasion, neglect his care of M’Mahon’s children; on the contrary, he privately gave them in charge to two of his master’s followers, on whose care, integrity, and courage he felt satisfied that he could place every reliance.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WELL OF THE GOLDEN FAWN.

BRIAN CAMPBELL, the tutor, perceiving at once that his motions with reference to the boys were watched, resolved to avail himself of that circumstance and play a double game: not the only double game.

On the evening preceding the funeral of the fosterer's mother, Miles O'Reilly observed a young man approaching a clump of trees about 200 yards to the left of the castle. It was just settling into dusk, but still he could observe that the man's gait was cautious and stealthy, and that he looked about him, either as if he apprehended discovery by an enemy, or expected the appearance of an accomplice. It was not more than a week since a very valuable horse had been stolen from his father's stables: the very circumstance, in fact, which occasioned his own presence in the situation from whence he observed the individual in question. He stood on the stable loft, and had been evidently looking out when he discovered the person's wary and cautious movements; for, ever since the theft of the horse, he had made it a point to examine the stables every evening. His suspicions were strongly awakened, even by the appearance of conscious guilt, which might be inferred from the man's manner; but our readers may well understand his astonishment when he saw his father, wrapped in his long cloak, and well armed, directing his steps to the same clump of trees into which the stranger had now disappeared.

O'Reilly was outspoken and, in many matters, incapable of concealing his designs, but cautious enough as to those practical steps he intended to take in working them out. His threatening letter to M'Mahon was a proof of the former of those assertions; but whilst he could not conceal his purpose of some general act of vengeance, yet he was too cunning to allow the mode of its execution to be known to any but his own immediate agents; and even to them only on the eve of its perpetration. Miles, to whom he had frequently expressed his hostility and resentment to M'Mahon or his family, felt a keen and dark suspicion shoot across his mind on the occasion in question; and,

after some brief reflection, considered himself justified in watching their proceedings.

The night had become dark, and he felt little difficulty in approaching within hearing distance of the place where they stood. Whatever the nature of their conference may have been, however, he found, to his mortification, that he had come too late to hear its general object. They were in the act of separating, and the only words he could hear distinctly were the following:—

"Now," said his father, "to-morrow, at two o'clock.

"To-morrow, at two, and they will be all, with one or two exceptions, at the funeral of the fosterer's mother. Let your party attend at the Well of the Golden Fawn, and in the deepest and darkest part of the grove, within half a mile of the castle. They will know it by some slight ruins of an old monastery which are close to it.

"But why will you not attend yourself?"

"Because I do not wish to be known in the affair, nor to incur the just vengeance of M'Mahon and his friends," replied the other; "but I trust that upon fulfilling my engagement, I may rest certain of my reward."

"Are you mad, sir, to doubt it?" said O'Reilly, in a tone which his son knew to express more of irony than truth. They then separated, but not before Miles could recognise in the voice of the younger party the tutor of M'Mahon's children, who had been often in his father's castle to visit his cousin, the priest.

Miles, who knew that his father's enmity against M'Mahon was implacable, and his resolution to crush him as inexorable as it was inhuman, resolved to be on the alert. To remonstrate with such a man as O'Reilly he knew would be only calculated to aggravate matters; and in order, if possible, to defeat the plan which he felt satisfied was to be put in practice, he considered it as his most judicious course not to betray any knowledge of the conversation he had heard. That he suspected some illegal and desperate outrage was certain; but as he felt ignorant of its complexion and

character, he deemed it better to bide his time and watch.

In this state of things we leave them at O'Reilly's residence, and request our readers to accompany us in another direction.

It is necessary to say here that the fosterer called early in the morning to M'Mahon's house, in order to see that the two boys should be well guarded. He was met by Brian Oampel, the tutor, who addressed him.

"Eman," said he, "I should wish to express my sincere respect for your mother's memory, by attending her funeral this day."

Eman paused a moment, for he did not expect this; but he said, as a test of the correctness of his own suspicions—

"I thank you, Brian; but who will take charge of the young *denousils*?"

"Why," replied Brian, with much apparent candour and simplicity, "I think you may easily find a couple of the followers to take care of them for this day at least. From my respect for yourself, Eman, and my knowledge of your mother's admirable character, humble as I am, I should wish to mark my conviction of both by attending her remains to the grave."

Why, thought Eman, this after all does not look like treachery, especially as it was my own intention to have asked him to the funeral, in order to keep him under my eye. This is exactly what I was wishing for.

"I feel much obliged to you, Mr. Oampel," he replied, "and you will do me a favour by coming. It is very considerate of you to think of it."

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied the tutor; "it would be strange if I did not. Your mother fostered my pupils, and was highly respected by the family whose bread I eat, and on their account as well as yours, I think it not only a mark of respect, but a duty as a friend and instructor to the dear boys, with the conduct of whose education I am honoured."

"Well, then," replied Eman, still anxious to test him further; "if you are ready to come now, let us go. I will, I know, be very much wanted; for I have every thing to regulate at the wakehouse; but perhaps you are not prepared to come so early in the day."

"Perfectly prepared," said the other.

In a few moments they were both on their way to the scene of mourning, which was not more than a mile from the castle.

It may seem that it would have been more prudent in the fosterer to bring the young gentlemen to the funeral than to leave them at home. This, indeed, he would have done, but their father on hearing the proposal made, objected to it, as a circumstance which might revive in their minds the recollection of the death of their own mother; and the boys themselves, like most young persons of their age, had no relish for witnessing the funeral and interment of a woman to whom they were so deeply and affectionately attached. They felt that the scene would have been too painful for them; and for this reason, with tears of sincere sorrow in their eyes, they declined to be present at all.

In the meantime; about the hour of two o'clock, they, and the two persons to whom their safety had been intrusted, went to their usual playground, in order, by their engagement in some innocent and healthful sports, to withdraw their minds from the grief which they felt for their foster-mother. They had been but a short time there when they were joined by one of those characters at that period, and for many a long year since, so well known and so highly venerated in Ireland—the travelling pilgrim. The last faint remnant of this strange class was in existence in this country during our own boyhood. They have altogether disappeared, and neither religion nor morals have sustained any loss. They were then—as well as in the reign of Charles the First—a combination of ignorance, superstition, and knavery—often, too, of licentiousness, each of the lowest and grossest possible quality.

About two o'clock, then, an aged looking man of this class approached them, and stood with an expression of great benevolence, apparently contemplating their amusements. He was, though aged, yet tall and stalwart, and dressed as usual in the long cloak and barrad. The cloak was fastened in front by a large pin or skewer, but over his dress and round his neck hung an immense pair of beads or *padereens* with amber *decades*, whilst from the whole depended a brass crucifix of considerable

size. He was barefooted, and it might have been evident to any one possessing the least power of observation, that from the size of his large but well-shaped foot, the old adage of *ex pede Hercules* might have been applied to him, even if the powerful proportions of his frame had not been present to corroborate the harmony that existed between the size of the body and that of the extremities. His hair was long and white, and lay down his back somewhat as if he had docked a white horse, and appended the tail to the nape of the neck, in order to add a character of greater sanctity to his appearance.

During a pause in their sports, the boys, accompanied by their attendants, approached the old pilgrim, whom they respectfully saluted by taking off their barrads.

"My children," said he, "are you aware of the day that this is?"

"Yes," replied Art, "it is a day of sorrow; the day on which our good and kind fostermother is to be buried."

"Ah!" he replied, "you don't know it then, and the more shame for your instructors to keep you ignorant of it."

"Perhaps," observed Con, "they didn't know it themselves; but if you will explain yourself, and let us understand what you mean, we will be better able to answer you."

"Did you never hear any thing about the Well of the Golden Fawn?"

"We know that there is a well, about half-a-mile, or something more, from where we stand, that goes by that name. It's upon our father's property."

"Oh, yes," said Art, "I heard something about it from my fostermother."

As he uttered the words, the tears stood in the affectionate boy's eyes.

"My dear child," said the pilgrim, "will you say what you heard about it?"

"I was almost a child then," said Art, "and I fear I have forgotten it; but I think she said it was something connected with our family—some female ancestor of ours, who relieved the monastery that then flourished near it—at a time when the Danes or the Sassenagha, I forget which, were about to destroy it and burn the monks in their cloisters."

"And did you hear her name?"

"Yea, I think it was Una; but that is all I remember about it."

"Well, my child, you are very near

the truth. Her brother was abbot of the monastery, and she was able, by the aid of the M'Mahons, to get him and all the monks safe out of it, after which it was burned down by the Danes, and never built again since."

"But tell us at once," said Art, "whatever you know about her. Why did they call her the Golden Fawn?"

"Why, they called her so in consequence of the colour of her hair, which was that of gold, and the purity of her heart, which resembled gold too."

"But what connexion has her name with the well?" asked Con.

"Because she was drowned there on the very night she contrived to relieve her brother and the rest of the monks from the Danes. After her death she appeared to her brother, and told him that the well was now a holy well; and that once every seven years, on any one going there, having two persons of the true M'Mahon blood along with him, they would, if they looked down into it, see her in the shape of a golden fawn, just as they would their own shadow; and that if those persons asked each a favour from her, with good intentions, it would be granted."

He further added, that that day was the anniversary of her death, and that she might be then seen in the well, any hour between twelve o'clock and three—the number twelve was in honour of the twelve Apostles, he told them, and the number three in honour of the Blessed Trinity. That very day then—that very hour—they might see her, and if they asked a Christian request, such as the liberation of any deceased friend's soul from the torments of purgatory, it would be granted at her intercession. He was himself on his way to make a station at the well, but as he was a stranger to that immediate neighbourhood, and had never been there, he would offer up a rosary for *them* if they would conduct him to it. He then directly asked the boys to act as his guides, assuring them that if they were there before three o'clock they would most certainly be blessed with a sight of the Golden Fawn. He and the two young *denousils* could go to it, and when all was over, the beautiful creature seen, and their wishes granted, he would then bring them back safe and delighted to the castle.

There was strenuous opposition given to this by the temporary guardians of the children, but it was overborne by the enthusiasm of the children themselves, who urged them in the meantime, in accordance with a suggestion of the pilgrim, to attend their fostermother's funeral, and that they would meet in the play-ground, and return together. The good old pilgrim could stop with them for a week or a month, and perhaps his pious prayers might help to recover their father.

The day in question was considered as one of those mournful and melancholy holydays, which are afforded by the death or funeral of a relative or friend; as such it was considered by all those who remained within the castle, as well as by M'Mahon himself. The absence of the boys was not, consequently, so closely or quickly observed, as it would have been under ordinary circumstances. The two simple men who had been appointed to watch them and act as their guard and escort, did not attend the funeral of the fosterer's mother, because, having neglected their task, they feared to meet Eman, but instead of this they repaired to a neighbouring village, where they both got drunk. It followed as a matter of course that the faithful Eman would entertain no apprehension of their danger. Resolving, however, to take a melancholy stroll home to his master's, and to extend the walk, that he might the longer indulge his grief in solitude, he determined to take the Well of the Golden Fawn in his way. This he did, and had just turned a clump of trees, when he saw a struggle take place, and his master's two sons in the hands of a set of ruffians, who had them already tied, and were now gagging them. The principal figure among them, however, was Miles O'Reilly, who seemed to be in the act of exercising all his strength, activity, and authority in their defence, and with a view to their liberation. On this point there could indeed be no doubt whatsoever, for he stood single-handed against numbers, and had already struck down more than one of them.

"Release the innocent boys, you cowardly scoundrels, or, by the sacred light, there is not a ruffian of you but will grace a gibbet for this outrage."

"Do you happen to know a single

man among us?" replied our friend, the stalwart pilgrim. "No, sir, you don't, because you never saw a man of us before, and probably never will again. So much for your threats. You have done mischief enough, and too much, in defending the enemies of your house; but now the Black M'Mahon will suffer for it."

In the meantime the boys were missed from about the castle. The alarm was raised. Neither they nor their appointed guardians could be found; and what was the most agonising thought of all was, that in the midst of this distressing tumult, they knew not in what direction they ought to seek for them.

At length, towards the close of evening, the wife of a poor man in the neighbourhood, who had been gathering firewood, or *brusna*, as it is called, in the adjoining woods, having heard that the children were missing, informed the excited crowd that she saw the two young *dennouils* going in the direction of the Well of the Golden Fawn, attended by a tall old pilgrim, whose hair hung down his shoulders for all the world like the tail of a white horse.

In a moment, those who had been collected to seek for the boys, led by the tutor, who seemed almost distracted, eagerly directed their steps to the well, where they found, just as darkness was setting in, not the youths whom they were searching for, but young Miles O'Reilly, gagged and tied to a tree, and the faithful fosterer similarly gagged and tied to another. A short explanation took place, from which it was ascertained that the two sons of M'Mahon had been taken away by force.

The darkness had now completely set in, and there was nothing for it but to return directly to the castle.

Ireland at this period was the best wooded country, for the size of it, in all Europe. Owing, however, to the unsettled state both of law and property, the reckless expenditure and prodigality of the large proprietors, their senseless want of forethought and consideration for the future, their unreflecting competition with each other in the rude but expensive luxury of their habits of living—the pressing necessities arising from all this threw them back to one of their last resources for supporting their extra-

gance—the value of their forest timber, especially of their oak woods. It is Irish oak with which Westminster Abbey is roofed. Whilst Ireland, during the reign of Elizabeth, and even of Charles the First, was the best wooded country in Europe, yet, owing to the causes stated, it is now the most naked in the world. There is not such a thing as a forest in the kingdom, if we except, probably, the large demesne of Curraghmore (the property of the Marquis of Waterford) and that of Mr. Wynne, of Hazlewood. With these two exceptions, there is nothing now which can be called a forest in this country. We mention these facts simply to illustrate our story, and to depict the local character of our country at the period of Charles the First.

To search the extensive forests by which they were *then* surrounded, would have been a fruitless task. They accordingly returned, with sorrowful hearts, to the castle of the Black M'Mahon; not, however, before a scene occurred of which we cannot omit the description. When Miles O'Reilly was discovered by the followers and retainers of M'Mahon, Miles, the son of the man to whom the abduction of Con and Art was attributed, he was seized upon as an individual concerned in and abetting the outrage. A dozen skeans, at least, were prepared to stab him to death, and the loudest voice amongst them for his punishment was that of the treacherous tutor.

"Down with the villain!" said he; "down with him; he is his father's son, and was at the bottom of this black and heartless outrage: down with him, I say."

Had Miles been then sacrificed to the rage of M'Mahon's people, the tutor knew that the only witness of his own interview with O'Reilly on the preceding night would have been taken out of the way. A rush accordingly was made at him, and there is little doubt that he would have been slain upon the spot were it not for the interference of the fosterer, who stood firmly by his side, and felt strongly and deeply the necessity of his interference.

"Hold back!" he shouted in a voice of thunder; "hold back! and don't confound the innocent with the guilty. You all know me. I am their fos-

terer. What is there more sacred in an Irish family? Touch him not; although he is of his father's blood, he is neither of his father's feelings nor his father's principles. Hold back, then; for I tell you that I myself, with my own eyes, saw him this evening, when he could not even dream that I was looking on him—ay, I saw him risk his life in defence of my brothers. He struck down three of their enemies; and when the villains had him down, and were about, as I thought, to wreak their revenge upon him for going against what I suppose to be his father's wishes, I rushed to his defence; but what could we do? Their intention, as it appeared, was only to gag him and tie him to a tree. My interference brought me to the same fate. But there is *this* to say, friends of the M'Mahon, that when they discovered who I was, they would have murdered me on the spot as the person who took his brother's life, had not this generous young man interceded for me. After that, show me the follower of the M'Mahon who will dare to injure a single hair of his head."

These words saved Miles's life, and they then returned to the castle.

M'Mahon was then very weak, but his fever had left him, and his wound was nearly healed. The terror, however, which supervened on discovering that his children could not be found, was such as cannot be described.

"Oh, my children! my children!" he exclaimed, "what will become of them if they have fallen into the hands of that tiger? He will have their blood—yes, I know him—he will have their blood."

His daughter, Grace, who knew his extraordinary love for them—as who did not?—now approached him, herself in tears.

"My dear father," said she, "why do you distress yourself upon a mere alarm? Do you not know that, as the woman said, they were under the protection of a holy pilgrim? You know the extent of the woods about us, and the probability that they may have lost their way in them. Do not, then, yield to grief in such a dreadful way, my dear father. They *will* be found—believe me, they will—besides, have you no trust in God?"

"Alas! my darling, I can think of nothing but the loss of my children."

"Yes; but how do we know that they are lost?"

"But don't you know, Grace, that of late there have been spies and emissaries seen skulking about, evidently with some evil design. And can you forget the threat of vengeance sent me by O'Reilly?"

"Well, but, my dear father, can you not restrain your grief, at least until the people who have gone to seek for them return. Hush! dear father, here they are."

Her father, who had heard their voices, tottered over, and almost fell upon a settee.

"Grace! Grace!" he exclaimed, "I feel that my children are lost. My heart tells me so. I feel it; I feel it."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the fosterer and Miles O'Reilly entered the apartment.

"Well, Eman," said he. "Well. My children! my children!"

Eman approached him.

"Tiernah," said he, "it is against the laws both of God and man to take my own life; but if it would bring back your children—*my brothers*—who drew the same milk with myself from the same fountain of affection which was closed for ever this day in the churchyard of Knockbuic, I would do it. Con and Art are gone."

"Yes," said their father, falling back upon the settee. "O'Reilly's vengeance! Oh, God! I never was a man who nurtured that diabolical passion. O'Reilly now has but one son; but if I had him within my power I would sacrifice him to *my* vengeance. I would leave *him* without a stock to perpetuate his name."

"Sir," said Miles, who had been standing in shadow, approaching him with a dignity that was both melancholy and manly; "M'Mahon Dhu, you have your wish. I am Miles O'Reilly, now the only son of him who, I am sorry to say, is your bitter and unrelenting enemy. But, M'Mahon Dhu, mark me. I participate not in my father's unjust resentment."

"Yes, I know you," replied M'Mahon, "you are his son; and as his representative I demand my children at your hands. But first, how did you come here, or why? Oh, my children! my children! Why are you here, O'Reilly?"

"I am here, M'Mahon Dhu, to become a hostage for your children."

"God above me!" said M'Mahon, "what is this?—what does it mean?"

"Tiernah," said the fosterer, approaching him and taking his hand, "I am Eman bane, the brother of your children—their fosterer. They have been taken away by O'Reilly, the father of this young man now standing before you."

"Ay," replied M'Mahon, writhing with agony; "but you know, Eman, he has but *one* life. Vengeance for vengeance, and that would not satisfy me."

"Tiernah, do you forget that the Red O'Reilly had in his children *two* lives, and that I, the fosterer of your children, took one of them in your defence?"

"I remember nothing but the loss of my children, and the vengeance which it is now in my power to inflict upon *him*. His son has offered himself as a hostage for my children. Ah, that is a trick played upon the well-known generosity of my disposition. Secure him—keep him safe. Oh, my God! why am I not in health and strength? But what is all this? Where are my children?"

"Tiernah," said the fosterer, "have patience and hear me. The brightest star in heaven is not clearer nor purer than the honour of this son of the Red O'Reilly, who now stands before you. I saw him fight in defence of my brothers when he didn't think I was near. I saw him strike down three of his father's ruffians. I saw him about to be bound and gagged, and when I came to his assistance against numbers, they would, as I said, have murdered me, had he not prevented them by stating that if they took my life he would bring his own father to justice for the murder. Tiernah, he begged them to spare me and take his own life, which he said was now of little value to him after the outrage he had witnessed, and the infamy which it must bring upon his father's head. We were both tied to a tree and gagged, and in that state our people found us. Now, Tiernah, act towards him as you may, but if you visit upon *him* the crimes of his father, the fosterer will soon be in a far land. When was the M'Mahon ungenerous? Will he be so now?"

Grace's tears flowed fast while she

fosterer was speaking. She approached O'Reilly, and said—

"Son of O'Reilly, forgive the hasty words of my father. You see, yourself, that he knew not what he said when he uttered them. He spoke them in ignorance of your generous spirit."

"You do me injustice," replied Miles. "He cannot have my forgiveness, for I owe him no ill-will, nor ever did. But, alas! he has my compassion and my sympathy."

M'Mahon was deadly pale; his ghastly countenance the very exponent of the deepest affliction. He lay recumbent on the settee, for he was unable even to sit up. But after a pause he spoke—

"Son of my enemy, I am stricken down. You see—but I am glad your father does *not*—what I suffer. Come near me, give me your hand, and accept my thanks. You have offered yourself as a hostage for the safety of my children. I am The M'Mahon, and I cannot forget my name; neither can I disgrace it by visiting the sins of the guilty upon the innocent. Your conduct is noble, but I will not accept your generous guarantee. Rest in the castle this night, and to-morrow return to your father, and ask him to imitate the conduct of the man whom he looks upon as his enemy."

Grace flew to her father, and putting her white and lovely arms about his neck, wept aloud upon his bosom.

"Father," said she, "notwithstanding my sorrow, I never felt proud until now."

"Why, darling?" asked her father.

"Because," she replied, and a bright gleam of high feeling shot from her very tears; "because I am the daughter of The M'Mahon—of the man who can give expression to such sentiments. Father, it cannot be that God will permit such a heart as yours to suffer long."

Miles O'Reilly wiped away a tear

as she spoke—so did the fosterer; but Miles having somewhat composed himself, said—

"M'Mahon Dhu, I feel to its full extent your generous magnanimity. I still offer myself as a hostage for the safety of your children."

"I will not accept it," said M'Mahon, raising himself from the settee; "I will not agree to your proposal, great-minded and generous as it is. No, so far from that, should your father even imbrue his hands in the blood of my children, I would not injure a hair of your head. When to-morrow's sun arises go in peace. And, dear Grace, let him partake of the hospitality of the castle."

"Well, then," said O'Reilly, "be it so. My presence at home may be more serviceable than it could be here. It will go hard with me, or I shall check my father's purposes, whatever they may be. Before I now leave you, however, I should wish to be placed face to face with the tutor of your children."

"I don't think he knew any thing of their disappearance," said the fosterer; "but still I *did* suspect him, and it is but right that he should be sent for."

The treacherous villain, however, seeing that young O'Reilly came to the castle, and conscious that he was acquainted with the interview which took place between himself and Miles's father, on the preceding evening, had disappeared. Every search was made for him, but in vain. He was gone, and not a trace of him could be discovered.

O'Reilly, for his own sake, and in order to spare his father as much as he could, simply said, that from the melancholy occurrences of the day, he felt certain that the tutor had betrayed his trust, and was at the bottom of the outrage. This intelligence, however, came too late, the perfidious miscreant had escaped.

CHAPTER V.

THE REWARD OF TREACHERY—THE TERRIBLE LETTER.

On the following morning, O'Reilly sat in his parlour, his face flushed after the preceding night's debauch, and the victory which he had obtained over his enemy. Whilst thus sitting and meditating over the vengeance which he was about to wreak upon

M'Mahon, a servant came to tell him that Brian M'Cawel (Campel) wished to speak with him.

"Well," said he, "let him come in."

In a few minutes the tutor entered, and presenting himself with a look

And they gird them with no good steel trusty,
And their harness is not hammer'd mail,
And their banners are not rent and dusty,
And they breathe no trumpets on the gale.

Yet their opposition keepeth ever
Generations wrapp'd in hatred blind ;
And a tongue hath been discover'd never
The interpreter of mind to mind.

Not the barbarous Danaw, or the Ister
Bound those nations that have not a name ;—
Sister looking in the eyes of sister,
Bending over one embroidery frame ;

Husband in the glory of his nature,
Fond and faithful to his pretty wife,
Yet for whom that girlish-hearted creature
Is not married to his inner life ;

Brothers in the cottage or the palace,
By the hearth of franklin or of king,
Quaffing red wine from one jewell'd chalice,
Scooping water from one silver spring.

Yet, the tribes are two—one doth inherit
Laws through whirling tides of knowledge sought,
And the science of man's proper spirit,
And the strange and subtle world of thought,

And the poet colours, won by dreamers
From high lights of truth, sublimely fair,
Like the splendour of the northern streamers'
Light that plays on ice-flakes high in air.

But the other is envassal'd rather
By the outward things of sense confined,
Little caring curious flowers to gather
On the difficult mountains of the mind.

Wherefore, if thou meetest, O, my brother !
Mortal whom thou understandest not,
I would charge thee by thy home and mother,
That thy spirit's anger kindle not.

Say not thot, " He only is a dredger
" In the ooze and mud of common-place ;
" Faithful to the red tape and the ledger,
" Five per cent. and turnips in his face.

" He is of the speculation-haters,
" By tense and fingers counts a poem out ;
" His theology is dress'd in gaiters,
" His polemic, brimstone and a shout.

" He is like the oyster as it liveth
" 'Mid the wonders of the sea-world's wealth—
" It the exuberance of ocean giveth
" Nothing but the painlessness of health.

"Well," said M'Mahon, "let him come in."

The man was admitted—presented the letter, and retired. M'Mahon opened it and read it; there was no one in the room but Grace, who was startled into terror by the frightful stare of her father.

"Dear father, what is the matter?" said she. "That letter contains some dreadful intelligence. Is it any thing about my brothers? Oh, tell me, father, do not keep me in suspense."

Her father's eyes were fixed upon her, but he saw her not. She passed to his side, but there was the long stare bent upon vacancy. At length he started up as if with all the energy of his youth, and was about to pass out of the room, when he tottered and fell, having just strength enough to exclaim—

"The fosterer, the fosterer, bring him, and let Con read it for him, or Art—either of them will read it for him; but it matters not—he can read it himself."

"Father, dear, do you not know," she replied, bursting into tears, "that neither Con nor Art is here?"

"The fosterer, the fosterer."

Grace ran out and called for Eman bane, who immediately came in, and seeing his master and friend lying on the floor, flew to him at once.

"Tiernah," said he, "what is this? What has happened?"

"I got you instructed," said M'Mahon; "I got you instructed, and you can read—read that."

"Not till I assist you to the settee," replied the fosterer; "let me help you up."

Having done so, "Eman," said M'Mahon, "collect my followers."

"First let me read the letter," replied Eman.

He then perused the letter, and his countenance fell.

"Tiernah," said he, "it is bad—it is treacherous—it is cruel—it is devilish; but if it can be any consolation to you to know it, know that if a single hair of my brothers' heads is touched, be he where he may—let him fly to the bowels of the earth—I will find him there; for, after such a double murder, he cannot remain in this country. I will pursue him, and neither shall rest nor sleep until I feel my skian in his treacherous and in-

human heart. Yes, collect your followers, that I shall do without loss of time. We shall attack his castle and rescue my brothers. What is the matter with you, the expression of your face is frightful? Tiernah, for Heaven's sake, compose yourself."

The fosterer might well have said so. M'Mahon was smiling; but such a smile was terrible to look at.

"I am calculating," said M'Mahon; "I am calculating—Con or Art, Art or Con."

"Tiernah, I know what you must feel, because I know the heart of your enemy; but still I thought you were a man."

"I am a man, Eman, but I am also a father. My children, my children!"

"Tiernah, I can scarcely give you consolation; only be composed. Before to-morrow's sun goes down we shall attack O'Reilly's castle, and save my brothers."

"Get me scales," said M'Mahon, in a state of frantic agony; "get scales, till I weigh their destiny—till I balance the lives of my children. Which shall it be, Con or Art, Art or Con? What! shall I become a traitor to Con, the first-born of my sons, the future head of his house, the noble boy who slew the wolf; and Art, my gentle Art, his mother's image, with the far-famed *Sheelah na Guira's* features on his countenance, my early love, that I won from the wiles of O'Reilly—no, no—help me, oh God—no, no;—but away all useless grief, I will act, I shall be a man. Come, I will lead my followers."

He again attempted to get up, but once more fell. "Ah," said he, "it cannot be. M'Mahon's strength is gone—they are lost."

"My dear father, no," replied Grace, in a state of convulsive agony little short of his own, "they are gone, but not lost. God will preserve them."

"Tiernah," said the fosterer, and he could scarcely speak; "Tiernah, if you could check your grief I would act; but how can I leave you in this state. Only try and be a man, and leave the rest to me."

"Ah, Eman, you never were a father. What would you feel in my circumstances, if you had two such sons as I have, and such a fate before them. Oh, for the strength I had, only for three days—*utrum horum*!—accursed

And they gird them with no good steel trusty,
And their harness is not hammer'd mail,
And their banners are not rent and dusty,
And they breathe no trumpets on the gale.

Yet their opposition keepeth ever
Generations wrapp'd in hatred blind ;
And a tongue hath been discover'd never
The interpreter of mind to mind.

Not the barbarous Danaw, or the Ister
Bound those nations that have not a name ;—
Sister looking in the eyes of sister,
Bending over one embroidery frame ;

Husband in the glory of his nature,
Fond and faithful to his pretty wife,
Yet for whom that girlish-hearted creature
Is not married to his inner life ;

Brothers in the cottage or the palace,
By the hearth of franklin or of king,
Quaffing red wine from one jewell'd chalice,
Scooping water from one silver spring.

Yet, the tribes are two—one doth inherit
Laws through whirling tides of knowledge sought,
And the science of man's proper spirit,
And the strange and subtle world of thought,

And the poet colours, won by dreamers
From high lights of truth, sublimely fair,
Like the splendour of the northern streamers'
Light that plays on ice-flakes high in air.

But the other is envassal'd rather
By the outward things of sense confined,
Little caring curious flowers to gather
On the difficult mountains of the mind.

Wherefore, if thou meetest, O, my brother !
Mortal whom thou understandest not,
I would charge thee by thy home and mother,
That thy spirit's anger kindle not.

Say not thot, " He only is a dredger
" In the ooze and mud of common-place ;
" Faithful to the red tape and the ledger,
" Five per cent. and turnips in his face.

" He is of the speculation-haters,
" By tense and fingers counts a poem out ;
" His theology is dress'd in gaiters,
" His polemic, brimstone and a shout.

" He is like the oyster as it liveth
" 'Mid the wonders of the sea-world's wealth—
" It the exuberance of ocean giveth
" Nothing but the painlessness of health.

to innocence and affection—I have you now, and out of my clutches you will not go until you give an account of The M'Mahon's children."

"I know not where either O'Reilly or the sons of M'Mahon are," replied the tutor, "but I wish I did. O'Reilly is a false and treacherous villain. Come aside, and let me speak to you—I will surprise you."

They went apart from those who accompanied them, and held a long conversation together; and when they arrived near Monaghan, the fosterer said—

"Go home, now; nothing more can be done this day. Let none of you go to the castle—bad news is not wanted there. I am going with Brian Campel into Monaghan. What may happen it is hard to say, but may God support The M'Mahon."

Thus rested matters until the next night, when a fresh messenger from O'Reilly arrived with another communication:—

"BLACK M'MAHON—I did not expect an answer to my first letter, because I wished to allow you time to decide as to which of your sons you wish to die. Send me now by this messenger the name of him you will save—Con or Art—Art or Con—*Utrum horum?* THE RED O'REILLY."

The fosterer's principal object now was to discover O'Reilly's retreat, because there he calculated the children would be found. To his lurking-place, however, he had no clue. But whilst meditating upon what should be done in this disastrous state of things, he bethought him of O'Reilly's letter—that terrible communication—which, by the way, he had in his possession; and it was known to him that the villain had allowed the unhappy father the space of three days during which he was to make his woful choice.

"Now," thought he, "this miscreant must necessarily send another letter, perhaps two; and it follows, of course, that the messenger who may bring them must return with the answer to the place where his vile employer is concealed. By watching and dogging him there, it is likely that I may find him. If I do, I ask no more."

"Father," said Grace, with a frightful paleness on her countenance; "here is another messenger from the Red O'Reilly."

The face of her father became overspread with such an expression of horror as caused his daughter to forget her own terrors. He put his two hands over his countenance, and uttered a groan that was heard almost throughout the castle.

"Read it, Grace," said he; "read it, for I cannot. Oh! no, no," he exclaimed, checking himself; "do not, do not; give it to me."

Grace had not been made acquainted with the dreadful alternative contained in the first communication, and she consequently was ignorant of the force of anguish which tortured the heart of her father—the fatal choice between his beloved sons. She handed him the letter, and he read it, but immediately laid himself back on the settee, closed his eyes, and clasped his hands with such a desperate energy that the joints of his fingers cracked aloud.

"Father," said Grace, running to him, "what is it? Is he going to kill my brothers? Oh, is there no one to save them? Will you not let me see the letter?"

He crumpled it up with anguish, placed it in his bosom, and replied—

"See it! my child; no!"

"Father, has he killed them?"

No, no; not—not—yet—no, Grace, he has not; nor he will not: oh, no! it could not be."

"The messenger awaits an answer, father. Speak fair and kindly to O'Reilly. You know he has my brothers in his power."

Her father started up, his countenance wild with that unsettled and indescribable vacancy which we often observe in the insane, especially in cases of phrenzy, where the contrast between the blazing eye and the mindless face is so painful and striking.

"Where is he?" said he. "Let me see him. Fetch him in. Let him come in."

When the messenger did come in, M'Mahon looked at him.

"Well," said he, "do you know the message you have brought me?"

"No, Tiernah," replied the man, "I do not."

"But I do, though. I am weak now, and very feeble. I know the message, but I am weak and feeble: that is all I can say now."

"The Red O'Reilly desired me, Tiernah, to bring him an answer; have you an answer to send him?"

Work their work with manliness of duty,
 Beautiful, where cares and sorrows come,
 With a quiet unobtrusive beauty,
 Poets and philosophers of home.

Nor say thou, whose narrower spirit taketh
 It's contentment in these common things,
 Of the thinker whose fine spirit shaketh
 Life's dust, like pollution, from its wings.

"Lo! he merely is a crazy poet,
 "Moonblind with his dreaming on the deck,
 "While his bark of fortune hath below it
 "Coral reefs enrich'd with many a wreck.

"Lo! I grant you he is pure and gentle—
 "Men in dreams do neither good nor harm—
 "Let him shake off fancies transcendental,
 "And exert the muscles of his arm.

"Tints by this poetical word-painter
 "Caught from Nature in her every form,
 "Make the music of a poem quainter,
 Can they feed us? Can they clothe and warm?

"Thou mistakest for a fact the Ideal—
 "As erewhile among the Isles of Greece,
 "Pictured bunches looked so purple real
 "That the bright birds peck'd the sunny piece.

"Take thy flimsy theories from the casket,
 "Let the sunlight look on thy brocade,
 "Set a price upon the stuffs, and ask it
 "From some knowing master of the trade."

Taunt not thus—the value of deep thinking,
 Not in carat nor broad piece is told—
 Well for thee, oh world, that some are drinking
 From the rare Platonic cups of gold.

For the icy air of these abstractions
 Is by birds of strongest pinion cross'd,
 Ever dropping earthward seeds of actions
 In the soil of history never lost.

And the setting in a ring poetic
 Of some kingly Koh-i-noor of thought,
 Of some pearl, pale, precious, and pathetic,
 From the sea of human suffering brought;

And the art that sheds a flush of beauty
 On the sad and solemn face of truth,
 Subtly winning to the side of duty
 All the passionate pulses of our youth;—

These are things that Adam's sons and daughters
 Cannot spare this work-day world of ours—
 Cannot spare the bread upon the waters
 Cast, returning after many hours.

O Two Tribes! ye shall have peace for ever,
 —But not here—and harmony untold,
 Workers pacing by the hill and river,
 Thinkers singing to the harps of gold!

"That is his own affair, not mine," replied the messenger.

"You must be very faithful to him when you could suffer him to commit such a dreadful crime as you now know he is bent on."

"Why should I not?" said the man, in a loud and stern voice, "*I am his fosterer.*"

"Oh," replied Eman, struck dumb for a space; "well, I have no more to say—good night."

"Good night," replied the other; and we were about to say—so they parted. So they did not part, however. The fosterer dogged him at a cautious distance, until he traced him for several miles, to a cave, in fact, in the Sliebeen Mountains that lie be-

tween the counties of Monaghan and Tyrone. This cave was subsequently selected by Shane Bearnah, a celebrated horse stealer, and one of Redmond O'Hanlan's gang, for the purpose of keeping his stolen horses in it, until he could get them disposed of, on which account it has been known from that period until this, as "*Shane Bearnah's Stables.*"

The fosterer had been aware, by common report, that this very spot was even then the occasional resort of a gang of robbers, whose feats were notorious in that part of the country. To that very spot he traced the bearer of O'Reilly's letter, and having ascertained the fact, he returned, after a weary trudge to the town of Monaghan.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

GRACE now found it necessary to exert all her fortitude in order to support her distracted father. The fosterer, who was capable of exercising more influence over him than any living being, had disappeared, and she alone was left to struggle with him under the terrific ordeal to which O'Reilly had subjected him. His temporary fits of insanity—for they were *only* temporary—were the insanity of the heart; but even these, dreadful as it was to her to witness them, were only merciful pauses in his misery. It was when he awoke, as it were out of them, that his agonies came upon him with such desolating power. Sleep had abandoned him, and his active imagination placed before him his beloved sons under the knife of the murderer. He had no doubt of O'Reilly's determination to keep his word; and it was the struggle in his heart, and the diabolical alternative left him, which drove his spirit into the terrible paroxysms of agony which he felt.

How he spent that night it would be useless and painful to attempt to describe. He sometimes fell into a silence that was dreadful, in consequence of the gloom of despair which overshadowed his heart. Sometimes he attempted to pray, but could not continue the prayer; sometimes he started up and demanded his arms, with a burst of triumphant laughter that frightened his attendants.

In this state he remained until after

dusk; the next night, when the third and last message reached him—a brother of the former messenger—that person from fear for his life having refused to go—came to demand his reply for the last time:

"BLACK M'MAHON—This is the last communication I shall send you. If you do not say by the bearer which of your sons you wish to save, I will slay both. *Utrum horum!*"

"THE RED O'REILLY."

When the messenger came before M'Mahon, the latter looked at him, and, after an effort, he simply said—

"Look into my face—I cannot do it—I cannot make such a choice. That is my answer."

The messenger withdrew, but the father shouted out in anguish—

"What have I done? I have slain both my children—call him back—let it be Con—let it be Con."

Grace's grief was loud and vehement.

"What have I said?" exclaimed the father; "which did I doom—was it Con—Con my noble boy, who slew the wolf—who was to be the head of my house, and the chief representative of my name—my noble, my darling boy—Oh! no, no—let it be Art—let it be Art—send for the messenger—bring him back."

The man returned and said, "Tier-nah, you wished to speak to me."

"Yes," said M'Mahon, "yes—I have two sons, and one of them must die—yes; well, let it be Art."

"Oh!" said Grace, in a paroxysm of anguish, "Art, my gentle brother; Art, my mother's favourite."

"What is it?" said the father; "what is it? what did I say?"

"Oh, father!" she replied, "you changed from Con to Art."

"To Art—is it my gentle Art—did I doom him?"

He seemed to arouse himself a little, and then said—

"Follower of O'Reilly, I have no answer. I cannot make the choice your master wishes—depart—that is my reply."

"Tiernah," said the man, bursting into tears, "don't blame me for bringing such a message. Among all his followers he could not get any one to deliver it but my brother and myself; but we are his fosterers; I pray God to have compassion on you, and to change my master's heart."

He then took his departure without an answer.

"Grace," said her father, after the man had gone; "come to me—whisper, I have murdered *one* of my children, and I don't know which. I have murdered *both*. But listen, Grace, I could not make the choice; only God's will be done. Now, I will lock myself in, and no person shall be with me for the night. For this night I shall be alone, because I feel that I am beyond the reach of consolation."

Accompany us to the cave in the Sliebeen Mountains, to which O'Reilly, with his innocent victims, made his retreat. The villain, with a cruelty more than satanic, had made them acquainted with their fate. They are both asleep, with their arms intertwined about each other's necks. Their bed was a couch of heather, and they were not undressed. O'Reilly approached them with a torch of bog fir in one hand and a sharp Irish skean in the other. He contemplated them for a time, and if they could have seen the frightful and murderous visage of the ruffian who stood over them, they would have given up all hope. As he looked at them, Con, who appeared to have been dreaming, said—

"Don't be afraid, Art, my father will save us."

"Yea," replied Art, not actually awake; "my father—my father—oh, when will we be with him?" And again they both sank into repose.

"They are sound," said O'Reilly,

in the low deep voice of murder; "and which of them shall I select? Let me see—Con, the eldest, is the image of his father, and Art, the youngest, of his mother—*Sheelah na Guira*—the only woman I ever loved—well, be it so, my mind is made up—there is one drop of humanity still in my heart, and it will save ~~him~~ *her* for her sake—I will not murder Art. But it is too soon—my messenger has not returned—and after all I shall be guided by *his* choice. The one whom he selects for preservation is the one whose life I shall take—for that will deepen my vengeance. I will wait. In an hour or two the messenger will arrive."

He accordingly withdrew. When the last messenger had gone—without an answer—M'Mahon closeted himself in his chamber. He now wrapped himself up in the darkness of his own spirit. He brooded over the fate of his children under the influence of a deadly stupor. Grace, however, told the servants to watch him; for it must be confessed that although suicide was then a rare crime amongst the Irish, she was not without some vague apprehensions. They, consequently, stood outside his bedroom door, listening to whatever utterance of grief might issue from his lips. They listened, however, in vain. A dead and solemn silence prevailed in the room—except a low and subdued groan at long intervals.

In this state we leave him, and return to O'Reilly and the children in the cave. It was morning—day had dawned—but the darkness of the cave rendered the light of a strong torch necessary. His messenger had arrived, who entreated him with tears to spare the children.

"Tiernah," said he, "if you had seen M'Mahon as I have seen him—weak and ill, with his face of sorrow and despair—you would hold your hand, and not commit murder on the innocent. I am your fosterer, so is my brother; but in the presence of God—if there is no other to do it—I will hang you on the highest gibbet that ever a sheriff put up for a murderer."

O'Reilly's skean was instantly out, and the fosterer was obliged to fly.

"Now," said he, "for the moment of vengeance. I don't care about the vision of my wife last night. She came to me—or something in her shape—and raising her arm, said, do

not commit murder ; and then, after warning me again by her hand, she disappeared. I am not the fool to listen to such nonsense. I have but one feeling, and that is revenge upon M'Mahon. It is not the property—the ten townlands—it is not his triumph over me in single combat. No—these are nothing—but it is the fact that he won from me the heart of the Maguire's daughter. Yes—he has sent me no answer, and one of them *shall* die. I wish I knew which of them he would save ; but I think I will save Art for his mother's sake."

When he approached the heather couch on which they lay, he still found them asleep. A touch of the skean, however, awakened them.

"I wish you to get up," said he ; "I am going to take one of your lives."

The children started, and Con said, "Red O'Reilly, why?"

"It is useless to tell you," he replied ; "but my determination is made."

"Well," said Art, starting up, "I am ready to die—take me, but spare Con. Con is my father's favourite."

"It is not so," said Con ; "Art is the image of my mother, and my father on that account loves him far more than me. At all events I would give up fifty lives to save Art's—spare his and take mine. You know not how our father loves him."

"No," said Art, "I am nothing—send my brother Con safe home, and I will die happy. Red O'Reilly, save my brother Con, for he is the hope of our father's house."

"Which of you," said O'Reilly, with a stern and determined look ; "which of you does your father love best?"

"Con, Con," replied Art, "he loves best, and beyond all of us—either Grace or me—oh, spare him."

"No," said his brother ; "if you take me, my father will get over it ; but if you take Art, he will die—it will break his heart. My mother is dead, and Art is all that remains to keep her before him—he is her image."

"I will take Con," said O'Reilly ; "and Art, I will spare you for your mother's sake."

He raised his hand, and the sharp skean was uplifted to descend into the heart of Con, when Art threw

himself between the weapon and his victim. O'Reilly paused. "I will not kill you," he said ; "but you must stand aside." And as he spoke, with his powerful arm he flung Art back upon the heather couch. "Now," said he, "for vengeance."

"It is well," said Con, bending himself to the blow ; "I am satisfied now that you have spared my brother. Art, kiss me before I die."

"No," said O'Reilly ; "you now die."

His hand was raised, and the skean pointed at the boy's heart, when he felt his arm arrested, and the voice of the fosterer, Eman, exclaimed—

"Villain, you are too late ;" and as he spoke, the cave was crowded with soldiers.

"Oh, Art," said Con, "here is the fosterer to save us."

"Yes," replied the sterling-hearted Eman ; "here I am to save you, but more than that, here I am to secure the murderer of Father Campel."

"Soldiers," said the tutor, advancing ; "secure him—I am witness of the murder, but not the only witness—there is another."

O'Reilly's arm fell.

"Ah," said he, "the crash is come at last, but I expected it, and am prepared for it."

He was immediately arrested, had his hands bound, was deprived of his skean, and in that position was marched to the gaol of Monaghan.

That night in M'Mahon's room was silence, solemn, dreadful. About nine o'clock the next morning there came a knock to the door, and the voice of the fosterer was about to speak, when M'Mahon was heard giving the death-song of his children :—

THE DEATH-SONG OF M'MAHON FOR HIS CHILDREN.

"The time of the bards is gone. I had two sons ; have I *two* ? have I *one* ? Perhaps the hand of the murderer has been upon them—but I will sing their death-song, for I know that he (O'Reilly) will not allow them to escape his vengeance. It is through them, my innocent children, that he wishes to pierce their father's heart. My son Con, and my son Art, how could I decide between you ? The father's heart could not do it. They were my companions—my Con with

her modeller's studio, thence to illustrate and to enlarge our remarks upon the strange promise which the training of American realism is making to the ideal, in plastic no less than in poetic and other fictive art. Rebel at home against American monotony, the American artist will not, even in Rome, wear the shackles of conventionalism. See there, amongst his earlier efforts, a wolf, which is not the savage nurse of Romulus, but the familiar terror of our nursery days, eyeing Red Ridinghood herself—hunger scarcely glozed over with deceit of flattery. Then there is Hero, still in girlish form, lifting a torch, which shows an agony in the sweet eyes of the watcher, whose dainty naked feet are set upon the sand of that cruel Hellespont. Draped severely, in the close bodice and skirt of a German maiden, lifelike in the play of her delicate fingers plucking the divining-flower of lovers, ghost-like in the pensive droop of her eyelids and the slim outline of her shadowy frame, Faust's injured Marguerite stands innocent as yet. Heavy fall the mallet-strokes on chisels, searching out the tawny terrors of the Egyptian's panther-beauty from the marble block:—that is the Cleopatra, whom our author has shown to you. Now push open the little swinging door that guards the inner studio. You shall almost start and draw back your foot before the towering height and passionate energy of her who lifts one hand to heaven for help, and in the other grasps a scimitar. She is no Greek: you see it by one glance at the bold arch under which quiver nostrils breathing vengeance. Clytemnestra prayed not so when Ægistheus was to strike. She is no Roman either. Lucretia looked not up, but down along the sword, shame blending with savage indignation before she buried it hilt-deep in the breast a Tarquin's touch had soiled. The widow of Manasseh knows nor Clytemnestra's willing nor Lucretia's forced ignominy. Hebrew Judith looks up and prays before her woman's arm deals the dread execution-blow upon the tyrant, drunk with wine, and lust, and blood.

Now this William Story, to whom a few short years in Italy have furnished time to master so much of that hard craft which teaches artist-

fingers to give substance to the visions of an artist-brain: this William Story, "whom," his countryman is not too bold to say, "his country and the world will not long fail to appreciate"—he is not only a graceful poet and literary critic—such accomplishments are helps, not hindrances, to development of an artistic power—but he is, in all sober seriousness, a New England barrister!

An only son, he inherits from his father more than a mere name illustrious in the annals of jurisprudence. If his early successful career at the bar be no fallacious token, the fascination of the artist power and life has robbed the American bench of a second Justice Story. He fills up still a portion of his laborious life with editing the judgments and decisions of his honoured father's admirable legal science. His is, beyond a doubt, a mind and temper in that revolt of which the critic speaks: but mark the significant circumstance: true to an English origin, true to the United-Statesman's political tradition, the disloyalty of such a rebel is loyal, after all—loyal in the word's truest sense—never lawless, even in full rebellion.

Is not this symptomatic? May not this be the complex characteristic of a whole order of imaginative, ideal, poetical, artistic minds, wherewith it may be designed that America shall yet enrich most bountifully the life-blood of the nations? Unless a man have a very narrow, bigoted nationalism in his soul—a prejudice, not a patriotism—must he not wish it may be so? The least attractive of American peculiarities are often justly said to be exaggerations of our own; and, beholding them, we may righteously take no little of their shame to our own selves. Shall we not, then, righteously count it as an honour and a joy to us if, out of what are some of our own intellectual and mental deficiencies, we shall see spring up, in spite of, nay, almost in virtue of, repression and discouragement, bolder, grander, fuller, more varied, developments of æsthetical taste and power?

And truly marvellous is the display of both in this rare book of Monte Beni. Display, indeed, is not the word. In reading it, a sense is brought upon the mind, rather than a sight shown it. There is plenty of de-

scriptive power, minute and life-like. Witness, for instance, that "drawing from the round," as artists say, of the Faun's Greek statue, which quickened the germ of this whole strange conception in the romancer's mind; witness the wild animation of the dance under shadow of the Borg-hese pines, as classical as if Poussin had drawn, as natural as if Turner had painted, as grotesque as if Callot had etched, as fantastic as if Hoffman had dreamed it; witness the mobile shiftings of the moist clay beneath the sculptor's fingers when he models, in the old keep among the Apennines, the bust of its mysterious master; witness the pale golden gleams which shine out of the glass of choice Tuscan wine, the perfume of which escapes and scents the air and flavours our very palate as we read how Kenyon sipped it; witness, again, the contrast between the humming fuss and bustle of the gay marketing crowd on the piazza of Perugia, with the solemn, placid permanence of the act of benediction by the Pope in bronze. But for witness we might transcribe the book. Yes, the man of letters has mused amongst the men of plastic and pictorial art, with kindred thought and feeling; then made his letters do, with marvellous facility and grace and energetic force, what they demand of clay and marble, pigment and canvas to do for them.

Still we say, that in reading this romance, a sense rather than a sight is present to the mind. Giving up ourselves to feel, rather than rousing ourselves to look, we own, most unreservedly, the magic of the writer's art. When he demands of us to see or hear with him, we sometimes rebel against what seems to be the forgetfulness of his observation, until it turns out to be an apparent contradiction, caused, perhaps, in part, by its minuteness. Thus, for instance, when he bids us take note that the "Italian climate robs age of its reverence"—when he tells us that "in Italy, whenever man has once hewn a stone, Nature forthwith relinquishes her right to it, and never lays her finger on it again"—when he assures us that "not the Coliseum, nor the tombs of the Appian Way, nor the oldest pillar in the Forum, nor any other Roman ruin, ever gives the im-

pression of venerable antiquity which we gather, along with the ivy, from the gray walls of an English Abbey," forthwith our indelible recollections of Rome rise to remonstrate. He has forgotten, we say, how grass, and shrubs, and flowers make a wild parterre of those vaulted basements whence the stone steps of the Coliseum have been stripped. He has forgotten how Cæcilia Metella's rounded tomb is draped with semi-mournful hangings of dark ivy. He forgets how maiden's hair, hart's tongue, and other ferns, with mosses and with lichens loving moisture, cling about the arches of long aqueducts, or the marble figures from whose arms the Roman fountains gush. But presently we find each one of these particulars enumerated—not one forgotten. All that he meant was, at risk of seeming contradiction, to recall or to produce the just impression made by the sharpness of a cornice, the polish of a marble shaft, the compactness of a brickwork set up against a clear bright sky that here and there has spared to disintegrate the handiwork of builders who, twenty centuries ago, themselves have crumbled into dust.

So it is, when, by the rushing tumble of the water into the great fantastic basin of the Trevi, he points a contrast by the question—"If we had this waterpower in one of our American cities, would they employ it to turn the machinery of a cotton mill, I wonder?" Again for a moment a fractious reminiscence is aroused. We call to mind how we stood by the Aqua Paolina, above the sacred legendary spot where San Pietro in Montorio marks the place of the martyrdom of Cephias. We stood, and mused, and gazed upon the panorama of Rome outspread beneath us, and let the ear be soothed by the full deep music of the noble falling stream. Then were we aware of an artisan in shirt sleeves, tucked up to let the indigo-dyed forearm free. An odour of oil was on him, and he was dusted with the demon-dust of shoddy. "Di quà, Signor, di quà. E vi farò vedere grande bell' cosa, si!" Whereon he leads us, coy but curious, down a flight of steps where ponderous water-wheels set cloth mills spinning, and Transteverine girls' fingers set teazle-heads in frames. What more could Mr. Hawthorne's Yankee fellow-

his black locks, and Art with his fair hair—his beloved mother's—the love of my heart—Sheelah na Guira. Often have we walked into the fields, and gone so far as the green woods of Truagh, and they ran about me like lambs—they were so in innocence—they were the sons of my wife, Sheelah na Guira. They loved me with an equal love—Con, the bold and brave, Con, who slew the wolf, from whom all the country ran,—and Art, the gentle, yet with the heart of a lion—oh, have our hours of affection passed away for ever? Shall I never see my loving children again? Oh, Con, son of my heart, where are you? Oh, Art, son of my heart, and of your mother's, where are you? You are both stricken, innocent victims, by the hand of the murderer, and I was unable to assist you. It is now too late—nothing is left me but desolation and despair, my boys have fallen, and I am without a son. The M'Mahon's family is extinct. I care not now for life. I am willing to die, but my heart must speak, and it now utters the death-song of my children."

"Tiernah, will you open the door?" said Eman, after he had heard him chant the death-song; "I have glad tidings for you, I have saved your children—I have saved my brothers."

The door was opened, and M'Mahon presented himself.

"What is this?" exclaimed the fosterer. "Your hair, that was when I saw you last, as black as the wing of the raven, is now as white as snow. What must you not have suffered? but it is all over now; your children, my brothers, are safe."

M'Mahon put his hand to his head, and turned over to a looking-glass, where he surveyed himself for a moment.

"Yes," said he, "this is O'Reilly's work, he has kept his word, I am now the 'White M'Mahon.' But, fosterer, my children?"

"Here we are, father," said the united voices of Con and Art; "here we are."

M'Mahon loved his children with a tenderness of affection unequalled; yet, before his embrace of them, and before all other considerations, he extended his arms, and exclaimed, "Fos-

terer, come to my heart." His tears fell fast upon the face of the affectionate and noble young man. "But now," said he, "for my children," and immediately they were in his arms. The revulsion of feeling, however, the change from despair to ecstasy was too strong. He tottered and fell, and became unconscious. The elements of life and hope, however, were in him, and he soon recovered.

About three weeks after that day, there was an execution in the town of Monaghan. The felon was the Red O'Reilly, who was to be hanged for the murder of the priest, but that was not his only crime. He had placed himself at the head of a crew of robbers, whose chief resort was the cave in the Sliebeen mountains. He had been, in fact, their chief, and derived in a great degree, his prodigal mode of living from their rapacity. Many persons wondered how a man with such limited means could live so extravagantly as he did, and strong suspicions had long been abroad.

The day of his execution having arrived, he stood upon the gibbet, looking with a stern and contemptuous expression over the crowd that had assembled to witness a fate in which they all felt satisfaction. He stood upon the gibbet, looking with scorn upon the crowd about him, when he observed a man passing through it, as if unwilling to witness the spectacle which was about to take place. He accosted the man, and said—

"I think I do not look upon the *Black M'Mahon, now.*"

"No," replied the other, taking off his barrad, and baring his head; "I am no longer the *Black M'Mahon.* You have fulfilled your prophecy—this is your work; but listen, I came not here to see you die the death of a felon. Pray to God, and ask his forgiveness. O'Reilly, after all the agony you have made me suffer, I forgive you, but I told you I would see you dangle from a gibbet, and I only feel sorry that *my* prophecy is as true as *yours.*"

The brave and magnanimous son of O'Reilly, Miles, was eventually married to Grace M'Mahon, and all dissensions between the families were buried in oblivion.

THE WORLD'S TWO TRIBES—OR THE WORKER AND THE THINKER.

A FRAGMENT OF A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

PART I.

ALL night long the wild winds may do battle
On the seas that sever many lands ;
All night long the chariot-wheels may rattle
Of the billows, unto different strands.

More unlike than is the crown'd Palmyra
To the fir of some Norwegian mast,
That hath seen the frost-flush'd heav'n all fiery,
With its roses roll'd before the blast.

More unlike is nation unto nation—
We may spring from the primeval eight,
Yet the earth is full of indignation,
Feoffs of old hereditary hate.

O, ye wild winds, set your war in order,
Screaming fiercer ululation out !
O, ye billows, seek your separate border,
With a mightier passion in your shout.

Be the dusk face wreath'd with white silk turban,
Grimlier sooted by the summer blaze,
Yet more diverse from the features urban,
Chalk'd and yellowing in our crowded ways.

Let a chorus of the tongues of Babel
Raise more hideous hubbub than we hear—
Let all human fingers that are able
Do the harness on, and couch the spear.

Yea, the wild winds whistle in their anger ;
But, behold ! the merchantman doth come—
To the green earth men greet well the stranger,
Not with roll of musketry and drum.

And the cheek that wears another colour
From the white and red rose of our race—
All the crowing nursery waxes duller,
When our children miss the dear dark face.

And the marvellous music intertangled
In the ravell'd web of alien speech ;
Love sets right the sweet bells that are jangled,
Finds out lines of gold, a plan in each !

And the foes that fought upon the mountain
Ere the eve beside the brook may stand ;
Lap, like Gideon's warriors, from one fountain,
Grip each other by the bloody hand.

More unlike than nation is to nation,
Are two tribes I see upon this earth—
But no silver line of demarcation
Runs the sea betwixt their place of birth.

And they gird them with no good steel trusty,
And their harness is not hammer'd mail,
And their banners are not rent and dusty,
And they breathe no trumpets on the gale.

Yet their opposition keepeth ever
Generations wrapp'd in hatred blind ;
And a tongue hath been discover'd never
The interpreter of mind to mind.

Not the barbarous Dapaw, or the Ister
Bound those nations that have not a name ;—
Sister looking in the eyes of sister,
Bending over one embroidery frame ;

Husband in the glory of his nature,
Fond and faithful to his pretty wife,
Yet for whom that girlish-hearted creature
Is not married to his inner life ;

Brothers in the cottage or the palace,
By the hearth of franklin or of king,
Quaffing red wine from one jewell'd chalice,
Scooping water from one silver spring.

Yet, the tribes are two—one doth inherit
Laws through whirling tides of knowledge sought,
And the science of man's proper spirit,
And the strange and subtle world of thought,

And the poet colours, won by dreamers
From high lights of truth, sublimely fair,
Like the splendour of the northern streamers'
Light that plays on ice-flakes high in air.

But the other is envassal'd rather
By the outward things of sense confined,
Little caring curious flowers to gather
On the difficult mountains of the mind.

Wherefore, if thou meetest, O, my brother !
Mortal whom thou understandest not,
I would charge thee by thy home and mother,
That thy spirit's anger kindle not.

Say not thot, " He only is a dredger
" In the ooze and mud of common-place ;
" Faithful to the red tape and the ledger,
" Five per cent. and turnips in his face.

" He is of the speculation-haters,
" By tense and fingers counts a poem out ;
" His theology is dress'd in gaiters,
" His polemic, brimstone and a shout.

" He is like the oyster as it liveth
" 'Mid the wonders of the sea-world's wealth—
" It the exuberance of ocean giveth
" Nothing but the painlessness of health.

"O'er it calms at midday set aringing
"All the bells upon the dancing buoy,
"When the tide upon the reef is singing
"In a sylver ecstasy of joy.

"O'er it sweeps the Atlantic all in motion,
"To the white moon, like a poet's wit—
"The fine passion of the pale green ocean,
"Stirs no pulse of sympathy in it.

"It is shrin'd in a majestic chapel,
"With a richer dome than painted glass,
"Hues which burning dawns and sunsets dapple
"On the glowing waters as they pass.

"But it heeds not all the pomp and passion,
"All the form and music of the foam,
"Blindly happy in its shell-fish fashion,
"Fattening so much daily in its home.

"Ah! you say, it does its little duty,
"Bivalve most respectable and fat,
"Pays attention to its bearded beauty,
"Laudable for patties—and all that!

"Such is he—this earth is fair and solemn
"As a temple of the Lord of Hosts,
"Ever breaks on many a massive column
"The great sea that rolleth to its coasts.

"Sweeps the spirit of the world in motion,
"And the ages are its glimmering waves;
"Manifold the echoes of that ocean
"To be heard in Thought's eternal caves.

"Finest lights of poetry are shifting
"On those wondrous waters evermore.
"Sounds most rare and musical are drifting
"To the bays of that gold-sanded shore.

"But he heeds not that tempestuous sweeping
"With divinest gladness onward whirl'd,
"And he sees not what rare lights are sleeping
"On the wondrous waters of this world.

"Good and useful in his generation,
"Ah! I dare say he is good enough;
"But the man has no imagination,
"And he worships such exploded stuff."

Say not thus—these unreflecting mortals
All inapt to sail away at large
On the sea, beyond the sunset's portals,
With a cloud of purple for a barge,

Little skill'd to read the tangled writing
On the wall of man's mysterious mind;
Ignorant of the subtle links uniting
The Unseen and Absolute to our kind,

Work their work with manliness of duty,
 Beautiful, where cares and sorrows come,
 With a quiet unobtrusive beauty,
 Poets and philosophers of home.

Nor say thou, whose narrower spirit taketh
 It's contentment in these common things,
 Of the thinker whose fine spirit shaketh
 Life's dust, like pollution, from its wings.

"Lo! he merely is a crazy poet,
 "Moonblind with his dreaming on the deck,
 "While his bark of fortune hath below it
 "Coral reefs enrich'd with many a wreck.

"Lo! I grant you he is pure and gentle—
 "Men in dreams do neither good nor harm—
 "Let him shake off fancies transcendental,
 "And exert the muscles of his arm.

"Tints by this poetical word-painter
 "Caught from Nature in her every form,
 "Make the music of a poem quainter,
 Can they feed us? Can they clothe and warm?

"Thou mistakest for a fact the Ideal—
 "As erewhile among the Isles of Greece,
 "Pictured bunches looked so purply real
 "That the bright birds peck'd the sunny piece.

"Take thy flimsy theories from the casket,
 "Let the sunlight look on thy brocade,
 "Set a price upon the stuffs, and ask it
 "From some knowing master of the trade."

Taunt not thus—the value of deep thinking,
 Not in carat nor broad piece is told—
 Well for thee, oh world, that some are drinking
 From the rare Platonic cups of gold.

For the icy air of these abstractions
 Is by birds of strongest pinion cross'd,
 Ever dropping earthward seeds of actions
 In the soil of history never lost.

And the setting in a ring poetic
 Of some kingly Koh-i-noor of thought,
 Of some pearl, pale, precious, and pathetic,
 From the sea of human suffering brought;

And the art that sheds a flush of beauty
 On the sad and solemn face of truth,
 Subtly winning to the side of duty
 All the passionate pulses of our youth;—

These are things that Adam's sons and daughters
 Cannot spare this work-day world of ours—
 Cannot spare the bread upon the waters
 Cast, returning after many hours.

O Two Tribes! ye shall have peace for ever,
 —But not here—and harmony untold,
 Workers pacing by the hill and river,
 Thinkers singing to the harps of gold!

AMERICAN IMAGININGS.

A RARE book is this romance of Monte Beni. We have already heard it stigmatised as an anachronism; but it is anachronous only in such sense as a work of irregular imagination must always appear to some minds, when, instead of creating a wholly fictitious present in which to let the creatures of his imagination manifest their being, or instead of removing them at once into a ghost-like past, the writer dares to introduce these flagrant contradictions of all ordinary experience into the atmosphere of our own ordinary time, and place, and life. Perhaps, however, this word "ordinary" requires qualification. Time and place, and not a little of the manner of life assumed in this highly fantastic work are definite and real—appear, in a certain sense, familiar to many of its readers. So real and familiar that we, to whom they are so, find it hard to conceive of the aspect which the book may assume in the eyes of those who have never grown into such familiarity.

Some of them, perhaps, for want of it, may be disposed all the more readily to give entertainment, without questioning, to all the strangeness of the mood in which the writer would have them read his writing. If they have a ready-built Rome in their own fancy, itself is fantastic, and may be legitimately peopled with the most fantastic beings whom another's fancy shall send walking through its air-built streets. If they have none, the congruity is even more complete. The romance builds and peoples their Rome for them all of a piece. It may be that both shall surrender themselves with more docile and complete surrender to the fictive spell than we can do, and find in a fuller enjoyment the reward of their docility. It may be that they shall struggle against it, or simply remain indifferent to its charm, because it appeals to no associations; thus shall the book appear to them a mere wild, lawless fantasy, and shall repel them altogether.

With us—not the editorial "us," but us, in whom a thousand memories are quickened, a thousand associations roused; who find contradiction or confirmation given to foregone conclusions wrought out in face of the self-same suggestive objects as have wrought upon our author's mind—with us, as it would seem, the case must needs be different. We agree, or we dissent, more heartily; and either way we read with a distaste or relish of a more definite kind, with a more personal, an almost selfish, interest.

"We did our Rome," shall one class of such readers say, "and we saw Mr. Hawthorne's Yankees doing it. We found a good deal of disenchantment there; and Transatlantic disenchanters proved not the least potent spell-breakers. We were in the artist's studio, when entered in unto him that Chicago democrat who asked—'Sirree, air you the man who carves monnymints?' We overheard him issue his imperious order for 'a marble pyramid, sir, with a sphere a-top, and me a-standin' a-top of the sphere, with my left leg foremost, and my arm stuck aout; in my own dress-coat and pants, I calculate, and none o' yer togeys or stuff, sir!'"

We were in the 'Bracchio Nuovo' at the Vatican when Zedekiah P. Quashings, Esq., of Flokeysville, Mass., U.S., remarked in a loud 'over' rather than 'under'-tone to Senator Alphonso Pockles—"Stone gals is all very well! Guess they should see the gals to Lowell!"

We were meditating, ourselves, within the grim circle of the Coliseum in a midnight silence, unbroken save by an owl's hooting, when burst in suddenly the voice of the beautiful Zenobia Higgs—"Oh my! let's have a game at gladi-yaters. Reckon I'll be the fair maiden, and Mr. Jefferson Boggs shall be the wy-ild beast!"

It's too bad that after all this and more—after all the wearisome round of conflict with the petty knaveries of Italians, as well as the petty vulgari-

ties of Yankee tourists, that we, heartsick even in memory of custodi, ciceroni, facchini, sacristani, locandieri, trattori, should be dragged back amongst them, willy-nilly, to take an interest in a murder done upon one of those unkempt, unshorn, unsavoury, painter's "modelli" for the sake of a gipsy queen (*quære*, "quean") out of the Ghetto—and that by an idiot, whose chief peculiarity seems to have lain in having pointed ears, and, perhaps, a tail. There was no need of Mr. Hawthorne's classical extravaganzas to account for his possession of them if they existed. Other rustic creatures besides fauns have tails and pointed ears. His idiot's name, by its first syllable, 'Don,' might have given him another 'key' to the interpretation.

Those who shall sneer so, shall sneer perhaps on provocation; slight, however, and such as they shall not be pardoned for yielding to so readily. Yankee tourists have, undoubtedly, their own vulgarities; uncouth, maybe, but not more vulgar than those displayed at times abundantly by visitors to Rome from the old mother country. Listen to a brace of artists—one from the western, another from our side of the Atlantic—comparing notes upon the average cultivation of their respective countrymen who visit studios, and make their luckless inmates pay the price of perpetual endurance of platitudes, in hopes that a Mæcenæ may crop up from the crowd. You will not find so much difference as in your Old World prejudice you might have counted on. Open your own ears and eyes upon the gallery-gazers, when you are at home enough in the galleries not to grudge each moment's earnest attention robbed from their gems; they shall see insular sights and hear insular sounds, grotesque enough, among the pure Great British. Not always will the open, indispensable, red "Murray" save "Poppœa Neronis" from being set down as despairing Hecuba, or a "gladiator and strigil," as Mark Anthony at the Battle of Actium.

Linguistic no less than artistic, ignorance, will often bring about scenes and conversations most incongruous and absurd.

A lady friend of ours sat, one day, copying a predella of Raphael's. It

was a closed day at the Vatican, and she there by special favour. As she plied her brushes, she overheard one of the old custodians of the gallery lecturing a subordinate on his obstinate confusion of great painters' names.

"Che bestia!" quoth he, "how many times, pig-headed one, must I repeat that his name who painted yonder picture was Benozzo Gozzoli; and every miserable day that shines I hear you tell the foreigners Malozzo Gazzoli! Ma-loz-zo Gaz-zo-li forsooth! Be-noz-zo Goz-zo-li, ti dico, bestia eh?"

"Malozzo, Melozzo, Benozzo, Banno! It's all one to those forestieri, my good sir!" remonstrated the underling to his superior's loud objurgation. "Ah, those forestieri! che secatura! What prodigious bores! I ask you a little, what use there is in pronouncing names right for them? Hear a bit! There comes one to me yesterday—no, the day before—as I lean my back upon the rail of this very picture here. He nudges me; and when I turn towards the picture says, 'Tiziano morto' (Titian's dead.) 'Sicuro che e morto, sono secoli,'" I answer. (Dead as a door-nail! I believe you, these centuries!) 'No! no! no!' cries that astonishing forestiere, shaking his head, till its red whiskers quiver. 'Perdona, signor, e morto, si, mortissimo!' (dead and buried and done for, I assure ye, and no mistake.) 'No! no! no!—non e questo!' persists that fool of a forestiere. Well! he stares hard at the picture, and holds his tongue a bit. By-and-by he nudges me again; and then, by way of a change, he says:—'Tiziano e sucido,' (Titian is filthy.) 'Misericordia, signor forestiere, sucido! che porcheria,' (Titian filthy, sir! What vile trash is this?) But I could make nothing of him; he kept wagging his sandy whiskers, saying, 'Si! si! si!' What's the use of explaining art to foreigners, who first say Titian's dead: then contradict it, and say he's filthy?"

Poor puzzled Briton, and indignant guardian of the Fine Arts! All he had meant to say was, probably, that the colouring was somewhat faded and dim, as it really happens to be in that one specimen of the master of gorgeous hues.

Stroll out beneath the ruined arch

of Drusus, on and away to the grot of the solitary nymph—think to commune with your own spirit's fancied Egeria to the monotonous cadence of the water dripping into her mossy well. There is a rattle of knives and forks to repel you, with popping of frequent corks; but the burr of broad Scotch, or the mellifluous rolling of a sturdy brogue, will dominate the laughter and the chattering as often as the nasal Transatlantic drawl. "Pic-nics at Egeria" are peculiar to no one special branch of the great Anglo-Celto-Saxon race. But this much is certain—that no man, who has yet penned his complex impressions of a visit to the mysterious city in the English tongue, has done it after so strange and yet so natural, so comprehensive and yet so eccentric a fashion as the American author of the "Scarlet Letter." The critic who, in the columns of the *Times*, has recited rather than reviewed the enigmatical romance before us is quite right, we take it, in apprehending that we have here the natural outgrowth, not merely of one individual mind of marked idiosyncrasy, but possibly the first-fruits of a great harvest of imaginative literature, to burst forth from underneath the cold, colourless mantle of the American education of the poet's mind, as rapid, gorgeous, varied, and fantastic, as the outburst and bloom of floweringshrubs and grasses when the forward American summer overleaps the spring, and melts its wintry snows, and warms all underneath into an instantaneous life.

"There is a peculiar type," he justly remarks, "of the American mind, which is strongly in revolt against American utilities, and which is predisposed, by the very monotony of its surroundings, to hues of contrast and attitudes of antagonism. We have seen the manifestation of this revolt in Edgar Poe, and even in Longfellow and Washington Irving. This impulse induces them to become vagrants in imagination and reality, tourists in the old world of Europe, dreamers and artificers in the older world of poetry and romance; and the contrast of that to which they attach themselves, as compared with that which they fly from, is more stimulating than early association with such influences is to us." We subscribe to

every word of this; but we would add what, we believe, the writer has omitted for this cause only, that he has not witnessed recently upon the spot the working influence of the poetic artist life of Rome upon the minds of that class of Americans whose peculiarities have not escaped the shrewdness of his observation. And what we would thus add is this—that these revolting, imaginative Americans are, in increasing numbers, "dreamers and artificers" elsewhere than in the literary world of "poetry" and of "romance." Mr. Hawthorne's book, indeed, might almost save us the trouble of pointing out how busily, and with what promise of excellence, his fellow-countrymen are, not only dreaming, but embodying dreams in the old world region of art. But, although in his preface he has honestly endeavoured to make this plain, readers unfamiliar with the Rome of to-day might overlook his restitution to real artists of their works borrowed for his fictitious artist's use; or they might pardonably fail to understand that, in making restitution thus, he meant to restore their works to them unstripped of those attributes of excellence which deck them in the romance. To make our meaning definite and plain, we will make free, as he has done, with one name in especial. He has a chapter, in his first volume, entitled "Cleopatra." In his preface he has righteously restored what there he styles, in simple prefatory prose, this "magnificent statue," to its real, living, flesh and blood designer, William Story. The fitness of the epithet is such that we who are ready to vouch for that fitness doubt not, for our part, that Mr. Hawthorne weighed, before he penned, the very word "magnificent." But the reader's eye might pardonably pass it inconsiderately by, or take it as a mere restitutory compliment. We, who know the statue and its designer well, assure him not only that the "obiter dictum" of Mr. Hawthorne's preface may be allowed, but that Mr. Story's Cleopatra, in her actual marble, may bravely stand the test of comparison between herself and her counterpart in the romance. We cite her, not to confirm or controvert, in this place, our writer's æsthetical appreciation, but rather as an excuse for entering

her modeller's studio, thence to illustrate and to enlarge our remarks upon the strange promise which the training of American realism is making to the ideal, in plastic no less than in poetic and other fictive art. Rebel at home against American monotony, the American artist will not, even in Rome, wear the shackles of conventionalism. See there, amongst his earlier efforts, a wolf, which is not the savage nurse of Romulus, but the familiar terror of our nursery days, eyeing Red Ridinghood herself—hunger scarcely glozed over with deceit of flattery. Then there is Hero, still in girlish form, lifting a torch, which shows an agony in the sweet eyes of the watcher, whose dainty naked feet are set upon the sand of that cruel Hellespont. Draped severely, in the close bodice and skirt of a German maiden, lifelike in the play of her delicate fingers plucking the divining-flower of lovers, ghost-like in the pensive droop of her eyelids and the slim outline of her shadowy frame, Faust's injured Marguerite stands innocent as yet. Heavy fall the mallet-strokes on chisels, searching out the tawny terrors of the Egyptian's panther-beauty from the marble block:—that is the Cleopatra, whom our author has shown to you. Now push open the little swinging door that guards the inner studio. You shall almost start and draw back your foot before the towering height and passionate energy of her who lifts one hand to heaven for help, and in the other grasps a scimitar. She is no Greek: you see it by one glance at the bold arch under which quiver nostrils breathing vengeance. Clytemnestra prayed not so when Ægistheus was to strike. She is no Roman either. Lucretia looked not up, but down along the sword, shame blending with savage indignation before she buried it hilt-deep in the breast a Tarquin's touch had soiled. The widow of Manasseh knows nor Clytemnestra's willing nor Lucretia's forced ignominy. Hebrew Judith looks up and prays before her woman's arm deals the dread execution-blow upon the tyrant, drunk with wine, and lust, and blood.

Now this William Story, to whom a few short years in Italy have furnished time to master so much of that hard craft which teaches artist-

fingers to give substance to the visions of an artist-brain: this William Story, "whom," his countryman is not too bold to say, "his country and the world will not long fail to appreciate"—he is not only a graceful poet and literary critic—such accomplishments are helps, not hindrances, to development of an artistic power—but he is, in all sober seriousness, a New England barrister!

An only son, he inherits from his father more than a mere name illustrious in the annals of jurisprudence. If his early successful career at the bar be no fallacious token, the fascination of the artist power and life has robbed the American bench of a second Justice Story. He fills up still a portion of his laborious life with editing the judgments and decisions of his honoured father's admirable legal science. His is, beyond a doubt, a mind and temper in that revolt of which the critic speaks: but mark the significant circumstance: true to an English origin, true to the United-Statesman's political tradition, the disloyalty of such a rebel is loyal, after all—loyal in the word's truest sense—never lawless, even in full rebellion.

Is not this symptomatic? May not this be the complex characteristic of a whole order of imaginative, ideal, poetical, artistic minds, wherewith it may be designed that America shall yet enrich most bountifully the life-blood of the nations? Unless a man have a very narrow, bigoted nationalism in his soul—a prejudice, not a patriotism—must he not wish it may be so? The least attractive of American peculiarities are often justly said to be exaggerations of our own; and, beholding them, we may righteously take no little of their shame to our own selves. Shall we not, then, righteously count it as an honour and a joy to us if, out of what are some of our own intellectual and mental deficiencies, we shall see spring up, in spite of, nay, almost in virtue of, repression and discouragement, bolder, grander, fuller, more varied, developments of æsthetical taste and power?

And truly marvellous is the display of both in this rare book of Monte Beni. Display, indeed, is not the word. In reading it, a sense is brought upon the mind, rather than a sight shown it. There is plenty of de-

scriptive power, minute and life-like. Witness, for instance, that "drawing from the round," as artists say, of the Faun's Greek statue, which quickened the germ of this whole strange conception in the romancer's mind; witness the wild animation of the dance under shadow of the Borg-hese pines, as classical as if Poussin had drawn, as natural as if Turner had painted, as grotesque as if Callot had etched, as fantastic as if Hoffman had dreamed it; witness the mobile shiftings of the moist clay beneath the sculptor's fingers when he models, in the old keep among the Apennines, the bust of its mysterious master; witness the pale golden gleams which shine out of the glass of choice Tuscan wine, the perfume of which escapes and scents the air and flavours our very palate as we read how Kenyon sipped it; witness, again, the contrast between the humming fuss and bustle of the gay marketing crowd on the piazza of Perugia, with the solemn, placid permanence of the act of benediction by the Pope in bronze. But for witness we might transcribe the book. Yes, the man of letters has mused amongst the men of plastic and pictorial art, with kindred thought and feeling; then made his letters do, with marvellous facility and grace and energetic force, what they demand of clay and marble, pigment and canvas to do for them.

Still we say, that in reading this romance, a sense rather than a sight is present to the mind. Giving up ourselves to feel, rather than rousing ourselves to look, we own, most unreservedly, the magic of the writer's art. When he demands of us to see or hear with him, we sometimes rebel against what seems to be the forgetfulness of his observation, until it turns out to be an apparent contradiction, caused, perhaps, in part, by its minuteness. Thus, for instance, when he bids us take note that the "Italian climate robs age of its reverence"—when he tells us that "in Italy, whenever man has once hewn a stone, Nature forthwith relinquishes her right to it, and never lays her finger on it again"—when he assures us that "not the Coliseum, nor the tombs of the Appian Way, nor the oldest pillar in the Forum, nor any other Roman ruin, ever gives the im-

pression of venerable antiquity which we gather, along with the ivy, from the gray walls of an English Abbey," forthwith our indelible recollections of Rome rise to remonstrate. He has forgotten, we say, how grass, and shrubs, and flowers make a wild parterre of those vaulted basements whence the stone steps of the Coliseum have been stripped. He has forgotten how Cæcilia Metella's rounded tomb is draped with semi-mournful hangings of dark ivy. He forgets how maiden's hair, hart's tongue, and other ferns, with mosses and with lichens loving moisture, cling about the arches of long aqueducts, or the marble figures from whose arms the Roman fountains gush. But presently we find each one of these particulars enumerated—not one forgotten. All that he meant was, at risk of seeming contradiction, to recall or to produce the just impression made by the sharpness of a cornice, the polish of a marble shaft, the compactness of a brickwork set up against a clear bright sky that here and there has spared to disintegrate the handiwork of builders who, twenty centuries ago, themselves have crumbled into dust.

So it is, when, by the rushing tumble of the water into the great fantastic basin of the Trevi, he points a contrast by the question—"If we had this waterpower in one of our American cities, would they employ it to turn the machinery of a cotton mill, I wonder?" Again for a moment a fractious reminiscence is aroused. We call to mind how we stood by the Aqua Paolina, above the sacred legendary spot where San Pietro in Montorio marks the place of the martyrdom of Cephas. We stood, and mused, and gazed upon the panorama of Rome outspread beneath us, and let the ear be soothed by the full deep music of the noble falling stream. Then were we aware of an artisan in shirt sleeves, tucked up to let the indigo-dyed forearm free. An odour of oil was on him, and he was dusted with the demon-dust of shoddy. "Di quà, Signor, di quà. E vi farò vedere grande bell' cosa, si!" Whereon he leads us, coy but curious, down a flight of steps where ponderous water-wheels set cloth mills spinning, and Transteverine girls' fingers set tease-heads in frames. What more could Mr. Hawthorne's Yankee fellow-

townsmen do to answer his query by the gushing of the Trevi? We be-think us, likewise, of the gasometer upon the Campus Martius—of the customs and excise office within the pillared temple of the pious Antonine—of the fish-stalls underneath Octavia's portico—of the blacksmiths' forges in the basement of the theatre of Marcellus—of the horserider's arena within the mausoleum of Augustus—and of the hay-lofts in the arches of the Cæsars' palaces. "Utilitarian desecrations these," we feel inclined to cry, "which 'Barn burners' or 'Hardshell' democrats could not improve upon, should those adventurous politicians come filibustering to Rome, annexing the 'Eye-talian metropolis' itself to the United States."

But no. With the sole exception, perhaps, of the gasometer's tall brick chimney (the "column of Gaseus Fumus" we heard some hapless punster call it), all these pretences at a show of industry and busy commerce are so flimsy—so preposterous—so grotesquely congruous with ruins, even in their ramshackle incongruity, that Mr. Hawthorne is quite right in disregarding them, and in treating even a passing allusion to the keen, stirring, irreverent enterprise of the new western life across the ocean as a thing in glaring, trenchant contradiction to sight, and sound, and thought, and feeling, even in the most modern streets of ancient Rome.

We are confident that we shall do well to treat as mere impertinences within ourselves these insubordinate tendencies of memory to raise questions and, forsooth, to detect inconsistencies in the finished sketches, which a rare genius sets before us thus.

Mr. Hawthorne has compounded an atmosphere by subtle chemistry. Do not attempt to analyse it, reader; your chemistry shall scarce be found to match the subtlety of his. But breathe it, and say, does it not reek of Rome? The illusion and the disenchantment—the feverishness and the languor—the quickening of fancy and the listless dreaminess—the endless variety and the pervading monotony—the regret and the exultation—the sunny joyousness and the umbrageous melancholy—the absorbing influences of art and the frequent abandonment of spirit to the soothing of nature's witchery—the dull sense

of oppression at the foot of the old tower where Hilda dwells—the pure exhilaration of breathing on its topmost battlement the liquid air which her doves' pinions cleave—the streetiness, if one may dare to write it, of the narrow Roman streets—the more than country freshness of the wide Roman campagna; all these, and countless other paradoxes, combine to make us live our Roman hours again in the tricky moments during which our eyes skim these mesmeric volumes. Who has not felt—who would not have written, if he only could, of his experiences of Rome, with the alternate pettish anger and petting indulgence which play at hide and seek throughout these pages?

Nothing seems absent; not the blending of the heavy sickening odour from burnt incense gums, with the wood fragrance of anemones and violets, beneath the ilex grove; not the rustle of the lizard on dry leaves, heard in spite of the rattle and crash of French muskets on the paving-stones, or the clanking sabres of the Pontifical dragoons; not the whine of Beppo, begging for baiocchi on the steps of the Trinita de Monti, breaking the long historic wail which sounds there in our ears as a perpetual dirge from the generations of struggling, suffering mankind; not the austere sanctity of memories from the catacombs, marred, and mauled, and mazed, and lost at last amidst the Inquisition prison cells, or the long corridors and stately galleries which the magnificence of ghostly Borgias haunts and stains.

Even the impossibilities appear probable, not merely, as we take it, "*from the marvellous skill and consistency with which their portrait is elaborated,*" but from the inherent probability that the mind, amidst certain surroundings, will and does consent to hold some of its positive laws of conception, and even of judgment, in partial abeyance. The words in italics are from the criticism of the *Times*' reviewer. We assent; but as in our former quotation, on condition of liberty to add to them. Elsewhere the same critic opines that, "possibly the author was conscious of a strain in contrasting such a supernatural being as his Faun with the common everyday life of the Rome around him. At all events, it is a

startling effect to be got out of galleries and museums from the hints and suggestions of classified catalogued art."

We venture to repeat our impression that this criticism is the product of a pen whose wielder's reminiscences of "the Rome around," the poet, romancer, artist, or sympathizer, with their moods and tempers, have had time to grow dim. There is no such great strain; the effect is not so startling. In saying this we do not diminish from, but contribute to, the rightful appreciation of the genius which irradiates this romance. "*Communia propriè dicere*;" this is the triumph of the writer, even of him who shall aim at, or, without aiming at, accomplish admirably a novel effect in literature. One singular merit in this production is the keenness where-with its author has gained insight into the abnormal condition of æsthetical, perhaps even of moral sense, into which many minds come by contact with the artistic, and especially the antique artistical aspect of Rome. He has not failed to remark how it will subjugate and master some with an entire mastery, as witness his caustic, appreciative, regretful, admiring notice of Rome's greatest modern nursling of art, John Gibson, that "Englishman endowed with a beautiful fancy, and possessing at his fingers' ends the capability of doing beautiful things; who, gifted with a more delicate power than any other man alive, had foregone to be a Christian reality, and perverted himself to be a Pagan idealist, whose business, or efficacy, in our present world it would be exceedingly difficult to define."

But that complete subjugation in a special, crowning instance, is but the thorough leavening of one mind by a leaven, of which the first fermentation begins in many, but stops short suddenly, or waxes feeble and dies out. Happily enough, we say, and so, we think, says Mr. Hawthorne, although he has not only recognised, and consciously exhibited to us its liveliness, but has suffered it to work within himself beyond what he seems conscious of.

That "the Faun of Praxiteles should walk down from its pedestal and become the most prominent of the *dramatis personæ*" in a romance of

modern life, is, we grant to the *Times'* reviewer, a "transcendental process." But without insisting, as we might, on the objection that his sentence, as it stands, ignores the pains our writer takes to make impossibility shade off into the probable, we ask him whether there was not wrought within himself at Rome, if but for one fleeting moment, a frame of mind in which that transcendentalism would scarcely have seemed to transcend after all, the limits of the definite space in which his own fancy played. When he saw—literally saw—could almost have taken affidavit of the sight, before his burly compatriot—a county magistrate and baronet—who elbowed him there in the pavilion of the Belvedere;—when he saw, we say, the bent brow of the Apollo spring back from indignation to the calm of a just vengeance satisfied, as the shaft sped from his twanging bow;—when, in the Bracchio Nuovo, he saw the eyelids of the queenly bust of Juno just droop a momentary condescending approbation of some votive offering;—when elsewhere in those galleries, he positively felt the moved air play upon his cheek, at the fanning of the lost and gone wings of the so-called "genius of the Vatican;"—would it have startled him indeed; would he have thought it an unconscionable strain upon his rarefied imagination to be told, "the Faun at the Capitol has laughed outright this morning, and leapt down from his pedestal?"

Improbabilities—for impossibilities have almost faded out of being in that bright soft Pagan glamour—improbabilities are become probable. Improprieties: this is more serious, almost proper; almost, not altogether. The same happy audacity which has emboldened the writer to believe in, and appeal to, the strange æsthetical delusion, which he has felt in excess, but not in contradiction, of the experience of less poetic natures than his own; that same happy audacity rises to an almost holy boldness of rebuke when he reminds us of the Paganism, pardonable in Pagans, but at best, questionably pardonable in us, which blots and fouls our modern imitation of the old Pagan plastic art. We had designed to write our paper without isolating extracts from the context; but on this delicate ground

his black locks, and Art with his fair hair—his beloved mother's—the love of my heart—Sheelah na Guira. Often have we walked into the fields, and gone so far as the green woods of Truagh, and they ran about me like lambs—they were so in innocence—they were the sons of my wife, Sheelah na Guira. They loved me with an equal love—Con, the bold and brave, Con, who slew the wolf, from whom all the country ran,—and Art, the gentle, yet with the heart of a lion—oh, have our hours of affection passed away for ever? Shall I never see my loving children again? Oh, Con, son of my heart, where are you? Oh, Art, son of my heart, and of your mother's, where are you? You are both stricken, innocent victims, by the hand of the murderer, and I was unable to assist you. It is now too late—nothing is left me but desolation and despair, my boys have fallen, and I am without a son. The M'Mahon's family is extinct. I care not now for life. I am willing to die, but my heart must speak, and it now utters the death-song of my children."

"Tiernah, will you open the door?" said Eman, after he had heard him chant the death-song; "I have glad tidings for you, I have saved your children—I have saved my brothers."

The door was opened, and M'Mahon presented himself.

"What is this?" exclaimed the fosterer. "Your hair, that was when I saw you last, as black as the wing of the raven, is now as white as snow. What must you not have suffered? but it is all over now; your children, my brothers, are safe."

M'Mahon put his hand to his head, and turned over to a looking-glass, where he surveyed himself for a moment.

"Yes," said he, "this is O'Reilly's work, he has kept his word, I am now the 'White M'Mahon.' But, fosterer, my children?"

"Here we are, father," said the united voices of Con and Art; "here we are."

M'Mahon loved his children with a tenderness of affection unequalled; yet, before his embrace of them, and before all other considerations, he extended his arms, and exclaimed, "Fos-

terer, come to my heart." His tears fell fast upon the face of the affectionate and noble young man. "But now," said he, "for my children," and immediately they were in his arms. The revulsion of feeling, however, the change from despair to ecstasy was too strong. He tottered and fell, and became unconscious. The elements of life and hope, however, were in him, and he soon recovered.

About three weeks after that day, there was an execution in the town of Monaghan. The felon was the Red O'Reilly, who was to be hanged for the murder of the priest, but that was not his only crime. He had placed himself at the head of a crew of robbers, whose chief resort was the cave in the Sliebeen mountains. He had been, in fact, their chief, and derived in a great degree, his prodigal mode of living from their rapacity. Many persons wondered how a man with such limited means could live so extravagantly as he did, and strong suspicions had long been abroad.

The day of his execution having arrived, he stood upon the gibbet, looking with a stern and contemptuous expression over the crowd that had assembled to witness a fate in which they all felt satisfaction. He stood upon the gibbet, looking with scorn upon the crowd about him, when he observed a man passing through it, as if unwilling to witness the spectacle which was about to take place. He accosted the man, and said—

"I think I do not look upon the *Black M'Mahon, now.*"

"No," replied the other, taking off his barrad, and baring his head; "I am no longer the *Black M'Mahon.* You have fulfilled your prophecy—this is your work; but listen, I came not here to see you die the death of a felon. Pray to God, and ask his forgiveness. O'Reilly, after all the agony you have made me suffer, I forgive you, but I told you I would see you dangle from a gibbet, and I only feel sorry that *my* prophecy is as true as *yours.*"

The brave and magnanimous son of O'Reilly, Miles, was eventually married to Grace M'Mahon, and all dissensions between the families were buried in oblivion.

THE WORLD'S TWO TRIBES—OR THE WORKER AND THE THINKER.

A FRAGMENT OF A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

PART I.

ALL night long the wild winds may do battle
On the seas that sever many lands ;
All night long the chariot-wheels may rattle
Of the billows, unto different strands.

More unlike than is the crown'd Palmyra
To the fir of some Norwegian mast,
That hath seen the frost-flush'd heav'n all fiery,
With its roses roll'd before the blast.

More unlike is nation unto nation—
We may spring from the primeval eight,
Yet the earth is full of indignation,
Feoffs of old hereditary hate.

O, ye wild winds, set your war in order,
Screaming fiercer ululation out !
O, ye billows, seek your separate border,
With a mightier passion in your shout.

Be the dusk face wreath'd with white silk turban,
Grimlier sooted by the summer blaze,
Yet more diverse from the features urban,
Chalk'd and yellowing in our crowded ways.

Let a chorus of the tongues of Babel
Raise more hideous hubbub than we hear—
Let all human fingers that are able
Do the harness on, and couch the spear.

Yea, the wild winds whistle in their anger ;
But, behold ! the merchantman doth come—
To the green earth men greet well the stranger,
Not with roll of musketry and drum.

And the cheek that wears another colour
From the white and red rose of our race—
All the crowing nursery waxes duller,
When our children miss the dear dark face.

And the marvellous music intertangled
In the ravell'd web of alien speech ;
Love sets right the sweet bells that are jangled,
Finds out lines of gold, a plan in each !

And the foes that fought upon the mountain
Ere the eve beside the brook may stand ;
Lap, like Gideon's warriors, from one fountain,
Grip each other by the bloody hand.

More unlike than nation is to nation,
Are two tribes I see upon this earth—
But no silver line of demarcation
Runs the sea betwixt their place of birth.

it is but honest to let the very foot of him who treads it set the foot-print.

"Not a nude figure, I hope," observed Miriam. "Every young sculptor seems to think that he must give the world a specimen of indecorous womanhood, and call it Eve, Venus, a nymph, or any name that may apologise for a lack of decent clothing. I am weary, even more than I am ashamed, of seeing such things. Nowadays people are as good as born in their clothes, and there is practically not a nude human being in existence. An artist, therefore, as you must candidly confess, cannot sculpture nudity with a pure heart, if only because he is compelled to steal guilty glimpses at hired models. The marble inevitably loses its chastity under such circumstances. An old Greek sculptor, no doubt, found his models in the open sunshine, and among pure and princely maidens, and thus the nude statues of antiquity are as modest as violets, and sufficiently draped in their own beauty."

The apology for the dead and gone Pagan artist, compatriot of her who dedicated at a shrine a patera moulded on the outline of her own breast, as being the most beautiful gift she could think of, may pass. It is not without some force—*valeat quantum*. But, honestly, it will not do to dismiss lightly the accompanying indictment. Ah! we cannot forget how, through the dull medium of the conventional atmosphere of the studio, one day, the chink of copper pieces, counted out to a poor *cittadina* maiden for those hired glimpses—be they guilty as he writes, or guiltless in intention, as we verily hope—broke through the spell of unreality, and made us ask ourselves, as Mr. Hawthorne asks, "What shall excuse the reality of this degradation?" But stepping aside from this delicate ground again, let us ourselves take courage to account for the expression we have dared to use touching the unconscious working of the old mythological spell upon the author's own mind, as shown us, not of set purpose, in his work. Fascinating as his conception is, there is something about it which is likewise extraordinarily repulsive now and then. He has seen this himself, and almost owned it, in the sentence, "Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground! The

idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp."

Delicate, indeed, has been his handling, marvellously so. Exquisite has been his chiselling, as if some subtle magic had tempered the sculptor's steel. Nevertheless that foregone phrase of censure creeps out of the first chapter, on to many pages through the book, and crosses the delight with which we read. Not but what we wish some other epithet than "coarse" had been selected by the self-censor. Of coarseness, in its usual acceptation, not one trace disfigures his anomalous creation.

But there is something against which the dignity of what is purely human revolts from time to time, especially when we are pressed with the suggestion that his Donatello is indeed, a human, not to say the human type.

For Mr. Hawthorne puts a daring question into one speaker's mouth:—"The story of the Fall of Man! is it not repeated in our romance of Monte Beni?"

True, the question there is uttered by Miriam, a dark mysterious woman, overshadowed by suspicion of one great crime, accomplice if not instigator of another. But her suggestion is taken up, and her dark speculation is re-uttered by a worthier than she. "Did Adam fall," asks Kenyon, "that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier Paradise than his?" Leaving unanswered the second question, we take exception to the first *in limine*. The Fall of Man is not repeated in this wild romance, because, for better or for worse, a bar sinister is placed from the first, and all along, upon the scutcheon of your sinning creature's very humanity. Whether or no the human creature may ascend, recovered from fall, to nobler height than had been his, unfallen,—is matter of speculation quite distinct and separate from the question whether the human tainted with the bestial can become more truly human by a crime. The excuse for Donatello, if he is to be excused, is surely this, that in perpetrating his savage deed, he was obeying an instinct rather than transgressing a recognised moral law; an instinct, moreover, of self-defence rather than of self-indulgence. "Sin," says the sculptor, "has educated Donatello,

and elevated him." But though ungovernable hate and wild revenge be sin indeed in man; is it then sin when the wild beast springs at the throat of the creature which threatens its mate in cavern or in woodland? Does not Donatello insinuate this apology for his own deed, when his friend questions him upon his solitary tower about the moral of the shrub's growth upon its solid platform? "It teaches me nothing," said the simple Donatello, stooping over the plant, and perplexing himself with a minute scrutiny; "but here was a worm that would have killed it; an ugly creature, which I will fling over the battlements."

The parallel between the Fall of Man and the Romance of Monte Beni, is damaged if not destroyed beforehand, by the postulate concerning the Faun's wild nature: "the being represented is endowed with no principle of virtue." Not such was he that sinned in Eden.

It is true that in the very moment of the murder he commits, Donatello is made human. His eyes are said to blaze with a "fierce energy" that "had kindled him into a man." But as we read the words, back went our thoughts straightway to the first grin of hate that we were shown upon his Faun-like features, when at sight of Miriam's persecutor, his own destined victim,—the expression of his face was fearfully changed: his lips were drawn apart so as to disclose his set teeth, thus giving him a look of animal rage." Shall we be forgiven here for making the avowal of a grotesquely hideous thought that has been haunting us?

"The pointed furry ears, sole indication" in the Faun carved by Praxiteles of the "wild forest nature," which, it is allowed expressly, has in coarser representations of such creatures "another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage,"—these suggest to us a parallel between the Arcady of classic heathendom, and a far other region than the Eden whence sinning Man was driven.

"After all," says Mr. Hawthorne, "the idea of Praxiteles may have been no dream; but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear."

A graceful reminiscence or, at bottom, a hideous caricature?

Man's affinity was no such consanguinity, for certain, in the true golden age. Among the sylvan creatures was no help meet for him. The pointed furry ears and whisking tail of fauns, smacks of a savagery that herds with beasts as fellows, not of a primæval dignity of man, lordly though kindly king over them all in Eden.

We must out with it. Chiron the man-horse, Minotaur the man-bull, Lycaon the man-wolf, are all as classical as a Greek myth can rhyme, as a Greek chisel carve them. They are first cousins of furry-eared Fauns beyond a doubt. And they carry back our minds,—oh, pardon us Homer, Hesiod, Hawthorne!—not from Arcady to Eden:—but, to Catlin's North American Indians.

"It was seldom Donatello's impulse to express himself copiously in words. His usual modes of demonstration were by the natural language of gesture, the instinctive movement of his agile frame, and the unconscious play of his features, which, within a limited range of thought and emotion, would speak volumes in a moment."

Might not the words be written of some young brave of the Ojibbeways? Dancing the bear-dance, robed in the buffalo-robe, clad in the wolf-skin, the pointed ears, the branching horns, topping the warrior's head; the tail, that "token of brute kindred," swaying to and fro behind with the motion of the lithe limbs of the dancer;—have we not there a type, which the imagination of a Praxiteles might, after long centuries, looking back through the prism of tradition, chasten and modify, till his furry-eared Faun should skip with redeeming gracefulness, up and on to the classic pedestal? Then, if such a Faun should ever come leaping down again, and, in a moment of recovered savagery, should kill, might we not expect to see the creature, true to the nature of the "totem" of its tribe, the prowling wolf or grizzly bear, lick its chops after blood, sooner than gain an education by remorse for sin?

We cannot forgive those pointed lynx ears, which Mr. Hawthorne's self sets our fingers feeling for among his mystic Tuscan's curls.

But once forget them, once concede an ampler, more entire humanity to Donatello, and what can be more striking, more appalling, than those beginnings of his understanding that he has done a cursed deed?

"Forevermore, Miriam," said Donatello; "cemented with his blood!"

"The young man started at the word which he had himself spoken; it may be that it brought home, to the simplicity of his imagination, what he had not before dreamed of—the ever-increasing loathsomeness of a union that consists in guilt. Cemented with blood, *which would corrupt and grow more noisome for ever and for ever, but bind them none the less strictly for that.*"

And yet again:

"It is a terrible thought, that an individual wrong-doing melts into the great mass of human crime, and makes us—who dreamed only of our own little separate sin—makes us guilty of the whole. And thus Miriam and her lover were not an insulated pair, but members of an *innumerable confraternity of guilty ones, all shuddering at each other.*"

Our readers will have observed that we have talked with them all along as those who have both read and thought over the book in question. Except incidentally we have neither given nor attempted to give a connected account of it. We purposely abstained from doing so. If they have read, they do know, if they have not, let them read, and they will know why.

One other observation they will doubtless make, that we have irregularly transgressed our self-imposed law, against isolating extracts from

such a book as this. Since we have done so, let us transgress a last time: our apology shall be, that it is good to underline the passages, which show us how things familiar in their beauty to the men of Europe affect the thought, and taste, and fancy, of their kinsmen from the prosaic cities of the great western world. The American artist speaks of storied glass in the stone framework of a Gothic church.

"It is a woful thing, a sad necessity that any Christian soul should pass from earth without once seeing an antique painted window, with the bright Italian sunshine glowing through it! There is no other such true symbol of the glories of the better world, where a celestial radiance will be inherent in all things and persons, and render each continually transparent to the sight of all. . . .

"The friends left the church, and, looking up from the exterior, at the window which they had just been contemplating within, nothing was visible but the merest outline of dusky shapes. Neither the individual likeness of saint, angel, nor Saviour, and far less the combined scheme and purport of the picture, could anywise be made out. That miracle of radiant art, thus viewed, was nothing better than an incomprehensible obscurity, without a gleam of beauty to induce the beholder to attempt unravelling it.

"'All this,' thought the sculptor, 'is a most forcible emblem of the different aspect of religious truth and sacred story, as viewed from the warm interior of belief, or from its cold and dreary outside. Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely-pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendours.'"

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRUE STORY OF LARS VONVED—continued.

"I SAID," resumed Captain Vinterdalen, "that the ship of Lars Vonved was on a cruise to Iceland and to Greenland when Count Vonved was imprisoned and tried. During this cruise the captain of the *Herkules*, a brave and exceedingly gentle and kind-hearted old man, with whom Lars Vonved had ever been a special favourite, died at sea on the homeward passage, and the first lieutenant, Björn Löghelle by name, and a Nordlander by birth, of course assumed the command. Lieutenant Löghelle was as much hated and feared as the deceased captain had been beloved. He was naturally a coarse, unfeeling, brutal tyrant; and although a good seaman, he was a profoundly ignorant man in every other respect, and was habitually gross, both in manners and language. More than eight months had elapsed since any news from Denmark had been received on board the *Herkules*, and every one was naturally exceedingly anxious to learn what had happened in that long interval to personally interest him. The ship, on entering the Sound, was hove-to off Elsinore, expressly to obtain intelligence of the latest events of that exciting period, when our noble country—for a noble little country Denmark is!—was fighting for her very existence as a nation against a world in arms. In compliance with the signal hoisted, a boat speedily put off from Kronborg. The officer in the boat alone boarded the *Herkules*, bringing with him a bundle of newspapers. Lieutenant Löghelle at once led him to the cabin, to overhaul the world's news. For a full hour they remained below, and meanwhile all the officers had clustered on the quarter-deck, eagerly exchanging conjectures on the possible events which had happened, whilst the crew held whispered converse with the men in the boat at the main-channels. At length the acting captain, Lieutenant Löghelle, reappeared, and, stalking into the midst of the officers, he

shouted, in a voice that was distinctly heard by every seaman on deck—'Here's grand news! That hoary villain, Count Vonved, has been brought up with a round turn at last! Ay, jambed hard and clinched fast, and never a knife at hand to cut the seizings! The old scoundrel is condemned to die the death of a traitor! They ought to have brought him on the scaffold forty years ago!' As he spake these words, amid the breathless silence of the officers and crew, he stared full at young Lars Vonved, whom he had long hated—for what reason he himself only knew. Lars had listened with mingled horror and incredulity; and when he could speak—for at first the shock almost paralyzed him—he firmly demanded what was meant by such a statement? Lieutenant Löghelle replied by relating in a tone of triumphant malignity—referring, as he spoke, to the official gazette—the trial and condemnation of the Count of Elsinore; and he concluded by observing, with a diabolical sneer, that he would give young Lars leave of absence on the morrow, expressly to witness the public breaking of his grandfather's shields in Kongens Nytorv."

"The breaking of his shields? What does that mean?"

"I will explain. The shields of the Knights of the illustrious order of the Elephant, and also those of the Knights Grand Cross of the Dannebrog, are suspended in the gallery of the chapel of the Royal Palace of Frederiksborg, during their lifetime, and when they die, their shields are removed to a crypt, or under-ground hall, and arranged in order. The shield of Napoleon the Great has recently been added to those of the deceased knights. Count Vonved was a Knight Grand Cross of the Dannebrog, and a Knight of the Elephant—nobles only being admitted into the latter order. For nearly sixty years his shields, or escutcheons, of the two orders had occupied a distinguished

place in the gallery, and he had for some time been the senior knight of both orders. When a knight is attainted, his shield is torn down from its place of honour, and, with sound of trumpet and proclamation of heralds, is borne to the chief public square, and there literally broken to pieces by the headsman—a degradation than which nothing can surpass. And the shields of the Count of Elsinore were to be thus publicly broken in the huge place of Kongens Nytorv on the morrow, and it was to behold this frightful infamy of his grandfather that Lieutenant Löghelle proposed to grant leave of absence to Lars Vonved."

"O, the cowardly wretch! the monster! the demon!" exclaimed Madame Vinterdalen, with heartfelt abhorrence.

"Ay, he was a viperous wretch, and his proposition was fiendish. The officers and crew of the *Herkules* could not restrain their indignation, and murmurs and muttered execrations burst forth on every side."

"And Lars Vonved himself? What said he?"

A ghastly smile flickered o'er the lineaments of Captain Vinterdalen, and he answered, in a low terrible voice—

"Lars Vonved spoke not a word; but he uplifted his right arm, and smote the foul-mouthed tyrant—smote him to the deck, bleeding and senseless."

"Not dead!"

"Very nearly so. The blow had horribly shattered his jaw and mouth, and it was believed he must die; but he eventually recovered, and yet lives, and yet suffers a richly-merited punishment—for he is miserably maimed, and cannot articulate distinctly. Ay, a single blow from the hand of Lars Vonved heavily avenged his grandsire on that vile wretch. Lars was only a stripling of nineteen, but even then his arm was mighty to smite."

"What I have heard, then, is true—Lars Vonved is now a man of enormous bodily strength?"

"There are doubtless stronger men in the world; but he has never yet met with one who could return his grip, or withstand his blow. But tell me, Amalia, dost thou pity Löghelle?"

"No, I do not. He deserved what befel him."

"And dost thou condemn young Lars Vonved for smiting his captain?"

"I blame him not. There are some provocations so indescribably diabolical, that they remove the perpetrator beyond the pale even of woman's pity; and had Löghelle died on the spot from the blow of Lars Vonved, all my sympathy would have been with the noble youth. No human being, possessing a spark of honourable feeling, would condemn Lars Vonved for doing what he did."

A gleam of intense joy and thankfulness uplit the features of Captain Vinterdalen as he listened to the spirited words of his wife.

"And yet," continued he, "though no man worthy the name of man, condemned, in his heart, Lars Vonved, the laws—the pitiless iron laws—awarded him the penalty of death."

"Ah me!"

"That was inevitable. By the naval laws of all nations, to strike a superior officer is a crime punishable by death. The court-martial, however, strongly recommended him to the mercy of the king, on the ground that the provocation given him by Lieutenant Löghelle, as proved by the unanimous testimony of the officers of the *Herkules*, was most dastardly and infamous. The king did not overlook the recommendation."

"He granted mercy?"

"Ay, he granted mercy!" rejoined Captain Vinterdalen, and he fairly hissed the words through his teeth, in a manner that caused his wife to start and shudder. "What thinkest thou was this royal mercy?"

"A free pardon?" murmured Amalia, almost frightened by the look and attitude of her husband.

"A free pardon!" echoed he, with a wild gurgling laugh. "No, but a doom worse than death itself. Lars Vonved's sentence was changed to slavery for life: the last of the Valdemars was doomed, at the age of nineteen, to pass the residue of his life as a convict, a 'slave,' a constant associate of the vilest felons. There was mercy for you! royal mercy! kingly mercy! mercy from the fountain of earthly justice. Live King Frederick!"

Captain Vinterdalen's long-sustain-

ed composure began to give way as he narrated the monstrous legal cruelty to which Lars Vonved had been a victim, and so irrepressible grew his emotion, that his wife trembled, and for the first time she inwardly regretted that she had urged, and in a manner compelled him to relate the true story of the life of the Baltic Rover.

"Ay," continued he, with an increasing excitement, which he no longer cared to suppress, "they seized Lars Vonved, and clad him in the abhorrent garb of felony—and felony of the blackest dye, for he was classed with the very worst of criminals. The last of the Valdemars was clothed in the grey felon uniform, with black sleeves to his jacket, and an iron clasp round his leg, upheld by a bar connected with a ring above the knee. Thus was he sent forth to labour on the roads and public works, in the day-time, and at night he was chained to a fellow-slave, and slept in a fetid dungeon in close contact with some fifty other slaves. He received only the government allowance of eight skillings (2½d.) a day, to purchase food at the slaves' commissariat, and an 8lb. loaf of black rye-bread was also given him every four days. His fellow-slave, or comrade-felon, to whom he was closely chained every night, was a man who had been a thief from childhood, and who had spent three-fourths of his life in prisons, until he was finally condemned to hopeless slavery for the remainder of his existence. With that loathsome wretch, Lars Vonved toiled—with him he ate—by his side he slept—day and night they breathed the same air, shared the same lot. Do you hear, and do you understand, Amalia?"

"Yes, Vinterdalen," answered she, in a subdued, soothing tone; "I understand, alas! only too well!"

"Ha! you comprehend, now, the 'mercy' of the king. The Book says 'the mercies of the wicked are cruel'—does it not? See! that was the mercy of King Frederick! He spared the life of the grandson of Knut Vonved—he spared the life of Lars Vonved, Count of Elsinore—for from the moment his grandsire was attainted, Lars legally became Count of Elsinore, since the attainder was specially restricted to the immediate offender—he spared the life, I say, of Lars Von-

ved, Count of Elsinore, the last descendant and representative of the ancient Kings of Denmark—spared it only to doom the youthful victim to a fate a thousand-fold worse than death!"

"Vinterdalen!" exclaimed his wife, now quite alarmed at the terrible emotion her husband openly manifested; "do not agitate yourself so—pray do not. Wilhelm, dear Wilhelm, you must"——

"Silence, wife!" sternly and fiercely cried Captain Vinterdalen. "You insisted that I should tell you the true story of Lars Vonved, and you shall have it now, happen what may. The cup is ready mixed, and you and I will drain it together to the last drop. It was to be. I have long foreseen this inevitable hour, and it is now come. I cannot spare thee if I would. Let our destiny be fulfilled!"

He spoke with a savage vehemence, and as though proudly defiant of fate itself; but his voice had an undertone of dire misery, remorse, and despair; and his agitated lineaments and wildly gleaming eyes betokened deep agony of soul.

Madame Vinterdalen quailed, and gazed with mingled fear and amazement at her husband. His demeanour and his mysterious words were inexplicable to her, and bitterly did she now repent having induced him to commence a narrative of the nature of which she had no conception. He marked her rising perplexity and terror, and by an exercise of the wonderful self-command which he possessed, he resumed his story in a much calmer, yet still stern and determined tone.

"Lars Vonved could have died, young as he was, with unshaken courage and resignation; for had he been shot, as the sentence of the court-martial prescribed, such a death for such an offence would not have stained the honour of his race nor the illustrious title he rightfully bore. But to exist a felon-slave! a manacled felon-slave for life! Such was his doom. So Lars Vonved made a fearful compact with his soul, and ere his first week of slavery expired, he was free as the wild bird that skims o'er the blue surface of the sunny summer sea."

"He escaped?"

"Ay, he availed himself of the in-

alienable right and privilege of oppressed and outraged humanity: he bethought him of his God-given mighty strength: he arose in the dead of the midwinter night and wrenched asunder the chain which riveted him to his comrade-slave as though it were a cotton thread, and he burst forth from the felon hell, where horrors inconceivable brooded, where atrocities unnameable were nightly perpetrated. He smote with his riven manacles the armed guards who opposed his escape, and one of them he struck dead. But he was free! Free! with life-blood on his hand, and the gurgling death-cry of a man ringing through his brain."

"O, horror!"

"Dost thou condemn Lars Vonved for the deed?" hoarsely demanded Captain Vinterdalen.

"Alas! what can I say? I will not altogether condemn him, and I dare not pronounce him guiltless. 'Thou shalt not kill thy brother man,' is the express and eternal command of our Almighty Maker."

"It is so: but tell me, Amalia, thou who art a good and pious woman, dost thou not feel that a man may be so frightfully circumstanced that he is justified—to human reasoning—in slaying his fellow? Bethink thee well of the awful, and unbearable, and unmerited doom of Lars Vonved, and say, if thou canst, in thy heart, condemn him for resolving to escape?"

"No; in my heart and conscience I cannot condemn him for *that*!"

"Then why condemn him for the results of that escape? Self-preservation is the first law of nature, as the proverbial wisdom of the world testifies. The guards he smote, and the guard whom he slew, would have killed him on the spot without pity had he not o'ermastered them in self-defence. It was liberty or death with Lars Vonved—either alternative to escape from the seething hell of felon slavery. He smote not to kill, but to escape. His blow was unpremeditatedly, unintentionally fatal, and bitterly did he regret it."

"O, I am thankful to learn that he felt remorse!"

"Remorse! He felt grieved for the man's death, but he repented him not of his escape, albeit purchased by the life of a fellow-creature. Again I ask, dost thou condemn him?"

"Urge me not, Vinterdalen. I am only a weak, emotionable woman, and cannot answer thy subtle reasoning. It is not for me to estimate the blood-guilt—the unintentional blood-guilt, as I hope and believe—of Lars Vonved. He who readeth all hearts, and weigheth all motives in an infallible balance, alone can rightly judge. For me, I can only pity Vonved—and I do so from my very soul!"

"'Tis all I dare expect of thee!" ejaculated Vinterdalen, sighing heavily. "That was the first life-blood which stained the hand of Lars Vonved."

"Ah me! only the first?"

"He has taken life since," gloomily answered Captain Vinterdalen; "but only in open battle, and when absolutely compelled in self-defence. None blame him who know the circumstances."

"Ah, it may be that in the opinion of his fellowmen he was amply justified in so doing, but how is it in the sight of Him who judgeth the heart and the reins, and is of too pure eyes to behold iniquity? Should not Lars Vonved tremble when he remembers that at the awful judgment-seat of his Creator he will be called to account for the blood he has shed, the lives he has taken, under whatever circumstances?"

"Ha! and shall he alone be held guilty and accountable? Will not the Great Judge deem others participators, and more than participators, in his homicides? What drove Lars Vonved to be what he has been and what he is? Thou didst freely acquit him of evil-doing when he smote his fiendish officer, and yet for that he was doomed to slavery for life, and all that he has since done amiss sprang from that one manly blow. Shall King Frederick himself not be held in some measure answerable for the unintentional death of his felon-guard at the hand of Lars Vonved? And what, after all, is the utmost possible guilt of this Lars Vonved compared with that of a crowned despot who makes war for lust of conquest, for sheer ambition, or even to avenge a supposed personal slight or insult, and ruthlessly causes the deaths of tens and hundreds of thousands of men who never injured him, and never saw his face? Yet shall this sceptred murderer of myriads have hireling

priests to bless him and to blasphemously chant *Te Deums* for his bloody victories, and millions of subjects to abjectly hail him as a glorious conqueror, whilst Lars Vonved, who is not a murderer, and only has taken the breath of life by accident, or through inevitable necessity, in self-defence, is pitilessly judged and proclaimed deserving of the most frightful death to which the cruelty of man can condemn his fellow. Ha! what sayest thou to this?"

"I cannot argue with thee, Vinterdalen," meekly replied Amalia, "and it would ill become me to do so, even if I could. Be it as thou wilt, my husband, and even as thou believest in thy soul. But this only will I say, that if Lars Vonved has not any worse deed to answer for than his unintentional homicide of the felon-guard who would have slain him had he not fought in self-defence, then he is more to be pitied than condemned by his erring fellow-beings. That is my true thought; but God alone knoweth whether I am right or wrong therein."

"May He bless thee, my own noble-hearted wife!" tremulously exclaimed Captain Vinterdalen; and he added, in a softened tone, "Thou hast read thy Bible to some purpose, and art a Christian indeed. And this will I now tell thee: Lars Vonved has not done any deed which he laments more heartily than the unintentional homicide of that felon-guard, for the man was only doing his duty, and had he killed Vonved, still it was only his duty. Let me say, moreover, that Lars Vonved hath, at the imminent risk of his own life, saved the lives of others—ay, saved thrice as many lives as it hath been his unhappy lot to take."

"Ah, Vinterdalen, thou remindest me that I owe my life unto *thee*. Thy friend, Lars Vonved, never saved life more gallantly than thou didst save mine in the rushing Elbe. I was the only one saved of all on board the fated yacht, and thou, a stranger, didst rescue me at thy own deadly peril."

"I was merely an instrument in God's omnipresent hand; and had I saved thee, Amalia, a hundred times over, yet, I aver, thou hast infinitely repaid me by becoming my wife."

"O, Vinterdalen! O, my husband!

I feel at this moment that Love is stronger than Death, and that had Lars Vonved himself saved me as thou didst save me, I verily think I could and would have loved him, and cleaved unto him, even as I loved and clave, and ever will cleave unto thee, whilst my heart beats in my bosom!"

What secret anguish is it that shakes the strong soul of Captain Vinterdalen at these words of his devoted wife? He utters a groan of agony, he spreads his hands across his face, and burning tears trickle slowly through his closed fingers. His wife's heart throbs responsive, and thrice she half arises as though to fling herself in his arms, but some inward impulse—it may be awful respect for her husband's unwonted emotion—restrains her.

Suddenly Captain Vinterdalen uplifts his head—his soul-struggles have ceased—he is sternly composed, and evinces little outward indication of the stormy passions which lately agitated him. He resumes his narrative in a tone as firm, clear, measured, and thoughtful as that in which he spake until he described the appalling crisis in the fate of Lars Vonved.

"A heavy price," said he, "was put on the head of Lars Vonved—henceforth Vonved the Outlaw!—but he escaped beyond the seas, and went direct to the country in which his exiled grandsire had obtained a temporary refuge. He sought and found that aged victim of despotism—found him only to obtain one farewell interview. What passed between them Lars Vonved has never told to living being. It is enough to know that Knut Vonved's love and pride of his grandson was only increased by what had befallen the latter, and he solemnly blessed Lars ere they parted never to meet again."

"Has Lars Vonved never seen his grandsire since then?"

"No; both of them felt that their parting was for ever."

"They may meet again even yet?"

"Never more on earth."

"And what became of Lars—so young, and already so fearfully tried?"

"He immediately sailed from Europe, and during the ensuing ten years he led a roving life on nearly every ocean and sea of the globe."

"He continued to follow his profession?"

"Ay, he first entered the naval service of one of the republics of South America, which had shaken off the Spanish yoke, but he soon grew disgusted with the service, although he had attained a separate command within six months, for he found the nascent navy little, if any thing, better than a buccaneering squadron. Subsequently, however, when the great British captain, Lord Cochrane, accepted, in 1818, the command-in-chief of the Chilean fleet, he obtained command of a corvette belonging to that power, for he felt that he might serve with pride under the most brilliant seaman-warrior who had arisen since the death of Nelson—albeit England had cruelly punished that noble successor to her race of Blakes, Rodney's, Hood's, St. Vincent's, Duncan's, and Nelson's, and had deprived him of his nobly-earned honours, and declared him incapable of serving her again, all because he had been an unconscious tool in the hands of swindling speculators in 1814. On the 5th November, 1820, Lars Vonved had the honour of serving personally under Lord Cochrane, when the latter cut out the forty-gun Spanish frigate, *Esmeralda*, lying under protection of the batteries of the castle of Callao. Fourteen boats, one of which Lars Vonved commanded, manned by 240 men, all volunteers from the different ships of the Chilean squadron, were led to this desperate enterprise by Lord Cochrane in person, and after a terrible midnight conflict, in which the Spanish crew had 120 killed and wounded, and the Chilean boarders, forty-one, the *Esmeralda* was captured, and triumphantly cut-out and carried off in spite of the heavy fire from the batteries. This exploit of Lord Cochrane rivals any similar one on record, and no action in which Lars Vonved was engaged, either before or since, has yielded him so much satisfaction in the retrospect, for he fought in an honourable cause—ay, and a sacred cause, as the Chileans were battling for liberty against Spanish tyranny, and the capture of the *Esmeralda* gave the death-blow to the Spanish naval supremacy on the coast. A few weeks subsequently to this memorable affair Lars Vonved voluntarily resigned his commission."

"Oh, why did he not continue in a

service which at least was honourable?"

"'Tis little thou knowest of the Chilean service, or thou wouldst rather marvel that Lars Vonved had not quitted it sooner. The officers of the Chilean navy were nearly all foreigners, and some of them were men whose antecedents were of an exceedingly questionable nature. But the Chilean government never required certificates of character. So long as a man was an able and daring officer, he was thoroughly qualified to hoist their flag. Lars Vonved was an outlaw in his own country, but never had he yet committed a dishonourable deed, and he blushed with shame and humiliation to find himself occasionally associated with brother officers who were unmitigated scoundrels, atrocious miscreants, possessing no redeeming features but their nautical skill and reckless valour. The wild and desperate service of the Chilean navy suited the temperament of Lars Vonved very well, but he loathed to serve with and to command men who were devoid of honourable feelings and aspirations, and were pirates at heart, and little better than pirates in practice when opportunity served. Besides this, he considered himself ill-treated by the Chilean authorities, who were notoriously ungrateful to the foreign officers, without whose skilful aid they probably would never have achieved the independence of their country. Some of the Chilean officers, especially those who were British subjects, nobly contrasted with the character and conduct of others; and in various grades of the service, from the commander-in-chief down to petty officers, men were to be met with who would have reflected honour on any flag in the world. With one officer of this class, Lars Vonved contracted a brotherly friendship—a friendship which death alone will sever."

"Who was he?"

"An Englishman who served as first lieutenant of the Chilean corvette Vonved commanded. His name was Marmaduke Dunraven, a scion of the younger branch of a very ancient and noble family, and he had commenced life as a midshipman in the British navy. In his twenty-second year he obtained a lieutenant's commission, but not many months subsequently, he mortally quarrelled with his cap-

something incomparably more desperate to save his bosom friend, had it been necessary—but it was not. The frigate's gig returned from the town unusually late that night, and when half-way from the shore, Vonved boarded and carried it by surprise. There was a brief struggle, and some little bloodshed, but happily no one was dangerously wounded. Captain Gaffel and his gig's crew were secured, and threatened with immediate death if they made any outcry. In another hour they were on board the Skildpadde. 'Captain Gaffel,' said Vonved, 'I do not wish to harm a hair of your head, but it now rests entirely with yourself whether you quit this vessel alive or not. You have my chief officer a prisoner in your frigate, and I have seized you and your people as hostages for his safety.' 'What would you have? What can I do?' asked the astounded captain. 'You must instantly write a peremptory order to your first lieutenant,' answered Vonved, 'instructing him to release Lieutenant Dunraven, and to deliver him to the bearers of the order. If you do this, and my officer safely returns on board before daybreak, I will immediately liberate you and your gig's crew: refuse, and *your* life shall infallibly answer for *his* life!' Captain Gaffel was not a very brilliant officer, but he was an exceedingly sensible man. He knew enough of Lars Vonved to be aware that the Rover would rigidly do what he threatened, fearless of all consequences, and, in a word, he complied. He wrote the required order at Vonved's dictation, and one of the Skildpadde's boats was immediately despatched with it to the frigate. On approaching the latter, the cockswain of the boat answered the hail of the sentinels by saying that it was a shore-boat with a letter from the captain to the first lieutenant, requiring immediate delivery. The boat was then permitted to come alongside the frigate, and the letter was handed on board. The first lieutenant read it with astonishment, but he well knew that the handwriting was no forgery, and as the order it conveyed was most precise and peremptory, he dared not hesitate to obey. Very probably he imagined that his captain had discovered that their prisoner was not the man they

had believed, especially as Captain Gaffel's note mentioned that he himself should not return on board until Dunraven had re-landed. Be this as it may, no questions were asked of the men in the supposed shore-boat, and Dunraven was at once permitted to depart in her. He was speedily restored to his Rover friends, and Vonved forthwith set the involuntary hostages at liberty; and poor Captain Gaffel rowed away in his gig in a state of mind by no means enviable."

"And did he not pursue the Rover in his frigate as soon as he got on board?"

"Pursue Vonved's vessels in his rotten old tub of a jackass frigate!" laughed Captain Vinterdalen. "Why, he might as well have sailed in chase of the clouds scudding in the sky overhead! Even had it been broad noon-day, before his frigate could have weighed anchor and made sail, the Skildpadde would have been hull down in the horizon. Vonved's vessels were the swiftest that ever"—

"Ah, Vinterdalen, didst not thou thyself erewhile remark that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong? Sooner or later thy friend Lars Vonved may know this to his fatal cost."

"He knows it well enough already, and he is not a purblind boaster. He is well aware that although his keels are the fleetest that ever parted the waters of the Baltic, yet an unforeseen surprise, or an unavoidable accident, may at any time place his vessels in deadly jeopardy. Yet it is the literal truth, that hitherto he has successfully defied the eager efforts of all the ships of King Frederick to capture them, but he himself has more than once, twice, or thrice, been captured and dungeoned—always with the same result."

"So I have heard: but surely he cannot hope that the same marvellous good fortune will always attend him?"

"Good fortune! He is not a heathen, and he neither believes in good fortune nor in bad fortune, nor in his star, nor in any superstitious fantasy, nor does he rely on any thing but his own resources, under the blessing of Providence. Yet he feels in his inmost soul that his career from first to last has been fore-ordained, and while acting as a free agent, he neverthe-

payment of his heritage, in the same manner. He has kept a very accurate account (audited by his officers, and verified by their signatures) of the money and the money's worth he has forcibly seized, and he has conscientiously abstained from taking one skilling's value beyond the sum rightly due to him. Dost thou think him justifiable in all this, Amalia?"

Amalia made a silent gesture, equally expressive of amazement and dissent, and she significantly asked whether Lars Vonved's own conscience did or did not rebuke him?

Her husband replied with some deliberation, but he firmly denied that Vonved was criminally guilty.

"He only takes what is his own, withheld from him by a cruel and unjust sentence of the law, and remember, Amalia, that which he forcibly takes is the property of the king—national property. No private individual suffers loss thereby. Vonved is legally wrong, but morally right."

"He may think so, but I cannot. Tell me, Vinterdalen, does not Vonved capture merchantmen, and"—

"Capture merchantmen!" thundered Captain Vinterdalen, his features blazing with indignation, mingled with profound surprise at the idea. "What! after all that I have told thee of the lineage and the personal character of Lars Vonved, dost thou still imagine him to be capable of such an atrocity? Piracy! rank piracy! the Count of Elsinore stoop to *that*? No! he would die a thousand deaths rather than do such a thing. Lars Vonved a pirate!" repeated he, in a tone of ineffable scorn. "Never has Lars Vonved wronged any man of the value of a feather. That which he takes from King Frederick is his own, wickedly denied him, whatever the world may think or say to the reverse."

"Be not wroth with me, Vinterdalen," gently urged Amalia, "but thou thyself hast just told me that most of Vonved's crew are outlaws—some through misfortune, others through crime. Vonved may scorn to commit an act of piracy, but who shall answer for his desperate crew?"

"Vonved himself," proudly and sternly replied Vinterdalen. "Woe betide the follower of Lars Vonved who dares to commit a dishonest deed

whilst sailing under his flag! The laws and ordinances of *his* service are far more severe than those of King Frederick's own navy, and the penalty for any offence is unrelentingly enforced."

"Vonved is a veritable Sea-King!" exclaimed Madame Vinterdalen, more and more astonished and perplexed at every fresh revelation she heard.

"Ay, he may not untruly be so designated, albeit the world dubs him the Baltic Rover. He accepts that title, for a rover he certainly is, but a pirate—never!"

"Yet," pursued Amalia, "how does he maintain his large crew?"

"Hitherto he has found his revenue amply sufficient to liberally pay them, and they are well content to risk their lives in his desperate service—for a desperate service it is, inasmuch as the life of any follower of his would inevitably be forfeited were he to fall in the clutches of the Danish government."

"And has that never happened?"

"Several of Vonved's crew have, from time to time been captured, but Vonved never failed to rescue them from their impending doom, either by open force or secret manoeuvre. On one occasion Lieutenant Dunraven was taken prisoner through imprudently going ashore at a small seaport where a Danish frigate happened to be lying in harbour, and he was recognised, seized, and conveyed on board her. She was to sail within eight-and-forty hours for Copenhagen, and if she once arrived there with Dunraven, his case was indeed desperate. Lars Vonved instantly planned the deliverance of his friend. The captain of the frigate invariably spent the day at the town, and came off to his ship late in the evening in his gig. The evening of the day subsequent to Dunraven's capture, proved highly favourable for Vonved's design, being dark, rainy, and squally. His two vessels, the Skildpadde and the Little Amalia, hovered closely off the harbour after nightfall, and he himself quitted them in a boat, manned by a powerful armed crew."

"Ah! I can guess his intention!" exclaimed Amalia. "He meant to seize the captain of the frigate himself as a hostage for Dunraven—did he not? What a desperate design!"

"Lars Vonved would have done

"Ay, she resembles thee in more than name."

"But did she know who Vonved really was when she gave him her heart?"

"She knew he snatched her from the yawning jaws of death. Was not that enough for her to know?"

As Captain Vinterdalen uttered these subtle words, he once more darted a soul-penetrating glance at his wife, whose curiosity was now excited to a painful degree, mingled with a vague yet palpable sensation of personal interest of an inexplicable yet dread nature.

"No," resumed he, "she knew not that her preserver was the outlaw, Lars Vonved. Had she known that, perhaps she"——

"She *must* have known it ere long!" eagerly interrupted Madame Vinterdalen. "Vonved could not marry her without revealing his identity with the Rover, and moreover, I feel that he would not."

"Would not?"

"No, the chivalric spirit of honour inherent in the blood of Valdemar would never permit him to so deceive the woman who loved him. Am I not right?"

Captain Vinterdalen's features sharply contracted as though a dead man's hand had gripped his heart, and his clenched teeth emitted a smothered sound of anguish—half cry, half groan. The spasm was brief as poignant, and when it passed away he was outwardly calm and unmoved.

"Suppose, then," said he, in a subdued, plaintive, and slightly tremulous tone, "that Lars Vonved *did* reveal unto his betrothed whom he was, and what he was—dost thou still desire to know how thy namesake received his confession?"

"O yes! tell me all, I beseech thee!" cried she, with an eager gesture.

"I know the very words which were spoken by Lars Vonved and Amalia his betrothed—wilt thou hear them?"

"Ah yes! repeat to me every word!" and as she spake, Madame Vinterdalen leant forward, trembling with undisguised anxiety, her features flushed, her eyes luminous.

"I will do so," said her husband, and a peculiarly tender and touching expression o'erspread his face; "and thou wilt bear in mind that the words

are those of Lars Vonved and Amalia, after Vonved had told her the true story of his life, even as I have told it thee this night."

"Yes, yes, I perfectly understand."

"Well!" exclaimed Captain Vinterdalen, drawing a long, quivering breath, and looking piercingly at his wife, "they spake—*thus*:"

"'Amalia,' said Vonved, 'I have told thee whom I am, and what I have done: my wrongs, my errors, my sorrows, my deeds of violence—thou now knowest all. That I have ever striven to live up to an almost chivalric ideal of honour: that I am more sinned against than sinning: that not my own passions but a merciless Destiny has shaped my wild and terrible career—all matters nought. The die has been cast, and I must abide it. Heaven is my witness that when I wooed and won thy love, I believed I could make thee happy as the wife of my bosom, but now that is impossible.'

"'Impossible?"

"'Ay, I speak with the calmness of despair; I say it is impossible. There is guilt on my soul: there is blood upon my hand—why dost thou press it to thy heart?"

"'To wipe that blood away!"

"'And thou weepst?"

"'To wash out the remembrance of thy guilt!"

"'Amalia, if an angel's tears could blot out the record of my sins in heaven, I verily think thine would be as efficacious upon earth. But it cannot be. I have sown the wind and must reap the whirlwind. I never loved but thee, and henceforth the memory only of that love will be all that remains unto me.'

"'The memory only?"

"'I have said it, Amalia. The love itself will never perish; but it were guilt added unto guilt to longer indulge in the selfish idea of its realization.'

"'Oh, Vonved!"

"'I have wronged thee, Amalia, in winning thy heart, for I could only offer thee a hand which, as thou knowest, is'——

"'I understand thee: no more of that.'

"'I could have borne my doom had I never seen—never loved thee!"

"'Is my love a curse?"

less bow to the decree of Omnipotence, and says in his heart, Let my destiny be fulfilled!"

"And dost thou assure me, on thy honour, Vinterdalen, that Lars Vonved is *not* guilty of piracy, and the thousand crimes and atrocities which he is popularly believed to have perpetrated?"

"Ay, that do I, without one atom of equivocation or reservation. I have told thee the worst that can truly be laid to his charge—thou now knowest the 'very head and front of his offending.' See what a consummate liar Rumour is! Wilt thou ever again believe the hundredth part of the evil attributed to any human being by the myriad-tongued voice of that false and foolish abstraction, popular Rumour?"

"But how is it that although the name of the Baltic Rover is terribly familiar throughout our country, people only speak of him as Lars Vonved? I never heard him alluded to as the Count of Elsinore. Do his own followers know that he is the last of the regal line of Valdemar, and that he is legally entitled to bear the illustrious title of Count of Elsinore?"

"They all know it well, and many who are not his adherents know it also. But Lars Vonved, when he commenced his reprisals on King Frederick—when he first seized by force the heritage which was unjustly confiscated and withheld from him—resolved that, being outlawed, he would not bring a shadow even of apparent dishonour on the lofty title which had descended to him ere the decease of its rightful possessor, and he therefore carefully abstained from assuming it, or permitting himself to be addressed as the Count of Elsinore. Thus it is that the world only knows him as Lars Vonved, and his officers and crew address him simply as Captain Vonved, by his own earnest wish and express command."

"Ah, I can appreciate *that* trait in his proud nature."

"And now, Amalia, thou knowest the true story of Lars Vonved."

"I know somewhat—but I would know more!" retorted Amalia, with a keen and anxious glance at her husband.

"More! what more canst thou desire to know?"

"More—much more!" reiterated she, gravely and significantly. "I wish to know about my namesake, the lady in honour of whom Lars Vonved christened his little joeg, 'Amalia;' and, above all, I ~~must~~ know the story of his wife. Amalia and his wife—are they not one and the same?"

"Thou art a true woman," said Captain Vinterdalen, with a haggard smile; "and dost intuitively pluck the heart of the mystery!"

"Then I am right?"

"Even so."

"Well! and who is this Amalia?"

"The wife of Lars Vonved."

"Yea, yea! but who ~~was~~ she?"

Instead of answering the question, Captain Vinterdalen gazed at his wife with the same inscrutable expression which had so startled and perplexed her before, and he slowly, and as it were abstractedly, repeated—"who was she?"

"Yes, that is what you must tell me, and how she became"—

"The victim of Lars Vonved?"

"Victim! O Vinterdalen!" and Amalia blushed with the consciousness that her husband read her inmost thoughts as easily as the open pages of a book, whilst the expression of his countenance was to her unfathomable.

"Ay, victim! for didst thou not say that thy heart bled for the woman whose miserable lot it is to be the wife of the outlaw Vonved?"

"Ah! but that was before I knew his true story."

"Then thy thoughts of Lars Vonved are not so hard as they were?"

"My opinion of him has undergone some change."

"Is that all?"

"I think," added Madame Vinterdalen, with a little hesitation, "that, as you said, he is possibly more sinned against than sinning."

Even this admission did not seem to satisfy Captain Vinterdalen.

"As much may be truly said of thousands of outlaws and criminal outcasts!" muttered he.

"But Vonved's wife!" again urged Amalia. "My namesake—tell me of *her*. How did Vonved win her affection?"

"Even as I won thine—by saving her life at the risk of his own."

"O me! what a coincidence!"

"Ay, she resembles thee in more than name."

"But did she know who Vonved really was when she gave him her heart?"

"She knew he snatched her from the yawning jaws of death. Was not that enough for her to know?"

As Captain Vinterdalen uttered these subtle words, he once more darted a soul-penetrating glance at his wife, whose curiosity was now excited to a painful degree, mingled with a vague yet palpable sensation of personal interest of an inexplicable yet dread nature.

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"'I understand thee: no more of that.'

"'I could have borne my doom had I never seen—never loved thee!"

"'Is my love a curse?"

"Amalia! dost thou think that when a lost spirit views the gleaming gates of Paradise from afar, conscious that they are closed for ever unto him, he feels any thing but an unspeakable augmentation of his agony and despair? Thou art my earthly Paradise—but it is now for ever forbidden me."

"It is not."

"Thy heart speaks—not thy mind."

"My heart, my mind, my soul!"

"No, Amalia, the veil has fallen from my selfish vision, and even thy voice shall not allure me deeper into error and remorse. The brand is on my brow, and I go forth a hopeless outcast."

"Alone thou wilt not go."

"Amalia, for the love of God tempt me not! We must part for ever."

"Not till death!"

"Whatever I once was, I am an outlaw—a price is on my head—an ignominious doom o'erhangs me!"

"Thou hast the more need of my love!"

"I cannot kneel with thee, Amalia—thou so pure and innocent, I so guilty and lost!"

"Lars Vonved! heaven will listen unto thy prayers with more joy than unto mine! God's ears are ever open, and had every act of thy life been a mortal sin there is yet pardon and acceptance for thee. Say no more: thy lot is mine—mine is thine. Thou art not the monster thou wouldst persuade me; and for what thou hast done amiss forgiveness may be earned, and we shall be happy even on earth, and win heaven together. I will cling to thee, and love thee, and cherish thee more than ever I should have done hadst thou not revealed thy secret history!"

"Amalia!"

"Lead me this night to the altar; let the priest of God unite us, and ere sunrise I will flee with thee to the remote climes thou hast oft described; and a new life shall dawn on thee, and thou shalt become reconciled to thy fellow-men, to thyself, and to thy God!"

"Amalia!"

"Yes, I am Amalia, thy betrothed, and I will be Amalia the wife of thy bosom, and thy lot shall be my lot, thy country my country, thy God my God. Together we will live, and the

same pang that rends thy heart shall rend mine. In life, in death, we will be one!"

Captain Vinterdalen ceased abruptly: he had said quite enough. His wife sat motionless as one entranced, but her hands trembled, her lips quivered, and her heart fluttered and throbbed in her bosom.

"Thinkest thou that Vonved's Amalia said that which she ought to have said?"

"Had she spoken other words she were not worthy to become the wife of Lars Vonved!" vehemently exclaimed Madame Vinterdalen.

"Ha! and thou—wouldst thou have clung the closer unto Vonved had he made such a revelation unto thee, and hadst thou promised to marry him, ignorant whom he really was?"

"Would I not! Yea, verily, I would have loved him a thousand-fold more than ever!" was the passionate response. "Little dost thou know the heart of woman, or of what she is capable, or thou wouldst not ask the question."

"Wo, then, for Lars Vonved!"

"What meanest thou, Vinterdalen?"

"Vonved did *not* tell Amalia who he was before she became his wife. The conversation I have just repeated is imaginary."

"Did it not ensue between them?"

"Would to God it had!"

"Then why didst thou repeat it to me as real?"

"That I might learn how *thou* wouldst have acted in the place of Vonved's Betrothed. He feared to tell her that he was the outlaw, Vonved, lest she should cease to love him, and never become his wife."

"Alas! why had he not faith in the holy love of the woman who owed her life unto him? She *would* have responded to his confession even as thou hast imagined her to do."

"Ay, he knows it now. Bitter has been his remorse. An evil spirit oft has whispered unto him: 'This thy wife whom thou lovest, and who loves thee devotedly; she whose happiness is centred in thee, who sleeps in thy bosom, and is the mother of thy boy, tell her whom thou really art, and she will curse thee to thy face, and flee from thee as from a fiend.'"

"A fiend must have suggested such a hideous misgiving unto him."

"Then thou believest that Vonved's wife would forgive him even now, and continue to love him and cleave to him, were he to say unto her: 'I have deceived thee, my wife, these many years. Lo! I am not he whom thou believest. I am Lars Vonved, the Outlaw—Vonved, the Baltic Rover!'"

"Forgive him even now! What! does not the wife of Vonved yet know whom her husband really is?"

"She knew not yesternight!" responded Captain Vinterdalen, in a voice indescribably solemn and awe-striking.

For a moment Madame Vinterdalen did not fully comprehend the import of these few momentous words, but for the first time a suspicion of the fearful truth indicated by this and the many other mysterious expressions of her husband, conjoined with his amazing familiarity with the secret history of Lars Vonved, and his unaccountable emotion, and his jealous defence of the deeds of the Rover, flashed through her brain, and she sprang to her feet with a cry that seemed to burst from her very heart.

Captain Vinterdalen arose simultaneously, and husband and wife gazed at each other with terrible intensity.

"Vinterdalen!" at length ejaculated his wife, in a tone that thrilled to his heart's core, "in the name of God, what meanest thou?"

He uttered not a syllable, although his lips moved involuntarily, and a sharp spasm convulsed his lineaments.

"Speak, for the love of God!"

He did attempt to speak, but the words he would have uttered were smothered, choked by the awful emotion that shook his frame.

A third time did the piteous appeal of his wife ring through his heart, brain, and soul.

"Speak!" cried she; "tell me what thou meanest—tell me, or I shall die!"

She smote her breast with one hand as she spoke, and the other she clutched hard over her heart, as though fain to check its dreadful throbbing.

"Who art thou? Tell me, for the love of God!—tell me, or I die!"

"I am thine husband."

"My husband! and who is *he*? Art thou,—O, Himlen,—art thou indeed none other than"——

"I am he whose true story thou hast heard."

"O, my heart!—my God, have mercy upon me!—Who art *thou*? Tell me, or my heart will burst!"

"I, thine husband, am Lars Vonved, Count of Elsinore!"

An appalling—a heartrending cry of the direst agony shrilly echoed through the room.

Lars Vonved—Captain Vinterdalen no longer—strode a step forward as though to support his wife, who stood rigid as a statue, both her arms extended straight before her, and her features frozen, as it were, in the extremity of terror and horror. Lars Vonved turned round, and lo! the door was wide open, and on the threshold stood an officer, drawn sword in hand, and behind him the whole passage bristled with the bayonets of King Frederick's soldiers.

CHAPTER XIV.

LARS VONVED THE CAPTIVE—MADS NIELSEN THE AVENGER.

A FIERCELY exulting shout burst from the officer as Vonved stood for one instant paralyzed.

"Seize him, men, alive or dead! 'tis he! 'tis Vonved! Vonved and his leman!"

As the last brutal and false epithet passed his lips, Captain Ingergaard sprang forward, with his sword uplifted to cut down the unarmed Rover. Quicker than the eye could follow the movement, Vonved gripped the captain's forearm, as it descended in the act of striking, and by the merest exertion of his tremendous strength, he

wrenched the glittering blade from the grasp of its owner, and throwing his right arm around the body of the helpless officer, hurled him sheer into the midst of his own soldiers. All this was almost literally done in an instant of time.

Captain Ingergaard vented a piercing cry as he crashed on the floor of the passage, dragging down with him two or three of his men, for he was severely wounded in several places by their bayonets, on which he had been bodily projected.

Lars Vonved availed himself of the

with a harsh creak, and a jolt, and a jar, commenced its long midnight journey. The excited mob ran some distance along with it and its escort, and Mads Neilsen was suddenly left alone. He stood awhile, rooted to the spot, and then with a hoarse cry of grief and rage, he rushed towards the beach at his utmost speed, cast off the chain which secured his pram to a little jetty, and rowed towards his island-home with the abnormal strength of a madman.

Landing at the cove opposite his solitary dwelling, he bounded to the latter—burst open its door with a simultaneous blow of his fist and kick of his foot—and disappeared for a few minutes. On coming forth, he set up a light framework in the open air, and applied a torch to the fuse of a rocket. Upward, with a hissing roar, sprang the fiery signal—upward, higher and higher, not vertically, but bowed seaward by the force of the howling blast, until its projective power was expended, its extreme altitude attained, and then it burst and scattered small blue balls and crimson stars in the heart of the murky storm clouds. A second and a third rocket followed. Then Mads Neilsen paused, and kneeling on the ground, gazed seaward with absorbing expectation. Several minutes elapsed, when lo! miles out on the Baltic, three brilliant rockets shot up in answer to his warning signal, and after a little pause two blue lights were displayed at the distance of probably a mile from each other. Mads immediately responded by burning a blue light in turn, and his business and duty here was now done.

It was the Skildpadde which had fired the three answering rockets, and she and her satellite, the Little Amalia, had each exhibited a blue light. Well—only too well did they comprehend the meaning of Mads' signals.

Mads Neilsen's half-decked fishing lugger was snugly anchored in a little creak near to his dwelling, and ready for immediate service. Boarding her from his pram, which he then permitted to drift away, he hoisted and sheeted the fore lug-sail, and this done, he severed with one stroke of a hatchet the hempen cable, and running to the tiller, put the lugger before the wind. She scudded sea-

ward until a sufficient offing was gained, and then Mads bore up and skilfully beat back to Svendborg. Hastily securing his vessel to the jetty, he sprang ashore, not more than one hour having elapsed since his departure in the pram. He immediately entered the town.

Mads was, on ordinary occasions, slow and ponderous in his movements, yet he invariably approved himself, on an emergency, a man of prompt action, alert, energetic, decided, quick to plan, resolute to execute, and fearless and determined to the verge of desperation. That he had thus breathlessly hastened back to Svendborg for some definite purpose, and to perform some daring and momentous deed, was apparent.

In the interval between the seizure of Lars Vonved and his departure under escort to Nyborg, the manner in which his capture had been effected became publicly known, and Mads of course heard it, like everybody else. It appeared that a man named Knap Nealen, who had formerly been a subordinate officer in the revenue service, whence he was dismissed for various irregularities, and who had subsequently led a dissipated and dishonourable if not dishonest life, had seen one of the lithograph portraits of Lars Vonved which the Danish authorities sent to all the seaports and chief towns of the country. Nealen, like many of the inhabitants of Svendborg, had occasionally marvelled at the seclusion of the family at King's Cairn, and especially at the singular personal isolation of Captain Vinterdalen himself, when the latter from time to time came home. He happened to have once or twice seen Captain Vinterdalen, and knew that he was at present sojourning at the Cairn. When, therefore, he saw the portrait, he instantly was struck with its resemblance to Vinterdalen, and in the course of a few hours he called at the Cairn on some pretence, and managed to see Vinterdalen walking in the garden. He now was quite certain that his suspicion was well founded, and he went directly to the commanding military officer of the district, and denounced the hitherto unsuspected stranger as being the veritable Baltic Rover. At first the officer was incredulous, but becoming convinced, he prepared his measures with great

self was impassible. Although he must have suffered intensely from the wounds he received in the melee, and from which the blood still slowly oozed—for they had not been bandaged nor dressed in any way—yet the indomitable man neither uttered sigh nor groan, nor gave the least token of sensibility to the anguish he doubtless endured. A Mohican Indian could not have evinced more stoical indifference to, or rather defiance of, physical suffering. One wound was on his left shoulder, where a bayonet point had penetrated and torn a long furrow, and as his jacket and shirt had been rent off that part, it was exposed to the keen night air, which at any rate stopped the bleeding, however much it might increase the pain. The soldier who sat on that side observed this, and, touched with commiseration, he took his own handkerchief from his breast, and gently padded it over the wound, and then drew up the torn shirt and jacket as well as he could. This act of kindness instantly aroused the better feelings of the fettered outlaw. He turned his head to the humane soldier, and in a low, deep, grateful tone, said—

“Taks—mange Taks, min Ven!”
(thanks, many thanks, my friend.)

Then he relapsed into taciturnity, and opened his lips no more.

Onward, all that cold dark tempestuous night, did the cavalcade proceed without pause, except when necessary to change horses for the eil-waggon, and at 10 A.M. they reached Nyborg, and Lars Vonved was forthwith lodged in the fortress. He was placed in a dungeon beneath the foundations, his hands being fettered, and his body secured by a heavy chain riveted to a huge ring in the wall. Two sentinels were stationed at the door of the cell, and were relieved every hour. These precautions were the very natural result of the indefinable feeling of distrust in the certainty of keeping such a man in security after the marvellous escapes he was well known to have previously effected. In other respects he was treated humanely. A surgeon examined and dressed his wounds, which, although severe, were not dangerous, and promised to speedily heal, and he was supplied with nutritious food and a good bed.

By a singular coincidence, it happened that the commanding officer of the garrison of Nyborg, was Baron Leutenberg, who three years before had been intrusted with the temporary charge of the great castle of Kronborg at Elsinore, when Lars Vonved was there in confinement. The latter escaped, and poor Baron Leutenberg was soundly reprimanded and disgraced for his presumed negligence. It may therefore be supposed that he now derived grim satisfaction from the fact that Vonved was once more in his charge, and he resolved that this time escape should be literally impossible. He lost no time in despatching a special courier to Copenhagen, announcing the seizure of Vonved, and requesting instructions for his disposal.

Meanwhile what was happening at Svendborg?

When the eil-waggon was in the act of leaving the town, numbers of people pressed as closely around it as the escort permitted, eager to obtain a glimpse of the renowned Rover who had so long had his unsuspected “home” in their neighbourhood, as “Captain Vinterdalen.” Foremost in the crowd was a fisherman, whose emotion was so great that he trembled from head to foot, and pressed his huge horny hand with all his might over his heart, to subdue, were it possible, its violent beating. That fisherman was Mads Neilsen. He had loitered late at Svendborg, and was just setting forth to walk down to the beach where his skiff was moored, in order to return to his solitary dwelling on the Island of Thorö, when the astounding intelligence of Vonved’s capture was disseminated.

At the moment when the eil-waggon and its escort of dragoons got into motion to depart, Lars Vonved gazed quickly and searchingly at the crowd. His eye caught that of his devoted adherent, and the vivid glance they interchanged, unobserved, or at least not understood by any spectator, revealed as much to each other as though they had spoken aloud. Vonved, too, fettered and guarded as he was, contrived to make an impressive sign to which Mads instantly responded. One more eloquent glance, and one more secret sign was exchanged as the eil-waggon,

Frederick! His glorious Majesty owes me two thousand four hundred and ninety-seven specie-dalers—for Colonel Bilved gave me three on account to-night."

"Oh! two thousand four hundred and ninety-seven specie—you said specie?—dalers! O—oh!" ejaculated Mads, in a tone expressive of intense admiration, not unmingled with envy. "And to think that I—even I—might have earned that enormous sum had I possessed a quarter as much sagacity as you! I've been a dunder-headed dolt and fool! Ay, by Balder's keel! I've been as stupid as a torsk!"*

"Never mind, old Blowhard! you can't help it, you know. 'Tis true enough you are stupid as a torsk, and very thankful you ought to be that torsk are stupid, or else they never would let you catch 'em!" exclaimed Nealen, half insolently, half good-naturedly. "But so long as there are plenty of torsk-fish in the sea, you'll not starve, my scaly comrade!"

"Well, I hope not," humbly murmured Mads. "Ah," sighed he, "what a great man you will become, Herr Nealen! Your two thousand five hundred species will not be all your reward, I'll warrant. His blessed Majesty, our mighty sovereign, King Frederick—may he live till he grows old!—will give you some grand office as an additional reward. Yes, yes, 'twould be high treason to doubt that! Ja! you will become a very great man—a king's councillor, maybe, who knows?"

"Well, Mads, I begin to fancy you're not quite so stupid as a torsk, after all. Yes; I dare say my king and my country will appreciate my services, and prove grateful."

At this moment hawk-eyed Mads perceived several stragglers approaching, and he instantly cried in an earnest whisper—

"Herr Nealen, I've something to say to you—something very important. Will you please to come this way?"

Nealen carelessly assented, and wily Mads led him towards the jetty.

"Herr Nealen," said he, as soon as he was certain they were alone, and unobserved; "can you tell me whether His Majesty would reward any faith-

ful subject who could deliver up one of Vonved's followers?"

"Eh, what d'ye mean, Mads?" cried Nealen, perfectly sobered at the mere hint.

"I mean what I say."

"Certainly there would be a reward."

"How much?"

"I cannot tell, but it would doubtless be in proportion to the reward I shall get for the capture of Vonved himself."

"Good. I may, and I must confide in you, Herr Nealen. I know where one of Vonved's men is at this very moment."

"Splickerwicklen! and *who* is he? An officer or a seaman in the Rover's service?"

"That is my secret, Herr Nealen!" responded Mads, with a mysterious air.

"And *where* is he?"

"He is where I can find him at any moment. Now see! I am only a poor fisherman—and stupid as a torsk, as you have just truly remarked, but my dull faculties are sharpened by this night's work. I perhaps could capture this follower of Vonved myself—and perhaps I could not; but even if I *did* seize him, I'm not safe to receive the reward due. I'm only an ignorant and simple fisherman, and perhaps they would cheat me, after all, but they couldn't cheat a man like you, Herr Nealen. See! this is what I propose. If you and I capture the man, will you give me one-half the reward?"

"Tordner! ay, will I!" eagerly cried Nealen, whose great success that night had whetted his aptitude and appetite for similar exploits, albeit on a smaller scale.

"You won't take advantage of a poor simple fisherman?" hesitatingly remarked Mads. "You will give me my fair share of the reward?"

"Yes, you suspicious old—old torak! I swear I will, by Odin's sword!"

"Your word is sufficient, Herr Nealen," humbly cried Mads. "He is yonder?"

"Where?"

"Thorö!" impressively whispered Mads.

* A "torsk" is a stock-fish, and Mads' familiar Scandinavian exclamation is equivalent to the common English phrase of "as silly as a goose!"

prudence and secrecy. Immediately the long twilight had entirely faded away, he swiftly marched an entire company of troops down to King's Cairn, and stationed numerous sentinels round the base of the Cairn so as to effectually cut off all possible escape from the dwelling, and also to prevent any alarm being communicated to the beleaguered outlaw. The rest of the soldiers, under command of Captain Ingergaard, then cautiously and noiselessly ascended to the crown of the Cairn, and some being stationed at every lower window and outlet, the others, headed by Ingergaard, obtained admittance at the main-door, seized and gagged the terrified and astounded servants, and forced their way to the parlour, where they surprised Vonved and his wife. The result has been described.

When Mads Neilsen re-entered Svendborg, he found small groups of people yet standing at the corners of the streets, eagerly discussing the exciting event which had so recently happened, and he either openly joined or loitered near each group just long enough to enable him to recognise the persons composing it, and then he passed rapidly on, not omitting to scrutinize every individual he met on his way. At length he beheld the very man whom he sought—none other than Knap Nealen, the informer. He and Nealen knew each other very well, by sight, and had often met at the same ale-house which Nealen had only just quitted; for the officer commanding the troops had given him a few dalers as earnest of the large reward offered by government to whoever would give information which might lead to the capture of Vonved, and Nealen had been spending the money with a number of boon companions, and relating over and over again every particular of Vonved's seizure, and boasting his own penetration, and his skill in turning his discovery so promptly and successfully to account.

"Hola! Mads Neilsen, is't thou?" bawled Nealen, who was perhaps equally excited by the spirit he had drunk and the reward he had earned for his achievement, but was by no means intoxicated, and perfectly knew what he was about. "I've hammered the nail on the head this time, eh, Mads?"

"That you have, Herr Nealen: you'll never look back again after this grand night's work!"

"Well said, my old man o' the sea! You now perceive what it is to have brains and judgment. Why, there's yourself, Mads, you've known these Vinterdalens ever since they came to Svendborg, and must have often seen the Captain, and yet I'll warrant you never even dreamt that he was Vonved the Rover?"

"How was it likely that a poor fellow like me could possibly think of such a thing? It is not every one who has such a head as yours, Herr Nealen. No man in Svendborg but yourself would ever have made such a discovery."

Mads spake deliberately and gravely, and with a sententious air of profound conviction, and he adroitly managed to imply, both by his tones and gestures, how he respected and admired the skill and sagacity of Herr Nealen.

"And yet you, Mads, pass for a long-headed fellow," complacently remarked Nealen.

"Ouf! I'm a child compared to you, Herr Nealen—a baby! I think I grow stupider every day. How much is your reward to be? I heard five hundred dalers: is it really so much as that?"

"Five hundred!" contemptuously exclaimed Knap Nealen. "Only five hundred for performing such a service to my king and country? Add two thousand to your five hundred!"

"What! two thousand five hundred dalers?"

"Not a skilling less!"

"Rix?" interrogated Mads.

"Rix! How! do you think our great and glorious sovereign would reward his faithful subject with beggarly rixes? No, species, every one of 'em. Two thousand five hundred specie-dalers, my fishy friend!"

"The soldiers go shares with you?"

"Not a daler, not a marc, not a skilling! No, no, 'tis all mine."

"And will they really pay you that immense reward?"

"Will the sun shine to-morrow? Really pay me! Why, you old gram-pus, d'ye think there are not dalers enough in King Frederick's treasury? I'm now a creditor of His Majesty: ha! ha! isn't it droll and pleasant? I, Knap Nealen, a creditor of King-

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Passing, however, out of these Islands, and regarding the matter in a more objective light, little thought the dissipated and careless Duke of Orleans, the Regent of France, that the same projects that engaged his attention then, of injuring the finances of England, and of invasion, would, after 140 years, be again mooted, and would occupy the consideration—perhaps more seriously—of a future ruler of France—a thoughtful man of depth and destiny—no longer a Bourbon, yet more powerful than even Louis XIV., not openly seeking to injure England's credit, but craftily inducing her to agree to a Commercial Treaty grievously diminishing her revenues, and cheapening his own resources—not searching for a fleet of fishing-smacks to transport his troops, but preparing an iron fleet for such occasions—not trusting to the chances of sail and wind and tide for the transit, but possessing a power calculated to conquer every obstacle except the superior naval ability and indomitable spirit with which Providence has es-

pecially favoured the loyal sons of the British Isles. For France would have now to face a united nation—the paltry exception alluded to only proving the rule. And should the attempt be ever made, we doubt not that any detachment of the Foreigner unfortunate enough to escape from our Channel Squadrons would be quickly and satisfactorily accounted for on shore by the Regulars and Volunteers, who would be rapidly concentrated upon them.

But *revenons à nos moutons*—or rather, let us introduce them to speak for themselves.

The Rev. Charles Leslie, of the family of Glaslough, though a zealous Protestant, was a non-Juror, and devotedly attached to the House of Stuart. For some time he was private secretary to the son of James II., the Chevalier St. George, or "Old Chevalier," of whom we had hoped to learn much from Lord Macaulay; but alas! *historiam* "perpetuus sopor urget."

Many papers of Leslie are extant, having been for a century among the family memorials of a gentleman in Westmeath, who has sent us the following document, which, as far as we can ascertain, has never been published. It is not dated, but was evidently written about 1720, when the South Sea schemes were still floating on the surface: when Law and Dubois had nearly ruined France, and when the Duke of Ormond was in the Spanish service.

It is supposed that the Regent at one time entertained the ideas therein placed under his notice. But before they could be brought into effect Leslie died. He was followed in a few months by the Duke of Orleans, when the young king, Louis XV., being of age, the enterprise was abandoned for the time, to be abortively renewed by Charles Edward, in 1745.

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"Thorö! why I thought you were the only dweller on Thorö?"

"Ay, Herr Nealen, but *he* is there this night, and if you will go with me—my boat is at the jetty here—in less than one half-hour, with this wind, I can bring you face to face to him."

"Huh—ruh!" chuckled Nealen, "it never rains but it pours. I agree, old scaly torsk! Ay, I'm with you, d'ye hear, old porpoise? I'll go share-and-share with you."

"I trust to your honourable word, Herr Nealen, as"—

"As safely as I trust to King Frederick's! Hold, though! will he show fight, think you?" rather anxiously questioned Nealen, who suddenly recollected how desperately Vonved resisted a whole roomful of soldiers, and that it was possible his follower might show at least proportionate desperation and valour.

"We are two to one: besides, we shall manage to surprise and secure him unawares," confidently replied Mads.

"Is he armed?"

"Only with a dagger-knife."

"Have *we* arms?"

"Enough to slay a regiment! O, trust to me, Herr Nealen. I'm very slow, but I'm very sure. I've arranged all in my mind, and will tell you every thing when the time for action arrives. Come along now—there is no time to be lost. We must do the business before day dawn."

"Have with you, old Viking!" emphatically responded Nealen, giving Mads a hearty slap on the shoulder. "You are not a torsk, after all, I begin to fancy, but a sly old dog-fish. Yes, yes, you only drink water when you can't get bröendiviin; and you only eat herrings when you can't get beef."

Had not the darkness impenetrably veiled the expression Mads Neilsen's face wore at that moment, Knap Nealen would probably have derived for the first time a very startling insight into the true character of the fisherman.

When they arrived at the jetty, and Mads silently motioned his companion to step on board his fishing-boat, Nealen hesitated, and looked upward to the murky tempestuous sky, and seaward to the wind-lashed waters of the bay, and landward to the dimly discernible town of Svendborg.

"'Tis a wild blasty night," muttered he.

"All the better for our enterprise."

"It blows fearfully hard!"

"But fairly for us, Herr Nealen."

"'Twill be infernally rough out yonder: we shall be tossed like a cork on the yeasty waves."

"Ay, and buoyant as a cork, Herr Nealen. Flaskoe! a better sea-boat than this never parted the waters of the Ostsee;* and though it doesn't become me to blow my own trumpet, yet I can honestly say that no man knows how to handle her better than myself. She won't ship a drop of spray abaft her after-mast—and even if she does, what harm? I'm sure *you* are not afraid of a wet jacket, Herr Nealen. Flaskoe! we should not waste a minute, and time is passing: step on board, Herr Nealen, if it please you. We shall fly over the bay swift as a swallow. On board, Herr Nealen! on board, your Excellency! Flaskoe!"

Nealen even yet hesitated. An unaccountable feeling oppressed him. Five minutes ago he was aflush with triumph, and his hot blood leapt cheerily through his full veins. Now his pulse was languid, and his blood receded to its citadel, his heart, and a dull, oppressive, leaden weight was on his brain. A foreboding, a misgiving, an awful yet inexplicable impression thrilled him, and yet he felt inert and incapable of battling with his subtle presentiment. But there was something in the tone of the fisherman's voice—something scornful and fiercely ironical—which stung him to the quick, and with a half-incoherent exclamation, he gave one last glance landward, and leapt on board.

* Scandinavians call the Baltic the Ostsee, i.e., East Sea.

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and of duty. May we not have to confess

“Neque

Per nostrum patimur scelus

Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.”

And this we shall not, if England be but true to herself. We think that this secret State Paper of Jacobite policy will prove exceedingly interesting to our readers at the present juncture, and we accordingly give it verbatim from the unpublished MS. furnished to us:—

MS. LETTER from CHARLES LESLIE, Secretary to the Old Chevalier, to the DUKE of ORLEANS, Regent of France. 1719–20.

“France, by its situation, fertility, producing and abounding with all the necessaries of life, and vast numbers of people, is not only less depending on any other country, but is, in every respect, incomparably the most powerful kingdom in Europe, inasmuch that it alone of all of them is intirely out of fear and danger of being attacked by any one power, which is a truth so obvious that in two long wars y^e united Forces of the most considerable nations in Europe were hardly able to distress it. And as nothing less than a general confederacy can create an opposition equal to France, so, in the present posture of y^e affairs of Europe, and down as far as lies within the compass or view of human reasoning, such a Confederacy cannot probably arise, or be formed against it by any other Interest or concurrence of political views unless from the natural and unalterable Interests and Ambition of the House of Austria against France, supported by that great Adherence to the Imperial Interests which the provinces held by the House of Hanover occasion, which personal Interests may (as we see) draw England into a War, however detrimental to the interest of the Nation, yet agreeable to the separate and personal interests of a German Prince. The Revolution which happened in 1688 was protected and effected by the Austrian councils, with no other view than to engage that Island in the grand confederacy against France, into which King James refused to enter, and therefore lost his crown to a foreign Prince, who drew the nation into two long and destructive wars to support foreign views dia-

metrically opposed to the intrinsic Interests of the nation. And so long as a Foreign Prince is in Possession of that crown (and from that only) the same measure may be set on foot again.

“Thus if it can be made to appear that it is in the Power of France with Ease to dispossess that family of y^e English Crown, it is evident that France will remain incontestably not only the most free and powerful nation in Europe, but y^e Arbiter of it. And it is humbly conceived that nothing can be more facile in the execution, especially at this Juncture.

“The great Discontents of all Ranks of men in England, Scotland, and Ireland have been so visible for these last five years, that is not necessary to trouble His Royal Highness with the Repetition. There seems but one thing to be accounted for, how the Government in England have been hitherto able to support themselves against nine parts in ten of the People, who not only wish, but would most willingly and vigourously concur to remove them.

“The security of the Government is reducible to one Point, that the People have hitherto been utterly destitute of a Small body of regular Troops to give a beginning to the Design, and to make head at first, and of Arms and other military Stores to put into the Hands of the majority of the nation, who are most ready and impatient to receive and use them for the Recovery of their Liberties. There are a greater number of Officers of all Ranks and Degrees discarded and dispersed in the country than are at present in the Armies of the Usurper. These men are equally desirous to appear in the Rescue of their Country, and only want y^e means of doing it. And no man in England of either party doubts but that, if the Duke of Ormond could have landed from Spain last year, with y^e forces and arms designed for y^e expedition, it would have restored King James, probably without a War, but certainly with a War of two or three months at most. And it is evident that y^e attempt miscarried only from y^e great distance and situation of Spain. And should His Royal Highness ever entertain the generous design of rescuing the English nation, He could not fail in the execution, having such certain means of doing

PALÆONTOLOGY.

ABOUT two centuries ago a great controversy raged in Italy as to whether certain stones imitative of organic shapes were produced by a peculiar fatty matter, *materia pinguis*, set into fermentation by heat, or were porous bodies (originally real bones and shells), converted into stone by the action of a "lapidifying juice;" or whether possibly they may not have been mere stones and earthy concretions—*lusi naturæ*—sports of nature, thrown off in moments of leisure as a relaxation from the heavy labour of carrying on the everyday affairs of life.

The stony representatives of animals and plants thus existing beneath the soil, in sand, gravel, limestone, and other substances, were, at the time alluded to, described in general language, with all other mineral substances, as *fossils*, or things dug up. Curious people collected them and put them into museums, with pieces of broken pottery, flints supposed to represent human features, the cast carapace of a rare crab, the extracted rattle of a rattle-snake, and similar remarkable objects, natural and artificial, while many learned individuals, despising all grovelling propensities, occupied themselves in writing exceedingly indifferent verses, or very dull prose, endeavouring to make their neighbours appear ridiculous and contemptible, for following such useless pursuits.

By degrees these imitative organic shapes were found in so many places, and in such great abundance—they simulated so exactly the remains of animals and vegetables—they presented for investigation so many remarkable varieties of structure, and seemed to indicate so clearly, that they had once belonged to real living organic beings, that the study of "*fossils*" (this term in time becoming limited in its meaning to fossil organic remains), ceased to be the pursuit of curiosity-hunters, and the source of bad rhymes to small poets,

and it was admitted that the object in question must have been the remains of the former inhabitants of the world, buried during the lapse of ages in those various deposits of mineral matter of which the earth's crust is chiefly composed.

Thus arose a department of zoology and botany, which in its turn influenced the study of general natural history. For it was found, as natural history assumed the form of a science, that a certain order of arrangement or grouping, or in other words, a certain distribution of animals and vegetables could be traced over the earth, different countries, or districts having peculiar climates, and often various distant places having similar climates, and that each place served as a centre, where numerous specially adapted species lived as in a proper home, and whence they diverged gradually, in diverging becoming less abundant, or losing some of their characteristic peculiarities.

Thus, for example, Africa—an almost isolated tract of land chiefly in tropical and sub-tropical climates—abounds with elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and antelopes among herbivorous animals, and with lions and hyenas among the carnivora. Asia, in similar latitudes, has also its elephants, rhinoceroses, and antelopes, and lions, tigers, and other flesh-feeding tribes; but the African and Asiatic species, of all these animals, are entirely distinct. No one has ever seen the African elephant out of Africa; nor the Bengal tiger on the western side of Arabia, except when they have been removed by man for his pleasure or convenience. In tropical and South America the lion is replaced by the puma, and the tiger by the jaguar—while instead of the elephant and rhinoceros, we have only the tapir. In all these cases the climate is equally favourable in the different countries; but the species, although they range widely, do not

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Bill then, as they would now throw off the yolk which crushes them, if His Royal Highness will enable them by his generous assistance, &c.

"It is conceived that y^e Disorders in the Finances of France cannot be near so great as they are industriously represented by y^e English Court, but were they so, this would at once retrieve them. Imploy, divert, and amuse all France in a work most acceptable to them, and at once break the English Funds which are now drawing the money out of France, &c., beside the expense of such an Enterprise cannot be considerable; it is only y^e charge of Imbarkation, which may be done in one day in Fishing Boats, which lye in great numbers between Boulogne and Dieppe, and a very few ships with Decks for the Arms and Ammunition, and pay and provisions for one month after their landing; for in less than that Time, they will possess themselves of a much greater tract of Country (if not of y^e whole) than y^e ordinary Revenues will be sufficient to support them.

"Whatever seeming strength y^e vast price of South Sea Stock, or imaginary Wealth y^e Government and Ministry, and their creatures may have received from it, it has unquestionably provoked y^e Body of y^e Nation to y^e last degree, who already feel the Decay of all Trade, foresee the ruin of the Country, from it, cannot but look with Indignation and Envy on the prodigious Fortunes raised in a moment by it, all which creates a very strong additional disposition in y^e Body of y^e Nation to dissolve those Funds, with the Government on which they depend, and if the prospects of such vast Gain in them have had any Influence on the Funds of France, and occasioned the remittance of money from thence to England, it is in His Royal Highness's power, not only to shake but to overthrow intirely those Funds, which subsist precariously, unless His Royal Highness allows them time to settle, in which case alone they may be capable of such an Establishment as may continue to affect the Funds of France, and if his Royal Highness is pleased generously to afford his Protection to a suffering Nation which implores it, there are Persons of Distinction who perfectly well understand the whole History of those

Funds, who will come into France immediately on His Royal Highness's allowance, who will put His Royal Highness into the true measures of utterly ruining the Force and Credit of those Funds.

"This Summer seems Providentially to invite His Royal Highness with most particular advantages of succeeding in the generous design of freeing oppressed nations. When the Squadron of seventeen Capital Ships, on which they look with y^e utmost Diligence, are put to sea, the passage will be so free and open into England and the Hearts and Hands of all the nation ready to welcome and receive their Deliverers.

"And as France and England have on many occasions, so they are and must be more capable of doing each other more Good or Harm, than any other two Nations in Europe; and beside the glory which seems reserved for His Royal Highness, of restoring exiled Princes and freeing enslaved Nations, not only the gratitude of Prince and Nation who shall owe his Crown and their Liberties to his Royal Highness's generous protection, but y^e immutable unchangeable Interest of both, will necessarily tie them to France with much stronger and indissoluble Bands than they have been or still are to those of the Emperor.

"Lastly, we beg leave to observe to His Royal Highness, that the eternal Interests of England oblige them rather more than any other Nation in Europe, to prevent the Union of the two crowns of France and Spain in y^e same Person; that it is the Tories who made that y^e foundation of y^e Peace of Utrecht. To that alone is owing the most violent prosecution of y^e Court ag^t all those who made that Peace, Attainder, Forfeiture, and exception from Pardon, because they made a Peace too much for the advantage of France, and of His Royal Highness, in particular; and it is earnestly hoped, and most ardently implored, that His Royal Highness will be pleased to take their case into His Consideration and Protection, and that He may have it in his Inclination as he has it at this Juncture entirely in his Power, to compleat his own Glory, and for ever oblige the British Nation to his Interests."

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willingly go out of certain bounds, within which they seem to be naturally limited.

Were it necessary to illustrate this further, we might remind the reader of the vegetation of South Africa, comparing it with what is known of the native plants in New Zealand, Australia, and South America, in the southern, or with Asia and America, in the northern hemisphere. Where the climates are similar, the vegetation becomes also similar; but the approximation, however close, never produces identical species. We can introduce the heaths and other plants of South Africa, into our part of the world, and they will sometimes live and flourish; we can adopt the potato plant, and we can grow excellent tobacco; but the heaths of the Cape, the potato and the tobacco plant of America were never seen in Europe till conveyed thither by human agency. The breed of horses ranging over boundless plains in South America, was introduced by the Spaniards, and is now wild; but no horses lived in South America when the Spaniards first visited the country. The European dog will drive out the native dog in Australia, and the whole tribe of marsupials—originally the exclusive four-footed tenants of the soil—will very probably become rare or altogether lost in the settled parts of that remarkable country, while the domesticated races, ill-adapted as they seem to be at present to battle with the peculiarities of climate, will before long adapt themselves and occupy the country.

This existence of limited districts in different parts of the world, in which groups of animals and plants, having certain things in common, would seem to have originated, and from which they have migrated, is a fact only observed and recorded within a very recent period, or at least if known, was not till lately followed to its legitimate consequences. Like all other great results of observation, it involves a principle, and in this case it is a principle of no small magnitude and importance. Running parallel with the fact just alluded to, is another which is not dissimilar, concerning the distribution of existing animals and vegetables in zones of elevation. It is

found that the zone or belt nearest the sea, in a mountain district, is not only the warmest, and therefore contains forms of life belonging to its peculiar temperature, but differs from the zones above not more in climate than in the character of the types of vegetable and animal life, the higher zones resembling but not being identical in their fauna and flora, with countries at a distance, having corresponding ranges of temperature and similar rain-fall.

The principle involved in these well known, but extremely interesting facts, seems to be the following:—that the method of nature in providing animal or vegetable inhabitants for a district, involves, in some way or other, a special adaptation to all the peculiar conditions of the district, especially its climate, rain-fall, and soil; and that even when there is a resemblance amply sufficient in all these respects, there is no repetition of form, but merely a strong resemblance, which is shown occasionally in external characters, and not unfrequently in minute details of structure. This, in a few words, is the method of nature in the distribution of organic beings, in horizontal and vertical space on land.

A precisely similar method or law was enunciated some years ago by the late Professor Edward Forbes, as affecting the distribution of marine animals. He found regions of depth to correspond with zones of elevation, the inhabitants being affected by the rock bottom just as on land the development of life is affected by the soil. So clearly defined were these regions, that as many as eight were made out in the waters of the Eastern Mediterranean, distinguished from each other by the associations of the species they severally include. The language used by Professor Forbes in his report on the *Ægean Invertebrata** is equally significant and explanatory in reference to sea and land, and well describes all that is yet known with certainty on this subject. "Certain species in each are found in no other, several are found in one region which do not range into the next above, whilst they extend to that below, or *vice versa*. Certain species have their maximum of development in each zone, being most prolific in individuals

* Report of British Association Meeting for 1843, p. 155.

in that zone in which is their maximum, and of which they may be regarded as especially characteristic. Mingled with the true natives of every zone are stragglers, owing their presence to the action of the secondary influences which modify distribution. Each zone is capable of subdivision into smaller belts, distinguished for the most part by negative characters, derived from the cessation of species."

The discovery and careful examination of large groups of the shells of marine animals in various deposits of sand and limestone, led, before long, to the important conclusion, that species are distributed in time according to the same general method or law as that above explained as referring to horizontal and vertical space on land and at sea. This conclusion marked an important era in the history of fossils, and introduced the necessity of much minute investigation, not only of the remains themselves, but of all such natural objects—the product of living animals or plants—as could in any way be preserved in a fossil state. Hence originated that department of general natural history which has been called *Palæontology*—*παλαιός*, ancient, *ὄντα*, beings, *λόγος*, a discourse—a discourse concerning ancient beings—the investigation of all that can be known of the plants and animals of the ancient world. Laying aside all speculative or theoretical views of geologists thus much is certain. The earth, as far as we can examine it, consists of various mineral substances, an exceedingly large proportion of which can be described as sandstones, limestones, and clays, arranged in beds, strata, or layers, in pretty regular order, lying one over another, and often tilted up, so that by the mere travelling across them in a certain direction we find one after another at the surface. If we travel on them, beginning with the uppermost or last deposited, we may cross by degrees all the others, originally below, but now successively intersected at the horizontal surface, until at last we come to the lowest bed which the tilting has brought to the level of the ground we travel over. Each one of these beds we may regard as being remarkable for some group or other of organic remains (*fossils*), and such fossils afford the only means we have

of learning the conditions under which that particular bed was deposited, and the representative forms of that portion of geological time.

If this supposed law of distribution of species in time were not a law of nature, we should soon discover it by finding identical species in beds of the same mineral character and at various depths without such species occurring in the intermediate deposits. In other language, and remembering what has been said of representative forms, we should expect to find identical species in beds above and below those which contain representative species. This has never yet been done, and as many thousand species have been examined and carefully described from a vast number of distinct beds, the law may be regarded as established.

But if this is so—if Palæontology is in a state to command attention as a science dealing with admitted facts and established laws, and may thus take rank as a distinct and complete department of general natural history, there result some inferences and consequences equally startling and suggestive.

Thus it would seem that by the aid of Palæontology all the gaps and deficiencies that occur in the grouping and classification of animals ought to be filled up. Palæontology and general natural history (zoology and botany) together, ought to supply every link, and either form a perfect chain or prove that there is no such thing in nature.

So, again, it might be expected that we should be enabled to determine the peculiarities of climate that prevailed on the earth during the existence of certain groups of animals and plants in any district.

While the climate of the earth and the broken links in creation thus seem likely to be made out by the pursuit of Palæontology, a knowledge of the depth and temperature of the ocean, and some idea of the nature of its bottom during the deposit of any particular stratum, may also be looked for. In a word, a real and unbroken history of nature in her operations through the organic and inorganic world would seem the only limit to this comprehensive branch of science.

Perhaps at some future day, when observations shall have multiplied and generalizations have kept pace with

their increase—when the vast tracts of land now unexamined geologically shall have been ransacked for fossils, and all the accumulations of evidence have been weighed and distributed, each having been allowed its fair value in the discovery of truth, something of this kind may occur. Meanwhile it must be admitted that the evidence, perfectly to be depended on as far as it goes, is yet very limited in its range—the blanks and intervals between strata and species are far greater and more frequent than might have been hoped, while the continuity of the so-called chain is by no means proved.

It will be clear that there are two aspects in which we may regard this new science of Palæontology. On the one hand, collecting and arranging the varieties of specific character presented by the fossil and generally extinct races, we may construct, as well as circumstances admit, a series of groups of species, each corresponding to a presumed period of the earth's history, regarding each of these periods as we do a country in which characteristic species seem to have originated. Such a country is, in technical natural history language, a *specific centre*, or a point from which species have diverged. The whole earth is considered, according to this view, to be parcelled out at present into a number of districts, each of which is a *specific centre*, and each such district must be supposed to have commenced its biological history by having no species except those created expressly for it, or, in other words, all the prevailing types must have been introduced by an express act of creation.

Admirable instances of natural provinces are given in a little work recently published on the Natural History of the European Seas, originally planned and partly executed by that most philosophical of naturalists, the late Edward Forbes. Six such provinces are there described as belonging to the European seas only, and "a province," to use the words of Professor Forbes, "is an area within which there is evidence of the special manifestations of the creative power," that is to say, within which there have been called into being the originals or protoplasts of animals and plants. In the course of diffusion,

and through the lapse of time, the species may become extinguished in its original centre and exist only in some one or several portions of the area over which it became diffused; and as groups of individuals of a single species may thus become isolated, they may present the fallacious aspect of two or more centres for the same species. To get at the causes of such phenomena we must trace the history of the species backwards in time, and inquire into its connexion with the history of geological change.

Provinces, also, like species, must be traced back to their history and origin in past time, and palæontological research exhibits the phenomenon of provinces in time as well as in space. Such is one of the aspects under which Palæontology may be regarded.

But this is not the only view. As the study of natural history and of species in distant countries with similar climates, or in shores immediately adjacent but separated by an impassable barrier, shows distinct groups of so-called species in these different localities, not less does the comparison of typical and common forms under such circumstances show a marvellous relation of analogy, if not of affinity. A common bond of brotherhood appears to unite the various families of one province, however distinct they may seem; but a bond of cousinship only—a mutual relationship to the same distant ancestor—is the link that unites races separated by impassable barriers. Looking back far into time we find that the same rule holds good. The resemblance is of one kind when the succession is made out in any given spot by the comparison of species in beds successively deposited; but of another kind when we examine contemporaneous groups separated by wide intervals of horizontal or vertical space.

Let us illustrate this by a few examples. No two marine faunas are more distinct—there is hardly a fish, shell, or crab in common—than those of the eastern and western shores of South and Central America; yet these great faunas are separated only by the narrow but impassable Isthmus of Panama. Further west in the eastern islands of the Pacific, separated by a wide, open ocean, is another and totally distinct fauna. All these are in

"Ay, he first entered the naval service of one of the republics of South America, which had shaken off the Spanish yoke, but he soon grew disgusted with the service, although he had attained a separate command within six months, for he found the nascent navy little, if any thing, better than a buccaneering squadron. Subsequently, however, when the great British captain, Lord Cochrane, accepted, in 1818, the command-in-chief of the Chilean fleet, he obtained command of a corvette belonging to that power, for he felt that he might serve with pride under the most brilliant seaman-warrior who had arisen since the death of Nelson—albeit England had cruelly punished that noble successor to her race of Blakes, Rodneys, Hoods, St. Vincents, Duncans, and Nelsons, and had deprived him of his nobly-earned honours, and declared him incapable of serving her again, all because he had been an unconscious tool in the hands of swindling speculators in 1814. On the 5th November, 1820, Lars Vonved had the honour of serving personally under Lord Cochrane, when the latter cut out the forty-gun Spanish frigate, *Esmeralda*, lying under protection of the batteries of the castle of Callao. Fourteen boats, one of which Lars Vonved commanded, manned by 240 men, all volunteers from the different ships of the Chilean squadron, were led to this desperate enterprise by Lord Cochrane in person, and after a terrible midnight conflict, in which the Spanish crew had 120 killed and wounded, and the Chilean boarders, forty-one, the *Esmeralda* was captured, and triumphantly cut-out and carried off in spite of the heavy fire from the batteries. This exploit of Lord Cochrane rivals any similar one on record, and no action in which Lars Vonved was engaged, either before or since, has yielded him so much satisfaction in the retrospect, for he fought in an honourable cause—ay, and a sacred cause, as the Chileans were battling for liberty against Spanish tyranny, and the capture of the *Esmeralda* gave the death-blow to the Spanish naval supremacy on the coast. A few weeks subsequently to this memorable affair Lars Vonved voluntarily resigned his commission."

"Oh, why did he not continue in a

service which at least was honourable?"

"'Tis little thou knowest of the Chilean service, or thou wouldst rather marvel that Lars Vonved had not quitted it sooner. The officers of the Chilean navy were nearly all foreigners, and some of them were men whose antecedents were of an exceedingly questionable nature. But the Chilean government never required certificates of character. So long as a man was an able and daring officer, he was thoroughly qualified to hoist their flag. Lars Vonved was an outlaw in his own country, but never had he yet committed a dishonourable deed, and he blushed with shame and humiliation to find himself occasionally associated with brother officers who were unmitigated scoundrels, atrocious miscreants, possessing no redeeming features but their nautical skill and reckless valour. The wild and desperate service of the Chilean navy suited the temperament of Lars Vonved very well, but he loathed to serve with and to command men who were devoid of honourable feelings and aspirations, and were pirates at heart, and little better than pirates in practice when opportunity served. Besides this, he considered himself ill-treated by the Chilean authorities, who were notoriously ungrateful to the foreign officers, without whose skilful aid they probably would never have achieved the independence of their country. Some of the Chilean officers, especially those who were British subjects, nobly contrasted with the character and conduct of others; and in various grades of the service, from the commander-in-chief down to petty officers, men were to be met with who would have reflected honour on any flag in the world. With one officer of this class, Lars Vonved contracted a brotherly friendship—a friendship which death alone will sever."

"Who was he?"

"An Englishman who served as first lieutenant of the Chilean corvette Vonved commanded. His name was Marmaduke Dunraven, a scion of the younger branch of a very ancient and noble family, and he had commenced life as a midshipman in the British navy. In his twenty-second year he obtained a lieutenant's commission, but not many months subsequently, he mortally quarrelled with his cap-

or plant abundant in any particular locality is so because circumstances are favourable for its development, and are not so favourable for others at hand that would replace it if they could. There is, however, no permanence in existing things, for no two seasons are exactly alike, cold and heat, wet and dry, shelter and exposure, all vary from year to year, while a slight change in almost any of these may, in a thousand indirect ways, affect any species. Every species, therefore, must be subject to occasional crowding out, producing starvation, if it be not to some extent capable of adapting itself to changing circumstances. If it should not be thus far capable of change, either in itself, or in some of its offspring, it can only be abundant for a short time, and will then be lost altogether. If it be changeable in any important respect, or if, of the rising generation of plants or animals of any species, some individuals are more readily altered, or are naturally more modified in a favourable direction than the rest, then there will be the commencement of a variety formed by the accidental peculiarity of some one member of a group. Owing to the well-known law of resemblance of the offspring to the parent, there will probably be some of the next succession who possess this peculiarity of the parents, whatever it may be. Out of the whole number then, those which are strongest and best able to fight their way must succeed, and the rest fail and die, being beaten in the battle. If, therefore, the peculiarity is advantageous, it will be perpetuated; if unfavourable, it will be lost.

It is, of course, a most important inquiry how far this production of a variety can go, and what it leads to. As far as man is concerned, he can only take advantage of what he sees, and his selection of peculiarities, from which a permanent variety can be secured, is confined to a few external characters. His object, also, being generally

to produce modifications, which the animal in a state of nature would not be able to sustain, it cannot be regarded as rendering the employments of the method of selection by nature less probable, that known varieties, produced by domestication and cultivation, have a tendency to die out, or even to fall back towards the original type. There is, indeed, no proof that the actual original would, in such cases, be obtained; but the natural varieties of domesticated animals run wild are, as might have been expected, such as point to the peculiarities of structure adapted to freedom and not restraint, and are apt to imitate very closely the peculiarities of structure of the original wild parent.

The principle suggested by Mr. Darwin as the one adopted by nature to produce, first, permanent useful varieties; then, species; and afterwards, perhaps, wider divergencies, is then that of *selection*. This word is meant to express the method according to which, in the great battle of life and struggle for existence and supremacy, a balance is always and everywhere struck, and that never-ceasing natural variety is preserved, which is one of the most striking illustrations of the infinite power and wisdom of the Original Designer. It cannot be said that the enunciation of this law is to be regarded as a great discovery in natural history; but it seems to us that, in applying it to solve the great mystery of the gradual modification of old and the production of new species, Mr. Darwin deserves all the credit that belongs to one who has thoughtfully, and with great labour, investigated a large group of facts, and indicated their meaning. In connecting these facts he has, we think, been the first to see and proclaim the inevitable result; and he has been honest and bold enough to state, prominently and distinctly, all the difficulties and objections, without pretending to explain them away.*

* In the *Gardener's Chronicle* for 7th February, 1860, is a long communication from Mr. Patrick Matthew, of Gourlie, N.B., the author of a treatise "On Naval Timber and Architecture," in 1831, in which a claim is made by the author to have been the originator of Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection. In a letter to the editor of this journal, Mr. Matthew has repeated the claim, and considers himself wronged by the remarks in our journal of February (*vide* p. 235). We cannot, however, perceive, either in the extracts from his work, or in his remarks, any thing more than a repetition of a fact long familiarly known, namely, that many species pass into each other by insensible gradations—a fact acknowledged by all

payment of his heritage, in the same manner. He has kept a very accurate account (audited by his officers, and verified by their signatures) of the money and the money's worth he has forcibly seized, and he has conscientiously abstained from taking one skilling's value beyond the sum rightly due to him. Dost thou think him justifiable in all this, Amalia?"

Amalia made a silent gesture, equally expressive of amazement and dissent, and she significantly asked whether Lars Vonved's own conscience did or did not rebuke him?

Her husband replied with some deliberation, but he firmly denied that Vonved was criminally guilty.

"He only takes what is his own, withheld from him by a cruel and unjust sentence of the law, and remember, Amalia, that which he forcibly takes is the property of the king—national property. No private individual suffers loss thereby. Vonved is legally wrong, but morally right."

"He may think so, but I cannot. Tell me, Vinterdalen, does not Vonved capture merchantmen, and?"

"Capture merchantmen!" thundered Captain Vinterdalen, his features blazing with indignation, mingled with profound surprise at the idea. "What! after all that I have told thee of the lineage and the personal character of Lars Vonved, dost thou still imagine him to be capable of such an atrocity? Piracy! rank piracy! the Count of Elsinore stoop to *that*? No! he would die a thousand deaths rather than do such a thing. Lars Vonved a pirate!" repeated he, in a tone of ineffable scorn. "Never has Lars Vonved wronged any man of the value of a feather. That which he takes from King Frederick is his own, wickedly denied him, whatever the world may think or say to the reverse."

"Be not wroth with me, Vinterdalen," gently urged Amalia, "but thou thyself hast just told me that most of Vonved's crew are outlaws—some through misfortune, others through crime. Vonved may scorn to commit an act of piracy, but who shall answer for his desperate crew?"

"Vonved himself," proudly and sternly replied Vinterdalen. "Woe betide the follower of Lars Vonved who dares to commit a dishonest deed

whilst sailing under his flag! The laws and ordinances of *his* service are far more severe than those of King Frederick's own navy, and the penalty for any offence is unrelentingly enforced."

"Vonved is a veritable Sea-King!" exclaimed Madame Vinterdalen, more and more astonished and perplexed at every fresh revelation she heard.

"Ay, he may not untruly be so designated, albeit the world dubs him the Baltic Rover. He accepts that title, for a rover he certainly is, but a pirate—never!"

"Yet," pursued Amalia, "how does he maintain his large crew?"

"Hitherto he has found his revenue amply sufficient to liberally pay them, and they are well content to risk their lives in his desperate service—for a desperate service it is, inasmuch as the life of any follower of his would inevitably be forfeited were he to fall in the clutches of the Danish government."

"And has that never happened?"

"Several of Vonved's crew have, from time to time been captured, but Vonved never failed to rescue them from their impending doom, either by open force or secret manœuvre. On one occasion Lieutenant Dunraven was taken prisoner through imprudently going ashore at a small seaport where a Danish frigate happened to be lying in harbour, and he was recognised, seized, and conveyed on board her. She was to sail within eight-and-forty hours for Copenhagen, and if she once arrived there with Dunraven, his case was indeed desperate. Lars Vonved instantly planned the deliverance of his friend. The captain of the frigate invariably spent the day at the town, and came off to his ship late in the evening in his gig. The evening of the day subsequent to Dunraven's capture, proved highly favourable for Vonved's design, being dark, rainy, and squally. His two vessels, the Skildpadde and the Little Amalia, hovered closely off the harbour after nightfall, and he himself quitted them in a boat, manned by a powerful armed crew."

"Ah! I can guess his intention!" exclaimed Amalia. "He meant to seize the captain of the frigate himself as a hostage for Dunraven—did he not? What a desperate design!"

"Lars Vonved would have done

able to distinguish the smallest trace of organization, on account of their exceedingly minute proportions.

Many hundreds of species of each of these different kinds have been named; but it may be hoped that some day or other the law of their variations may be detected, and we may reduce to a small group the actual named species.

It is the universal opinion of the best microscopists that one species of these plants and animals ranges through a long series of deposits, and also through wide space in a living form. It may be assumed that the power that admits of one, may also account for the other extension.

Of the invertebrate animals of more complex structure, a very large proportion are represented in the various deposits, and, indeed, there are none possessed of any hard skeleton or covering that are not paralleled in many geological periods. There are, indeed, some so uniformly soft and decomposing with such extreme rapidity, that we cannot hope to see them preserved. Of this kind are the so-called sea-anemones, and some of the true Polypa, of the latter of which the specimens can only be made to retain their characteristic appearance for a very short time; so that we can only guess at the possible originals of the fossil species.

The *Graptolites* (among the earliest fossils known) are of this kind, and are now represented by the sea-pens. They are abundant in the oldest rocks, not only throughout the British Islands, but wherever such rocks recur.

With the *Graptolites*, and in all, or almost all the rocks of all ages, are found stony corals. Of these, some are large, and construct gigantic reefs, others are minute and gradually fill up pools surrounded by the more hardy individuals. There is a marked difference between the stony corals of the different periods. Upwards of a thousand extinct species have been described, and more are being added every day.

The *Bryozoa*, a class of animals intermediate in some respects between the Polypa, constructing ordinary coral, and the mollusca, who, for the most part, construct shells, are as widely distributed as either. They are compound animals, constructing singular and complicated habitations, often of extreme beauty, and generally of small size. The number of extinct

species is even greater than that of the true corals.

Star fishes, sea urchins, brittle stars, encrinites, and others singularly formed animals, are referred to the class of *Radiata*. The "stone lilies," occasionally met with on our coast, formed an important group in ancient times. The *Briaræus*, a species of the genus *Pentacrinites*, named from its hundred arms thrown out to collect food, is found in the middle and west of England, and in Yorkshire, and numerous species of other generic forms abound in the carboniferous limestone, and the oolites. Star fishes, though less common, have still a wide range, and a few sea-urchins are distributed at distant intervals.

Of each of the tribes of articulated animals, worms, barnacles, trilobites, crabs and lobsters, and insects, some examples are found fossil in various rocks. The worms indeed are known chiefly by their casts, though two or three species provided with a strong coat, are to be met with. The barnacles are widely spread, adhering to drift wood in a fossil state, and very frequently to bones and shells. The individuals of one group of these (*Lepadidæ*) were apparently at a maximum in the chalk seas. Thirty-two species of this group are described from cretaceous rocks, and only five are now known in the richest locality for animals of this kind.

A remarkable group of crustacean animals (the *Entomostraca*) pervades the rocks of the older or Palæozoic period. Some of the specimens found in the Old Red sandstone are supposed to have belonged to individuals who attained a length of seven feet, and some of the others were a yard long. They bear some slight resemblance to fishes, but are more like the king crab (*Limulus*) of the West Indies. Trilobites are not far removed from them in proportions, but though probably allied, they offer many difficulties in classification. These animals having very prominent eyes, with large lenses made up of numerous facets, long ago attracted attention, as proving that in the most ancient seas the adaptation of the eye to light resembled precisely that now adopted, and indicate that the relation of the sun to our earth and the state of our atmosphere in regard to light, cannot have greatly changed.

less bows to the decree of Omnipotence, and says in his heart, Let my destiny be fulfilled!"

"And dost thou assure me, on thy honour, Vinterdalen, that Lars Vonved is *not* guilty of piracy, and the thousand crimes and atrocities which he is popularly believed to have perpetrated?"

"Ay, that do I, without one atom of equivocation or reservation. I have told thee the worst that can truly be laid to his charge—thou now knowest the 'very head and front of his offending.' See what a consummate liar Rumour is! Wilt thou ever again believe the hundredth part of the evil attributed to any human being by the myriad-tongued voice of that false and foolish abstraction, popular Rumour?"

"But how is it that although the name of the Baltic Rover is terribly familiar throughout our country, people only speak of him as Lars Vonved? I never heard him alluded to as the Count of Elsinore. Do his own followers know that he is the last of the regal line of Valdemar, and that he is legally entitled to bear the illustrious title of Count of Elsinore?"

"They all know it well, and many who are not his adherents know it also. But Lars Vonved, when he commenced his reprisals on King Frederick—when he first seized by force the heritage which was unjustly confiscated and withheld from him—resolved that, being outlawed, he would not bring a shadow even of apparent dishonour on the lofty title which had descended to him ere the decease of its rightful possessor, and he therefore carefully abstained from assuming it, or permitting himself to be addressed as the Count of Elsinore. Thus it is that the world only knows him as Lars Vonved, and his officers and crew address him simply as Captain Vonved, by his own earnest wish and express command."

"Ah, I can appreciate *that* trait in his proud nature."

"And now, Amalia, thou knowest the true story of Lars Vonved."

"I know somewhat—but I would know more!" retorted Amalia, with a keen and anxious glance at her husband.

"More! what more canst thou desire to know?"

"More—much more!" reiterated she, gravely and significantly. "I wish to know about my namesake, the lady in honour of whom Lars Vonved christened his little joegt, 'Amalia;' and, above all, I *must* know the story of his wife. Amalia and his wife—are they not one and the same?"

"Thou art a true woman," said Captain Vinterdalen, with a haggard smile; "and dost intuitively pluck the heart of the mystery!"

"Then I am right?"

"Even so."

"Well! and who is this Amalia?"

"The wife of Lars Vonved."

"Yes, yes! but who *was* she?"

Instead of answering the question, Captain Vinterdalen gazed at his wife with the same inscrutable expression which had so startled and perplexed her before, and he slowly, and as it were abstractedly, repeated—"who was she?"

"Yes, that is what you must tell me, and how she became"—

"The victim of Lars Vonved?"

"Victim! O Vinterdalen!" and Amalia blushed with the consciousness that her husband read her inmost thoughts as easily as the open pages of a book, whilst the expression of his countenance was to her unfathomable.

"Ay, victim! for didst thou not say that thy heart bled for the woman whose miserable lot it is to be the wife of the outlaw Vonved?"

"Ah! but that was before I knew his true story."

"Then thy thoughts of Lars Vonved are not so hard as they were?"

"My opinion of him has undergone some change."

"Is that all?"

"I think," added Madame Vinterdalen, with a little hesitation, "that, as you said, he is possibly more sinned against than sinning."

Even this admission did not seem to satisfy Captain Vinterdalen.

"As much may be truly said of thousands of outlaws and criminal outcasts!" muttered he.

"But Vonved's wife!" again urged Amalia. "My namesake—tell me of *her*. How did Vonved win her affection?"

"Even as I won thine—by saving her life at the risk of his own."

"O me! what a coincidence!"

The cockles, universally distributed now in space, are almost equally so in geologic time. Peculiar forms now limited to certain districts, are found indicated in the fossils of the same districts, but with a wider range, and a group of allied shells (*Lucina Corbis*, &c., well known to collectors), are equally common in a fossil and recent state.

The boring shells (*Pholas* and *Teredo*, the modern ship worm), exercised their peculiar powers in ancient seas as at present, pieces of drift wood in a fossil state being found with the fossil remains of the extinct boring shells embedded in them. These have not been found in beds older than the lias.

Fossil univalves are spread quite as widely in the rocks and strata of various age as the bivalves; but while the extinct species are about the same in number as those of bivalves (6,000), the recent species exceed 6,000. It would appear therefore at first, that the group of univalves was of more modern introduction and later in attaining its maximum.

The air-breathing animals provided with shells (snails, &c.), figure so very highly however in the lists of recent species as to amount to one-half the whole number. While, therefore, the number of extinct species of these is comparatively small (only about 450), as must have been the case, from the far greater facility with which the marine species would be obtained for accumulation in aqueous deposits, it will be seen that the real number of extinct and recent species of marine univalves is about the same.

Although the univalves, as a group, are more highly organized than bivalves, and ought therefore to be more strictly determinable, there are great practical difficulties in this respect, owing to the slight relation between the shell and the animal, and the tendency of the shells to become thickened and coated in various ways when the condition of the water, with regard to transparency and quiet, is seriously altered. Thus, the shells inhabiting disturbed water, are generally thicker than those of the same species in calm water, and this thickness is apt to affect characteristic peculiarities of structure. On the whole, however, the older shells are found on close examination to differ from ordinary recent types, and the nearest

allied forms are to be found among the more minute and rare recent species.

A group of shells, like the *Nautilus*, but unprovided with walls or air chambers, is found in Palaeozoic rocks, and these probably represent the *Heteropoda* now living. The shells, however, of the extinct species are far thicker and clumsier. The strombs which, in spite of their massive shells, are among the animals that approach the delicate and fragile *Heteropoda* in structure, extend only to the oolites, while the whelk tribe, by far the most important of living sea shells, are only represented in the older tertiaries. Cones, volutes, and cowries now chiefly confined to warmer waters than those around our shores, are common amongst us as cretaceous and tertiary fossils, and the same may be said of the large groups including the limpets (*Patella*), the tooth shell (*Dentalium*), the top shells (*Turbo* and *Trochus*), and the telescope shells (*Terebra*).

But it is chiefly the *Cephalopoda* whose remains are characteristic of the various deposits from the most ancient down to the chalk. Comparatively rare now, at least, in our own seas, we find indications of no less than 1,400 extinct species to place against the three or four to which the recent lists are limited.

The *Ammonite*, *Hamite*, *Turrilite*, and *Baculite* are nautili with the shell straight or twisted more or less completely, and with the septum or wall of separation between the air chambers making a more or less zig-zag intersection with the shell. These are the forms found everywhere in secondary rocks. *Orthoceras* and other straight and more directly nautiloid forms, characterize the older rocks, and the intermediate *Goniatite* perpetuating through life the early development of the *Ammonite*, marks the passage from one to the other.

Siphuncles (the tubes passing through the chambers) as much as six feet in length, and an inch and a-half in diameter, mark the gigantic proportions to which the *Orthoceras* reached in the silurian limestone at the earliest stage, and huge fragments of *Turrilite* from the chalk prove that no degeneration had taken place in this respect after the lapse of so long a period, and when the reign of shelled *Cephalopoda* was drawing to its close.

The secondary rocks contain 500 species of Ammonites, some as large as the wheel of a carriage, and they range not only throughout Europe, but in many parts of Asia, Africa, and the two Americas.

Besides those provided with defensive armour, the naked and soft cuttle fish, poulpes, or calamaries seem to have been present in incredible abundance. Complete specimens have been found not rarely in some of the clays, while the curious pen, the ink-bag, the horny claws, the mandibles, the mantle, and in fact the complete mummy of the animal have been preserved and are occasionally found. Among the most common remains of these animals is the stony *Belemnite*, a well known cylindrical fossil, having one extremity pointed and slightly conical, and terminating upwards in an open funnel-shaped cavity. The whole of this fossil represents the white *cuttle-bone*, often picked up on our shores, which served as a skeleton for the attachment of the muscles of the cuttle fish.

Such, in a few words, are the fossils of the invertebrate classes as at present known. Those of the vertebrata we must postpone to a second article, concluding this brief outline concerning the animals of lower and less complex organization, with a significant remark by Professor Owen, that "*every type of invertebrated animal is represented in the stratified deposits called Cambrian and Lower Silurian*"*—in other words, in the oldest of all those rocks in which organic remains have hitherto been found.

It is not to be denied that this fact of the almost universal distribution of invertebrate types throughout the oldest rocks, and the absence of any fossils in the large group of little altered sedimentary deposits occasionally found beneath them, offers grave objections to the view advocated by Mr. Darwin in his "Origin of Species." He remarks—

"If my theory be true, it is indisputable that before the lowest Silurian stratum was deposited, long periods elapsed—as long as, or probably far longer than the whole period from the Silurian age to the present day; and that during these vast, yet quite unknown periods of time, the world swarmed with living creatures.

"To the question why we do not find records of these vast primordial periods I can give no satisfactory answer. . . . The difficulty of understanding the absence of vast piles of fossiliferous strata which in my theory no doubt were somewhere accumulated before the Silurian epoch, is very great. If these most ancient beds had been wholly worn away by denudation, or obliterated by metamorphic action, we ought to find only small remnants of the formations next succeeding them in age, and these ought to be very generally in a metamorphosed condition. But the descriptions we now possess of the Silurian deposits over immense territories in Russia and in North America, do not support the view that the older a formation is, the more it has suffered the extremity of denudation and metamorphism."

Mr. Darwin states his belief that, after all, the imperfection of the geologic record is the real cause of the existence of this apparently grave objection; he regards this record "as a history of the world imperfectly kept and written in a changing dialect; and of this history we possess the last volume only, relating to two or three countries. Of this volume but here and there a short chapter has been preserved; and of each page, only here and there a few lines. Each word of the slowly changing language in which the history is supposed to be written, being more or less different in the interrupted succession of chapters, may represent the apparently abruptly changed forms of life entombed in our consecutive but widely separated formations."

Truly this is a modest, if painfully unsatisfactory, illustration of the state of geological knowledge in the department of Palæontology; but we feel inclined to suggest that the well known remark of Newton, who considered his own magnificent discoveries like those of a child selecting the smoothest and prettiest pebbles on the shore of the ocean of truth, seems to promise as little, in comparison to what he satisfactorily made out concerning the laws of nature. We believe also that a fair and honest study of the language in the great stone-book will be rewarded in due time by the development of the real law of progress, whatever that law may be.

D. T. A.

* Owen's Palæontology, p. 96.

OUR FOREIGN COURIER.

"Ring in the Christ that is to be!"

I pity the blindness more than I envy the complacency of the man in whose heart these words of our greatest living poet find no echo, awaken no thought. I pity his blindness, because I am sure that the aspect of the "religious question" of the nineteenth century abounds with more than sufficient prognostications of coming change to arrest the attention of the most superficial, and to wrinkle the brow of the most sagacious observer; and I envy not his complacency, because I am sure that the present condition of Christendom, and yet more, of the millions who lie outside its pale, ought to urge him to join with heartfelt devotion in the prayer of the poet:

"Ring in the Christ that is to be!"

And, again, when we are minished and brought low through oppression, through any plague or trouble, our hearts are smitten at the thought of the Christ that has been, and know no greater consolation than to ring in the Christ that is to be—to look forward, that is, to a time which shall only expire with our life's end, when Religion shall hold a place in our hearts which it has not held before, and earth-born mists shall roll away from off the cliffs of the eternal shore. To any one who is disposed to sneer at this language as the fustian rhapsody of an overheated brain, I would put the simple question, whether he seriously, and in his conscience, believes that in the year of grace 1960 the Papacy or Anglicanism will be what they now are; whether he can doubt for a moment that the Christ that is to be will be far other than the Christ that now is; the "former things," having passed away at the word of Him who sits upon the throne and says, "Behold, I make all things new."

These reflections have been suggested by a most remarkable work on the Religious Question, of the nine-

teenth century,* from the pen of M. Joseph Salvador. His name being merely the Spanish form of Joshua, indicates that he is a Jew. Indeed, it is not improbable that many of our readers are familiar with the works in which he has already illustrated the history and religion of his forefathers. For the benefit of those who are not, it may be convenient to state that they bear the following titles: "l'Histoire des Institutions de Moïse et du peuple Hébreu," 3 vols.; "Jésus-Christ, et sa doctrine, on l'Eglise pendant le premier siècle," 2 vols.; "La Domination Romaine en Judée, on la ruine nationale de Jérusalem," 2 vols. To show the spirit in which they ought to be read, I wish to mention the circumstances which led to their being written. These are recounted in the work before us (vol. i., p. 240, &c.) The author was attending lectures as a student at Paris, when he happened to take up a newspaper which contained the narrative of a disgraceful persecution, accompanied with bloodshed and pillage, which had been inflicted on the Jewish population of some small town in Germany. Among other details of the outrage, it was mentioned that the ruffians had excited each other on to a cry, long in use in Germany as a jibe against the Jews—Hep! Hep! Hep!—an abbreviation from the initial letters of the phrase, "*Hierosolyma est perdita*." The cry kept ringing in his ears through the night-watches and amid the hum of men in the broad day. Lecturers might spout and friends might chatter, but above all the din rose that cry which smote with terror the heart of this ardent Jew—Hep! Hep! Hep! "*Hierosolyma est perdita*." "How can these things be?" he said to himself, "and if they are, if Jerusalem be indeed clean gone for ever, let us pull down our synagogues, and then cast about and consider what it behoves us to do and to be." But first he

* "Paris, Rome, et Jerusalem. On la question religieuse au dix-neuvième siècle." Paris. 1860. Michel Levy. London: Barthès and Lowell.

must examine into the facts of the case. He addressed himself to his task with a mind singularly well qualified for its impartial execution. Not wholly Jewish was the blood that ran in his veins. If by the father's side he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, as we have seen, by his mother he belonged to Christianity, which he was therefore prepared to regard, if without favour, yet without scorn. He began by studying the *Sepher* and the *Mikra*, the entire Scriptures of his nation and his creed; but the study widened more and more, till what he had taken up as the mere episode, became the business of his life, the absorbing passion of his soul. Of this passion and this business the latest fruits are now before us.

I should hope that none of your readers are either so simple or so uncharitable as to suppose that your *Foreign Courier* has been seduced by the perusal of this book into apostacy from Christianity. At the same time, I think it is quite possible and quite allowable to take the keenest interest in the speculations of a learned and pious Jew, and yet to stop short of any intention of being circumcised. And with regard to M. Salvador in particular, all must allow that he treats the subject before him with such elevation of feeling and of language, and shows such consideration for the sentiments of those who profess and call themselves Christians, that his book cannot be read without great and sterling gain. It may be called a Trilogy, the three dramas bearing, respectively, the names of the three great capitals, Paris, Rome, Jerusalem. Paris covers the period from 1789 to 1815, and is intended to symbolize the great political revulsions inaugurated by the Revolution of 1789. Rome carries him from 1815 to 1840, and is regarded by the writer as the incarnation of the past, as a reaction against all those onward tendencies of the future, which 1789 had set in motion. With 1840 commences the Eastern question, and with it the first dawn of that new era, that work of religious re-edification, which he associates with the name of Jerusalem. The whole of the work may be said to be grounded on two principles, which we will state in the author's own words: "Pas de révolution politique, générale, sociale, sans une trans-

formation religieuse correspondante qui précède ou qui suit: mais aussi, pas de transformation religieuse possible, viable, qui ne soit le produit, naturel, légitime, et préon d'une séve religieuse, originelle et créatrice" (i. p. 40.) The consequences flow of themselves, so long as you grant the writer's premises. The general, social, and political transformation has already taken place; but the religious transformation—the inevitable accompaniment of the other—is yet to come. And further—I am still quoting M. Salvador's sentiments—there is a total absence of any evidence to show that the existing forms of Christianity, or of any of the religions of the world, contain in themselves that life-giving sap, that creative energy, which alone can effect that religious transformation of the future. To Jerusalem, therefore, that is, to a totally new order of things, we must look for the accomplishment of that work of renovation, which defies the puny efforts, the mere child's play, of such anachronisms as all current forms of nineteenth-century Christianity. At present we are but busying ourselves in putting a piece of new cloth into an old garment, forgetting that the rent is made worse: that is, forgetting that we do but widen the gulf which separates our dogmatical teaching of Christianity from the wants, the wishes, and the feelings of an age which has undergone a social and political transformation. I cannot at present go more into detail on this work. I think I have said enough of its general scope to induce the reader to look into the matter for himself. Nothing can be further from my intention than to pander to that general appetite for heresy which is itself, however, a strong proof of the anachronisms and unrealities to be found in very many systems of teaching. I only feel, and I wish others to feel with me, that in studying the aspirations of this devout Jew, I am reading a lesson by which my own Christianity may be kindled to a new and better life.

I have frequently called the attention of your readers to the beautiful collection entitled *Bibliothèque Spirituelle*, edited by M. de Sacy. I am sorry to say it has just been brought to a conclusion. In winding up his labours the editor could not have

made a better selection than the New Testament*, as the great source and security of all spiritual life. By the advice of his friend, the Abbé Dassance, he chose Mésenguy's translation. Mésenguy was born in 1677, and died in 1763. His translation was first published in 1752, and is conspicuous for the purity of its style. I do not know that there is any thing particular to remark about this reprint, beyond the great beauty of the type and getting up generally, the fine feeling shown in the editor's preface, and the excellent judgment in his omission of all notes. My only regret is that the series is brought to a close.

M. Bungenert† has won for himself a considerable reputation by his sketches of French history. I do not know that he will do much to increase it by his recent manual of "The Evangelical Controversialist" entitled "Rome and the Bible," meaning by the Bible, it seems, the New Testament. It may best be described as a collection of 488 cannon-balls, or popgun-balls, as the reader pleases, to be hurled with all the force of Protestant artillery against the Church of Rome. For my own part, I will yield to no Romanist in my contempt for the combative mode of evangelising the world. Pugilism is not, in my eyes, a bit less repulsive for being carried on upon sacred ground. However, a large class of religionists thinks differently on this subject, so if I were a Jesuit in disguise, and anxious to promote the interests of Romanism, I should urge the adoption of this very feeble manual. The writer goes through all the books of the New Testament in succession, and picks out every text on which he can, by hook or by crook, hang an indictment against Rome. *Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*

I may here call attention to a work by another Protestant pastor, M.

Coquerel, whom some of our readers, I doubt not, have heard hold forth in the Oratoire, at Paris, to say nothing of the Assemblies of 1848. It consists of what is called a Christology,† or an Essay on the Person and the Work of Jesus Christ. It is a poor book: at least, I think, it would be thought so in this country, though, perhaps, it ought to be considered above par as a production of French Protestants; for I much fear that those who cry up the abilities and fame of French Protestants are somewhat blinded in their judgment by their hatred of Rome. A Christology, according to M. Coquerel, has three aspects, an exegetical, a philosophical, and a moral. The former examines the narrative of Christ's life, and weighs the authority and authenticity of all that has been handed down concerning him; the second inquires into the Nature of God and of man, and into the different theories as to the union of the two in Christ; the third sets forth the moral beauty of the character of our great Exemplar, and endeavours to find in the contemplation of that moral beauty a neutral ground on which the Churches of Christendom can meet together. I have no reason to suppose that M. Coquerel is insincere in his scheme of reconciliation, which is prominently put forward as the cardinal idea of the book; but one may be permitted to smile at his simplicity. I would, however, call particular attention to the remarks on Original Sin and on the doctrine of the Eternity of Punishment. I should think they would astonish some readers who would be less prepared to meet with such views in the work of a French pastor than in those of a German professor.

In my last *Foreign Courier* I mentioned the publication of a new edition of Schelling's entire works. I now have to announce a new volume§ which is by no means the least

* "Le Nouveau Testament de Notre Seigneur Jesus-Christ," Traduit en François par Mésenguy. Nouvelle édition avec une préface par M. Silvestre de Sacy, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Techener. London: Williams and Norgate.

† "Rome et la Bible. Manuel du Controversiste Evangélique." Par F. Bungenert. Paris et Genève. 1859. Cherbuliez. London: Barthès and Lowell.

‡ "Christologie ou Essai sur la Personne et l'œuvre de Jésus-Christ." Par Athanase Coquerel. Paris: Cherbuliez. London: Barthès and Lowell.

§ "Schelling, Saemmtliche Werke." Stuttgart. 1860. London: Williams and Norgate.

important of the series, containing as it does a considerable and hitherto unedited work on the Philosophy of Art, belonging to the early period of Schelling's literary career. It also contains the famous lectures on Academical studies. I cannot resist quoting one passage from a lecture on the study of history (p. 311.) "On the way in which history ought to be studied let the following suffice. It ought, on the whole, to be looked at after the fashion of an Epos, which has no definite commencement and no definite end. In this pick out the particular point which you consider most important or most interesting, and then work up the whole in different directions with this as your centre. Keep shy of the so-called universal histories, which teach you nothing: and there are no others. Universal history, rightly so called, ought to be cast in an epic mould, such as we see in Herodotus. What now goes by that name is nothing but compendiums, out of which every thing important and particular has been eliminated. I would even advise the man who takes up history purely as an amateur to go as much as he can to special histories and to original sources, which are by far the most instructive." But we might quote for ever. Perhaps I am peculiar, but I confess that I can conceive no greater treat than to sit down and muse over this fat volume of German philosophy, consisting of upwards of 700 pages. I should not pretend to understand it all at a glance; but I think you are well repaid for your trouble by the privilege of holding intercourse with a master mind.—N.B. it is quite hopeless attempting without a cigar.

II. At the head of the second section I place a work which assuredly is any thing but light reading. The author is Ferrari*, whose "History of Italian Revolutions" was noticed some time back in these columns. As far as I can make out, he wishes to give us here that philosophy in the light of which all history should be read, and those laws by which the fate and fortune of nations are

governed; but what that philosophy means, or what those laws are, I have not yet been able to discover. The work appears to have been suggested by the perusal of a vast mass of political publications—upwards of 400 in number—by Italian writers. He would have allowed these works, he says, to lie undisturbed on their dusty shelves if he had not discerned that however valueless they were as guides to political action they were important as expressions of the general laws which men unconsciously obey in political life. I think, however, I had best quote the writer's own words. "These laws do not direct those who found monarchies or republics; but every State must be either a monarchy or a republic. They do not guide those who flatter or who slay; but in the presence of an adversary every step must either be a snare or an attack. Finally, to employ a comparison drawn from the *Ars Poetica*, we tell a poet nothing new when we say that every drama is divided into acts: it is to the philosopher we make the revelation that every scenic representation has need of repose, of intervals, of mysterious distances, or that the story has its cadence like verse, its measure like the columns of an edifice, and its consummation like the cupola of a cathedral. In like manner the 'Reason of State' (*la Raison d'Etat*) shows us the distances, the intervals which regulate the alternations of government, the rhythm by which they are compelled in space as well as in time to succeed one another under such and such heads." M. Ferrari tells us that as soon as he got hold of this idea the confusion of theories vanished as by enchantment. I wish his readers could enjoy the same advantages; but, I think, from the specimen I have just quoted, the navigation through this volume can scarcely be called plain sailing. I suspect that M. Ferrari has muddled his head by the study of Vico. Certain it is that he muddles mine.

A work of a far higher stamp is M. de Lasteyrie's History of Political Liberty in France†, of which the

* "J. Ferrari, Histoire de la Raison d'Etat." Paris: Levy. 1860. London: Jeffs.

† "F. de Lasteyrie. Histoire de la Liberté Politique en France." 1860. Paris: Levy. London: Williams and Norgate.

first volume is now before me. When he was playing a part in public life, he frequently regretted that no one had taken the trouble of collecting together and classifying all the facts and evidences of liberty throughout the history of France. It is a common notion among his countrymen that liberty dates from 1789. M. de Lasteyrie is anxious to show that this is not the case, and to point out instances of liberty in times which were reputed to have none. "J'ai écrit ce livre," he says, "faute d'avoir pu le lire." In this volume he appears to have done little more than break ground, for he does not get beyond the advent of the Capets to the throne. It is divided into four chapters. In the first he treats of the Gallo-Roman populations, and of the condition of the various barbarian tribes at the time of the conquest. In the second he examines into the nature and extent of the Gallo-Roman liberties, while in the third, he pursues a like inquiry as to those of the Franks. The concluding chapter is one of the most interesting in the volume, and traces the source from whence the governing power flowed during the monarchy of the Franks. The writer's object is to show that at this early period of the history of Gaul and of France, far more liberty prevailed than is generally allowed by historians—with two of whom, Mr. Hallam and M. Guizot, he is at issue on this very point. I think he establishes his case satisfactorily enough. Frenchmen write books on political liberty. We in this country are content to enjoy it. It is evident that the work is the fruit of much erudition and research, and we shall look anxiously for the sequel.

Another work full of solid information on social science, is a very painstaking history of the working classes in France*, from the pen of M. Cellier. This history is carried down from the earliest times—the Roman conquest—to the present day. It seems to be written in a very sound and sober spirit, without any of that abject flattery which Mr. Bright

showers upon such of the working-classes as attend his gatherings. In these days of strikes and Reform bills, much may be learned, it seems to me, from studying the condition and organization of the working-classes in other countries. I do not pretend to speak of M. Cellier's work as amusing, but I have no hesitation in saying that it is a book which will long be consulted as the great authority on the subject of which he treats.

III. It is some time since we have had occasion to notice any of the *fasciculi* of M. Milne Edwards' important work on Physiology and Comparative Anatomy. The two last published†, are now before us, and assuredly they do not yield in interest to their predecessors. It is very much the fashion in the present day for popular writers to figure before the public as teachers of physiology on the shortest possible notice. Really master minds can accomplish feats of this kind with impunity, but the lesser lights cut a sorry figure indeed, alongside of such a writer as M. Edwards. I suspect that physiology for the people is often made popular at the expense of scientific accuracy. But this is a digression. I merely wished to point out the very great advantage of being able to turn for information on this subject to such a writer as M. Milne Edwards, who is at once popular and scientific. The lectures in these *fasciculi* range from the thirty-ninth to the forty-sixth, inclusive, and treat of Transudation, of the Lymphatic system, of the Absorbents, and of Digestion. It is difficult to know where to begin quoting from these interesting and instructive pages, and still more difficult to know where to stop. Perhaps those of your readers whose lips have been suffering from the great prevalence of the east wind, may care to know the rationale of their discomfort, which Mr. Milne Edwards thus sets forth in his chapter on Transudation:—"The reason is, that under the influence of the cold, the small superficial vessels contract, the blood circulates in them in diminished quantity, the transudation slackens,

* "Histoire des Classes Laborieuses en France." Par Du Cellier. 1860. Paris: Levy. London: Jeffs.

† "Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie Comparée." Par H. Milne Edwards. 1860. Paris: Victor Masson. London: Williams and Norgate.

the tissues which lie between the capillary vessels and the exterior no longer receive, by imbibition, a sufficient dose of serosity to counterbalance the effects of an evaporation, however slight. It is, therefore, a want of balance between the fluids received and the fluids disbursed, which ensues, and which parches up the part insufficiently irrigated." Both the lectures on the Lymphatic system are full of striking traits of the sagacity of observation, and ingenuity of resource with which the great masters of physiology have conducted their investigations on this most difficult and delicate point. The account of the successive discoveries which led to the doctrine of Absorption as it now stands, is also full of very curious details, which I warmly recommend to the attention of your readers. The same may be said of the exposition of the Digestive system, and of Réaumur's curious experiments. This last-named subject will be continued in succeeding volumes.

The Vicomte de Lapasse professes to enlighten the world on the art of

prolonging human life greatly beyond the ordinary term of years by which it is bounded in the present day.* It is difficult to believe that such a book could have been written out of Bedlam, so extraordinary are the notions put forward in it. It is almost refreshing at this period, to find a man writing seriously about the Elixirs of Cagliostro, and the powers of longevity of the alchemists, *id genus omne*. However, I do not complain. The book is amusing enough. The Vicomte has evidently read a number of old and rare works, and the results of this extensive reading keep cropping up at intervals throughout the volume. I cannot attempt to give an analysis of its contents. The only alarming fact about it is, that patients seem to have been confided to his care, or at any rate, to have undergone his prescriptions. However, any one who chooses to try these prescriptions for himself may do so, with the aid of this volume, for a collection of them is added in the appendix.

NAIADES.

'Tis evening on a crescent shore, silent as a cloud of grey ;
A land of calm, a sea of light, where mortal barque can never stray,
A land of mighty twilight woods that shrine an island scattered bay.
No change comes here, save when the waters with the broad moon broader rise
At sunset, washing from the gorges inland the red leaf that dies,
Where trains of traceless shadows only weave their purple mysteries,
And rolls along the noiseless sun from year to year through sleeping skies.

'Tis evening, and the low sea moon is in her amber hallow shrined,
The clouds are washed in wave-like shapes by tides of the retreating wind ;
Upon the stretching cape the forest shelves in westering gold afar ;
The spring upon the solemn mountain freshens in the twilight star ;
And night falls faintly changing every violet island into grey :
A single bird unseen is singing o'er the inland close of day,
And all the sands are tinkling silent, and the sea sounds far away.

* "Essai sur la Conservation de la Vie." Par M. le Vicomte de Lapasse. Paris : Masson. London : Williams and Norgate. 1860.

Hark! from the cliff whose marble brow is white upon the calm below,
 A melody arises, stealing o'er the waters soft and low;
 An undulating song that floats upon the billows rise and fall;
 A liquid laugh from out the gloom that lies along the headland tall,
 A listening pause—then from the bright deep comes a low mysterious call—
 'Tis answered, and before the wave its splendour path has onward hewn,
 Sweet Sea Shapes pace the island sands beneath the stillness of the moon.
 Around their queen they group, the while she rests in radiant quiet there,
 Slow disentangling golden locks with dainty fingers moonlight-fair;
 The smooth light slides along their forms, o'er their white feet and flamy hair,
 And warmly floats and falls around the sighings of the forest air.

Here pass their listless lives amid immortal seasons as they gleam;
 Here is their home, by this rich sea, by rock and shore and silent stream,
 In a lone region, where the world moves day and night as in a dream.
 Lo! they wander round the headland dashed with silver in the light,
 And shadowed toward the distant waters, spreading shelterless through
 night;

Where the brown sea-humid banks are fringed with many a dusky bloom,
 Trailing vine and oleander drooping in the balmy gloom;
 Where on the hard sand near the surges glimmers many a watery gem,
 Blue-veined shell and conch of crimson, silken weed and coral stem;
 Where from the forest's heart the river flows along the yellow lea,—
 Where the seven great autumn stars look o'er the world across the sea.

VOICES.

First Voice.

Wash, wash thy silent sands,
 Solemn god o' the sea;
 Spread along the gloomy lands,
 Lighting isle and forest creek,
 Dark layed hill and rocky peak,
 With thy deity:
 Tranced earth is brown and still,
 Shadow-dark is every hill,
 Voiceless all the level ground;
 But thou art full of songs and light,
 Thou canst move by day and night,
 Full of music round and round.

Second Voice.

Twine we here our lily wreaths,
 Sisters of the lonely sea;
 Over our home the moon-wind breathes,
 Light and mournfully:
 Listen! how the grey waves moan
 Round each rock and weedy stone;
 Look! the purple rain-drifts stray
 Under the last streak of day:
 Here let's deck our wat'ry heads,
 And bind our locks with crimson threads,
 And blue flowers cool with ocean's balm;
 And on our foreheads under them
 Let's hang the deep sea-diamond gem,
 And on each peaceful breast
 A wreath of pearl shells rest,
 Like bubbles on the calm.

Third Voice.

Here upon the dewy beach,
 Sparkling fresh with salt and shells,
 Here beside the woodland wells
 Let us dance, sisters three :
 Clasp white hands each in each,
 Round and round let us stray,
 Tripping it in circles gay.
 To the music of the sea,
 To the sighing of the weeds,
 To the fluting of the reeds,—
 On the sands this moonlight hour,
 Like a drift of summer's shower,
 Let us trip it spraily !

Second Voice.

Where are our sisters of the woods ?
 Brown maidens who were used to stray
 Down the stream some lonely day,
 (Dance the measure o'er again)
 Crowned with nuts and late year buds,
 With their smiles like forest lights,
 Brows as dusk as autumn nights,
 And sweet eyes like moonlit rain.
 Here in chestnut cups we drew
 From the rock the honey dew,
 Here in th' moss we feasted well
 On sweet rush pith and asphodel,
 They say the Phantoms love so well.
 (Dance the measure o'er again.)

First Voice.

Here beside the forest dim
 Let us cease from dance and hymn ;
 For the dawn is rising chill,
 And mark—upon the eastern hill,
 Yon demon group of dismal yew
 Dawn-struck, seem burning through and through
 By the fierce lines of golden fire ;
 And o'er the sea the god's great lyre,
 Has stopped its sound,—its three last stars,
 Have dropped away in purple airs
 Like the last notes of our song,
 Come, we have been on earth too long.

They cease ; for night is ending, and the vague and scattered sky
 Unsettles all the misty lights in blue immensity ;
 Comes from the woods a leafy wind, the beams begin to play
 Along the distant summita, and across the crescent bay :
 White lengths of cloud from the black land, with burning fringes blown,
 Cross the low sun, and blinds in day the mountain's fiery cone—
 And stream and sea and forest in the glory are alone.

T. IRWIN.

MY GREATEST FRIGHT.

It was a pitch-dark night when I stood at the door of an inn on the verge of the little town of D—, speculating upon my chances of fair weather on the top of the coach which, passing through the place, was to carry me some twenty miles farther. The mail had not yet arrived. Those were the good old days of stage-coaches, when a journey of a few score miles was a formidable affair, to be talked of a month before it took place, and regarded as an event in life after it had been performed. Being accustomed to travelling, I thought less of a trip than most people. On that night, however, an ugly cold drizzle made me shiver, and hurry back to the chimney-corner of the snug hostelry, where wit, and song, and savoury suppers, and punch manufactured by the sweetest of barmaids, combined to render the hours fleeter. Half inclined to remain where I was, and let the coach proceed unheeded, I threw myself on a bench, lit my cigar, varied my meditations with a fresh tumbler, and surrendered myself to all the comfort the place afforded. Nothing disturbed my enjoyment but the snoring of a person in another corner of the apartment, who seemed overcome by the strength of his previous potations. Falling into a rather gloomy reverie, I experienced a strong presentiment that, against my better reason, I should ere long commit some fearful crime. Startling visions came and went before me—not that the maid had been over-generous in mixing my tumbler, though I allow I was a favourite, and had succeeded in snatching a kiss from her on an occasion. I was as sober as a judge, whatever that statement may be worth; still I could not shake off the shapes of horror that haunted me. I felt convinced that something untoward would soon occur, but, anathematizing myself as a superstitious dolt, I seized my liquor, and having turned the crystal bottom upward in approved style, began to whistle a popular air, which half awakened my stertorous friend at the instant when the horn of the guard

and the rattle of a vehicle reminded us of the coming coach.

Should I stay, or go? The night was abominable, and an outside seat would be misery indeed; an inside I could not expect. It was as well to try, however, if such might be had. Fortune favoured me. The coach was altogether empty; and after a pleasant word with somebody, who sighed as I departed, I jumped in and hugged myself all over at my good fortune.

Scarcely was I seated when an individual—a gentleman, I judged him to be by the tone of his voice, all the rest of him being concealed by coats and mufflers—assisted into the coach another comfortably enveloped bundle of humanity, saying at the same time, “I trust, sir, my friend will not incommode you.” “Not at all,” replied I, as the stranger, without speaking, flung himself, or tumbled into the other corner on the seat where I sat. Not a word passed between us, and we started.

We had proceeded a mile or two, and I had relapsed into a sort of slumber, when on a sudden a slight jolt of the coach threw my fellow-traveller right on top of me. My equanimity was not improved by the contact; but fancying, as he made very feeble efforts to recover himself, that he had fallen into a profound sleep, I raised him as gently as possible, and, depositing him in his own corner, again composed myself, drawing my cap more determinedly over my eyes. Not a sound thenceforth emanated from my companion, upon which I felicitated myself. Were the delinquent my snoring friend of the hotel, what must not my torture have been?

Matters proceeded pleasantly enough, and my eyes were beginning to betray me once more into dreams, when, at a turn in the road, down came my neighbour upon me a second time. Now, that was enough to vex a saint. Had the most pious individual on record been in the predicament, he would have found it difficult not to consign the wretch to regions

infernal. I will not confess what I *said*—it would not ring discreetly in ears polite; but my bark is worse than my bite, as Celia has often declared indeed, when I have arranged trifling domestic squabbles (which are few and far between) by the gift of a bonnet, or something of the sort—in the newest style. I will acknowledge what I *did*, for, as yet, I had not grown savage with my voiceless tormentor. I shook him soundly; a grunt was emitted, hardly mortal. Then, for the first time, it struck me that he might be none other than the tipsified denizen of the coffee-room corner, now quite overcome. Recollecting many misdoings of my own—one who handles a drunk man with particular tenderness is sure to be no teetotaller—I spoke encouragingly to the mass of bacchanalian stupidity, shook him again, lifted him with some gentleness, and set him up all right. It was scarcely done when he had lost his equilibrium once more, and repeated his moan of dissatisfaction with my renewed efforts to save his neck. This insensibility to my kindness, I confess, nettled me. I fear I did not then handle him so mildly. I not only placed him in his seat, but administered as sound a box with my fist (striking as I did at random, in the dark, it fell somewhere about his cranium,) as ever I dealt to an impudent coxcomb, boasting of his prowess in the art of self-defence—wherein I excel. I am not sure that I did not repeat the blow, for flesh and blood could not stand such intolerable annoyance. Yet, once more the coach lurched, the same scene was repeated, and a powerful thrust in the breast, delivered with unction, rewarded the miscreant.

But the moment this blow was launched upon him, I began to tremble. An indefinable dread crept over me, such a feeling as I never before had experienced—as I could not then, and cannot now explain. The absence of all response from the indiscernible heap in the corner, the frequency of his stumbles, and, as it often appeared to me in reflecting upon the occurrence afterwards, something mysterious in the contact of my knuckles with his clothes, made me shiver. A conclusion darted across my mind of the most intensely painful nature. I pulled open the window, bawled lustily to

the guard, demanded that the coach should be stopped, stormed about the impropriety of placing a drunken person in the carriage, and demanded that he should be taken out forthwith. A lantern was brought, the coachman and guard both descending. The speechless traveller was caught and gently shaken, to no purpose—shouted at, with equal fruitlessness—and at length fairly lifted out, when the man was found to be DEAD.

My feelings were, I assure you, none of the most pleasant. The guard, especially, seemed to imagine foul play on my part. The body, however, was stretched upon the roof of the coach, with silent ceremony; I resumed my place inside; the vehicle proceeded; and our journey soon came to an end before the hotel door of the town of my destination. I immediately got out, eyed askant by the guard, and a policeman, to whom that officer had evidently communicated his suspicions. The corpse was taken into the hall of the house; and, for the night (it then was very late), all sank into peace.

Not a moment slept I. Had I murdered the man? Had my repeated blows terminated his mortal career, effectual for serious mischief as they must have been upon a person whom I now presumed had entered the coach the next thing to dead—dead-drunk? His ghost stood at the bedside. It grinned horribly at me. Its eyeballs started. It scowled and scowled again. It went and returned for as many times as I had given blows, on every occasion the more appalling in aspect, the more awful a premonition of the penalty which I could not but anticipate was in store for me, the murderer! When the morning came, it found me fevered, and weak as a babe. I tried to rise—my limbs refused their office. I endeavoured to battle off my apprehensions; it was impossible. At length, with great difficulty dragging myself out of bed, I feebly dressed.

On coming down to breakfast, the first information I got was that a coroner's inquest would be held in an hour. An hour! What should I do? Confess it all. My brain burned. I strove to look collected. I cut the bread mechanically. I placed a piece in my mouth; but I could no more

swallow a morsel than fly. Indeed, to fly from the place was my strongest impulse; and I had actually risen to carry out my intention, when I overheard the conversation of a couple of persons at a table near. "There are several curious marks upon the breast," said one. "They seem," rejoined the other, "as if administered by some blunt instrument. There was undoubtedly violence." "Did not somebody travel with him in the coach?" was then asked. I could listen no longer, but rose and rushed out.

The inquest was on the point of being held. The coroner had arrived. A jury had been collected. At last all the preliminaries were arranged. What should I do? Anxious to make an open and a candid narration of all that had taken place, I yet lacked moral courage, fearing that my story would be regarded as utterly improbable. I suffered more in that half-hour than pen could describe. I still look back upon it with horror. Finally, after a terrible struggle with my feelings, I resolved to enter the outhouse where the inquest was going on, and try by the frankness of my statement to gain credence. As I walked to the spot, however, I found the same guard who had looked so suspiciously on the previous night, attended by his friend the policeman, proceeding in search of me, to require my attendance. The sight of him, and his furtive glance, again unmanned me; but, with a great struggle to look composed, I approached the crowd standing round the body. Addressing myself to the coroner, I was about to commence a solemn appeal for a fair construction of my conduct, by way of preface to a detail of the whole affair, when that functionary interrupted me, not conjecturing the important nature of what I was about to communicate, and intimated that he would first examine a medical gentleman present, who had made a post mortem, and was obliged to attend a sick-call without delay; he had left his patient, who was seriously ill, to give his evidence, and wished at the earliest possible moment to return. I re-

mained silent. No trembling affected my limbs now. My nerves were true as steel. My heart hardly beat. My face grew cold as ice; my limbs rigid as those of a statue. I was worked up to the highest point of excitement. My eyes were set upon the doctor as if they would pierce him through. My fate lay in his hands; what would he say? Could I dare hope that he had mistaken the cause of death, and would impute it to any thing which might relieve me from my peril. Even if he did, what would be the worth of a mere escape when I should bear with me to my dying day the dreadful sense of having killed a fellow-creature, even without intention? At any cost I would unfold the matter. It might be as well, however, to let the doctor speak first. He began. His testimony was given with clearness, and when it reached its climax, a sharp cry sprang from my heart. Never shall I forget that moment. An intolerable weight was lifted from me. I felt every part of my body relaxed, and humanized again. I breathed a long full breath. I wept. I smiled grimly. I was all but in hysteria. The doctor could not account for a couple of abrasions on the face, and a serious discoloration of small extent upon the breast; these showed that considerable violence had been used towards the deceased within a short period previous to his death; but *that* violence, he was clearly of opinion, formed no part in the cause of the wretched man's decease, which had arisen from apoplexy brought on by excessive drinking. Had the unfortunate individual, he added, been kept awake and erect, the catastrophe might not have occurred; but, being a heavy person, the position into which he must have fallen in the coach had accelerated the fatality. The jury were satisfied.

I then unbosomed myself of my share in the business, and felt lighter and happier than I had a few hours before ever hoped to be again in this world.

POLITICS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THE treaty of alliance, defensive and offensive, pretty confidently stated to have been concluded between France and Denmark, is the last political event of importance. It is a combination pregnant with danger to the peace of Europe, since it has arisen from the ambitious designs of Prussia upon the disputed duchy of Schleswig. Recent occurrences seem to turn in the direction of war between France and Prussia—the third Power on the Emperor's list for humiliation; and it is curious to see how political affairs travel in a circle. If the circuit of war with one European Power after another has been premeditatedly entered upon by our Allies, let us hope it will not depart, in one point, from the precedents of this century, but leave Great Britain victorious as before. Do the Danes hold that they have their defeat at Copenhagen to wipe out, as well as the French the tarnish of Waterloo? All the world remembers that a similar treaty to this just concluded, made by the first Bonaparte with the King of Denmark, led to the bombardment of his Majesty's capital, and the destruction and capture of his fleet, which, otherwise, was to have served the French, their own having been nearly annihilated, as an instrument of revenge. Denmark has now a considerable squadron, and the men who man it are hardly inferior in seamanlike qualities and in courage to English sailors, since the latter derive their characteristics largely from that old Danish blood which, in early ages, was the boldest at sea. It will indeed be a strange revolution in events should a naval war arise between Englishmen and Danes out of the struggle of the latter to retain the very province that is the *cunabulum gentis* of the former, Schleswig being the ancient Anglia, whence came the hardy fishermen and sea-reavers of pre-historic ages as settlers on the coasts of the British Islands; and also, subsequently, some of those east-erling traders, who stamped the expression *sterling*, as an equivalent for honest, on every European language.

Commanding the Cattegat and the Sound, as Copenhagen does, our whole trade with the Baltic might be cut off, if this alliance proceeds into hostilities against Prussia. Moreover, the French navy, now nearly the equal of the English fleet in point of number of large vessels, would, by the addition of the Danish contingent, be fully a third greater than it is at present. Therefore, in self-defence, another "Battle of the Baltic" would come off,

"By thy rude and stormy steep, Elsinore."

In case of war between France and Prussia, our close interest in the welfare of the latter country, and the stoppage of our northern trade, would almost inevitably lead to a movement similar to that which sent Nelson to the point of danger; and, though Heaven avert the quarrel, a similar conclusion might be expected. Yet let us hope that the question of the Duchies will not be left to such an issue, but solved by the pacific means of diplomacy—and that speedily, no trust being placed in the chapter of accidents, or, as our restless and ambitious neighbours term it, *à l'imprevu*.

Meanwhile, our vital questions—firstly, sufficiency of armed vessels of light draught, such as the navigation of the Baltic requires; and secondly, sailors to man them, being somewhat in the *imprevu* category—much, nay, all that is valuable to us, is left open to the quick grasp of French policy. Both these matters lie in a nutshell, the *question d'argent*; and though recent disclosures as to the unsoundness of several of the gunboats built by contract have confirmed the truth of the argument that our Government cannot rely generally on private ship-builders for the construction of ships-of-war by contract, it might be advisable to intrust the "sterling" builders to supply the deficiencies recently exposed, so as to recomplete the flotilla to at least its original number. Supervision by Admiralty officers during the work of construction in the private establishments has been essential, since the time of launching and pay-

ing for "The Forty Thieves," as the seventy-fours contracted for during the great war were called.

The new Commission of Inquiry into the expenditure of the royal dockyards will, no doubt, institute searching and serviceable investigations in addition to those effected by the late Committee. General disregard of economy, inseparable from the spending of public money, is, of course, the prime and hardly remediable cause of the enormous outlay. Yet, having ourselves had some insight into this matter, we conceive we can point out a defect that has not been brought into the prominent notice it deserves. This is, want of adequate superintendence. To begin at the very source of naval authority, it was lately stated by Lord Clarence Paget, that the superior officers of the Admiralty are necessarily incapacitated for exercising personal supervision in the dockyards, because they are detained in the office in London by accumulation of business. Thus, because "the Surveyor" of the Navy cannot inspect the process of building, the country incurs a loss on the construction of every line of battle-ship of probably quadruple his salary! If the new Commission would turn its inquiries back for some thirty years, it might, perhaps, report that the then constitution of our naval administration was superior to the present, in possessing permanent boards in place of five subordinate officers, who, as Surveyor of the Navy, Accountant-General, Comptroller of the Victualling, &c., certainly are individually responsible, yet are so overwhelmed with clerical business as to be positively moored head and stern in Somerset House. The desirable change seems to be, so to lighten these gentlemen's office labours as will permit of their having a roving commission to visit the yards frequently.

In great private businesses, the alternative is between confidence and "circumlocution;"—the most recent example of too much of the former and not enough of the latter is, the abuse of the one by Mr. Pullinger, which was facile because of the absence of the other, or of sufficient surveillance. In Government establishments, the alternative is between a few more well-paid, able superintendents and that general indolence which proceeds from the weakness of the sense of moral

obligation to work honestly for "the Government."

With much respect for the manes of Joseph Hume, we believe he carried public retrenchment beyond the verge of true statesmanlike economy; and now that his shrunken mantle is worn as a cloak by Mr. Bright, every one can see that narrowness, the vice of the manufacturing vision, is the medium through which the spinner of cotton views matters of State, as if they were no more than bales of calico.

For this once, and without combating "public opinion," in England on the ground of what seems to us an unreasoning want of "justice to the Civil Service"—a service as constantly important as the military and naval—we will also venture to ask for "justice to Ireland" in the shape of a royal Irish dockyard. If anywhere a strongly fortified naval station, comprising an arsenal, and including a town, within fortifications, capable of serving as a refuge and a rallying post, is required in the United Kingdom, surely it is wanted in the least united and therefore most vulnerable part? For many sufficient reasons, a naval establishment would be valuable in a country where labour is cheap, and mechanics are unusually intelligent; yet whence, in the event of war, the emigration would be of a very different sort to that which now quits Cork; it would be an exodus, not of young and hopeful men, going to seek fortune in a land of promise, but of trembling women, flying from that city as, in 1598, did the English poet Spenser.

Leaving the question whether the civil servants of the Crown are insufficient for their work, and relying on the volunteer spirit as a guarantee for an adequate land force, we approach the difficult point, manning the navy. Granting that increase of pay is the sure mode of filling ships, we humbly imagine that the new phase the national fleet is assuming shows an opening for the elevation of petty officers, and of those non-commissioned officers who are usually of our middle classes, to the higher grades of the service. Aware of the obstacles besetting attempts to rise, whether from the fore-castle, or from the ranks, we still imagine that some of these would be mitigated in the case of

small vessels, the officering of which might well be frequently the reward of that merit which deserves the honours of the quarter-deck. Our suggestion is made in the very reverse of equality ideas, being in accordance with the sense of English society, and of the aristocratic principle, that those shall have the command who prove themselves qualified.

Turning to the second reading of the Reform Bill, as the important domestic event, it is right to notice the Select Committee obtained at the instance of Earl Grey, to inquire into details respecting the proposed increase. This must be deemed an essential proceeding by all who feel disinclined to legislate on a question of supreme import in the absence of sufficient information. Even in the generalities of the measure now before the country there are serious uncertainties, such as, for instance, the broad questions whether the proposed lowering of the franchise would not add 600,000 instead of 200,000 to the aggregate borough constituencies, and whether the projected admission of the artisan class will not give them an absolute majority of votes in most of the large towns. We are among those who conceive that very many members of this body are superior to the lowest of the shopkeeping class now enjoying the franchise; and even that, generally speaking, the operatives, being by no means inferior to the ordinary men of that class, are likely to return representatives of moderate opinions and safe character. Yet, at the same time, the middle classes, notable as they are for disliking adventurous and uncertain political changes, cannot but desire to possess every available information on a subject affecting transfer of their present power to other hands. At present the representative power is virtually vested in these classes, and it is for them to decide whether it will be advantageous to lessen that confidence they now repose in the aristocracy, by admitting a large portion of the democratic element.

"God forbid that the working classes of England be looked upon with distrust," said lately, and said well, Mr. Walter; and he correctly added—"but if they are so, it is because demagogues like Mr. Bright endeavour to arouse their passions by

statements which these classes believe." Any apprehension of future evil has for its cause those who misemploy their oratorical talent to disseminate their unsound notions of social liberty, and who base their attacks on such foolish views and on unfounded assertions; setting class against class, the poor against the rich; almost provoking needless contrasts between two classes of the latter—the landed proprietary and the manufacturers, or the old and the new aristocracy; and quite provoking the remark that the chosen champion of the English working classes was the late Fergus O'Connor! Yet, from all this contest, the same moral may be gleamed that was so well illustrated by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, on occasion of the recent diatribes of Mr. Horsman against Mr. Walter and the *Times* newspaper, to the effect that our aristocracy owe their security to the freedom with which they are attacked, since, living in the open air of public opinion more than any other class in the world, they have the advantage of those brisk breezes of censure which, serving to purify any social and political *malaria*, prevent explosions such as occasionally occur among ill-ventilated nations. Ignorance is the great and real enemy to be overcome, whether its dark clouds envelope the pseudo-statesman manufacturer, or exist in a thousand nebulous forms around every constellation, and all the scintillant stars of great and small magnitude, which make up the classes and the individuals of his countrymen, and, indeed, of the terrestrial globe, including the inhabitants of the Celestial empire. No surer means of dispelling this illusive vapour exist than the instrumentality of a free press. Certainly, so far as the world has as yet been enlightened by doctrines as to the propriety of perfect free trade, all assaults on our aristocracy will not incline to adopt those untried and hazardous speculations; nor are they likely to sell their birthright to the Isaacs who offer the mess of pottage of increased trade to the nation they would govern on "commercial principles."

It would undoubtedly prove a purely shopkeeping and peaceful millennium, whenever all the nations of the world consented to be governed on

those principles ; yet experience and the present time show us the majority disinclined to their adoption, whether we glance at the Japanese, so coyly admitting commerce, or the Chinese, so apt at raising custom duties, or if we regard the attitude of France. In truth, there are other and stronger passions than the love of gain, and this lust itself, when it has been successful, administers to them, and gives them force ; for what is war between nations but the result of pride, and who are so proud as the rich ? Place the gold to be gained by selling *bijouterie* and Bordeaux wines in one scale, and glory and vengeance in the other, and see into what side Frenchmen will cast the sword of Brennus ! To them, war is a luxury ; and a full purse is as sure to let these quarrelsome neighbours indulge in battles, as it is to allow a litigious fellow to occupy himself with law-suits. There are some dislikes more potent than likes ; and though certainly our allies have recently proved themselves apt at bargaining, the outwitters of His Excellency, Richard Cobden, they are especially prone to act on this apothegm of one who knew human nature well, the First Napoleon : "There is nothing a nation detests so much as another nation."

In reference to such views as are expressed by the Manchester "peace-party," it has been well observed by Lord Brougham that :—

"If our friends of the ultra free-trade persuasion are to be humoured in their fancy that, by imbibing their doctrines, all men are becoming virtuous, and, especially, all governments peaceful, and some fifteen or sixteen millions were to be struck off our revenue, while the army is disbanding to lower the wages of labour, and the navy breaking up to be sold for old stores, the certainty is apparent to all but these lay preachers that we should forthwith taste, not of cheap commodities, but of rebellion, civil war, revolution at home, and of eventual subjugation by such of our neighbours as had not yet become converts to the true faith."

To return to the subject of increase of the franchise.

The Reform Act transferred the representative power in the hands of country oligarchs to the town middle classes to so unjust a degree that, taking wealth as the test of claim to

power, the boroughs enjoy equality of electoral power with the counties, although possessing but one-third of comparative wealth. At the same time we advocate the retention of power in the hands of the middle classes, and should grieve to see democracies created in both town and country, for, however temporarily opposed they might be, a period of distress might effect a combination that even the joint force of the middle and upper classes might be unable to master.

The case of the borough of Marylebone is, perhaps, the most notorious instance of wealthy voters being swamped by numbers, for, though comprising the largest number of rich and well-educated people in London, yet they are as absolutely unrepresented as if they had no voice at all in the election of a member. The new Bill will aggravate this anomaly, for, being in reverse of the principle of giving electoral power according to taxation, it will hand over the suffrage to those who are exempt from direct imposts. In forming ideas of change, it is desirable to remember, that of the 654 members of the House of Commons, the 253 county members represent an average population of 71,000 each, and property of the annual value of £309,000 each ; while the 401 borough members only represent an average population of 23,000 each, and property of the annual value of £123,000. These numbers combined make the representative claim of the former as 38, against 14, the claim of the latter.

The application of arithmetic to the political problem of reforming our system of electoral power only promises success, provided the principles upon which this power should be founded are taken as the basis. Under our system of giving equality of suffrage to rich and poor, the former have interfered in elections whenever they could exercise a personal influence over and above their individual votes, and in proportion to their real place in the social hierarchy. Every one knows that undue influence obtains from this equal system, in the forms of bribery and intimidation ; and that, hence, the outcry for the ballot, which, however, is plainly incompatible with this system. But every one may not have weighed the

amount of the value to the nation of this system, which, in permitting our aristocracy to exert electoral influence, is a strong inducement to sustentation of character, cultivation of popularity, residence in the country, and other points, in all which our higher classes differ from those of other nations. On this account, therefore, very considerable advantages attach to our system; and they may well be set off against the evils alluded to. So far for present practice, defensible and indefensible. Theoretically considered, what is required is, some self-acting machinery by which the equilibrium of electoral power shall adjust itself to the political claim of each individual. Taking our stand on the theories, that taxation gives the true claim to control its levy and expenditure; that the powers for control should vary in the cases of various men, with the amount of their imposts, we conceive that these theories point to the most rational solution of the problem, how to apportion representative governmental power, viz.: to distribute it, not according to numbers combined with the value of real property, but according to the personal property and taxation of each elector. Of a truth, recent disclosures in the United States prove that electoral districts of geometrical shape, and equalized representation, based on numbers, and possessing the supposed safeguards of universal suffrage and the ballot, are as open to corruption as the rottenest British borough: nay more, that the head-quarters of the American democracy is the centre of systematic bribery and deliberate extravagance. According to English, business-like views, the best electoral district is not that which contains the most voters or the most wealth, but that which returns the best Member of Parliament. For this reason the interests of learning have always been entitled to send representatives to Parliament; and the provision in the Bill now before the country for adding to the number of members for Universities is its most commendable feature. It was proposed, by the Conservative measure introduced by the Derby Cabinet, to extend the principle of representing intelligence by admitting certain educational qualifications among the rights of franchise. Generally speaking, the coun-

try is coming round to the conviction, that the franchises stigmatized by Mr. Bright as fanciful are tests preferable either to the mere enumeration of heads, or to the not less vulgar monetary standard. Certes, the more the principle of that measure is examined, the more it recommends itself to sound judgment. One of its provisions seems likely to be adopted, the admission of lodgers to a right of vote. Mr. Edwin James' motion on this point, for the admission of lodgers paying rent of £12 in boroughs, and £20 in counties, after twelve months' occupation, perhaps takes too low a figure, and has the fault of not stipulating that they be rated for relief of the poor. Unless the measure now under discussion shall be amended by ample provision for the admission of some hundreds of thousands of the respectable men, who are now excluded because they live in unrepresented towns or in lodgings, its effect in lowering the franchise in boroughs and counties will create two heterogeneous masses struggling against each other, impelled by the contrary winds of democratic and aristocratic influences, and insufficiently ballasted by addition to the suffrages of our steady and admirable middle class. The main question is, how far is it expedient to reduce the present £50 county and £10 borough franchises? Arguers on either side view it each through their own lens of politics; even the framers of the new Bill are ignorant of the exact extent of the proposed change; and the argument promises to be everlasting between those who advocate a great reduction and those who prefer a small one, until there is full and certain information as to the effects of the projected considerable alteration.

Last month there was an announcement of a compromise, by which the Bill was to pass this Session, on the terms of an £8 borough and £16 county franchise, with admission of lodgers above some as yet unfixed rate, and of holders above a certain amount in savings-banks. Compromise of conflicting interests has long been the safeguard of English politics, and we hasten to record our cordial congratulations on the prospect of a moderate and speedy settlement of this important question. At the same time, let it be hoped that

the qualification of payment of poor-rate will be insisted on. There is no surer basis for the franchise than the poor-law valuation. The amount of rent is a private matter, often unknown to registrars, who usually enter houses on their lists much below the actual rent. Payment of that rate is also a test of residence and of solvency.

So far for practice. It may now be permitted us to indulge a little further in theory, since we have entered on the difference between practical and theoretical systems of suffrage. It will be remembered that Lord Robert Montague set the House to sleep by citing a statute of Henry VI., in which that monarch protested against country clowns and saucy townsmen claiming equality of voices in elections with mail-clad and sword-girded knights of the shire and wealthy merchant burghesses. Even Lord John Russell, learned as he is in constitutional history, does not know, we suspect, how it has come to pass that milkmen and millionaires have equal votes; and this anomaly would certainly startle "the intelligent foreigner" who is so often represented as closely studying our parliamentary system. It is quite opposed to common sense, yet this quality of the English people has enabled it to work excellently well. The reasonable system, or, at least, one which would demand less reasonableness on the part of voters, is, of course, suffrage graduated on the scale of taxation, with cumulative votes, which, as allowed to property in the poor-law constitution, illustrate the principle adopted when the legislature closely and seriously connects power with taxation. Sir Bulwer Lytton's brilliant oration on the present bill was heightened in force by his advocacy of this rational system, the sole resort whenever manhood suffrage and the ballot become inevitable. May the day of secret voting be far distant! and may our present practice long continue, purified from year to year by the increasing intelligence of men in the lower ranks of the franchise, and by the growing consciousness of those in the higher that good character is the justest claim to power. The excellent qualities conspicuous in all classes of the British people will assuredly, under the blessing of

Providence, avert the fate pointed out by Edward Burke, when speaking of the House of Commons, as a link connecting the Crown and the House of Lords with the masses:—

"Artificial representation being once discredited and overturned, all goes to pieces; and nothing but a French democracy or arbitrary monarchy can possibly exist."

The point of view to see the English constitution from is the other side of the Channel, where inspection of democratic despotism creates the best possible foil. Yet, sooth to say, the latter suits many Frenchmen well; and some of them preach as did the fox that had lost his tail. They would have the British people adopt equality, in order that, sunk to their level, we should run them less hard in the race of commercial competition. Their writers see, in the time-serving policy of the trading spirit in *le perfide Albion*, a repetition of the *Punica fides* of Carthage. England, they say, is governed by two sentiments, the aristocratic and the commercial, both which render her jealous of France, where equality of social rights, with rivalry in industry, are the aims. They may, however, be assured that, until they abandon the former idea, there is little room for the latter, even in their country; and none among their allies, who find in competition of every sort, whether social or industrial, the spur of that aspiring tendency which is the secret of their energy.

A recent heavy pamphlet, "*Le Régime Douanier en 1860*," shows their protectionists almost as averse to the Treaty of the 23rd January, notwithstanding it has since proved to promise little gain to England, as were that warlike section of their body who protested it must be torn by cannon balls. This brochure seems to have been dictated by some principal manufacturers, such as the Schlumbergers and Fritz Kœchlin, of Mulhouse; some eminent cotton and linen lords of Lille, a great maker of crockery, and other large manufacturers; but we must leave the answer to Cobden & Co., the "persons inexperienced in diplomacy" now engaged in rescuing whatever can be saved from the late wreck of English cus-

MY GREATEST FRIGHT.

It was a pitch-dark night when I stood at the door of an inn on the verge of the little town of D—, speculating upon my chances of fair weather on the top of the coach which, passing through the place, was to carry me some twenty miles farther. The mail had not yet arrived. Those were the good old days of stage-coaches, when a journey of a few score miles was a formidable affair, to be talked of a month before it took place, and regarded as an event in life after it had been performed. Being accustomed to travelling, I thought less of a trip than most people. On that night, however, an ugly cold drizzle made me shiver, and hurry back to the chimney-corner of the snug hostelry, where wit, and song, and savoury suppers, and punch manufactured by the sweetest of barmaids, combined to render the hours fleeter. Half inclined to remain where I was, and let the coach proceed unheeded, I threw myself on a bench, lit my cigar, varied my meditations with a fresh tumbler, and surrendered myself to all the comfort the place afforded. Nothing disturbed my enjoyment but the snoring of a person in another corner of the apartment, who seemed overcome by the strength of his previous potations. Falling into a rather gloomy reverie, I experienced a strong presentiment that, against my better reason, I should ere long commit some fearful crime. Startling visions came and went before me—not that the maid had been over-generous in mixing my tumbler, though I allow I was a favourite, and had succeeded in snatching a kiss from her on an occasion. I was as sober as a judge, whatever that statement may be worth; still I could not shake off the shapes of horror that haunted me. I felt convinced that something untoward would soon occur, but, anathematizing myself as a superstitious dolt, I seized my liquor, and having turned the crystal bottom upward in approved style, began to whistle a popular air, which half awakened my stertorous friend at the instant when the horn of the guard

and the rattle of a vehicle reminded us of the coming coach.

Should I stay, or go? The night was abominable, and an outside seat would be misery indeed; an inside I could not expect. It was as well to try, however, if such might be had. Fortune favoured me. The coach was altogether empty; and after a pleasant word with somebody, who sighed as I departed, I jumped in and hugged myself all over at my good fortune.

Scarcely was I seated when an individual—a gentleman, I judged him to be by the tone of his voice, all the rest of him being concealed by coats and mufflers—assisted into the coach another comfortably enveloped bundle of humanity, saying at the same time, “I trust, sir, my friend will not incommode you.” “Not at all,” replied I, as the stranger, without speaking, flung himself, or tumbled into the other corner on the seat where I sat. Not a word passed between us, and we started.

We had proceeded a mile or two, and I had relapsed into a sort of slumber, when on a sudden a slight jolt of the coach threw my fellow-traveller right on top of me. My equanimity was not improved by the contact; but fancying, as he made very feeble efforts to recover himself, that he had fallen into a profound sleep, I raised him as gently as possible, and, depositing him in his own corner, again composed myself, drawing my cap more determinedly over my eyes. Not a sound thenceforth emanated from my companion, upon which I felicitated myself. Were the delinquent my snoring friend of the hotel, what must not my torture have been?

Matters proceeded pleasantly enough, and my eyes were beginning to betray me once more into dreams, when, at a turn in the road, down came my neighbour upon me a second time. Now, that was enough to vex a saint. Had the most pious individual on record been in the predicament, he would have found it difficult not to consign the wretch to regions

subject is evidently a reaction from another extreme. Dr. De Burgh quotes Bishop Horsley with approbation, as condemning "the misapplied labours of modern expositors, who have employed much ingenuity and learning to find the immediate subject of every psalm either in the history of the Jewish nation or in the occurrences of the life of David." Thus Germany and England represent the two opposite schools of interpretation, as in the Early Church the schools of Antioch and Alexandria divided the Christian world between them on a similar question. In Germany, scholars, whether rationalist or orthodox, are nearly unanimous in seeking to fix the historical meaning first; while, in England, divines still pass over the historical meaning as secondary and unimportant, and contend that, as the Psalmists wrote in the spirit, so what they wrote can only be referred to Christ. Mr. Ryland, of Waterford, published a commentary with the title of "The Psalms Restored to the Messiah." Mr. Bonar, of Kelso, has adopted the same principle; and now Dr. De Burgh, the most learned champion we have yet met of the extreme English school, almost overlooks the historical in his zeal to find the prophetic meaning of the Psalms.

But there is exaggeration in the one extreme as much as in the other. It is unnecessary here to refute the opinion of those who consider the Psalms to be the sacred ballads of the Hebrew people—the lyric utterances of the Nymph of Solyma. The opinion, indeed, refutes itself: for if the Psalms were only the ballads of a bygone age, how is it that they are so unlike the ballads of any other age or people? Were the Jews so uniquely religious that they had no minstrelsy but that which sang the praise of God with timbrel and harp? If so, they must have been unlike any other people before or since. But so far from this being the case, they are reproved by the prophet Amos for their passion for *profane* music. (Amos, vi. 5.) King Solomon, too, beside his three thousand proverbs, wrote songs a thousand and five. None of these were preserved in the canon of Scripture, the reason probably being that they did not come within the

meaning of inspiration as "profitable for doctrine, reproof, and instruction in righteousness." Why the profane literature of the Hebrews should have left not a trace behind it, and only their sacred literature come down to us, it is difficult to account for except on the principle of selection. King Solomon's songs, then, fared worse than those of any other royal and noble author. Julius Cæsar and King Alfred bequeathed their works to posterity, and posterity has never buried them quite out of sight, but King Solomon's have been irrecoverably lost.

If this is not intentional, particularly since we have his religious writings religiously handed down to us, what other explanation can we give of it? The Prophets and Psalms are not, then, the breathings of the lyric or the epic muse of Palestine: there is too little of the literary element in them to allow of this literary explanation—Was ever a people who had God so nigh them as the people of Israel?—and this is the only satisfactory explanation. It was inspiration from above, and not aspiration from beneath, that touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire, and made King David the sweet singer of Israel. Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost—and so of what they wrote: while it welled up from a full heart within, its true fountain-head was from a higher mind than theirs.

From the extreme of supposing that the Psalms were the ballads of Israel to the extreme of supposing that they were dark sayings of old, a handwriting on the wall that time alone could decipher, is not unnatural. Germany takes the lead in one direction, our English divines in the other. But this is to strip the Psalms of much of their devotional meaning if we dwell on them as predictions of Christ rather than as the free utterances of the tried saints of God in one age, and equally applicable in all. Dr. De Burgh has fallen into the extreme, and so missed, as we think, one of their main uses. Take as an instance the Eighth Psalm. Here, according to Dr. De Burgh, the historical sense is to be rejected, because it is quoted and applied to Christ in the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is,

therefore, nothing more than a prophecy of Christ, and till Christ came to throw light upon it by his incarnation, "being made a little lower than the angels," and his ascension "being crowned with glory and honour," it lay like a dead letter on the page of Scripture—a dark saying of David, meaningless, as all unfulfilled prophecy must be, till the event happened. In this point of view how the Church of the Old Testament could sing these Psalms in their public worship Dr. De Burgh nowhere explains. It must have been like speaking in an unknown tongue. "I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also" could have been no direction to the chief musician of the temple service.

This principle of interpretation which projects the whole meaning of the Psalms into the unseen future must be faulty somewhere; and the fault, we think, arises from not discerning the real nature of prophecy. The Psalms are prophetic we fully admit—may more, the words of David are often unmeaning, except as they point forward to "great David's greater son;" but in all this the future is made to grow out of the present; they are predictions not of a future unlike the present, but of a future of which the present is a type. Time is always germinant—the present of the future—the things that have been, shall be; and so the experience of one age is but the type of another—one event foreshadows another. Bearing this in mind, let us return to the Eighth Psalm to see how the prophetic sense grows out of the historical. David, the shepherd boy, as he kept his father's flocks, may have sung this evening hymn, as one by one the stars came out over the sky:

"Some red, some blue, and others like the moon,
And also some like little suns at noon.
He knew them well although unknown by name,
They shone all night for love and not for fame.
'Lord, what is man,' he cried, 'that such a choir
Should overwatch him thus with eyes of fire?'"

But the thought of man's insignificance in comparison with the heavenly bodies did not petrify his heart into atheism, as with the Buddhist, or ter-

rify it into star-worship, as with the Persian. In these stars were creatures like himself, God's flock in the sky, and God was their shepherd as David watched over his flocks by night.

There was obedience in heaven above as much as on earth beneath. On the earth beneath this insignificant creature, man, was God's deputy: all sheep and oxen, the beast of the field, the fowl of the air, and whatsoever moved through the paths of the sea, looked to and obeyed man. This was the original charter of creation: "Let man replenish the earth and subdue it, and let him have dominion over all living things on the earth." So God created man in His likeness, after his image, and, therefore, in virtue of this likeness to God, man is God's vicegerent on earth, the steward to whom He has intrusted his goods. Thus far the Eighth Psalm has a meaning of its own irrespective of prophecy. Its prophetic meaning comes in this way: "We see not yet all things put under man." Man has failed of his mission on Earth; he has been accused to his Lord of having wasted his goods. Instead of having replenished the earth and subdued it, he has fallen into idolatry and barbarism. Large tracts of the earth's surface still are desert; lions roam over the rightful habitations of men; venomous serpents still lurk around his path and his bed. All this is the result of sin; and till some true man appear, and a new order of men are born by descent from him after the spirit, as all men are born by descent from Adam, after the flesh, all this evil will continue—the Eighth Psalm will be only ideally true. It is at this point that the Epistle to the Hebrews takes up this Psalm. To man, not to angels, has dominion over the earth been given, "as one in a certain place testified, saying, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him." But as yet we see not all things put under him: on the contrary, man worships in many cases those four-footed beasts and creeping things who were made to obey him. The way of restitution of man to his right place, beneath angels, and above the brutes, has been now made plain. "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the

angels for the suffering of death now crowned with glory and honour." Through his condescension man will be exalted back to the place he was meant to occupy in the scale of creation; and so this Psalm, which was true only in idea in the lips of David, is true to the letter in the person of Christ.

Thus the Eighth Psalm is prophetic in the deepest and fullest sense of prophecy. It is predictive, but also much more than predictive. It is upon the grounds of what man was intended to be that it points out what man afterwards shall be. It binds by one golden thread of unity running throughout prophecy the Book of Genesis with the Book of Revelation. Man in idea as he came from his Maker's hands, with man in the hereafter, as he shall again be blessed and pronounced very good; the first garden of God, where Adam gave name to all beasts, with that second garden of God, ready to be revealed on earth when man is made fit for it. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gate of the city.

That this and many other Psalms refer to Christ, both Hengstenberg and Dr. De Burgh are agreed; the difference between them arises from this, that whereas Dr. De Burgh considers they have no meaning unless as applied to Christ, Hengstenberg considers that they apply to Christ because they were, in the first instance, true utterances of David's experience. To the plain English reader a great deal of what Hengstenberg has written about the ideal man appears to be unmeaning, simply because he cannot understand Hengstenberg's position midway between the Rationalists, who only saw the historical sense, and the Dogmatists, who saw only the prophetic. Hengstenberg wished to combine the two in one point of view—to allow, on the one hand, that they were the breathings of David's real experience, the wine of the Spirit pressed out in the wine-press of affliction; and, on the other hand, by their elevation of feeling, that they pointed on to One whose experience would be so much deeper than David, as his sorrow was more extreme. While

the German Rationalist contends that they were David's songs, and *only* his, and the English divine denies they were in *any way* applicable to David, Hengstenberg moderates between these two extremes, and decides that they were the songs of the Old Testament Church as well as of the New, because that they have this in common, that they are spiritual and Messianic.

We have indicated the grounds on which we dissent from Dr. De Burgh's view of the Psalms. His commentary is entitled "critical, devotional, and prophetic," and we complain that the prophetic overrides the critical. Instead of taking the Psalms in their natural sense as the experience of David, and accommodating them (as he may very fairly do) to the events of the hereafter, he proceeds in the reverse order—their meaning is in the future, their accommodation only to the present. This, as we conceive, is a non-natural mode of interpretation, and in its reaction against Rationalism almost justifies the Rationalist for his interpreting the Psalms by the light of the age only in which they were written. For devotional use, however, nothing can be better than this commentary. Horne is uncritical, and Hengstenberg undevo-tional: Dr. De Burgh has united the two. His notes supply the Hebrew student with all reasonable aid; while the exposition may be read in the family as daily bread for our daily wants and temptations. We hope the publication of this commentary will reward the enterprise of the author with the success it well deserves; and that others of the Irish clergy may be encouraged to put to press more of their pulpit and closet studies than have appeared of late. While Scotland has her Fairbairns, her Cairds, her Cunninghams, her Guthries, theology in Ireland puts forth a volume of Donellan Lectures once a year, and once a month a polemical pamphlet.

It would not be just to conclude these observations without expressing a high estimate of the scholarship which Dr. De Burgh has brought to his task. Few men are equally competent to deal with the original; no one could devote greater industry than he has done to the examination of the

mere minute distinctions of the language, or apply this research with greater candour or carefulness to each passage under review. With Dr. De Burgh the work has been a labour at once of the most intense and delightful kind, and a person of his abilities entering upon such a performance with this spirit could scarcely fail to pro-

duce what is worthy of being stored among our choicest Biblical expositions. It is satisfactory to know that his exertions are being appreciated. The book has already found many readers and admirers, and it is destined steadily to elevate the author's reputation as a scholar and divine.

THE PROGRESS OF FRENCH AGRICULTURE.

BUFFON, the celebrated naturalist, wrote, "*à côté d'un pain, il naît un homme.*" By the side of a loaf a man is born. This might be true of the merry France of the times when his rural countrymen danced away their cares; but the population now presses so closely on the means of subsistence, that French peasants are not so much born to the bread they live on, as compelled to provide it for themselves and to limit the births of new claimants. Again, the apothegm might have suited Jean Bonhomme of the olden days, living light-heartedly under his sunnysky, content with black bread and red wine; but it would be well if his descendants could emulate John Bull in ploughing with four oxen and eating a good share of them. All Europe is disquieted when *le pain manque* in Paris. Peace and commerce are, therefore, somewhat dependent on advances being made by the French towards carrying out their newly-adopted doctrine, *chercher le pain par la viande*, an apt expression of the sound principle, that plenty of cattle is the best security for abundance of corn. Indeed, individual agricultural prosperity rests upon maintaining a just proportion between the crops for the use of the homestead and those which may be sold. Our own farmers are now learning a severe lesson on this essential point.

In the following sketch we can do no more than note the salient traits

of agriculture in France, and, believing that broad views of its state possess sufficient interest, we shall still endeavour to point whatever comments we can draw with regard to the agricultural condition and prospects of old Ireland.

The scarcities periodically felt in France are reasonably attributed by native writers, in some measure, to the want of a due equilibrium between the quantities of cattle and of corn. Vicissitudes of weather are obviously best counteracted by maintaining such reserves as the possession of sufficient stock, and the consequent enrichment of the soil, ensure to the cultivator. Not an aide-de-camp in Algeria but knows the need of a reserve to fall back on. Manifestly, poverty in this respect was the main cause why France sent abroad, in some years, two or three hundred millions of francs to purchase dearly from "the foreigner" that corn which, at other times, she sold him at a cheap rate.

On the treble title of supplying meat, milk, and manure, horned cattle are justly deemed the essential base of agricultural production, the guarantee of fertility in the soil, and the grand lever of all rural amelioration. Considering also the need of animal food for inhabitants living under a climate that is very cold in winter, a certain proportion between the numbers of the human and animal life ought to exist

L'Année Agricole. Almanach Illustré. Par G. Heuzé. Première Année. Paris. 1860.

Traité des Entreprises de Culture Améliorante. Par Ed. Lecouteux. 2nd Edition. Paris. 1857.

Le Payan tel qu'il est, tel qu'il devrait être. Actualité. Par M. de Thiais, Ancien Préfet, Avocat à la Cour Impériale, et Membre de la Société d'Agriculture de Poitiers. Paris. 1856.

in the larger portion of the country under contemplation. Among all the causes controlling the condition of various nations, the law of climate seems to exercise the greatest influence; for, if we "survey mankind from China to Peru," we see the Esquimaux feeding entirely on animal food and the Hindoos eschewing it. In fact, the quantities requisite, and the amount of alcohol desirable for sustaining heat, might be marked on a scale, according to the degrees of distance from the Equator: so it may be declared that the sobriety of southern nations is more an accident than a virtue; and it must not be expected that our French friends will ever fully partake of our relish for *le bifteck et le rumsteck*. Let us be content and grateful that the good times are coming when our own countrymen, emancipated from bondage to the potato, may be able to realize the saying of Cuvier: "Man, the king of animals, exists at their expense, and their multiplication is the base of his own."

During the present century the price of meat in England has fallen nearly one-half, in consequence of the increase and improvement of farm-stock. The ever-increasing price in France proves the insufficiency of her production, and this is traceable in large degree to the inferiority of her stock, which are defective both in precocity and in aptitude for fattening. Some details given by M. de Chavannes, in an able paper, *Les Récents Progrès de l'Agriculture en France*, in the *Revue Contemporaine* of November, 1858, demonstrate the advantages which accrue from adoption of improved porcine races. In 1840, the eight northern departments contained 928,000 heads of cattle; in 1853, the number amounted to 1,010,000, or an increase of 82,000 only in thirteen years. The published statistics not being yet completed, it is impossible to ascertain the number of animals French agriculture possesses at present. The statistics of 1840 estimated domestic animals by the following figures:—

1789,	80 heads to every 100 inhabitants.	
1812,	94	"
1829,	86	"
1840,	97	"

This improved result is said to be

due to propagation of the race of Spanish sheep. Of late years, a considerable number of horned cattle of the best breeds have been imported by wealthy cultivators, and, in consequence, several herds, commencing with the Emperor's, rival the parent stock; and the Government has recently formed a commission for keeping the French "herd book." Of the indigenous races of cattle, the Charolaise is best deserving attention, being a fine breed, and not sufficiently known in England. Meanwhile, the importation of superior foreign breeds has made little visible impression on the general supply of even the Paris market. The quality of the oxen is miserable; the cows are absolutely bad; the sheep indifferent; and nothing but the veal calves commendable. We shall by-and-by note the reason of this latter phenomenon, passing for the present to observe that, though one may now and then see a colossal ox in the Poissy market, fat at thirty-five months old, our Allies in general do not like fat meat, on account, no doubt, of the heat of their climate, since, on the reverse, your Russian holds a contrary taste. Their *gourmets*, however, know better; witness the strange way in which every sort of meat, from the *fillet de bœuf* to the turkey, is larded, to suit epicurean palates in a land where good dressing is requisite in the cuisine as well as at the toilette.

Primarily, the backwardness of agriculture in France arises from the general infertility of her soil, and the disadvantages of her climate. In expressing this opinion, we are aware that it is contrary to received ideas; but, difficult as it is to draw a comparison between the natural fecundity of that country and of England, our information leads us to believe that the average quality of arable land across the Straits is much inferior to that on this side. The climate of France may be characterized as various, differing from ours in Ireland, which is wet, and from that of England, which is moist on the west, and dry on the east side of the island. Viewing her broad agricultural divisions, her variety may geographically be thus defined:—the north, the cereal region, the district of large farms, and containing a notably fertile tract in the north-east, of which

Beauvais is the centre, and which is famous for the production of beet-root and wheat. The north-west of Normandy and the province of Brittany is, in consequence of plenty of rain, the land of herbage, of *elevage*, or stock-breeding, of farm-roots, cider, and rape-seed. In the centre, cultivation is various, and property is much divided. The south is the region of the *metairie* system, of viculture and garden plants.

The almanack we have cited includes among its local proverbs and theoretic axioms the following *maxime*, which is doubtless considered applicable to France, because of the varied nature of her productions, yet which is by no means reliable:—"The true repose of the soil consists in variety of productions."

Now, with due respect to the Roman poet, old Virgil, who laid down this Georgic law, we decline to submit to it in its totality, for even the most enlightened of his agricultural compatriots were ignorant of the evil of exhaustion, and his doctrine is tantamount to telling a man, fatigued with riding, to repose himself by walking and running. Certainly, the great variety of French field productions permits the sound dogma of avoiding frequent repetition, for they range through all well-known plants and seeds to the less familiar *topinambour* (artichoke), rutabaga, *sarrasin* (buckwheat), *maïs* (maize), *lupin* (pulse), *garance* (madder), *panais* (parsnip), *pavot* (poppy), and a score of indescribable seeds, plants, and field flowers.

"Whoever gives little to the soil, obtains little; and whoever exacts much from it, should render it much." Here the almanack writer cites a truism insufficiently acted on even north of the Channel, and more particularly applicable to the poor soils of the south, which can only be made productive by expensive manuring. "Apportion your capital to your land" is a sensible maxim; and another is, "Avaricious cultivators are always bad ones"—a truth arrived at through a different course, by the chemist Liebig, who says:—"In agriculture, the fundamental principle is, to return largely to the soil, no matter in what form, all that has been taken from it."

France, mistress of a central co-realm region of Europe, partakes to but small extent of the advantages of pasture. In point of warm humidity of temperature, which, by maintaining the growth of herbage during summer, has given our country the title of "The Green Isle," the provinces of Brittany, Normandy, and Poitou participate in a degree nearly equal to that enjoyed by the south-west of England. The difference between corn and grazing ground is more marked in the latter country, where a line can be drawn defining the dry from the wet side of the island, than in France, where nature nowhere, as in our own country, unmistakeably protests against a blind worship of Ceres, for nowhere does the weeping sky continually remonstrate, as it were, against the attempt to force nature, or at least to fly in her face. France is not, therefore, predestined, like *l'île verte*, to the exercise of the most secure and not the least valuable course of production, viz., the supply of cattle, alternating with corn. Hitherto, the prolific qualities of the potato much affected this destiny of Ireland; yet the prescience of Arthur Young enabled him to point to the time when Ireland, surcharged with a population dependent on this root, would be forced by its reiterated failure to revert to her natural condition, i. e., predominant production of herbage and cattle.

Let us dwell on the reflections that arise from this allusion to the agricultural future of our own country. Singularly favoured for vegetation, especially as to the production of grass and roots, continuance of that multiplication of stock, now so happily progressing, is the best guarantee for abundance of corn as well as of meat.

The deductions we shall proceed to draw from the ensuing tabular statement of the quantity of rain which, on the average, falls annually in certain cities in Western Europe, and in different parts of France, will show that our country must be considered highly favoured in possessing a humid climate. In point of fact, and not wishing to speak ungratefully of the sun, he is not so good a friend to the farmer as rain is.

TOTAL QUANTITY OF ANNUAL RAIN.

	Millimetres.
Nantes,	1,292
Aurillac,	1,150
Milan,	966
Florence,	914
Le Puy,	887
Lyons,	776
Orange,	738
Bordeaux,	659
Rochele,	656
London,	623
Edinburgh,	621
Dijon,	617
Paris,	563
Marseilles,	512

QUANTITY OF ANNUAL RAIN ACCORDING TO REGION.

	South France.	North France.	Coasts of the Ocean.
	Mill.	Mill.	Mill.
Winter,	195	126	185
Spring,	194	148	140
Summer,	133	229	170
Autumn,	291	174	246

Each year 813 millimetres of rain fall in the region of the south, and 677 in that of the north. The quantity which falls yearly on the coasts of the Atlantic Ocean is 741 millimetres, which "explains," says the almanack, "how the climate of Brittany is so favourable to the growth of cabbage, turnips, and buck-wheat." Receiving the first rains poured in from the Atlantic, the cantons of Morbihon are renowned for pasturage. The entire north-western coast partakes more or less of the same advantages. Finisterre, the land's end, is unusually fertile, and the country around Quimper approaches nearer to the fecundity of appearance presented by the richest parts of England than any other district we have seen in *la belle France*.

According to statistics in the *Almanach Agricole*, out of a population, in 1856-8, 36,039,364 souls, three-sevenths were occupied in agriculture, amounting to 14,318,476 persons, which were thus divided:—

Agricultural Proprietors,	5,119,151
Farmers,	1,056,375
" and Proprietors,	625,570
" and Industrials,	135,446
Métayers,	750,904
" and Proprietors,	168,000
" and Industrials,	69,262
Day Labourers,	3,847,580
" and Proprietors,	785,815
" and Industrials,	191,762
Farm Servants,	1,902,261
Woodcutters and Sellers,	166,360
	<hr/>
	14,318,476

The region containing most agricultural proprietors is Puy-de-Dôme and four adjacent departments, of which Bordeaux is the seaport. The departments possessing the fewest are four, of the Seine and Loire, south of the metropolis. The least successful cultivation by small gentlemen proprietors is in the south; and such are the effects of the uncertainty of the crops there, and of the law of equal partition, that seven out of ten of the bureaucracy are said to be natives of the south. The departments containing most farmer proprietors are five, four of which are in Brittany, where the climate has encouraged large holdings by creating the floating capital now engaged in farming. Those having the least are five, in the vicinity of the Pyrenees.

The departments containing most farmers are five, all in Brittany. The number of farmers is 158,368.

The departments which have the most métayers are Dordogne, Upper Vienne, Corrèze, Allier, and Landes, with Bordeaux as their outpost. The number of métayers is 136,481. Those which have the fewest are Calvados (in Normandy), Seine, Upper Marne, Ardennes, and Aisne, on the border of Flanders. The number of métayers is only 150; yet it is surprising that their antique system of farming should have lasted in such civilized districts to the present day.

These statistics establish our *petitio principii*, that the law of climate controls the condition of the human race. Thus it appears that capital has been most largely acquired by the peasant class in Brittany, not because of the superiority of the soil, but of the abundance of grass, produced by that amount of summer rain which endows their province with an advantage over all other regions in France. Aided by nature in accumulating wealth in live stock, which is the surest base of agricultural profit, and assisted by laws which stimulate the sale of land, very many thousands of these happily-circumstanced farmers have gradually found themselves in a condition to invest part of their savings in land.

Let us ask, is not this the same process that has been going on in our own country? The similarities between Brittany and Ireland are

no longer confined to climate, geological structure, vegetable life, and to the fact of the natives speaking a germane language. Fortunately for the social fabric of the latter country, some of the savings effected by tenants have been invested in purchases under the Encumbered Estates Act, and now that the course of production pointed out by nature—*increase of stock*—is becoming general, we may look forward with cordial gratulation to many farther similar investments by men whose self-denial and skill entitle them to ascend the scale of our social hierarchy. The barrier between farming and owning land is not, indeed, easy to overcome; and though we are certain that a farmer reaps more profit as an occupier than as an owner, we also feel warmly the sense which proprietorship confers, and rejoice at every instance in which one of our countrymen is raising himself and family towards a superior condition in society.

In the south and eastern centre of France the aridity of the soil, in preventing both pasture and green crops, leaves the cultivator little to do on a large scale except to grow corn, and thus conduces to exhaustion of whatever fertility the soil possesses. Again, the southern climate occasions, by its dryness, irregularity in production, which has prevented the *métayers* of that region from rising to the rank of farmers. Inferiority in meat and in corn is the consequence, and these disadvantages lead to the employment of the more fertile portions of the land in cultures which consume manure without reproducing it, such as the vine, and various seeds and vegetables, thus further tending to the impoverishment of the soil. Irrigation on a grand scale is the obvious resource for bettering this state of things. It appears that watering-works, which, under the influence of a meridian sun, supply the place of the mild summer rains of our climate, create prodigious production. Around Avignon, irrigation triples the value of the land; generally, these works give assurance of regular revenue, by rectifying the irregularities caused by atmospheric variations; just as in our wet climate, drainage enables farming operations to be performed seasonably. Farming being a trade practised under liabilities of forfeiture, the uncertainty at-

tending cultivation in the south of France has retarded the growth of a farming class.

The practice of *métayage*, which prevails extensively in the south and centre of France, is the system of farming which marks the transition from a condition of slavery in cultivators to possession of property. The word *métayer*, the old French equivalent for farmer, seems to derive from *metier*, a trade. No circumstance proves the backward state of civilization among our allies more than the fact that, while this mode of farming fell into disuse in England in the fifteenth century, and did not linger in our own country longer than the middle of the seventeenth, hundreds of thousands of French cultivators have not yet acquired sufficient capital to farm on their own account. Dependent for all except manual labour, the peasant, instead of receiving wages, hires land, cattle, and implements of their proprietor, with whom he divides the proceeds. This mode of tenure obtains most in regions where care of crop-giving plants and trees is combined with that of maize and meadows, and especially flourishes in those where, in default of markets, the rural population consumes the edible productions of the soil. Thus, it prospers under the vine, the olive, and mulberry trees, which furnish employment for all the family of the *métayer*, whether aged or young, minute manual attention being the life of the system. Its land of promise is the rich vales of Tuscany. It holds its ground in France by reason of the insecurity of corn crops, and, owing to the arid climate, the impracticability of increasing the head of cattle, whence more certain and remunerative cultures are the necessary resource.

The law of succession, found by historians, politicians, and lawyers to be the subtle motive power lying at the root of most human affairs, is of that quality in France which is well known to exercise the least stimulus on agriculture. There is indeed, the opinion of the present Emperor, recorded in one of his works, that it is the ruin of this science. To take a single effect:—forced division of landed property has been suffered to become an obstacle to long leases. The legislature might, indeed, have interposed, and provided powers to give farming and

even building leases, such as those to which the superiority of Scottish agriculture has been justly ascribed. But no:—three, six, and nine years are the terms usually entered upon; and the machinery of courts of law is frequently set in motion by landlords to prevent the tenantry from committing injury by exhaustion. The short duration of such leases being opposed to changes in the mode of cropping, the old rotations of the country are continued, without admitting reasonable deviations. For example, in some districts, a three-course shift is followed, comprising a naked fallow, a miserable profitless system; because the year when the land, far from producing any thing, costs the fallow tillage, absorbs the chief part of the profits derived from the two other years.

No wonder there is famine where one lean beast swallows up two fat kine. The farmer getting into possession on a short tenure treats what he has taken as a conquered land. To him, agriculture is the art of exhausting the soil; of appropriating, from a property not his, all he can extract from it. Such leases are, observes M. Leconteux, based on the antagonism of the contracting parties, not on their solidarity. The conditions prove this, being dictated by the distrust and bad faith inseparable from so brief and ill-concerted a relationship. These instruments for discord and poverty are contrasted by our author with the agreements entered into by the great English landlords and their tenantry, which are so constituted that the tenant is treated like the King of England, being encouraged to make improvements, yet interdicted from doing wrong.

It is truly remarked by Michelet,* that the existence of a small proprietary is no novelty in his country, no accident of the Revolution, which found the movement far advanced, and, indeed, arose out of it. In 1697 Boisguillebert deploras the necessity the small proprietors of the time of Louis XIV. were under of selling a large portion of lands they had acquired in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1738 the Abbé de St. Pierre remarks that all day-

labourers have usually a garden, or a piece of vineyard, or of other land. And in 1785 Arthur Young was both astonished and terrified to see how much the land was subdivided. The fact that the country contained, before 1789, a considerable number of peasant proprietors, is completely established by M. de Tocqueville. But it is not less true that, by sale of the estates of the clergy, and of part of the property of the nobility, by abolition of the agricultural services due by many of those small proprietors to their seigneurs, and by the law of equal partition among children, the Revolution vastly expedited universal division of the soil. Generally speaking, the peasantry became "possessed by *le démon de la propriété*," and it is notorious how the system of assignats favoured the passion. The national longings to become owners of the soil, and its consequent excessive partition, resulted in raising its selling value, and in generally reducing agriculture to mere cultivation for self-consumption. A nation with little to sell naturally became Protectionist, and thus heightened the price of what there was to part with at home. The purchasing consumers suffer the consequences of the increased price of land. Yet the bulk of small proprietors gain little; for they benefit nothing by the fact that the bread they grow and eat might be sold at a high rate. The gain is to them who have much to take to market. Subdivision adstricted the rural population to the soil, and sought to overcome want of capital by multiplying the national labour applied to the exploitation of the land.

This is the characteristic trait of French agriculture. On the other side of the Channel *la grande culture* was brought to perfection by means of capital; while our neighbours, with their equality notions, morselled the soil to bring its size down to the level of their means; and more, their code morsels every one's capital when he dies. Thus partition acted contrary to the economic principle of obtaining the maximum of subsistence with the minimum of manual labour. *Tant vaut l'entrepreneur, tant vaut*

* "Le Peuple," page 50.

son entreprise, is an adage which tells forcibly in favour of capital. The effect of *la petite culture* is to produce at greater cost, for it precludes the employment of machines, even to the extent of displacing the plough by the spade. It also prohibits that rotation of crops which is essential to their success, especially in the case of flax—a plant that cannot profitably be often repeated. However, though large farming is vastly superior in ameliorating the soil by manure, small culture is, on the other hand, unrivalled in all that concerns the application of minute manual labour. And as the south of France chiefly derives its wealth demand handy work, small proprietorship is well adapted to the natural requirements of this region.

That excellence of the veal of Paris, which all travellers acknowledge, is one consequence of *la petite culture*. Milk is essential to the small proprietor, but before he can have it his cow must have a calf; yet, since his demesne is too small to support two cows, the period soon occurs when the calf must be sold, and this depends on the means of keeping and fattening the animal, which does not, like Paddy's pig, pay rent, but pays the taxes, and is therefore a corresponding object of family solicitude. Let us cite the opinion of M. Vidal, in the *Revue Independante*, as to the results of forced partition of land and capital throughout his native country:—

“In small culture no advances are possible; and without capital no agriculture, no progress, no irrigation, no alternate culture, no cattle, no sufficient manures, no perfected utensils, nothing but fallow land and culture by hands—for if nothing puts a stop to the indefinite morselling of property, the use of the plough, even, will one day become impossible.

“In this system almost the totality of the product is consumed on the spot by the cultivators themselves, and France finds itself exposed to periodic famines. The peasant who has nothing, or next to nothing, to sell, can buy nothing: the industrious, and inhabitants of the towns, find no outlet for their products, and are obliged to pay

very dearly for their sustenance. With such a mode of cultivation, the population multiplies beyond measure; the peasant can live only on the conditions of depriving himself of all sorts of comforts, eating black bread, inhabiting a tumble-down house, being ill clothed, wearing sabots or going barefoot, and working like a beast of the field from sunrise till sunset.

“No art, no industry, no intellectual culture; everywhere fatigue, misery, brutishness; in fact, very nearly reduced to the condition of the unfortunate Irish.

“In such a state of things, as it is absolutely necessary to cultivate the soil, to be able to live, they work the ground with fury; every acre, like in Ireland, has the price raised; fields are infinitely subdivided; and every one is soon reduced to be put on ration. Society returns to the patriarchal state. Every one must suffice for himself: civilization is eclipsed, and disappears: in short, to relative misery succeeds general poverty—a retrograde towards barbarism.

Such is not surely the destiny of humanity? Without doubt it is a good thing that every one should be a proprietor; but it is absurd and anti-social, when it is sufficient to divide the titles of property to obtain the end, to lacerate the soil so as to give each one a corner to scratch in.

“If it is right that each one should have his share in property, or at least his share in the products, it is not right that each one should have his morsel determined, enclosed with walls, ditches, and hedges, where he may go to retrench his expenses, isolate himself in some sort, construct a hut for himself, a dog kennel, where he will trail out a miserable existence—where he will go, like the Irishman, to die of exhaustion and famine upon his dung-hill, pell-mell with his female, his young, and his pigs!”

The inconveniences of parcelled morsels of landed property strike the eye at once. They are most visible in the fertile regions, where the possibility of obtaining a living by spade labour has availed itself most largely of the law of equal partition. The soil of the entire country is said to be de-parted into 126,000,000 of parcels,* of which one-fifth exist in the ten departments forming the angle of the north-east of France. Calculating the

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Feb., 1858.—Les Questions Agricoles.

population at 36,000,000, there are three parcels and a-half to each person ! What is this but another phase of what may still be seen in Ireland, where, in the difficulty of apportioning a small farm equally on the death of the holder, his children have endeavoured to satisfy equity by allotting each other several pieces of various quality, so that no one's lot is all together, but scattered up and down, and here and there. The French now seek some remedy at the hands of their legislature against this indefinite process of morselling, and, in the hope of seeing how their neighbours, similarly afflicted, may contrive, not, indeed, to turn the patched coat of their country into a new garment, yet to effect some consolidation of the patches,—they look eagerly for an initiative to the neighbouring states of the German Rhine, which are suffering from the same evil, and are seeking to heal it.

The law of partition in France operates not only in preventing great increase of numbers in both town and country, but, by subdividing capital, diminishes its power of attracting labour to towns. The conduct of the small proprietors, in restricting the number of marriages and births, in order to prevent their property falling into an increased number of hands, is on the same motive that actuates every body of English workmen who try to keep up wages by limiting the entrance of new hands into their trade. In fact "the law of population" is, in that country, overruled by provisions of the civil code, which produce a direct effect ; while with us, the natural law is left at liberty, save so far as it is interfered with by the provision secured against destitution. Whatever evils on a large scale may flow from the French code, as regards the consequence of morselling of land and capital, viz., the dwarfing of agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial undertakings, there has clearly been important political gain ; since that law not only checks over-population, but has created a class of many millions of men strongly opposed to encroachments on the part of the town populations. These two grand social difficulties are those which peculiarly affect the wealth and security of Eng-

land ; yet we confidently believe that most Englishmen are undesirous of following the French exemplar, and prefer to retain their own perfect law of liberty, subjected, as it is, to those traditional habits, feelings, and influences which are the law of its life.

Beyond the obvious fact that large farms are best adapted to supply subsistence to the wants of a multitudinous industrial people, M. de Dombasle, the eminent agriculturist, whose memory his countrymen duly hold in grateful esteem, has, in his introduction to *Annales Agricoles*, endeavoured to prove a more important point—that *la grande culture* is calculated to produce an equilibrium between the rural and town classes. However, it may reasonably be conceived that circumstances form the best dictation as to the preferable modes of cultivating various localities. Seen broadly, the happiest distribution of landed property, as adapted to the Three Kingdoms, seems to be that the largest estates should lie in the remote districts, where wealth and the interest deriving from hereditary succession may enable the owners to triumph over natural obstacles ; while large arable farms are most profitable in central counties ; and small proprietorship, with its sedulous cultivation, is suitable to the vicinity of cities, since its system is rational only where human arms are preferable to machines. Small farming was said to have been encouraged by our landlords because it was profitable to them, yet to have been ruinous to the tenants—a statement involving a fallacy, since the solvency of the occupier is the only security of the landlord.

The question of *reboisement*, or of replanting, is rendered peculiarly difficult by the constitution of property in France, the profits arising from planting being so distant that no one cares to do what requires a century to mature where the heritage may pass away.

Not only are town and country life in France very different worlds, but in point of civilization they differ by two or three centuries. We speak not of Brittany, where ancient misery keeps her stronghold in the hills, nor of the south, where the people live almost in the open air, but of the centre and of the north, where pro-

tracted winters, such as ours just past, aggravate the general condition of wretchedness. Let us refer to fertile Normandy, with which we are best acquainted. Who would compare the habitations of its ordinary farmers and peasant proprietors either to the tidy abodes of Flanders, or to the salubrious chalets of Switzerland; where small proprietorship is well adapted to the geographical character of the country? If we compare them to the cottages of English farm labourers, we see that the latter, and the state of their inmates, have several advantages, which evidently do not result from peasant ownership in France. Leaving out of view the sensible houses erected for demesne workmen by such landlords as the Duke of Bedford and others of our aristocracy, we assert that the condition of the majority of rural day labourers in Great Britain is preferable to that of the bulk of French proprietors. The commodious brick cottage, such as is common in Yorkshire and other rich districts, with its appliances, internal and external, is out of all question superior to the ordinary dwellings of the class under consideration. Usually huddled together in a village, these houses, as a rule, are constituted thus:—the materials stone, mud, wood, and thatch; or wood and clay walls, with a roof of straw. A single room serves as kitchen, and for working, eating, and sleeping in; the last function being fulfilled in two or three lofty *lits à baldaquin*, tester beds, placed in corners, or worse, in recesses, with stuff curtains; and in which lie both sexes and all ages. The floor is seldom other than a mud one; and this room, in which warmth, however obtained, is closely husbanded, and in which every operation, from the days when members of the family were born in it, to those when they die in it, is performed, may be compared, at night, to a tank of foul stagnant air.

We gather from the work of M. Lecouteux, that large numbers of the peasantry in the central and southern regions "live upon chestnuts, on milk (principally of sheep), and on vegetables; knowing neither wheaten bread, nor wine, nor butcher's meat, nor sugar, nor, in short, what elsewhere constitutes the base of a people's food."

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Such a pastoral diet recalls the Arcadian age of—

"*Mitia poma,*

Castanea molles, et pressi copia lactis."

In the north-west, brown cakes made of *sarrasin* (buck wheat), or *galette*, a heavy pancake made of brown flour and milk, and fried in butter, form the ordinary diet, with cider as the beverage. The condition of the farmers here is generally better than that of the small midland proprietary. The material, domestic state of the proprietor is, however, superior to other phases of his condition; he and his family being almost indissolubly bound to unremitting labour on a single spot; and he himself feeling anxieties which the English labourer, whose cares for the morrow cease with receipt of his Saturday's wages, is free from. Hence, indeed, Michelet has painted the peasant, his countryman, as, instead of accompanying his wife to afternoon church, "going to see his mistress—his land." Poetically and truly, that writer may well say—"The poor land of France, without cattle and without manure, yields fruit because she is beloved by her master." But the passion of proprietorship has been carried to an excess, such as, instead of elevating the condition of the rural classes, degrades human beings into mere isolated automata. A decent education, such as the children of farm-labourers receive in Scotland, that noble country where the baptism of knowledge has long been poured on the heads of her humblest offspring, cannot be given to even the daughters of the French landowner. Thus, forced partition, having equality for its aim, precludes education to the masses, and perpetuates real inequality, that of intelligence. Owing to the want of fences, one sees in the open fields, exposed to wind and weather, those poor young girls herding sheep and cows, yet plying their curious antique spindles all the while. At home the circle of labour is not more incessant than the eternal spinning-wheel; and in default of better intelligence, the nightly talk dwells on traditions which are common to the Gaul and the Gael, of witches, ghosts, lucky and unlucky days, and the formulas of druidic bards for averting disease from man and beast. The old savage distrust of townsmen is strengthened in the

peasant's breast by fear lest his property should become the prey, as it often does, of the usurer and lawyer.* Ignorance, cunning, and jealousy are inseparable. The *financier* of the Normandy peasant† is proverbial; but the prosperity of the Norman *notaire* not less notorious. In fact, the tax-gatherer and the attorney are too strong for the little proprietor; and as, politically considered, great landlords have the intelligence and the power to form a rampart sufficient to protect the rights and liberties of a nation, so these peasants have neither the purse nor the knowledge necessary for coping with the abuses of government and of the law.

"*Le paysan tel qu'il est*," says their countryman, whose recent work we quote, "accepts his isolation and inferior rôle with resignation. Whoever would remark him closely will see that he is gay but by accident; his joy is more noisy than true; his songs are plaintive echoes of the sufferings of his heart; and never is he

himself but when he reflects on his valour and intelligence, and on the interdicts opposing their development." Military glory, whether personal or national, seems the sole exchange for that gaiety of disposition which was the characteristic of French peasants in earlier times, when our warm-hearted poet found them singing like birds.

"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please—
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!"

The enormous sums frequently borrowed by the Emperor for war purposes, being in large part derived from the small proprietary, are so many grievous deductions from capital that might have been better employed in developing the agricultural resources of the country. These state loans cer-

* These callings are usually combined by the notaries of provincial towns. The usurers of France are the real landlords of the small proprietors to whom they have lent money, while the *notaire* is described as a human mole, who undermines the property of the soil, and transfers it from one man to another. Both have risen upon *le régime hypothécaire*, which has systematized loans upon land, and is based on tolerance of usury, which, however, is only faulty when too much confidence is reposed on individual loan-mongers, and this is the borrower's affair. From over-confidence, instances of gross frauds and failures on large scales sometimes occur in the provincial towns. We know of several recent cases, which are analogous to the following story, published in the *Revue Indépendante* of 1848:—

"There died, the other day, in a little village on the Saône, a man who had occupied high judicial functions, and whom a correctional sentence had, nevertheless, condemned to pay 55,000frs. penalty for a series of usuries remounting to the year 1817. Nearly a million of titles of credit were found in his possession, the greater part of them doing double service; though the debtors, in spite of their desperate efforts, were obliged to reimburse them wholly, for want of proofs. There was the hailstorm of a law-suit. This honest magistrate renewed his titles and conserved the old ones. At other times he bought *à réméré* (facility of redemption), was always absent the fatal day of expiration, and the debtor found himself dispossessed the day after. And this man was not the only one. Twenty villages have been ruined thus, and are so still. Another lent no money, but sold corn and maize to the vine-dressers in times of dearth, and, in a blank space left designedly between the signatures and the body of the bill, intercalated fictitious sales. A justice of the peace indignantly chased him from his audience. And society possesses 80,000 laws, of which two articles upon usury!"

† This characteristic of the farmers of Normandy is a proof of their superior intelligence, and not of their partaking of a quality which marks the less prosperous of their compatriots. Shrewdness in bargaining is essential to the farmer; and the Norman dealer shows his affinity to the English in possessing the powers of observation and calculation to a high degree. No traveller in France can but have perceived the contrast presented by the peasantry of the north and south. The Normans are a splendid race of men, both physically and morally; their decency, dignity of deportment, and their polite independence must be regarded with additional gratification from the fact that the southerners style them *les Anglais de la France*.

mainly create a brisk temporary expenditure, but at the serious cost of diverting it from regular into irregular channels. Our political economist, Mill, remarks the exhaustion which invariably follows a great exertion of this nature. "The loan," he says, "cannot be drawn from fixed property; it is taken from the portion of capital destined to the payment of labour; therefore, the deficit it causes cannot but occasion privations to the labouring classes." Unhappily, facility of obtaining money for war being the very life-blood of the Bonaparte dynasty, the world cannot expect that an authority sustained by the sword will relinquish its surest means of retaining power.

Again, the modes in which the taxes of the country are expended, notoriously act as machines for exhausting the rural districts. Like almost all the large private incomes, one-third of the State revenue is expended in the metropolis, and another third in the provincial towns. Besides, almost all the public imposts press upon agriculture, whether they be direct or indirect, whether as State or as octroi duties. A French peasant-proprietor would soon convince a Manchester mechanic of the difference between the taxations they labour under;—first, he would say, there is the personal *taille*, a head or poll tax, levied on the fact of existence; then the mulct on the soil, which varies in three degrees, according to quality; the furniture tax, or a duty on the bed, table, and chairs; one on doors and windows, or on the use of the sun and the air; and innumerable *patentes*, on the vine, on wine, on tobacco, besides the stamp duty, and twenty other imposts, direct, indirect, ordinary and extraordinary, forming a heavy burden of ill-adjusted taxation, of which the indirect portion, being leviable on articles of food, presses hard on the poor.

Such being taxation in France, we recommend those who imagine, with Mr. Bright, that universal suffrage and the ballot lead to reduction of state charges on the working classes, to compare French imposts with British, in order to see how far the following sound doctrine of M. Thiers has been observed or not:—

"Indirect taxation is the tax of countries most advanced in civilization,

while direct taxation is that of barbarous countries. To diminish the former, for the sake of augmenting the latter, is not a sure method of ameliorating the condition of the poorer classes at the expense of the richer. Poor slavish countries, with direct taxation, with double and treble taxes for extraordinary resources, are facts always united. Rich free countries, and indirect taxation, with credit for extraordinary and unbounded resources, are again facts quite as constantly united."

Not only are the imposts which weigh specially on the town operative lower in London than in Paris, but the average of wages is stated to be one-sixth higher in the former city, though the prices of bread and meat are only one-eighth higher. In short, in France, where the principles of Adam Smith and MacCulloch have not yet led to the adoption of the income tax, the moneyed man can live as comparatively free from taxation as a British labourer can. Our equality-loving neighbours conceived they might, by their law of succession, abolish the "feudality" of landlords, by compelling division of property; but in consequence of these latter having limited the number of their children, they have contrived, by this means, and by intermarriages, to preserve in great measure, the old extent of large landed properties; while the law has operated chiefly upon the smaller proprietors, such as those who purchased the confiscated lands of the church and of the emigrant noblesse. Eldest sons have certainly been abolished; but in place of the said "feudality" of landowners, the oppression of an army and a bureaucracy has risen up, supported by taxes gathered from cultivators who, paying no rent, can pay other impositions. Hence, the aggrieved now declare that two plagues, unknown to the Egyptians, have followed the destruction of the first-born of the land, viz., vicious modes of legislation and of administration. And they do not hesitate to compare the oppressions thus engendered to some of the ten terrible plagues, likening the soldiery to locusts, the hundreds of thousands of men in office to swarms of flies and to the frogs that came up into the very chambers, while the extinction of liberty of the press is aptly compared to total darkness. What, then, are

already drained was but 31,898 hectares; at the close of the next year it amounted to nearly 70,000. The cost is estimated at £8 per hectare. Want of capital on the part of both owners and occupiers is, of course, the impediment; and the employment of the loans offered by the State encountered so many small obstructions, which chiefly arose from the pettiness of the interests to be dealt with, that advance on a large scale may be despaired of, unless the government will take the matter up with a high hand, by effecting the operation, and charging the land with repayment.

Since the accession of Napoleon III., and especially during the last five years, agriculture has made great progress as a science, and has been given a place in consideration by French society such as it never had before. This advance is undoubtedly much due to the vigorous encouragement accorded by the government. Thirty years ago if a scion of the aristocracy proposed to cultivate his property, he had to encounter the raillery of his friends, and the whim was attributed to perilous eccentricity; but at present it is beginning to be admitted that agriculture is a profession, and one in which a gentleman can acquire profit and honour. The number of great proprietors in the South who *exploitent* their estates, partly as demesnes, but chiefly by the *metayer* system, is increasing. Many of their sons are now learning that science in the government regional schools, which, with the certainty each has of inheriting a portion of the patrimony, will combine the advantages of intelligence and ownership in developing the effects of the stimulus recently obtained for vine culture. This example will no doubt be followed by many young men of small property, even to the extent of selling their land and employing the proceeds in profitable lines of farming. Meanwhile the cloudy atmosphere of the north-west, best adapted, as we have seen, for the accumulation of stock, has of late been illumined by bright gleams of superior and of imported knowledge. In addition to the ancient nobility of Brittany, Normandy, and La Vendée, where *légitimistes* prepossessions have

tended to provincial seclusion, not a few men of distinction, retired from the world, the *invalides* of political life, use their talents for a happier though less brilliant purpose. A fuller proof of the progress of the general movement cannot be given than by stating that whereas in 1849 the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* had but 1,750 subscribers, in 1858 it mustered 7,014. The growing glow of enlightenment has penetrated the vastly numerous and poverty-stricken masses of peasant-proprietors, farmers, and metayers. Until of late the Gallic peasant was specially loath to diverge from the accustomed path of antiquated methods. Cuddie Headrigg himself did not flout the new-fangled notions of his mistress, the Lady of Tillietudlem, more disdainfully than did vain French small proprietors scorn the bucolic councils of *monsieur*. But since this latter has put his hand to the plough of progress, his demesne is become a central model, and his neighbour's sneers are turned into approbatory smiles. In a single matter the recent treaty will spread a universal benefit, by speeding the plough in a new and better form, in substituting an iron engine for the clumsy wooden wheel implement still in use on even the light soils of Normandy. Certainly no people have been more obedient than this Gallo-Latin race to the singular precept laid down by old Cato—"Do not change your plough."

In the south, grain is still trodden out by the feet of mules and horses, or pressed out by a roller; while in the centre the wasteful flail is gradually succumbing to the threshing-machine. In 1857, in one department alone, the Lower Loire, there were no fewer than 1,484 of these engines, which enable the holder of corn to send it to market without delay. The still higher values attaching to the reaping-machine, viz., economy, and command of the precise reaping day, will lead to its adoption on the level central plains. The implement invented by our countryman, MacCormick, is stated to reduce the cost of the process of reaping from 25f. per hectare to 15f. 45c. One of the most gratifying sights in Paris is the vast warehouse of M. Ganneron, on the Quai de Billy, presenting *un embarras de choix*

among its great variety of agricultural implements, and containing witnesses in a hundred forms to the incontestable superiority of those manufactured in England. Passing by the elaborate implements, which are unsuited save to the purses of rich proprietors, our inquiries at this establishment have been mostly confined to the question of the increased sale of what are so much wanted in France, namely, good iron ploughs; and we are assured that large issues of this indispensable instrument await the introduction of English iron. All the articles into which iron enters attest the pre-eminence of our makers in skill, material, cheapness, and, not least, in good faith. It may, therefore, be fairly said, that the introduction of our iron will confer the greatest material benefit that can accrue to our allies from the treaty; and not alone in the matter of efficient implements, but in cheapening the formation of more of those grand lines of inland communication from which the happiest effects on the agriculture of France may be reflected. The egotism of the French forge-master in still demanding protection is as indefensible as that of British brandy-makers, for the foreign materials are in both cases superior, and nature calls loudly for the exchange of English iron against French wines.

Extended employment of machinery, the perfectioning of implements, the substitution of the labour of horses and of steam for that of man, and the employment of man as an intelligent director, not as a mere instrument, are the characteristic signs of industrial progress. When the same principles are applied to agriculture, the advance is not less striking. Yet Frenchmen have been retrograding from the ox-drawn plough to the man-driven spade, whilst Englishmen are disusing plough-horses, and restricting the spade to the garden, where it is remunerative. The more numerous and more perfect the implements, the more intelligent, and therefore the higher paid, must be the farm labourer.

When calculating the action of the several causes which have operated to retard the development of agriculture in *la belle France*, the repugnance of the fair sex to rural life must

be taken into account, since the sex has ever exercised a notable influence on the social habits of their countrymen. A French nobleman may have some relish for *la vie de campagne*, but madame has a positive horror of it. To her the town is "Vanity Fair," while that worst of enemies, *ennui*, reigns absolutely in the country. Some compassion must be felt for human beings so dependent, since all cannot, like Voltaire, scorn such girlishness on the grounds that it proves poverty of mind; and, besides, there have been British fair ones who, though a park had been purchased expressly for their delectation, were found in tears, and exclaiming, "Odious, odious trees," in full sympathy with the court lady in the old comedy, temporarily exiled to the country, who, having described the charming variety of her life in Paris, cries:—

"Mais la monotonie est au fond d'un château.

Que voyez-vous d'ici, dites moi, je vous prie?

Des troupeaux dans un champ, des gabaia dans un hameau,

Et partout des gazons, des arbres, et de l'eau !"

Very different, no doubt, to the idea she had formed from pictures by the gay Watteau and the graceful Boucher.

Among the broadest material disadvantages of centralized imperialism may be reckoned the inferiority of the rural roads in a country unconscious of local self-government. Paris spreads forth her highways of stone and iron, but the farmer cannot arrive at "the royal road" of progress while every viaduct leading to it is impassable all the winter. It may be shrewdly suspected that we find here the secret why the ladies of French landlords will not submit to a winter in the country, and therefore why this season is the gay one in the capital. Nor can we wonder, knowing that positive isolation at that period must occur, unless at the risk of sinking to the axle in mud and quagmires. In respect of residence, as opposed to absenteeism, the example of England may well be held up; and the opinion of foreigners on this point may be quoted, as in the following paragraph from the recent work of M. Lacou-teux:—

"Let us look at England: what does she not owe to the rural spirit, that is to say, to the love of proprietors for country life, to the esteem farmers have for their profession, and to the general consideration which is attached to agriculture? The fact is, that rural life among the people of England is aptly described by M. de Lavergne as a life seriously agricultural, that is to say, you find there proprietors and farmers who understand the solidity of their interests, not only through the sympathies of preparation and circumstance, but, what is much better, through a direct participation in all agricultural improvements. The British aristocracy has constituted itself the indefatigable organ, powerful, enlightened, convinced, and even interested in the wants of the rural population; it has been able to serve as a counterpoise to the industrial and financial aristocracy, which represents more especially the civilization of towns, and imparts a species of progress, not always calm and conservative enough, perhaps. In fact, under the influence of this accumulation of all the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, nothing in that country has remained feeble, but, on the contrary, all has strengthened together."

History shows the agrarian question to be the peasant's spade, menacing the tap-root of the old oak of society; and British landlords have had a lesson before them in the fate of the French noblesse. Prior to the Revolution of 1789 the cottages of France were under severe feudal bondage to the castles; and the peasantry, unable to liberate themselves from a superannuated, complicated net of laws, which threatened to annihilate their rights in common land, rose against their seigneurs. There was no middle class sufficiently interested in the rights of property that could, as in England, assert them. Here, as a French visitor observed, the cottages are not likely to rise against the chateaux, if only because they are, numerically, the minority of the various sorts of the national abodes. A moral reason, however, happily acts more conservatively than the material one; for the multitude of cottagers look, as ever, to receive justice at the hand of castellans. There are many thousand English peasants in the predicament of uncertain tenure, whether as settlers upon common land, or as copyholders; and, were these ques-

tionable holdings commuted into freeholds, a sense of comparative security would arise in a million of honest breasts, converting discontent into comfort—the very soul of conservatism. Security of title is the life-blood of peace and improvement. Want of tolerable certainty as to a hundred essential matters plunged France into revolution and all the consequences she now suffers under, from a despotic, centralized government, to non-resident or idle landlords, and an isolated, benighted peasantry—all combining to keep her agriculture in a state of depression, and its condition fully justifying the dictum of De Tocqueville:—"A land of centralization, the country void of rich and enlightened habitants, its cultivation imperfect and a mere matter of routine."

Agriculture, Industry, and Foreign Trade evoke various degrees of interest in different nations, according to the degrees in which these several principal means of support seem necessary to each population. Thus the Chinese render the highest honour to the former, while the Japanese fear and avoid the latter; and the famous ceremony of the Emperor of the Celestial and very populous empire opening the first furrow each year, to inaugurate rural labour, is not without signification. Doubtless Napoleon the Third has subjects who would prefer to see him imitating this example instead of reviewing troops on the Champ de Mars. Meantime, such assistance as is derivable from a "Minister of Agriculture and Commerce," a staff of Government inspectors, regional schools, and liberal prizes, is not wanting. In our view, the ultimate and best benefit of this care and supervision will arise from perception of the *legal* causes now hindering progress. As yet, the knowledge already acquired in all directions has not been sufficiently published; for, though voluminous statistics are collected, much information obtained, and all is sent up to Paris in the form of written knowledge, it becomes dead, or lies buried in ministerial closets—those veritable oubliettes of the nineteenth century.

Beyond fostering the importation of superior foreign breeds of the well-known domesticated quadrupeds, the

French government has, of late, turned its attention to acclimation of more exotic animals, and a section of the Bois de Boulogne set apart for this purpose is gradually assuming the appearance of a metropolitan zoological garden. Were we to believe the lively ladies who drive round this unfinished paradise for llamas and emus, the object of the institution is to supply Paris with tame zebras for pony-carriages, and ostriches for cane-curricles. Taking a more utilitarian view, and conscious of the benefits we enjoy in consequence of successful acclimation of animal life, we gravely reminded those laughers that the origin of the horses in their carriage is as foreign and artificial as the flowers in their bonnets; and we then counted up a dozen modern instances, from the cock of Turkey, or as they called it, *le d'Inde*, to their Italian lap-dog.

In default of private societies, such as the admirable ones founded by subscribers whose interest in the agriculture of the United Kingdom leads them to co-operate for holding cattle-shows, the Emperor has organized a grand system of regional exhibitions, with premiums paid out of the public purse. The value of these assemblies is becoming generally acknowledged, though the cavil, long ago refuted, may still be heard from men who recognise neither the use of these shows and meetings as advertisements, nor that the aim in bringing a heifer to the highest pitch of obesity at an early age is similar to that of bringing a filly first to the winning post. The great agricultural show to be held in Paris in the course of the present month will, doubtless, reward visitors from all parts of the world, and nothing can surpass the excellence and adaptation of the *Palais de l'Industrie* for this forthcoming exhibition.

The competition of animals at Poissy continues to spread every year. At present, this exhibition is as flourishing as the annual competition of the Smithfield Club. We may judge of this by comparing the statistics of the oxen exhibited in both competitions:—

Years.	Poissy.	Smithfield.
1855	179	112
1856	204	140
1857	215	171
1858	245	171

The number of oxen exhibited in 1859 at Poissy amounted to 244. The number of exhibitors from the departments increases almost from year to year.

The agricultural wants of France do not differ much from those of our own country. They may be summed up as comprising, in one word, the great deficiency, *capital*, on the part of the cultivator. There are many ways by which this want can gradually be supplied:—viz., diminution of holding, so as to proportion it to the stock or capital; diminution of competition for land; outlay by the landlord on permanent works; and gradual abandonment of culture of cereals in favour of cattle, or “less corn, more horn.” The recent enormous price of fodder will expedite very desirable changes, the substitution of roots and straw for hay, and the system of cutting grass for summer feeding, which is more remunerative than grazing, and far more than, in ordinary years, hay-making. In consequence of the extreme heat of summer in France, cows are very generally kept under cover during that season; this is a system well deserving imitation in our country, because the reasons, though differing on some points, are cogent on others.

Broadly viewed, English agriculture stands on two bases—the labour of the plough in the plains, and the rearing of young stock on hill pastures. This system implies farming on a large scale, and sets the population free to adopt the more remunerative employments of industry. Cultivation by hand labour is naturally unsuitable to a climate in which the hop plant stands alone and but partially in place of the innumerable objects of *la petite culture* of the continent, where the rural labourers live by the sweat of their brows, even to the disuse of the plough. What a waste of human toil would be presented if the British Islands were tilled manually, to the exclusion of those excellent instruments, which, emancipating man from working, under every vicissitude of weather, with his head bowed down to the ground, elevate him into their intelligent manager, and transform agriculture into a science, in which skill and capital obtain the guerdon. The face of Indus-

try—using the word in its derivative sense; as implying indoor occupation, opposed to out-of-door—has been transformed by capital; and in every country but Great Britain, agriculture awaits the same effect. More than this;—in the grand coming struggle, when the nations of the Continent shall enter more completely into the lists of manufacture, the people that can contrive to feed themselves most economically, and by no means sparingly, will be able to manufacture most cheaply.

France has yet to learn that the real source of national greatness consists in good domestic organization as to wealth and labour, such as places these elements in those conditions of existence most tending to that political security which is the first and essential condition of peace, prosperity, and progress. Unbased on these conditions, the social fabric of France is sustained by little better than that “plaster of Paris,” its centralized bureaucracy, and an enormous standing army. The former of these powers is continually absorbing that élite of the middle classes which would be better employed in farming and trading; while the latter as continuously takes the strongest arms from the rural districts, and returns them back idle soldiers quite capable of debauching the youth of both sexes. Three hundred thousand out of five hundred thousand military are sent to Africa in turn, to kill or be killed, Algeria serving them as a whetstone: and if you interrogate one of the residue at home as to what they do, he will tell you of the daily drill: “*Portez armes . . . yette! Presentez armes! Tirez! Retenez armes . . . yette! Videz les rangs. La! A demain. La patrie est sauvée pour aujourd'hui.*”

The “rarefaction” of agricultural labourers caused by enormous war levies creates a vacuum which is often commented on by French writers. The violent interruption of the natural course of labour by conscription is also sometimes a subject of complaint. Coupling loss by war with the universal restraint in the matters of marriage and of production of children, the population was, in the years 1854–5, diminishing, instead of increasing! The apogee of this criterion of the retrograde condition of

the nation was attained in 1854, when deaths exceeded births by 69,000: in 1855 this excess of mortality continued, but in a diminishing ratio, being 37,000. The statistics of 1856 calculated an excess of births at about 100,000, which is but half of the normal progress. Yet what tales of the sore social state of France does the fact that her population increases, in prosperous times, at a ratio of only 200,000 a-year suggest to the mind! This number represents no more souls than the teeming hive, England, sends forth in yearly swarms as emigrants. Again, recent statistics show that French agriculture is not gaining arms to support her shrunken state, for, on the contrary, a hundred causes combine to produce agglomeration in great towns, where it presents great dangers, “since it is there (writes M. de Lavergne) that luxury reigns, attended by fatal consequences; it is there that greed of gain, in all its phases, excites the most ardent covetousness; it is there that those terrible passions ferment, whose explosions, from time to time, cast their sinister light on the dark depths of the social abyss.”

No Irishman, conversant with the agricultural condition of his own country during the last twenty years, need be reminded that the cultivation of demesnes is, in general, superior, in point of production, to that of the best-tilled farms. The same feature is specially prominent in the vine districts of France, where the choicest wines are known by the names of the demesnes which produce them, as *château Margaux*, *château Lafitte*, *château Latour*, *château d’Haut-Brion*, &c., whose reputation is founded on the superior quality they have acquired, owing to the lasting care of the proprietor in the ameliorations he has effected on the soil, in the unusual attention bestowed on the mode of making the wine, and in preserving it in cellars. In comparison, the wines of contiguous lands are styled *vins de bourgeois*, *vins de paysans*, and sell at a lower price than the *vins du château*. If these celebrated demesnes were divided and let to farmers, their wines would lose their renown and high price; and men who make viniculture their specialty, know well that in this loss all would not be

ideal. Now, to transmit an estate, and also the means of cultivating it, in their integrity, to a single hand, is manifestly embarrassed with obstacles in a country whose code enforces partition among children; so that, as these difficulties enter into every enterprise in France, we need not marvel if her agriculture languishes, when her laws are so opposed to the apothegm of a writer whose work may serve as a classic for the statesmen of his country—Montesquieu:—"Countries are not cultivated because of their fertility, but because of their liberty."

Effect does not follow so closely on the heels of cause in the case of agriculture as of manufacture, yet the following remark of a modern writer, M. de Lavergne, may be accepted in all its force as applicable to the existing laws and government of his country:—"Agriculture, like industry, has need, above all, of security and liberty; of all the scourges which can oppress her, there is none more deadly than a bad government. Revolutions and wars leave a respite, a bad government leaves none."

It is chiefly on these accounts that we hail the endeavour making by the governors of France to foster her agriculture, since the attempt will incidentally prove that the backward state of this science in their country is not the fault of the cultivators, and therefore that its progress on a worthy scale does not depend alone on them; or, to speak more plainly, it will not be by fixing their eyes on the soil that they will either comprehend the causes which produce the phenomena it presents, or see and

discriminate between those which impede and those which would accelerate prosperity. Far from this, they must consider the effect of those general laws, which, in ruling the economic development of nations, exercise an influence not dissimilar to that of the sun, being the Light of Liberty, whose rays have been intercepted by those revolutionary vapours which, in 1789, rose from the earth. Besides this primary view, and though neither accustomed nor wishful that our government should endeavour to stimulate Irish agriculture, we must not for a minor reason underrate the value of government interference in this matter among our neighbours. The desire of gain is less potent with them, and they are especially encouraged by the means of rewards, which are too much overlooked with us. Highly susceptible of public honours, not one among them but will act on this stimulus; and it is not too much to say that those whose science feeds men are as worthy of general estimation as those who slay men. Few of our allies require a ribbon to raise their martial courage; but many are impelled to increased exertion by the noble motive of winning marks of public approbation. Agriculture is the broadest basis of the national prosperity of France, and whatever contributes to its advance must be viewed with gratification by surrounding nations, who see in the prosperous and peaceful state of that country a guarantee for the spread and increase of the incalculable blessings that must flow from the well-doing of a mighty and noble people.

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